Michael's Rabbit Hole

A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Michael's Rabbit Hole
Le Terrier du Lapin de Michael
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Michael J. Holshouser
1112 Cedar Creek Drive, Unit 4
Modesto, California 95355-5213
The United States of America
mjholshouser@gmail.com

Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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An Overwrought Dynamic

How to Solve a Problem

Day or Night, Same Eternity

Through the Looking Glass

Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience

The Root of Absurdity

A Dubious Assumption

The Omniscient Mind

The Fluke of History

The Mammalian Mutation

Living and Dying in Oblivion

Is There More to It?

The Willy-Nilly Mind

The Truth of Oblivion

The Long and Winding Illusion

The Great Humility

How Long Before It No Longer Matters?

A Daily Certainty

Call It Whatever

The Challenge of Detachment

No Mind Alike

The Path of Least Resistance

The Life of Grub

The Relentless Rolodex

The So It Goes of It

That Which Words Cannot Tell

The Grubs! The Grubs!

The Way of Modern Slavery

You Do Not Have to Come Back

Noisy Mind v. Serene Mind

Devotees of the Promised Land

Dark Thoughts

Filling v. Emptying

The Oblivion of Existence

Dancing With the Devil

The Mystery is All

The Abyss of a Mystery

All for Illusion

The Bubbles of Process

The Overwhelming Nature of Imagination

A Tralfamadorian Nod

The Consumption! The Consumption!

No Corner Untouched

Co-creators of an Imaginary Perception

The Eternal Moment is All

The Distraction! The Distraction!

A Rare Calling

What is Any Existence?

... a lineage born of mystery ...

A Philosophical Pipedream

The Illusion of Time

The Noise! The Noise!

Naught But Vibration

No Frames, No Boundaries

To Be in Eternity's Moment

The Freedom of Eternity's Moment

What Are You Really?

Like a Cat With a Mouse

The Unbounded Mind

The Insanity of the Human Paradigm

The Failure of Science

The Cradle of Time

Pausing the Willy-Nilly

Eye Wide Open

The Ageless Moment

The Worm Within

How Long Is a Moment?

On Being You

A World of Idolatry

The True Eye

Another Day

You Are It, It Is You

The Neutrality of Awareness

Why Believe Anything Imagined?

A Veiled Mystery

Naught But a Frame of Reference

Attaining Eternity

A Visualization of God

Quantum Illusion, All

Why Me, God? Why Me?

Just a Grub

Same Mystery for All

Threading Your Way Through Infinity

No Thing Left Unnamed

The Singularity You Are

Ever a Mystery

Cousins of the Puddle of Origin

The Mystery of Intelligent Design

On Your Own, for All Eternity

Heavens, Hells, and the Perditions Between

True Faith

The Imaginary Mind

No Exit From the Théâtre de L'Absurde

Shadows Across the World

The Story of Existence

Witness to a Dream

You Can Only Be What You Are

A Means to an End

As Illusionary as You

The Ever-Spinning Imagination

Truth is Truth

Put No God Before Self

The Reality of the Human Paradigm

A Vast Sea of Relativity

A Question of Values

That Which Some Call God

The Regrets! The Regrets!

What So Many Will Endure

The Trickster

A One-Way Show

True Grit

True Grit II

The Kaleidoscope of Perception

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

Life is Like That

To Be In the World, but Not of It

All You Need Do

A Spoonful of Caution

Oh Where, Oh Where

Nothing to Justify

A Most Serious Observation

We Told You So

Nothing New, Nothing Old

Awareness, Witness to All

The Journey Through Illusion

The Faceless Breath

Ever Mysterious, Ever Free

The Roots of Hell and Damnation

The Source of Continuity

What It All Boils Down To

The Journey Ahead

No Rest for the Wicked

My Donation to the Future

Pretenders, All

Involuntary Incarceration

What, Pray Tell, Will You Do?

You Are Your Own Law

Eternal Witness to the Quantum Theater

The Truly Indifferent

Just Ain't Gonna Happen

To History, or Not to History

A Spaceless-Timeless Dream

The Bait and Switch of Organized Religion

Even Just

Why Should You Be?

The Every-Moment Reality

A Preordained Mystery

A Temporary Perception

What Goes Up, Must Come Down

The Consequences of Home Invasion

The Illusion-Delusion

The Need to Know … Everything

The Endless, Endless, Endless Questions!

The Dance of Creation and Destruction

The Eternal Beingness

Unwrapping Your Mind

The Mystery Behind Every Face

The Distillation of Perception

What is Real? What is Not Real?

The Planet of the Grubs

Run Silent, Run Deep

This Very Singular Moment

Self-Absorption Across the Board

The Dystopian Driver

A Koan for All

The True Root of All Evil

A Kaleidoscoping Wander

Viva la Revolución!

Looking Forward, Looking Back

The Truth of History

Wake Up! Wake Up!

A Gift to the Impending

The Ghost of Future Past

The First Stone

The Silent Mind

On Trying to Wake Up a True Believer

Coulda? Shoulda? Woulda?

Solace for Ignorance

The Nothing! The Nothing!

History's Bill of Goods

The Boiling Point

The Rare Mind

No Happy Ending

As It Seems

An Accidental Tourist

The Right-Here-Right-Now of Eternal Life

The Universal Mind

Pay Attention

A Critical Friend

Grubs With Attitude

Whatever It Is, You Are

My Johnny Appleseed Experiment

A Doubtful Eye

Goals! Goals! Goals!

Consciousness and That Which Is Prior

Here You Are Now

The Free Mind

Preposterous

Judgment Day

Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Nature

Gaia Undone

No Matter

Slice It, Dice It

Of Angels and Demons

The Mind-Body Dream

The Critical Thinker

Hold Fast to Nothing

The Price of Existence

A Lesson in Futility

A Mysterious Ether

The Uniqueness of Existence

A Hard-Learned Lesson

Our Self-Absorbed Worlds

The Eye of the Frame of Reference

Discerning the Eternal Moment

The True-Believer Lucifers

Of Health and Well-Being

Wakey! Wakey! Wakey!

The True Nature of Intelligent Design

The Mystery Within All Creation

The Kaleidoscoping Quantum

All That Remains

The Book of Destiny

Mad Hatters Across the Board

The Absurdity of Measuring the Immeasurable

Imagination's Usurpation of Sentience

The Nature of Eternity

The Myth of Origin

A 0.0035 Percent Cosmos

Rider Through the Storm

Drip … Drip … Drip …

The Cacophony! The Cacophony!

The Nature of a Man

The Limits of Imagination

The Nature of Detachment

Change or Die, Your Choice

The Nature of Contentment

A Concoction of Imagination

You Are What You Eat

A State of Mind

The Shadow Within

Embrace the Aloneness

No Owning It

A Dreamless Slumber

The Quantum Sands of Mystery

An Idiot's Tale

The Terror! The Terror!

Problem Solver? Or Problem Maker?

The Everything of Time

The Paradox, the Irony

A Gift to Your Self

The Joyful Curmudgeon

The Abyss! The Abyss!

The Daily Ascent

No Contest

The Choiceless Moment

Analog Language Adrift in the Digital Age

Nope, Nope, Nope

Lost and Gone Forever

Merrily, Merrily, Life Is but a Dream

Regarding Jesus

Of Imagination and Awareness

The Nature of Responsibility

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World

An Original Work

Of Human Inspiration

Of Hell and Heaven

The Quiet Revolution

Total Recall

Realign or Die

The Tiller of Destiny

A Dream That Never Happened

The Absurdity of Irony and Paradox

The Unfathomable Silence

The Voiceless Voice

And the Point, Again?

The Great Deception

The Unpretentious Existence

The Rest of the Pie

Mind's Hell, Mind's Heaven

Be Mindful, Pilgrim

Naught But a Concoction

All You Really Know

The Unambiguous Mind

The Silence of Peace

The Truth of Nothing

The Mystery's Apologist

The Freedom of This Work

The Ultimate Belief

Imagination's Projection

No Boundaries Known

Buddha's Answer to the Pain of Existence

The Opium of the Masses

The Vision in Which You Harbor

Just Another Lie

Are You, you? Or Are You, You?

One Eye to Rule Them All

The Mind's Eye

An Imaginary Marathon

A Dreamtime in the Abyss

The So It Goes of the Ever-Changing

The Dragon of Disquieting Imagination

No Solution Required

The Only Resolution

The Smoke of Sanity

The Metaphors! The Metaphors!

The Beholder's Eye

The Finger-Wagging of Ethics

The Nth Degree

The Ghosts of History

The Comprehension of History

The Good Student

Ethics: For Those Not in the Game

No Fate the Same

The Insatiable Mind

The Tiller of the Mystery

The Silence of Eternity

Goals v. Process

The Dreamtime of Mind

Idolatry v. Realization

A Window Like No Other

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

The Usurper's Trek

The Soundless Silence

You Are It, and It, You

One Step at a Time

Eternity's Dictation

The Blue Pill Path

Everything the Same Mystery

How Small the Human Mind

Place Your Bets, Ladies and Gentlemen

Suicide Is Painless, It Brings on Many Changes

The Promise of Tomorrow

The Analog Mind's Wander
Down the Dead-End Road

The Mystery's Trickster

Fate's Unfolding Moment

Where Doubt Ends

Ahooga! Ahooga! Ahooga!

The Wall of Futility

The Ultimate You

Everyone's a Critic

Shut the Fuck Up

Just Another Day

Parochial v. Cosmopolitan

Need We Ask Anyone to Tell Us These Things?

The Frankenstein Mind

A Mysterious Abyss

No Matter What

The Algorithm of Genesis

And There You Are ... Bam!

Just Another Primate

A Beyond-All-Pales Absurdity

The Fogbound Miasma of Duality

Process Always Trumps Goal

Complexity v. Simplicity

Dreamweaver

The Futility! The Futility!

Time to Cut All Ties

Be the Empty Sky

The Maha Mauna (Great Silence)

The Cosmos and You

When Doubt Grows Wings

The Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Seeds of Existence

The Fruit of the Garden

A Free and Clear Mystery

The Nature of Contentment

The Truth of Intelligence

In the Once Upon a Time

Nothing Ever the Same

Imagination's Tool

The Nature of the Buddha Mind

The Absoluteness You Are

The Entitlement of Imagination

The Idolatry of Imagination

Mammon Rules

The Challenge of Detachment

For Every Ever

Best Friend, Worst Enemy

The Rippling of Destiny

On Being Acclaimed or Ignored by the Future Past

That Which Requires No Description

The Nature of the Automaton

To in Any Way Imagine Your Self Separate

Likely in Here Somewhere

The Nature of Death

What Can Illusion Offer?

Every Moment but a Memory

You Are the Mystery of Eternity

The End to All Naming

The Maelstrom of Vanity and Greed

Embrace the Given Moment

The Real Work of Awakening

Black and White v. Shades of Gray

Naught but Ephemeral Imagination

And in All These Truths, so Are You

In Every Mind Wandered

The Highest State

Mitigating the Suffering

The Limits of Mind

Of Duality and Nonduality

Both the First and the Last

The Illusion of Delusion

No Free Passes

Re: The Big Questions

The Unknowable Moment

The Surest Means

Answering the Beast

A Rock and You

So Many! So Many!

Perhaps the Greatest Challenge

The False Gods of Duality

Not Good Odds

On the Nature of Time

Re: The Expanding Universe

Quantum Programming

Imagined Answers

Perhaps the Greatest Challenge

A Goldilocks Balancing Act

The Way of Idolatry

An Abundance of Predators

The In-the-World-Not-of-It Conundrum

What More? What More?

Be

Naught But a Collection of Memories

Awakening the Eye in All Who Would See

Avoid the Martyr Thing

Rest Assured It Can Happen

Naught but Projection

A Riposte to the Absurdity

Of Enlightenment and Liberation

Regarding Remorse

Right Before Your Eyes

As Hard as It Is

Un Théâtre Magique

The Human Lineage

The Cosmic Deception

Truth Can Never Be a Lie

Illeism

Sundry Mix ‘n Match

That Which Is God … 1698

The Blind Men and an Elephant

Only Eighteen Thousand?

Truth Is a Pathless Land

This Is It

Ashtavakra: The Man Who Suffers

The Fate of Authorship

Solitary Witness

The Anarchist

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

Just a Clarification

Another Way of Putting It

A Few Ditties on Process

Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2023
Breadcrumbs 2024
Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects
A Text to Bruce

To Whom It May Concern

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

That Said: Stay Tuned

Thucydides

Yaj Ekim … 1728

Preface

It's a God-eat-God world ~ Dean Evans

How quickly everything becomes its memory.
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, Page 224

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on eternity and the human paradigm's part and particle of it, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the back-burner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with a rabbit hole wander of thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, the seven Breadcrumbs titles, and The Return to Wonder.

rab·bit hole
noun

1 a rabbit's burrow: a heather-covered hillside full of rabbit holes.

2 used to refer to a bizarre, confusing, or nonsensical situation or environment,
typically one from which it is difficult to extricate oneself:
he'll continue fearmongering to promote his agenda no matter how far down the rabbit hole it takes him.
[with allusion to Lewis Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865), which describes
how Alice enters a land of magic and strange logic by falling down a rabbit hole.]

This work is blogged at:

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills.

“Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

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Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
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Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
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Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Ponderings About the Futility of It All
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Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
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Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
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A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
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The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
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History, History & More History
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mysterymysteryandmoremystery.pdf

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com
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Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
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Science, Science & More Science
https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com
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Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
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59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
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Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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To Be, or Not to Be
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A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
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Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
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Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
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Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

What is Written Here

What is written here,
Has been spoken, written, and lived,
By many in many times and places in human history.
Ever disguised by innumerable masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
Its mysterious nature has timelessly confused and frightened,
Those unable to discern beneath the surface.

This aphoristic vision is simply another attempt,
Using contemporary masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
To illustrate in thought something as old as old is,
That which has ever yet never been.

It is for those who desire nothing from this manifest dream,
But that it be a journey into freedom.

Best wishes.

The Stillness Before Time 1996

A Poem for Michael

His goals are few,
with no worries to pursue.
A life well-stirred,
as variety is to stew.
Branching from his native view,
He's learned a thing or two:
How to handle a machine that spews,
Managing a newspaper crew,
How a lens can capture You,
Writing philosophy of the zoo,
Even joined a staff or two,
To teach others what to do.
Now he speaks with a clue,
Of how he's gained his world-view.
There's nothing left to misconstrue,
He's living life impromptu!

Rhonda Allen
Chico, California, 2002

One Through Thirty

I

Before all experience,
Before all thought of identity,
Before all mirrors and photographs,
Before all vanity, gratification, and delusion,
Before all vexations of desire and fear,
Before all suffering of existence,
Who-what-when-where-why,
How are You, really?

* * * *

Move prior to concept, prior to known.
Return to the untainted awareness of the child,
The uncarved freedom of the empty tablet,
Prior to all said, all done, all imagined.

* * * *

You are the source,
The quantum ocean,
The absolute supreme,
The eternal unicity of isness.

* * * *

Discovering your true birthright,
Requires the persistence
Of an aloof scientist,
Gradually scraping away
At the layers of conditioning,
Until at some point, there is nothing left,
And what You truly are, and are not, is quite apparent.

* * * *

There is really no death,
Only the departure of the senses,
And the dissolution of imagined identity.

* * * *

When in every moment,
You see without a trace of doubt,
That there is no witness other than You;
That those many pedestaled images of great souls,
Were projections of the inherent longing,
To awaken to the birthright,
That is prior to consciousness;
You will be free of artificial limits.
You will have triumphed over illusion.
You will have discovered the indelible truth:
That You are, indeed, sovereign, indivisibly absolute.

II

Everything that appears real,
Everything that You have been told,
Everything that You have come to believe,
Is all the fabrication of your mind.

* * * *

There is no path.
There is no dogma.
There is only the absolute,
And a universe of appearances,
Disguising the way home.

* * * *

There has ever been now, is ever now, will ever be now.
Never has there been any time other than right here now.

* * * *

When You are satiated of identity,
Weary of meaningless experiences,
When You would even die to be free,
You will do whatever needs to be done,
To spin no more on the web of suffering.

* * * *

When struggle and resistance end,
When surrender to what is, is complete,
You will be the awareness that is home to all.

* * * *

Love can only be total, unconditional.
Other uses of the word are of self-absorption:
Incomplete, limited, conditional, manipulative, painful.

* * * *

It is natural to want to know who You are,
But the thoughts of self, the attachment to persona,
The encasements of identity: labels, definitions, assumptions,
Are not the instruments that will truly get You home.
All concoctions, all speculations of mind,
Are only obstacles to the journey.

* * * *

Call it by whatever sound You will:
God, Allah, Brahman, Tao, Buddha, Krishna,
Christ, Great Spirit, Way, Absolute, Supreme, Totality,
Or any of the many other labels it is given throughout the world,
It is ever the same indivisible mystery, cloaked by the illusion of diversity.

III

The manifest dance is timeless, ever-present, undying.
A dreamtime without beginning, without end;
Without cause or purpose or meaning;
Neither definable nor explicable,
For it is beyond all rational appearances.
It can never be known, comprehended, or understood,
Except in the most roundabout, circumspect, oblique, effortless ways.
And in that which is intuited, there is no gain or reward.
One simply wanders spontaneously free,
Whatever the course.

* * * *

Taste the tasteless,
Hear the soundless,
Touch the untouchable,
Smell that which has no scent,
And You will see the unseen.

* * * *

All identity is make-believe, a collusion of human scale.

* * * *

Manifestation is simply mask after mask,
Disguising an artful, mischievous trickster,
Playing an eternal game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

The many teachers of suffering:
Illness, injury, aging, dying, and death,
Would You, could You, awaken without them?

* * * *

You who seek are already that which is sought.
You are the unequivocal source, the mystery, pure and simple.
Discerning it clearly in the everyday, without a trace of doubt, is the challenge.

* * * *

There can be no serenity, no contentment, in the restlessness of desire,
The dread of fear, the isolation of anger, or the arrogance of pride.

* * * *

Occasionally, attentively reflect within … "I am."
That unadorned thought is the first and foremost assumption.
Contemplate it closely, thoroughly, add nothing to it.
See its subtle movement to the source within.
Those persistent and discerning enough,
Will dissolve into the inexplicable.

IV

This fleeting mystery is a whimsical kaleidoscope.
An eternal, immortal weaving; without beginning, without end.
A boundless, indivisible ocean of light and shadow, in which all forms dance.
All one can observe of the mystery, are the countless manifestations;
Never the dispassionate, unwavering witness beneath.

* * * *

All mythos, all sense of time, all sense of history,
Is nothing more than the make-believe of adults.

* * * *

What You call real,
Is merely a reflection,
A temporal, dreamy illusion,
An enticing, ever-changing lightshow.
Your true nature is none of it.

* * * *

So many words You cleave your Self into.

* * * *

The infinite source of manifestation,
Is tasteless and untouchable;
Without vision or sound or fragrance.
What one perceives is but imagination's reverie.
The vague, obtuse, ephemeral quality of awareness called intuition,
Is as near to understanding as any one can ever come.

* * * *

Be serene, content, alert, cheerfully at ease.
It is your original state, your birthright.
It requires no choice, effort, or contention.
No outward manifestation or proof is required.
It is a natural state of awareness, of simple beingness.
An effortless wander in the unconditional, timeless aloneness.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misconstrue the relativity of this manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

Worship martyrs, crosses, statues, crystals, photographs,
Nature, wealth, words, ideas, or whatever your own will manufactures,
Or simply attend nothing but your own momentary awareness.
But for the sorrow of continuity, in all but the latter,
All dreams pass in the same manner.

V

Put aside all hope, all gain and loss, all dreams of glory;
All yearning, hate, anger, fear, envy, and jealousy;
All dread of sickness, injury, aging, and dying.
Your mind-body is but a temporal dream.
You are eternal, sovereign, absolute.

* * * *

There appear to be many paths,
In the return to isness.
All are equal in the quest home,
Because, like Dorothy's adventure in Oz,
No one ever really left Kansas.

* * * *

Understand the subtlety, the discernment,
The judgement, the discrimination, the shrewdness,
Between claiming You are God, and knowing You are godness.
One cannot be, and the other never was not.

* * * *

You are a window to the eternal,
But must part the tattered curtains,
And wipe away the smudge, to see it.

* * * *

There are the ignorant who think they know,
And the ignorant who know they do not.

* * * *

Whether You were born by chance,
Or chose your parents through karmic design;
Whether You exist just once, or well past a gazillion times,
With a succession of identities playing out through the abyss of eternity;
From the indivisible perspective, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

Explore love as much as You might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all, that is its unfathomable cradle.

* * * *

You may sit quietly and breathe with your eyes wide open or tightly shut;
Chant spiritual songs or hum mantras until your mind is three shades of blue;
Practice every sort of rigid, dogmatic, death-defying diet or prescribed exercise;
Submit to ancient beliefs, rituals, and traditions; wear costumes and deify symbols;
Practice any discipline, worship any form your mind or another's might conjure;
Real meditation is the serene awareness of every moment's birth and death,
And no system is required to discern and freely perceive your birthright.

VI

You are the ground,
The splintered I Amness of isness,
Creator and witness to an inexplicable theater,
A dreamer dreaming the kaleidoscoping quantum show real,
The timeless nature masked by endless variations of laughter and sorrow.
Why? No one can know. That You are, is surely enough.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

Surrender your identity;
Your concepts and cravings;
Your fears, irritations, and doubts;
Your knowledge, opinions, and routines;
Your ambitions to achieve one glory or another.
Surrender everything You believe You are,
That You have never really been.

* * * *

There is no Eastern or Western thought;
Only an awareness manifesting consciousness,
Blanketed by an innumerable array of mythologies.

* * * *

If You smugly believe yourself more spiritually significant,
Than a cockroach, grain of sand, or pile of dung,
Then You are missing the real point.
There is profound wonder in realizing You are one,
With worms, snails, lice, flies, toads, salamanders, and snakes.

* * * *

Are You able to scrutinize your existence,
Without any attachment, any craving, any trepidation?
Dispassionately, objectively, reserving all pride-filled judgments;
Discerning forthrightly, clearly, without ulterior motive;
Observing closely the many joys and sorrows,
The likes and dislikes, the loves and hates,
The thoughts, beliefs, opinions, conclusions,
The endless flow of people, places, things, ideas,
The seemingly boundless array of passing experiences;
And come to the realization that it was really all your creation.
An inexplicable, intangible, ungraspable, timelessly indivisible journey;
Imagined by a dreamer, whose ultimately choiceless nature, is prior to all imagination.

VII

How will You be psychologically free?
There is no method.
It happens when You will abide
No further infringement from any portion of the illusion.
When You are at last sovereign enough to journey alone, whatever the course.

* * * *

No word touches it, no language explains it, no mythos contains it.
You are it, You have always been it, You will ever be it.
Polish that mirror until all You see is You.

* * * *

Too big to see how small it is,
Too small to see how big it is,
You are, nonetheless, all of it.

* * * *

There is really no religion, no Way.
Just keen observing of a passing mystery,
Beyond comprehension or conclusion.

* * * *

The senses tease and taunt You.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are You real.

* * * *

To discover your true Self, You must explore your self.
To see the many others, yet see no other, that is the razor's edge,
Upon which all seers timelessly traverse this reverie both real and unreal.

* * * *

To identify with thoughts is akin to the ocean believing it is the sound of waves crashing.

* * * *

Symbols, mantras, postures, diets, attire, practices of any sort,
Are nothing more than tantalizing, captivating distractions,
Until You sharpen your attentiveness and discernment,
And fully grasp it can only be puzzled out very much alone.

* * * *

Any given mythos is essentially an unspoken agreement, a set of rules,
With language, rituals, and symbols to impose its continuity in the unborn.
When You see the collusion of tradition for what it really is, all become relative.

VIII

Polish mirrors that never reflected,
Clean stains never spilled,
Mend tears never torn,
Perfect that never flawed,
Illuminate shadows never cast,
Give purpose that requiring none.
You are ever unfathomable and unknown,
A timelessly whimsical enigma dancing in stillness.

* * * *

Your vain existence is as secure as that,
Of a clay figurine created by a child playing,
And then delightfully shattered with a laugh of glee.

* * * *

There will never be political, economic,
Or social resolution to the human condition.
Imagination itself must make the paradigm shift.

* * * *

You will never be free,
Until You can say no to your parents,
Your ancestors, your mythos, and finally, yourself.

* * * *

Take a lump of clay, divide it in two.
Sculpt them into any forms that come to mind.
Call one evil, the other good; one black, the other white,
Or any other fabrications of the dualistic mind.
Both ever remain the same clayness.

* * * *

Study anything and everything,
But neither follow nor imitate anyone.
What is the point of listening to any teachers,
If You do not intend to someday grasp the teaching?

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not You.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

Geographic isolation has spawned a broad diversity of mythoi,
Each grappling to protect ancient beliefs, customs, and histories.
Humanity's clinging to what was, is becoming less and less viable,
As the stew of a shrinking world continues to simmer in dreamtime.

IX

What is enlightenment but simply awakening,
To the innate awareness, to the timeless birthright.
Liberation is abiding freely in that eternal state of mind.

* * * *

Identity is like cotton candy bought at a carnival;
A lot of puff concocted from practically nothing.

* * * *

When You awaken after sleeping,
There is a moment when the awareness,
Resumes remembering the patterning it plays.
You could be anywhere, anything, anybody,
And what form and identity do You choose,
But that which You are least able to resist.

* * * *

Though no one really knows anything, more than a few spout what the masses follow.

* * * *

Desire for gratification of the senses and thought,
Despite its ceaseless tangle of suffering,
Is what binds You in time.

* * * *

Duality is the outcome of ignorance,
And ignorance of the false nature of opposites,
Is the vain prison that imagination ceaselessly fortifies.

* * * *

Why cater to something an individual or group,
Said or did, tens or hundreds or thousands of years ago?
History, whether personal, tribal, national, or world,
Is perhaps the greatest mischief of imagination.

* * * *

When You discover what You truly are, what You truly are not,
What is left but an inexplicable sense of awareness, unchained.

* * * *

You are the nexus, through which the mystery manifests a personal view of time and space.

* * * *

Groups of any spiritual persuasion are social crockpots,
For those agreeing to collude to the dogma of one mythos or another.
To regard any as exclusive bastions of wisdom and harmony,
Has repeatedly proven to be hollow self-deception.

X

Since the dawn of consciousness, mind has grappled,
With the mystery of birth and death, creation and destruction.
It has used every device to explain that which is beyond all description.
Only in complete surrender to the awareness prior to thought's linear conceptions,
Can there be any insight into the choicelessness of the eternal indivisibility.

* * * *

Unconditioned, immutable, changeless, untamed, amoral, lawless,
Unburdened, nameless, imperishable, timeless, formless,
Eternal, sovereign, total, absolute, supreme.
Apt descriptions of those rare few,
Who discern and reside in the immortal origin.

* * * *

There are teachers at every turn.
Be watchful, they take every form.

* * * *

In the struggle with the indivisible nature, You must lose to win.

* * * *

The frailties of all life forms are within You.
Your empathy and compassion are warranted.

* * * *

No one can tell You what truth really is.
You must discern and explore it your Self.
You must also grasp that it is very much akin,
To fine dry sand in loose fingers on a windy day.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

Words, concepts, similes, metaphors, analogies, parables,
Are teaching tools, study guides, not ends in themselves.

* * * *

Everyone has a mindset, a filtering process that interprets,
The reality appearing to appear about them.
The challenge is discerning the relativity of all experience;
That everything is temporal, ephemeral illusion, nothing more or less real;
That, from beginning to end, each and every moment, is but the fleeting dreamtime of awareness.

XI

Mythoi across this shrinking planet,
Migrate in every possible direction without respite.
The geographic isolation that created this remarkable manifest diversity,
Is less important than discerning the thread of indivisibility,
With which all creation is woven together.

* * * *

If … You only had better health;
A stronger, younger, more vibrant body;
A highly capable, nimble mind;
Wealth, power, status;
Lived in a different place or time …
If …
Would make no difference.
All destinies are only variations
Of the same unfolding dream.

* * * *

Before light and dark,
Right and wrong,
Birth and death,
Yes and no,
Good and evil,
Have and have not,
Compassion and cruelty,
Knowledge and ignorance,
Order and confusion,
Sage and fool,
Before duality in any form,
You are.

* * * *

Your real parent is a now long before time.
All creation is immaculately conceived.

* * * *

If there is any attachment,
Any desire to be bound,
One cannot discover the ultimate.
Even the yearning for liberation must fade away.
You simply become what You are, what You have all along been.

* * * *

Claims of religious persecution are absurd, fictional paths to glory.
Countless peoples of every persuasion have suffered throughout history.
Many, perhaps most, have claimed themselves chosen by the divine.
The arrogance of collusion has always been an enticing delusion.

XII

Thought is a reflection of an illusory past,
And the projector of imagined futures.
Awareness is the tentative, ungraspable now.
It is boundless, eternal, neither identity nor persona.
It is the mysterious presence, the ether of insight and intuition.
From its unknowable nature, thought springs into being,
But without it, none of this would ever have been.
It is the parent of manifest consciousness,
The source prior to all perception.

* * * *

Dread of times to come,
Of the unknown yet to manifest,
Overwhelms those who have not realized,
That it is their own imagination that cripples them.

* * * *

The meek will inherit the earth,
Because it requires great courage,
To discern and surrender to heaven.

* * * *

The sovereign witness You truly are,
Is neither the body nor the mind.
It is untouched by action or result.
It is unburdened by pain or pleasure.
It is unconcerned with right and wrong.
No matter the circumstances in which it abides,
It timelessly remains undefined, unfettered, unattached.

* * * *

The sciences have in every manner,
Scrutinized the unitary movement of this illusion.
They have stretched the conceptual mind in innumerable ways,
Yet none will ever succeed in determining its origin.
All they can ever do is dance with Maya,
On the floor of manifestation.

* * * *

You are the gold, not the jewelry into which it is made.

* * * *

At some point, books and their many concepts must be set aside.
Scholars journey the dead-end path of dualistic intellect.
Reclaiming your birthright is direct perception,
Not the cataloging of manuscripts.
The truth You seek will not be found in them.

XIII

The divisive world we have created,
Is an outcome of separation from the totality.
Dualistic solutions to all the ignorance, all the confusion,
Posture upon the same conflict-ridden paradigm, and resolve nothing.

* * * *

A gourmet craves taste; a musician, sound;
A perfumier, scent; a masseuse, touch;
A painter, color; a scholar, thought.
How enticing the play of senses and mind,
That to become a connoisseur in one field or another,
So many dedicate their brief mortal existence, in endless pursuit.

* * * *

Virtual reality is not just a digitalized computer fantasy.
The senses have created the cosmos with such precision, such exactness,
That You have yet to truly fathom, to indelibly discern,
That none of it is ultimately real.
It is software born of quantum programming.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

All paths to glory attain the same grave.

* * * *

Science dissects and names with great finesse,
But of what use is a universe cleaved to pieces?

* * * *

All existence in the unfolding present,
Has survived since its ineffable, immaculate genesis.
The unyielding capacity for absolute domination of this manifest realm,
Will be the human paradigm's inescapable unraveling,
If it does not instead collectively, unanimously,
Realize a unified sense of guardianship.

* * * *

We are all spontaneously making up the rules as we go.
Playing so everyone wins, is not a game easily learned.

* * * *

Right living is not a statement of morality.
It is a moment-to-moment feeling of intuitive rightness.
It is playing out this illusive, dreamy theater, as effortlessly as possible.

XIV

To know You are one with totality,
Seems so simple, so freeing, so real,
Yet so many cling to this belief or that,
As if their clutching complexity and strife,
Is so much more important, than simply being.

* * * *

To own your birthright, You become less and less entwined,
In the distracting narrowness, the limitations of self-absorption.
You intuitively fathom expansiveness, in every moment possible.
It is the end of paradigms emerging from any mythology.
It is the ever-timeless realization of the eternal.

* * * *

There is nothing to become, nothing to prove.
There is no description precise enough,
To express what You truly are.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way You think.

* * * *

The colluding dreamtime of humanity,
Conditions each of us to pretend something,
No other manifest life form requires of its kind.
It is very arduous to be free of all claims.

* * * *

Essential nature is not divisible.
There is only totality, oneness, isness.
Nothing greater, nothing lesser, nothing but.
We are all in reality an indivisible, indelible enigma,
Quantumly dancing center stage, in every form imaginable.

* * * *

All the observations and experiments of the sciences,
Explore, measure, and explain only illusion.
The ultimate teaching offered by the rational mind,
Is insight into the confines of dualistic sensory perception.
Scientists must at some point, bridge the chasm as irrational mystics,
If they truly seek to comprehend this theater, for what it in reality is, and is not.

* * * *

Debate over which philosophical-religious-cultish dogma, speaks for God, for truth,
Is sophomoric and only obscures the possibility of genuine awakening.
It is the time-bound distraction of scholars and priests and undiscerning followers,
Who have little interest in anything more, than the false security of one collusion or another.

XV

The ancients passed on their wisdom,
Through parables and analogies.
A neat trick, but one the literal-minded,
Have historically taken to one extreme after another.
All the philosophical inventions contrived since the beginning of time,
Have never, even for a moment, captured the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Imagine a nearly imperceptible bubble of foam,
Riding the flowing crest of a small wave,
On just one of an infinity of shores,
Of an ocean beyond measure.
That all but insignificant fragment of illusory reflection,
Is analogous to the entire human reverie,
Across this spinning orb.

* * * *

Words can only feebly point out the one and only way.
The discernment of their meaning is prior to all concept.

* * * *

The tenuous belief that science will be the cure-all
For humanity's plight, is self-deception on a grand scale.
Any conceptual tool is only as beneficial as those who wield it.

* * * *

More than enough, probably far too much,
Has been said of the spiritual quest through the ages.
The delusional, divisive conceit, surrounding and permeating it;
The dogmas, temples, money-changers, and Pharisees;
Are burdens that each must over time shrug off.
To discern and wander freely in Eden.

* * * *

The irony of spending so much of your existence,
Trying to solve the questions:
Who, what, where, when, why, and how;
Is finally realizing they have no answer words can grasp.

* * * *

No other creature on this planet,
Has taken naming to the extreme we have.
They do not separate themselves from their experiencing.
They have never believed themselves or others to be what words imply.
They do not slaughter or maim one another for the myriad reasons we endlessly concoct.
They endure passively, helplessly, for us to realize some insight, some rationality,
And perhaps one day return to the garden, in which they have ever resided.

XVI

Stars and planets and moons, journeying from horizon to horizon;
Cycling springs and summers and autumns and winters;
Clocks You watch, watches You wear;
Calendars whose pages turn, ever turn again;
Are tricksters in this three-dimensional, illusory weaving.
Time has never truly passed as You have been conditioned to believe.

* * * *

Suffering is the outcome of attachment to the fictitious mind-body identity.
All endeavors to ease the sorrow of consciousness are ineffectual,
Without the realization of your true indestructibility.

* * * *

Some answers are too large for any questions.

* * * *

Clothing, jewelry, make-up, hair,
Cloak the stark reality of the human body;
The assorted orifices of its physical functioning.
What is beautiful, romantic, and essential to the deluded,
Takes on another appearance when the veil
Of genetic gratification unravels.

* * * *

The tombs in which You cloak your vanity cannot lock out the dust of eternity.

* * * *

Being born into illusion,
Does not mean You must reside there.
You have never been bound by the original separation,
But through your conditioned collaboration.

* * * *

Humanity must accept total responsibility
For its impact on this garden world.
Do not put the burden on God.
There will be no messiah,
Nor hordes of angels to save us.
Each alone must make the paradigm shift.

* * * *

You spend your life believing the part You play,
But contrary to what the senses fool You into knowing,
All your thoughts, concepts, theories, images, hopes, and dreams;
All the kaleidoscoping reflections of those many mirrors passing before You;
All the vain paths to glory You or anyone else have ever concocted;
Have no ultimate reality or lasting importance, whatsoever.

XVII

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

* * * *

Sculpt a vast number of clay figurines,
All different shapes, sizes, and colors;
Give them every sort of name and belief;
They are ever of the original lump of clayness.

* * * *

Serenity is the outcome of integration, not an ideal.
Ideals are merely abstractions of unresolved duality,
Ceaselessly playing hide-and-seek with themselves.

* * * *

Neither hard nor soft, sharp nor dull,
Wise nor foolish, humble nor vain,
Sweet nor bitter, long nor short,
Strong nor weak, large nor small,
Good nor bad, intelligent nor stupid,
Truth nor lie, far nor close,
Stirring nor still, love nor hate,
Light nor dark, perfect nor imperfect,
Nor duality ad infinitum,
You are.

* * * *

Supreme being, or supreme beingness?

* * * *

Your dream is an outcome
Of the mirrors streaming alongside You.
Transcending all manifest reflections is the challenge.

* * * *

Psychologists, with their countless labels and gimmicks,
Have yet to discern what the mind really is, and is not.

* * * *

Any existence is like a sailboat journeying to and fro upon the surface,
Creating ripple after ripple, ever merging with other ripples,
All coming and going, while the ocean remains.

XVIII

To invoke a name of God,
In any conflict, is unutterable vanity.
There has never truly been a spiritual conflict;
Only the countless petty squabbles
Of self-serving dogmas.

* * * *

As large or small as You may take it, what You must really discern, is your own eye.

* * * *

Do not allow suffering deprive You,
Of a golden heart, joyful eyes,
A genuine smile, dancing feet,
Real friends, and a child's laughter.

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space,
Because your view of awareness, is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity,
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

True science would not disregard common sense.

* * * *

Whatever path You may be inclined to wander,
Whether good works, devotion, intellect, or meditation,
In any combination, weighted in any manner,
All meander the same vast mystery.

* * * *

There appears to be a path, but in reality there has never been a footprint to make one.

* * * *

Philosophy not culminating in the serenity of timeless indivisibility,
Is merely desolate wordplay, pandering to the desire for continuity.

* * * *

Without the eyes, You would not observe.
The ears gone, You would not hear.
The nose, You would not smell.
The touch, You would not feel.
The tongue, You would not taste.
The mind, You would not discern.
Remove them all, and You would be,
What in awareness, You have been all along.

XIX

The countless sanctuaries and monuments humanity has built,
Pointlessly clutch at that which can never be possessed.
All temples, all forms, are as dust to the eternal.
Mankind's organizing the spiritual quest,
Arises from the mind's ceaselessly futile attempts,
To fabricate an order upon that which can never be tamed.

* * * *

Do more, be more, get more.
More, more, more, more, more.
Will You ever have enough?
Will You ever be content,
With what You have,
Or what You are?

* * * *

You are free to do whatever You will,
Live whatever dream You are inclined to entertain,
Play out the endless fantasies your restless narcissism creates,
Until its shallow nature sustains You no longer.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

No matter how many words You use, it is not they that bind all this together.

* * * *

Who would not like to meet and hear what was actually said by the many seers,
Before the propaganda mills of time usurped them to their own ends?
Histories have always been written and edited and rewritten,
By those who won, survived, or passed by later.

* * * *

Do You not grow weary of tyrannical forces?
The tyranny of politicians, priests, and educators;
Of the bureaucrats, and self-interests in every realm;
Of the endless disparity between the haves and have-nots;
Of this concept or that, of the corruption, however it may flow?
Seek out your real community, your tribe, your brothers and sisters.
Your family is out there: intelligent, simple, honest, virtuous, just like You.

* * * *

Just as You have looked down at an arm and hand, or a leg and foot,
So has every other human who has ever been, or will ever be.
Your uniqueness is pervaded by an eternal commonality.

XX

The differences inherent in cultures,
Across this garden world, are to be transcended.
Emphasizing ancient traditions is increasingly dysfunctional,
And only inhibits the potential for the unmanifest
To blossom into manifest sovereignty.

* * * *

The introspective mind must often face
Countless painful obstacles of its own creation,
Until the clarity of the sharpened blade of discrimination,
No longer cuts with such uncoordinated ferocity,
That which never existed in the first place.

* * * *

Neither birth nor death can touch what is real.

* * * *

This world is a birthing ground of consciousness,
Away from which the only earnest heading is awareness.
When your vision tacks this direction, there may or may not be
Acceptance from the relatives and friends You value.
Unresolvable differences may be unavoidable,
But whatever course ultimately unfolds,
Your revelation must carry the day.
Neither seek nor expect the sanction of those,
Lacking the insight to comprehend your journey home.

* * * *

When communities are no longer functional,
New adaptations form to iron the disarrayed fabric.
Human civilization is navigating through a teetering zenith.
A cooperative paradigm, one crossing all boundaries,
Awaits shaping into common consciousness,
The potential toward which all humanity
May or may not choose to journey.
The epic is already complete,
And though none present,
Will ever see its end,
Your presence contributes,
To the future this time is shaping.

* * * *

We paint ourselves into corners with our habits and traditions.
Nothing need stay the same, nothing can stay the same,
But the rigidity of the linear mind is ever an obstacle.
Endless attempts to achieve security make us even more insecure,
In ways threatening our kind, and every other life form on this whirling sphere.

XXI

What so many believe religion to be,
Is acted out as self-serving, improbable propaganda.
It is a secondhand act of memory, of recollection and regurgitation.
Real revelation comes spontaneously from union within.

* * * *

To believe godness is only that which is out of the ordinary,
Is an error humankind succumbs to again and again.
All manifest forms persevere in the same field.
A particle of dust is as much an unfathomable mystery,
As the most astounding, most wondrous miracle, ever performed.
There is absolutely nothing ordinary about anything in this quantum matrix.

* * * *

Many operate thinking that something outside themselves,
Will foster everlasting happiness and contentment;
Only because they are not paying attention,
To that from which all things flow.

* * * *

We are rapidly approaching the inevitable reckoning point,
In the dynamic movement of human consciousness,
When we as a tentative life form have no choice,
But to reconcile the countless differences,
And see the unmanifest universality,
The absolute unicity of awareness.
Our many differences are imagined,
But the results of this continued delusion,
Are inescapably devastating to all life on this sphere.
To maintain this paradigm as it has evolved, is unutterable madness.

* * * *

You have the advantage of history,
To thoroughly witness the relentless absurdity,
Wrought by the delusional rigidity of organized religions.
When will You wrest your sovereignty, from those who would tame it?

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery,
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

Your yearning, your dread, your fear, your agony;
Your delusional hope, that some other can or will rescue You;
Has been brandished against You, since the seeds of consciousness took root.
It is time to clearly discern, that You know as much as anyone;
That it is You alone, who must choose to be free.

XXII

Jesus is rumored to have declared, "I Am The Way."
Was he imparting, as many believe, that he alone was “The Way”?
Or was he perhaps suggesting that we are all “The Way”?
Perhaps he intended, "I Am … is … The Way."
Or simply a definitive, “I Am, The Way.”
Or perhaps, if paradox was at play,
As is often the case with seers,
Any and all of the above.

* * * *

One man's law too easily becomes another's dogma.

* * * *

You are a part of the whole, not a part distinct from the whole.

* * * *

Do not equate any groupthink,
No matter how convincingly obstinate and persuasive,
With truth.

* * * *

Nowness, all but done just as soon as it fleetingly happens,
Requires memory to pattern out what it believes occurred.

* * * *

To state simply, "I am the Way."
Means You no longer identify with the theater,
Or the partial role your body once fooled You into believing.

* * * *

When languages are made an end in themselves,
We forget their original purpose was communication.
No word, no concept, has ever, or will ever, capture reality.

* * * *

That which is prior to all, cannot be bound by any limitation.

* * * *

Disentangle your consciousness, your imagination,
From all the compromises organized religions,
Have made with ignorance, superstition, and myriad other delusions,
Born of the illusory craving to know, fostered by the sensory dream of the mind-body in time.

* * * *

In any theater production, there are many parts, many characters.
The road to tranquility, is spending less time envying roles others play,
And at some point, choosing contentment, with the hand You have been dealt.

XXIII

The immutable requires neither approval nor sanction.
The manifest resolve of the skittish herd is the synergy of delusion.
Reality ever stands alone, aloof, free, without concern.
There is no other between You and the source.

* * * *

Do not make the mistake of fashioning,
Prophets, mystics, saints, seers, and sages into idols.
They may well have been awakened mortals, models of realization,
But they all began with the same primal awareness,
The same timeless potential as You.

* * * *

Those lost to materialism seem to think,
That through endlessly gorging their senses,
With sights, tastes, smells, sounds, and sensations,
That they are somehow living more fully.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires.
Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Humanity as a whole has not yet fully comprehended,
That its continued existence in manifest time,
Is entirely based on its many choices.
The clayness of the essential nature is not concerned,
What forms it manifests, what dramas it plays, or for how long it lasts.

* * * *

The mind's endless quest for some formula,
Or capsulated conclusion, is doomed to failure.
The river captured by a snapshot is never the river.
The pacifier is no replacement for the mother's breast.
Concepts, equations, or symbols, can never touch reality.

* * * *

The stillpoint of awareness You are, is the keystone to reality.
It is the point from which all manifestation is created,
And the point of oblivion to which all returns.

* * * *

As consciousness grounds in awareness,
As You clearly perceive illusion is not reality,
As You discern duality is the source of all suffering,
As the birthright of beingness resumes its rightful function,
There is nothing left to do, but whatever needs doing.

XXIV

Since the origin of manifest consciousness, humans
Have been raised and patterned in accordance
With the varied responses to geography.
They have played, fought, and mated;
Sought power, fame, and fortune;
Worshipped innumerable idols;
Lived nobly, desperately, and vainly;
Suffered sickness, injury, aging, and death.
To what end, the speculations are beyond number,
But ever the source has been the same inscrutable awareness,
Unfathomable, unknowable, impenetrable, timeless, indivisible, omniscient.

* * * *

The way You perceive existence, is the way
The winds of time have molded You to perceive it.
It is all subjective projection based on untold circumstances,
Which have conditioned the manifest spirit-mind-body identity in time.
Whatever your attitude, whatever your belief on the matter,
No projection is really more true than any other.

* * * *

The fleeting window of this modern time and space,
Has offered every excess, every decadence,
On a scale never before experienced,
By as many in one era of history.
What have You seen and learned,
But that sensory-level experience,
Leaves You desolate, angry, weary,
As full of rancor and discontent as ever.
That flame of angst within, if not too numbing,
Can be a catalyst to the discernment of the unconditional.

* * * *

Despite attempts by sages of every era and geography,
The human psyche remains dominated and shaped,
By primal instincts and urges, bred into the mind long ago.
The many masks of fear have diversified into innumerable forms,
And are as blinding, as paralyzing, as destructive, as they have ever been.
Transforming consciousness into its fullest potential, is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

To discern serenity, You may well know the calamity and horror of battle.
To discern integrity, You may, indeed, be a great liar, cheat, or thief.
To discern compassion, You may have caused much suffering.
To discern discipline, You may have partaken thoroughly every excess.
To discern the unicity of all creation, You may have withstood great divisiveness.
Sometimes those most fragmented without, are nearest to realizing the eternal nature within.

XXV

You wander through cities, down paths, along beaches,
But who was it wandered where and when?
In all those walks, those thoughts,
Those many acts and deeds,
Woven into each and every one,
Was the unwavering, choiceless awareness,
The witness You are, have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Your appearance in this manifest world is unimportant.
Whatever your attributes, whether You run barefoot or wear shoes,
Are clean or unclean, crippled or healthy, intelligent or simple, female or male,
Poor or wealthy, strong or weak, ugly or comely, named or unnamed,
Each and every one is the same essential quantum nature.

* * * *

Do more, do more, do more,
So many always crying out do more.
Yet if more would live simply, with less effort,
If more would moderate their desire-filled, fearful frenzy,
This theater might manifest something more compatible with reality.

* * * *

The quantum nature can be challenging to ascertain,
Because You only perceive the shortcomings of this dualistic world.
Quest within, discern the essence, unify with the totality,
Realize the perfection You have ever been.

* * * *

You believe because You move your hand from side to side,
That time has passed, and movement in space transpired.
But what has created that reality, but the timeless stillness,
That ephemeral essence, in which You as witness, truly reside.

* * * *

The essential purpose of the senses in this manifest play, is survival.
Over time, every human being evolves a personal mythos,
Based on the mind's interpretation of the data.
Who is the director of the theater, but the witness in all.

* * * *

We rationalize the spending of untold wealth,
On weapons of destruction, temples of vain worship,
And countless other entertainments and self-absorbed exploits,
When peoples across the world strive merely for a few handfuls of food.
The suffering and horror of our synergistic expression,
Is a dark legacy for those yet to come.

XXVI

Followers have all too often made the desolate mistake,
Of paying homage or worshiping whoever said it,
Rather than understanding what was said.

* * * *

From genesis to now,
Life's origin to now,
Human evolution to now,
Geographical separation to now,
Technological advancement to now,
Your own mortal birth to now;
Timelines within timelines,
Linear, dualistic, divisive.
Unify them effortlessly within.
Eternity is ever the timeless nowness.

* * * *

The challenge set before You, is to wipe the full slate clean,
And not write anything new, and only just less deceiving.

* * * *

The world economy is dominated
By vested interests, feudal corporate entities,
Whose spiritless, pagan idol, is the ledger and its bottom line.
The web they spin, is of destruction, pain, remorse,
To which no mortal form is immune.

* * * *

Premature judgment of anyone's past,
May deny the wisdom they have gleaned,
Or be in the unfolding process of discerning.
Allow others the sovereignty You yourself assert.

* * * *

No matter how insane the unfolding human drama appears,
Remember always, that it is being played out in perfection.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

The mind incessantly projects purpose and meaning,
Fabricating one bother after another in the resulting process.
Perhaps the only real purpose or meaning, is to discover there is none,
That living is enough, and no problem, no puzzle, no quandary, need be made of it.

XXVII

Since civilization's beginning, the haves have controlled the have-nots to their own ends.
Conquests and revolutions are merely exchanges of power, of might makes right.
The masses whine and grumble, but ever accept the crumbs and carnivals.

* * * *

How many more concepts there are,
With the passage of time.
In every realm there are vocabularies,
Which did not even begin to exist in prior times.
The impetuous, harsh sharpness of our unsheathed scholarship,
Is an undiscerning blade of creation and destruction,
We are not even remotely close to mastering.

* * * *

What is there to be, but what You already are?
How can fruit know what it is to ripen?
Caterpillars to fly? Buds to flower?
Any pattern to reach maturation,
But through faith in nowness,
That isness will ever be so.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey,
But none can convey any, to where all paths end.

* * * *

Real suffering is that of a physical nature,
Of sickness, injury, aging, and dying,
And those only while they last.
All psychological pain is self-inflicted.

* * * *

Humankind has but a fleeting window of opportunity,
To observe beyond its destructive attachments,
To geography, culture, politics, economics, and religion,
To perceive, to distinguish, the broadest picture, the greatest whole.

* * * *

All humankind seems to have really gleaned from history’s passing,
Are endless techniques and might, to ravage the garden,
And its little folk, with savage efficiency.

* * * *

Coming to grips with the realization of your ultimate nature,
With the fact that You are the clayness of which everything is founded,
That You are one with the power, the light, and the wonder,
Is a journey, limited only by your inner vision.

XXVIII

Because isness is, You are.
Because You are, isness is.
Without isness, there would be no You.
Without You, there would be no witness to the mystery.

* * * *

Many would call it sacrilegious,
To state, "I am that which is godness."
But it is far more so, to deny it.

* * * *

Meditation is awareness of the unfolding moment.
It is the dredging of the accumulated sediment of identification.
That which inhibits the timeless discernment, of what You truly are, and are not.

* * * *

Walk a few paces from where You stand.
Look back to where You think You started.
Time and space are the illusion of perception.
You will never wander through any instant again.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time, is what You every moment are.

* * * *

Who sees the wind tipping the trees in spring?
Hears the busy chatter of squirrels chasing?
Smells the mid-afternoon coffee brewing?
Feels the piercing of the kitten's playful claws?
Tastes the chilled chocolate melting?
Who has all those memories?
All that knowledge and capability?
All those assorted opinions and values?
Who desires, dreads, angers, laughs, suffers?
You do.
You are the power, the light, a drop of all that is, and is not.
You are creator, quantum dancer, eternally, immortally absolute.

* * * *

You have always been an eternal being.
There has never been one moment when You were not.
All You need do is discern it, and allow the witness to take wing within.

* * * *

A drug may help You find it, but cannot keep You there for long.
The challenge is to perceive eternity in the everyday mundane.

XXIX

Death is never easy for any to face.
It is the ending of identity, personality.
All that is known, possessed, and held dear.
It is the end of attachment to this material plane.
From whence You came, You return again.

* * * *

All across the world, at this very moment,
Diversity suffers and perishes in countless ways,
Because of the juggernauting inertia of consciousness,
Fashioned by geographic notions Gaia will not forever sustain.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the eternal has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

It may be fairly frightening, even irritating,
For many to begin fathoming they are godness,
Because up to this point, their manifest consciousness,
Has not even begun to open to that expansive an inner vision.

* * * *

So many human beings spend a great deal of time rejecting their animal nature,
Yet evidence of our primordial instincts, permeate everything we have ever created.

* * * *

Even the most healthy and beautiful men and women,
Strain, sweat, smell, and ache when they toil;
Blow their nostrils clean each morning;
Eat, urinate, defecate, and pass gas,
More than a few times each day.
Women bleed and swell with milk,
For continuation of their genetic line.
Men ejaculate their seed for the same end.
What exactly does one love in another's body?
A vat of bones, organs, muscles, mucous, and blood;
Sheltered by nerve-ridden, porous, lifeless skin and hair;
Shaped in ways, we instinctively find appealing or revolting.
All of which, to the dread of many, must unavoidably be recycled,
Perhaps even as a brief, but mouthwatering feast, for one beast or another.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that You were born evil incarnate.
It is nothing more than a concept inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness You most eternally are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic absurdity.

XXX

Contrast your entire existence with geological time,
In which the longest stretch, might at best equal,
A mere fraction of a moderate layer of sediment.
We are each witness to a fleeting span of manifest time.
The relentless narcissism, fantasies of glory, and empire-seeking,
Are, from an across-the-board perspective, such trivial, meaningless pursuits.
The arrogant pinnacles humankind devises across this garden world,
Are barren and desolate, when viewed for what they are.

* * * *

Reincarnation is the moment-to-moment fabrication of the identity You imagine You are.

* * * *

You came into this world with no allegiance to anything.
What happened?

* * * *

The part is never apart from the whole.

* * * *

Your life's destiny is founded,
Upon everything You desire, right now.
If You would choose to disregard life's opportunity,
To merge into the awareness of the changeless,
What, exactly, is it that You crave so much,
That You would choose vain mortality,
Over that which was never born?

* * * *

A hindrance many have in considering themselves godness manifest,
Is that they believe it should entail having all sorts of innate supernatural powers.
The fact that they see, walk, talk, and create every sort of mischief,
Does not register, because everyone else can, too.
Well, of course they can.
They are also godness manifest.
It is the concept of God that needs changing.

* * * *

Look back closely at your life.
See how every moment was necessary,
For You to arrive at this apparent point in time.
That it has all been completely, perfectly, effortlessly,
Choreographed, costumed, un-rehearsed, for the original run.
An epic, time-bound play, produced and directed by You, starring You.
Be on good terms with your spontaneous, manifesting reverie.
Enjoy the myriad players appearing in your production.
All are teachers and students in your eternal journey.

The Stillness Before Time, 1996

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of God or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden

orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey; its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve, very much alone, in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space and time, of consciousness, with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery, born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces, in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading. One that attempts to look beyond humankind's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions. One that values insight and wisdom. One that elevates rather than detracts. One that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball garden, and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique, among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will, toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis, awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them, must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since long before history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance, has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate, for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations, to create solutions to problems, all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped, that time and space, do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions, the choices, each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing, of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow, with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises, and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity, to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis, well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or

another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant, in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out, in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples, crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs, each and every one of us envision and translate differently. Thoughts of culture, tradition, ethnicity, gender, morality, currency, politics, religion, ad infinitum, inspire an array of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments, over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, make-believe, fantasy, whimsey, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions, born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe, in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast, for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, that it is lead dancer in its spirit-mind-body chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time, in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence, are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation, can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion, more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

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The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset, fabricates, in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything, but through the conditioned choices of imagination, that some call free will. Those who discern their own law, see this manifest play far differently than those, who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections, is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature, to become that to which they aspire. Intuitively, spontaneously free, to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation

and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision, are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the dreamtime to which all are witness. It is a vision so spaceless, so timeless, so infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be intrinsic to all creation, from You, to the farthest reaches and beyond.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. More than very unlikely, in fact. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we as a species are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective ignorance, avarice, hedonism, narcissism, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window, our tiny little scratch of the timeline. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following disingenuous leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, space-bound, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment, in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline; as fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive, within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures small to great, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am, to which mystics across the world, throughout time, point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the

exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough, to see clearly, that the ethereal thing called truth, is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness, imbued equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all, to see that every form born of space-time, is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes,

M

The Stillness Before Time, 1996

Got God?

Do You believe in God? If so, describe what You mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every dreamtime imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind; the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how You slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If You were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo through the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions, that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do You believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If You really have faith, do You need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life, than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality, is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience You have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is sky to all the cloudy creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the indivisible oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality, that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same

quantum mystery residing in everything, from the smallest particle of an atom, to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as discerned through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness, of isness, of hereness, of nowness, is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements, are born of the illusion of the quantum matrix of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

The Stillness Before Time 1996

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of Self, witness to the reality and unreality of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world, and the inherent rights of all creatures great to small. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as You would prefer they treat You. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be You.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what You have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those You serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if You intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that You cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which You are so attached.

The Stillness Before Time 1998

The Matrix

Another aphoristic journey,
For those who see, hear, feel, and breathe,
A mystery which can never be, but what it has ever been.
An array of thoughts on what is known, and what will ever be unknown.
Reflections from a mirror given over to the sojourn of sages and the fools they become.
For the dancers and singers who chuckle at the theater of imagination.
Those who seek to tread immortal waters, fearless.

The Stillness Before Time Website, 2000

Embracing Your Totality

You can only observe the theater of manifestation,
And intuit its ultimate, absolute nature.
There is nothing to be changed.
Nothing to be done.
Nothing which can be done,
Except to freely embrace your totality.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, One

Birth

Male and female merge in the pinnacle of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's fertile womb,
In the eternal absoluteness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism,
Wired for a fate yet unknown,
Into a universe of its own conception.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, One

The Immutability of Awareness

The senses tease and taunt You.
They are lies of the illusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And discern with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the immutability of awareness,
Are You as real as real allows.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, II

The Burden of Consciousness

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion,
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all You cling to,
All that You believe You know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, III

The Choiceless You

When You truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The You immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IV

False Expectations

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another meaningless bottleneck born of imagination.
Is it any wonder some of use end up in caves,
Very much alone, very much at home.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, V

The Ocean Within

As You awaken, it becomes increasingly apparent
That your existence is not really yours to own.
Fabrications begin to gradually fall away.
That once self-absorbed persona dissipates,
Giving way as impenetrable mist does to the sun.
Eventually it becomes apparent that nothing can persevere,
Except this ungraspable sense of abiding awareness,
Which pervades every element of your being,
As drops of indivisibility do the ocean.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI

Formlessness

Is there anything not made stronger,
When fashioned by a certain amount of challenge,
A certain amount of adversity, a certain amount of pain and suffering.
Of the qualities needed for survival in this manifest world,
Formlessness is likely only rarely included.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI

Have You Ever Seen Your Face?

What might it have been like to have never seen your face, or even thought of it?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a puddle of water, or a mirror.
To have never had an illustration painted, or a photograph taken.
To have abided only in the many reflections of others,
As You wandered about your perceived world.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII

Hard Paths

Assumptions can take one down many hard paths.
Be careful to choose as shrewdly as possible,
In whatever impetuous spirals You take.
Else the wind will be only too happy,
To cast You willy-nilly, this way, and that.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII

Why So Gullible?

Humanity has devised every sort of mythology
To explain that which is indivisibly, indelibly ineffable,
Yet pain and suffering and angst continue unabated in every venue.
Organized religions, priests, sages, shamans, channelers, shysters, and charlatans,
Have failed to bring about any lucid, elemental commonality.
Why do You continue to be so gullible?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX

The Burden of History

When You were a child, You did not give diddly-squat,
What anyone thought, and history was not near the burden it is now.
How naturally sovereign You were, until the conditioning,
Began to restrain, to domesticate, its beingness.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CXIV

From Indivisibility to Duality

As a newborn You were all potentials,
The eternal faceless nature, mysteriously perfect,
Totally vulnerable to the world into which You had sprung,
Cast from oneness into separation, into a timebound fate yet to unfold,
A fate both cruel and kind, merciless and compassionate in an infinity of flavors.
An uncarved immortal innocently thrust into the struggle of life and death,
In which your choice in the matter remains at best idle speculation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CXIV

The Dream of Self

You have created and destroyed,
In every temporal manner imaginable,
That mystery that has ever been your Self.
You are the sojourner of all appearances,
Lord of all the five senses fabricate,
Witness to a dream whose origin,
None but You can discern.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CXIV

The Idolatry of False Gods

The irony is that so many believe,
Their worship of some deity is really holy union,
When in reality they are drifting away from the Self they truly are,
Continuing the imaginary, dualistic, isolating idolatry, to which they were conditioned.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLVIII

The Great Fall

Why so many even bother pretending,
That human avarice, negligence, delusion, foolishness,
Can somehow avoid a beyond-all-pales collapse, is well beyond laughable.
All the words, all the efforts, mean diddly-squat.
Pity the future.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLVIII

Perceiving the Immortal

Count and guard your money,
Organize and polish your possessions,
Act out your existence for the vanity life offers,
And cultivate the agony of mortality to its graveside end.
Who are the rare who distinguish the seed's root,
And perceive that which is immortal?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXVIII

A Very Unassuming Mystery

You are but a relatively brief expression of the mystery.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
And so is everything else.
Despite all assertions to the contrary,
At the quantum level, everything is all quite equal.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Hearsay of Martyrdom

The reason You believe a messiah will return to save You,
Is because what was taught in that martyred chapter was not understood.
And because so many since have stage-managed the hearsay,
To such a blatantly, pathetically absurd degree.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

A Fleeting Affliction

Try not to torture yourself, for being forced to play out pretending You are a human being.
It is really only a fleeting affliction; from first breath to last, from womb to grave.
The challenge is to make the best of whatever fate You have been cast.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

Reality v. Idealistic Notion

Life is often not what You would prefer it to be.
How You meet the gap between reality and your ideals,
Is the measure of your capacity for suffering.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Vagueness of Liberation

As You surrender yourself over to it,
As the block regains its uncarved origin,
You will likely become more and more vague,
About the identification and purpose,
Of which others seem so sure.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Road to Extinction

For humanity to believe itself superior,
To the eternal patterning is a road to extinction.
We weave ourselves out of the weaving,
Through an exit of our own making.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

Imagination and the Dream It Weaves

But for the many thoughts You give it,
There would be no universe,
No world, no theater,
For vanity's ceaseless dramas.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Great Unfathomability

That Self which perceives all, knows all, is all;
That You in the most mysterious sense;
How incomprehensible it truly is.
No mind will ever fathom its infinite reaches.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

A Quagmire of Epic Proportion

Our ability to communicate,
To share our visions with each other,
Has turned out to be both a blessing and a curse.
We have achieved an amazing ability to manipulate our world,
Yet increasingly stagger in an exponential quagmire,
To which the inevitable conclusion will be,
Complete and utter annihilation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Harvest of the Human Paradigm

How many ominous ways,
Destruction is gathering forces,
On the swiftly approaching horizon.
How many, how few, are capable of seeing,
The punitive harvest of the seeds we all have sown.
Such discouraging thoughts are not easily received by most,
But to leave them unspoken only permits the delusion,
To continue its irrational rampage, unchallenged.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Deceptions of Mind-Made Limits

How can anyone possibly believe that the grand totality would ever be confined,
By any set of scriptures, any set of symbols, any cultural mindset, any ethnic or gender preference,
Any costume or geography or behavior, or dogmatic or political assertion, whatsoever.
Why believe the mystery could ever be bound by any mind-made limitation?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Wonder and the Bother

You need feel neither guilt nor sorrow,
Over having been spawned as a human being.
It is both a gift and a curse, both a wonder and a bother.
Perhaps one of the greater trials, perhaps one of the greater potentials,
This remarkable little spinning ball-of-dust stage can offer.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Equality of All

Humility is not the artificial arrogance so many practice.
It is a quiet understanding of one's equal standing,
With every form ever concocted in any realm,
Of this divine mirage of heaven and hell.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

Where Is the Mind?

Where is the mind free of craving?
Free of gain and loss?
Free of the desire for security?
Residing in the indescribable oneness,
Prior to the hellish confines of space and time.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXXVI

Pride v. Humility

Many seem so sure on one thing or another in this world.
They strive and measure from dawn till dusk,
And in their dreams as well.
But others want little,
From this mortal existence,
And doubting all they sense, approach,
With dust-like humility, that which erases all doubt,
Eventually disappearing back into the oblivion, anonymous and free.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXXVI

Who? Who? Who?

Who craves experience as if it really matters?
Who dwells in time's play of space?
Who dreams the dream,
Scripts the play,
Creates the set,
Delivers the dialogue,
And sallies toward vain conclusion?
Who is the weaver of this imaginary concoction?
You.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXXVI

The Call to Service

If You are one who asks how to serve this needy world,
Pause, be silent, be patient, be attentive, to the given moment.
What is required, will mindfully, effortlessly, compassionately, unfold.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXXVI

The Casino of Mystery

How does evolution play its Self out,
But through the haphazardness of genetic mutation?
Every life form is but a whimsical outcome of a ceaseless throw of the dice,
Playing out since the eternal genesis of space and time.
Each of us is but a momentary figment,
In the casino of mystery.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCV

Human Vanity

Dump whatever we will into the ground,
Spew clouds of venom into the air,
Pour rivers of toxic waste into the water,
Torment any given life form any way imaginable,
And then annihilate whatever still survives any way possible.
If that is what it takes for human vanity to awaken,
To what is really running the show here,
So it goes, with a shrug.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXV

Whatever the Moment Calls

So, relax, do with your time,
Whatever the given moment calls.
Sit quietly, walk calmly, sprint boldly.
Dance with irreverent abandon.
Speak clearly, confidently.
Breathe in, breathe out.
Be That which You truly are,
Have always been, and will ever be.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXX

If You Cannot Think for Your Self

If You cannot really think for your Self,
If You cannot question or doubt,
Then You are little more than a recording,
Playing over and over and over and over and . . .
Until the last meaningless, single-minded breath wheezes out.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXXVII

The Mystery's Yearning

From mystery, burst forth the dust storm of singularity,
And from that dust storm, countless forms sculpted into all potentials,
And in those many forms, the dream of consciousness evolved,
And in that consciousness, arose the yearning for union,
And in that union, quantum discerned its mystery.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXXVII

To Realize the Mystery

To seek that which is unborn-undying,
Has no relation to the malevolent concoctions,
Set into scripture by so many dread-ridden paradigms.
Threats of the fire and ice of eternal damnation are meaningless.
The unborn-undying actuality is the singularity prior to all manifestation.
It is the mystery, which experiences neither birth nor death,
Nor any beginning, nor any ending, whatsoever.
To realize the mystery, is to be it.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXXVII

The Lasting Solution

If You imagine You are not suffering,
Perhaps You are not paying attention to the angst,
Your day-to-day consciousness has become too numb to feel.
The pure mind is corrupted by day-to-day divisiveness,
Deteriorated by excessive, self-serving passions,
To which the dissolution of all identification,
Is the only authentic, lasting solution.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXXVII

The Awareness in All

Your body, your persona, are doomed; You are but a slab of meat in another's belly.
It is only the awareness that indivisibly dwells in all things that perseveres.
The other is merely theater; an array of distracting bells and whistles.
You are the awareness, in which all manifestation is created.
The awareness, in which all stages are assembled.
The awareness, in which all plays are played.
The awareness, in which all dreams are dreamed.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLI

The Great Deceiver

Any given point of this dreaming of awareness You call your life,
Is only connected by the reincarnation of imagination.
The neuron trail of the brain deceives us all.
Every moment is a new and ever-changing beginning,
If You are able and willing to detach from those so many memories.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLI

The Moment-to Moment Challenge

To be content, to be serene, to free one's Self,
From the endless wavering of the mind,
Is a moment-to-moment challenge.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLI

From Parts to Whole

Seven blind men touch different parts of an elephant.
One designates the head Christianity.
Another calls the ear Judaism.
The tusk is named Islam.
The trunk, Buddhism.
The body, Taoism.
The foot, Hinduism.
And the back, the tail, the tail's tip,
Are each cloaked in one assumption or another, as well.
Soon the blind men are arguing over which speculation is truly the elephant.
How can anyone ever discern the whole if they cannot,
Extrapolate beyond the parts?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLIV

Of Subjects and Objects

The sense of separation created by the senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Has been the underpinning of languages across the world, across time.
The subject-object attributes of me, of You, of we, of they, of it,
Have fashioned a dualistic dynamic of every imaginable reckoning.
The indelible indivisibility from which this three-dimensional dream has risen,
Is a fact few minds are capable of discerning, and even they must abide the day-to-day.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLX

Here You Are

Here You are …
Sitting, standing, walking, running,
Drinking, chewing, watching, thinking, speaking, sleeping,
Ever the indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery within and without … here You are …
Timelessly witnessing a kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional theater in time.
From one instant to the next … to the next … to the next …
… to the next … to the next … to the next …
Ever You are, right here, right now.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

The Source

The source is momentary, inscrutable, unfathomable, incomprehensible,
Inexplicable, mysterious, impenetrable, imperceptible, paradoxical,
Primal, potential, dynamic, untraceable, amoral, intractable,
Infinite, infinitesimal, unbound, integrated, transient,
Detached, indecipherable, vexing, imperturbable,
Undiscoverable, ironic, ethereal, anonymous,
Seamless, puzzling, immaculate, cryptic,
Unaccountable, dynamic, holistic, holographic,
Unknowable, iconoclastic, indefinable, intractable,
Intricate, incongruous, coincidental, abstract, universal,
Inexhaustible, concealed, ambiguous, enigmatic, intangible,
Implausible, unexplainable, arbitrary, esoteric, literal, figurative,
Indistinguishable, polymorphous, serendipitous, unblemished, arcane,
Capricious, vaporous, indivisible, unassailable, total, complete,
Absolute, inextinguishable, sovereign, immortal, eternal,
And, of course … all, some, and none of the above.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Questions of a Thousand Dreams

Who's the who whose who-ing?
What's the what that's what-ing?
Where's the where that's where-ing?
When's the when that's when-ing?
Why's the why that's why-ing?
How's the how that's how-ing?
Questions, never to be answered,
Asked over and over, ever over again.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Prior To All Dreams

Are You this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are You that of which this body is made?
Or are You that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVI

An Ineffable Mystery

Everything is indivisibly connected at the quantum level,
And it is in that very still, momentary awareness,
That those rare few who earnestly quest,
Will discern that essence, which many call God,
Or Brahman, or Tao, or Yahweh, or Allah, or Great Spirit,
Or whatever other sound it has been given, or will someday be given.
In truth, it is an ineffable mystery, to which all names are meaningless and absurd.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

The Mortal Game

The collusion of continuity maintains the human condition.
Everyone pretends they are the same person they were way back when.
How challenging to discern everything dies every moment,
And it is only the concoctions of consciousness,
That keep the mortal game afoot.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

Original Sin

It is through the sensory weaving,
Of the given heredity, the given environment,
That the untarnished consciousness of any given newborn,
Is channeled into the movement of dualistic notion.
Call it original sin, or whatever else You will,
But, in truth, it is merely the beginning
Of a lifelong, time-bound struggle,
Through the relentless blend,
Of one pleasure or pain,
One agony or ecstasy, or another.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

But, But, But, But, But …

We can kill and maim and destroy all we please.
There is nothing that really matters on the ultimate scale.
But, but, but, but, but …
Would it not be kind of a pleasant change of pace,
If we could really truly put aside all our differences, and … perchance get along?
Do a little more healing, a little more creating, a little more preserving.
We can squander away this magical garden as we like.
Mother Nature does not care one iota,
Whether or not this planet is layered with human beings,
Or dinosaurs or insects or vegetation … or by complete and utter desolation.
That is The Way, and we as a species can either figure it out,
Or continue driving on madly toward extinction.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXVI

What Will We Do With Ourselves?

What on earth will we do with ourselves,
After all there is to undo has been undone?
After all there is to pillage has been pillaged?
After all there is to ravished has been ravished?
After all there is to annihilated has been annihilated?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXIX

Ever You

Sometimes You sleeps, sometimes You wakes,
Sometimes You sits, sometimes You wanders.
Sometime You attends, sometimes You ponders.
And the ever-present moment, ever You,
However imagination frolics.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXXIII

The Questions

Who is who?
What is what?
Where is where?
When is when?
Why is why?
How is how?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXXVI

No Sanction Required

Why would You ever need another to tell You that You are remarkable?
Why would You ever need another to tell You they valued You?
Why would You ever need another to tell You anything,
When what You really are requires no sanction.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCII

The Key to Eternal Salvation

Are You weary of this world?
Are You so awash in experience,
You sometimes feel like exploding?
Have You yet discerned a point,
A purpose, worthy your time?
Does this field of dreams
Offer You the home You seek?
Or are You serene beyond all knowing?
Have You discerned the source all veils hide?
Only You know the answers to these and other questions,
Only You hold the key to eternal salvation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCII

The Motionless Witness

Experiences stream by,
Thoughts whizz to and fro,
And all the while, the witness,
The one and only observer,
Motionless in their midst.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVI

The Foundation of Creation

As endlessly challenging as it is to discern,
You are not the container, nor are You the mind.
You are the flawless, absolute space of awareness,
Upon which, in which, all creation is founded.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Of Order and Confusion

In the topsy-turvy of all things vainly absurd,
One topsys, the other turvys; one turvys, the other topsys.
One man's confusion is another's order; one's order, another's confusion.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

True Self

How could That which is immortal and meaningless and insignificant,
Ever even more than momentarily imagine its true Self,
Mortal and meaningful and significant?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Of Enlightenment and Liberation

Enlightenment is merely
A mind that has gone irrational,
Finally discerning the riddle of existence.
But even more challenging is achieving liberation,
Within the clarity of eternal awareness,
In the momentary nowness,
Of the day-to-day.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

The Space of Awareness

As endlessly challenging as it is to discern,
You are not the container, nor are You the mind.
You are the flawless, absolute space of awareness,
Upon which, in which, all creation is founded.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Food for Worms

You are not the body; it is but a temporary vehicle,
Ultimately no more than food for worms,
Or kindling for a funeral pyre.
Dust waiting to happen.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

The Winds of Time

Any given personality,
Is no more than a survival strategy,
Fashioned to cope with the post-traumatic stress,
That the winds of nature and nurture,
Inflict upon the mind-body.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Mere Persuasion, Mere Belief

How can You ever convince others,
That what is inside is outside, and outside, inside,
And that the truth of reality is not subject,
To mere persuasion or belief.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

There is No Other

There is nothing upon which to hold, to cling, to stick, to attach, to hang.
The clear, immaculate space of awareness, is without bounds.
Space and time is without meaning, without purpose.
There is no other, never was, will never be.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

What You Truly Are

What You are, truly, is awareness.
Life is but a temporal, dreamy mirage,
The fleeting enchantment of imagination.
Only imaginary consciousness is born.
Only imaginary consciousness dies.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

A Kaleidoscoping Illusion

There is no other, You are totally alone.
The world offers every form of distraction,
But it is no more than a kaleidoscoping illusion,
No matter how much You wish to believe it otherwise.
Face the fact, detach from imagination, dive into eternal life.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

Truth

Any belief about truth,
Pales in the light of experiencing truth.
That which is true is neither attached to, nor bound by,
Any thought, concocted by any mind.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCIX

An Eternal Infinity

The corporeal container,
Is but a temporary means,
To witness a flowing theater,
Full to the brim with distraction,
To one inescapable end or another,
All played out within an eternal infinity,
That discerns neither beginning nor end.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCIX

The First Page

We are all created of the same source,
By whatever name You might wish to call it.
Our sense of individuality is merely a fleeting illusion,
Born of the attachment of consciousness to mind-body-spirit.
In reality, we are all equally the same awareness permeating all things.
All dualistic notions are vain delusion fabricated by imagination.
Yes, it all seems real and true enough at any given moment,
But if You fully contemplate the ever-present now,
You will discern that this state we call life,
Is really nothing more than a very temporary,
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, sensory reverie.
The indivisible, absolute mystery, pretending existence.

* * * *

Everything comes and goes, appears and disappears,
Changes in each and every inexplicable moment.
A magical mystery tour of bewildering origin.
And to those many so full of themselves,
Unable to perceive the unfathomable,
That every moment beckons their attention,
How did the mindboggling become so mundane?

* * * *

Discern the indivisible awareness prior to all attributes,
All genders, all languages, all ideologies, all creeds, all geographies,
All families, all friends, all acquaintances, all antagonists,
All anything, all everything, under any given sun.
Discern that which is solely awareness,
Unblemished by any perception,
Born of conscious design,
Mortal or otherwise.

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique,
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of mystery is a creation extraordinaire,
In every way, shape and form into which the mystery,
Has spontaneously, choicelessly unfolded.
You are one of countless dreams,
All witness to the totality,
That which is prior to all perception,
That which is absolute, both within and without,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is ever You.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, The First Page

Prior to All

That source, that origin, that fount, that nucleus, which is called by many names,
Is prior to any sensory theater, prior to all forms small to great,
Prior to any whimsical certitudes of imagination,
Prior to any notion of this or that,
Prior to all dualities,
Prior to every definition,
Inspired by the myriad other.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 3

Ever Unchanging

Strolling the infinity within,
Does not require anything special.
Wear anything, or nothing, if You prefer.
Sit, lay, stand, walk, or sprint anywhere You please.
Name it whatever comes to mind, if You must.
It is always the same, ever unchanging,
Ever here now, to delve or dive into,
The source prior to all dreams.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 7

A Contemplation

What would it be like to never see anybody, anything, ever again?
To retire forever into the abyss, and never re-emerge into consciousness.
No more desire, no more fear, no more dread, no more worry, no more sickness,
No more injury, no more caring, no more bother, no more death or taxes.
And, of course, no more beer, wine, drugs, sex, or rock and roll.
To die for all eternity, or come back for another round,
Will that yay or nay decision be the last box,
On some Pearly Gate questionnaire?
Or do You just sign in or out as You please?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 8

What Is There to Learn?

What there is to learn, what there is to impart,
Is prior to all the volumes ever written,
All the institutions ever concocted,
All the idolatry ever asserted,
All the rituals ever established,
All the temples ever constructed,
All the incalculable inanities, insanities,
Ever carried out in some imaginary god's name.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 8

Same Soul

A different day,
A different life,
A different form,
A different world,
A different universe,
Same Soul.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 16

Creation is the Creator

The drop is within the ocean, and the ocean within the drop.
The writing is within the writer, and the writer within the writing.
The painting is within the painter, and the painter within the painting.
The sculpture is within the sculptor, and the sculptor within the sculpture.
The garden is within the gardener, and the gardener within the garden.
All creation is within its creator, and the creator within all creation.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 18

An Ephemeral Dwelling

The mind-body is but a transitory dwelling; chaff,
From which the kernel drops into the ground,
From which the drop returns to the ocean,
From which the self merges into Self,
From which the persona dissolves,
Into that which is timelessly absolute.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 22

Perceptions

What sights would there be, if there were no eyes?
What smells would there be, if there were no nose?
What sounds would there be, if there were no ears?
What tastes would there be, if there were no tongue?
What sensations would there be, if there were no skin?
And how many other perceptions might there be,
Had we crawled out of a different puddle?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 25

All Too Predictable

Any given religion was once a cult.
And every cult was a fabrication,
Founded on a pack of assumptions,
Likely concocted by a charismatic persona,
Willingly accepted by a small group prone to following,
Who conditioned their progeny to believe with little or no question.
And voilà, yet another organized religion is born,
To brew what havoc it surely does.
All too predictable.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 40

Wonder

Who is the who, who wonders who is who?
What is the what, what wonders what is what?
Where is the where, where wonders where is where?
When is the when, when wonders when is when?
Why is the why, why wonders why is why?
How is the how, how wonders how is how?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 46

The Imaginary Everything

Everything You think You are,
Everything You think the world is,
Is all completely imagined.
Everything.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 48

Of Capricious Minds

Truth is not the Yahweh of Moses,
The Allah of Muhammad,
The God of Jesus,
The Tao of Lao Tzu,
The Brahman of Krishna,
Nor the Buddha of Siddhartha.
It is That, which has neither name nor face.
It is the source prior to all assertions,
Born of the capricious mind.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 48

The Dualities of Imaginary Design

Knowledge cleaves this unfathomable mystery of consciousness,
Into every sort of dualistic conception under the sun.
The forbidden was harvested, and Eden lost.
Fallen monkeys, indeed.
And this pillaged garden will hobble on,
For as long as humankind survives its memories real.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 49

Of Riddles and Riddlers

Zen-ish riddlers abound in every moment,
Every corner of this temporal, worldly dreamtime.
For ignorance to awaken to their paradoxical irony, however,
Is too unlikely, to even bother imagining for more than a pittance of time.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 49

However You Will

You could do this,
Or … You could do that.
Or that or this … or this or that.
Or You could just stay at home all alone,
And do absolutely nothing-nada-nichts-ikke noget.
It is your fate your dream, to play out,
However You will.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 49

A Quickly Passing Dream

You only imagine You exist.
You only imagine You are that mind-body.
You only imagine You are of this world, of this universe.
Is anything born of imagination ever more,
Than a quickly passing dream?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 49

Magical Thinking v. Nth-Degree Doubt

Any Supreme Being must surely be an amalgamation of all the greats:
Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Superman,
Harvey, Peter Pan, Tinker Bell, and Captain Hook.
Much easier to accept any given phantasm,
Than to doubt to the nth degree.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

Gone Before You Know It

This moment, this very moment,
Is all You really have.
Use it wisely,
For it is already gone.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

Nothing Without, Nothing Within

To gaze out into the sensory theater,
And recognize nothing,
And look within and discern the same.
It is to that, which all who hear the call, unknowingly aspire.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

The One and Only Reality

The one thing of which You can be very certain, across all time, across all space.
Is that You are not at all separate from anything, in any way, at any moment.
How do You discern this? Because You are the dreamer dreaming it all.
You are the seamless, singular awareness, the one and only reality.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

Atheism & Believism v. Agnosticism

The atheist is as misguided as any believer.
All assertions are but the self-deceptions of imagination.
Agnostic |agˈnästik| noun: a person who believes that nothing is known,
Or can be known, of the existence or nature of God,
Or of anything beyond material phenomena;
A person who claims neither faith,
Nor disbelief in God.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 51

Ripples, Ripples & More Ripples

Every life form,
That has ever lived,
Died that You might live.
And every life form yet to come,
Will flower from your ripple the same.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 51

Deities & Demons Beyond Counting

If religions are all they claim to be,
Then there must be more than one god.
So, are they all warring with the same devil,
Or is there more than one of those bad boys, too?
And how many heavens and hells are harvesting souls?
Or how many reincarnations must one endure?
Ooh, ouch, ouch, ouch … brain freeze.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 51

The Effervescence of Imagination

All anyone really knows, is what they, or somebody else, thought up.
All things fashioned of consciousness are nothing more,
Than the effervescence of imagination,
In the stardust of mind.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 51

The Unborn-Undying All and None

Every life form that is born of this mysterious essence,
Creates and experiences its own finite universe,
With the same awareness inherent in all.
We are all That which never sleeps,
Is never born, and never dies.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 52

Cradle and Coffin

The body is not You; You are not the body.
You have no body, You never have, and You never will.
The mortal container is merely a fleeting means to one end or another.
A formless, indivisible infinity, without foundation,
Without beginning, without conclusion.
Awareness is the cradle,
From which all things rise into being;
The coffin to which all things are one day laid to rest.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 52

Will Be Done

Knowing You are solitary witness to Your version of the theater,
Discerning You are awareness manifest, how will You play out your role?
Will You be angel, or demon, or some spontaneous blend between?
It is Your reverie to do as Your desire, Your law, dictates.
Be it heaven or hell, or some purgatory between,
It is Your creation, and Your will be done.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

The Awareness You Ever Are

Every point and particle of this dream,
Is ultimately to fully perceive the singular truth,
That You are the eternal upwelling, that You are That I Am.
By whatever arbitrary sound You may describe it,
That Truth … that Life … that Way …
Is the awareness You ever are.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

The Same You in All

Who cares if there is but one lifetime or many?
In reality, the ultimate source, the You,
You really are, has been all.
And this existence,
Is the one and only one,
To which attention need be given.
It is in this moment that all futures are created.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

Wrangling Over Childish Things

Wrangling over which notion of divinity reigns supreme,
Is for those many who have not yet put away childish things.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

Oblivion

Oblivion is the end to all lies, all fabrications, all self-deceptions.
It is the vital source, the essence prior to all becoming.
It is the experiencing prior to all experience,
The intangible prior to all that is tangible,
The awareness prior to consciousness,
The actuality prior to all that is imagined,
The substantial prior to all that is insubstantial,
That which is prior to all context, prior to all manifest dreams.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 53

The Ungrasped Lesson

The big lesson humankind is still hard-pressed to learn, hard-pressed to even begin to grasp,
Is that absolutely everything is connected at every level across the board.
Each and every particle working, playing, dancing together,
Every simultaneous, unrehearsed moment,
To create this grand dream.
That so many take it all for granted,
And deceive themselves and others in so many ways,
That we have become so absurdly disjointed, is folly beyond the pale.

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Individual v. Group

Any given group, any given alliance, evolves and maintains an equilibrium,
Between the needs of the individual, and the needs of the group.
Imbalance either way creates a tension in the dynamic,
Remedied either by the individual's departure,
Or a change in the group's dynamic.

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And So Are You

When Jesus is rumored to have long ago asserted, “I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way,”
What seems to have been unheard, mislaid, or perhaps edited out, was … “And so are You.”

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Of Fates Light to Dark

How many instances have You given heart and mind and spirit,
To one thing or another, only to watch it all go badly?
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is really only a mysterious dream.
Some get a pleasant reverie;
Others a dark nightmare.
Discern the greatest context,
And be content, be at peace, be in grace,
That it was your mystery-given destiny, to play it so.

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Dust to Dust, Vanity Between

From the quietude of boundless slumber, awareness awakens,
And gazing into the pool of memories, stokes the dream into another day.
Dust to dust, a few breaths, a few thoughts, between.
Let the vanity have its way.

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No Hopeful Taste From This Pen

It is a most curious thing how so many writers,
Feel required to leave some hopeful taste in the reader's mouth.
The reality of it is that this garden world's prospects are growing bleaker every day.
There is absolutely no precedent for this manifest mirage as it is unfolding.
Eight billion cancer cells could be nine billion in ten or twenty years,
Assuming it is not well into dystopian collapse long before that.
And, so sorry, there is no way our little two-legged brain,
Is going to keep things rolling forever, no matter,
How ingenious we believe ourselves to be.

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There Is No Knowing

In all the incalculable star systems strewn across whatever infinity entails,
There may be many worlds, many dimensions, packed with life forms of every variety.
And yet, ours may be the only one with consciousness as we perceive it,
And, much to our chagrin, we will very likely never know.

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All the Imaginary Differences

All dogmas discuss, debate, battle, over imagined facets of the same origin.
Different metaphors, different archetypes, different interpretations,
Different sounds, different principles, different speculations.
Different this … different that … different whatever.
All struggling over the same eternal source,
The same inexplicable fountainhead,
Over and over and over again.

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Eternity's All-Inclusive Matrix

That You are one with all, is not something to be taken vainly, narcissistically,
But as something to be discerned at the very essence of Your being.
The kingdom is the sovereignty of the indivisible source,
Within all things both manifest and unmanifest.
The eternal matrix is all-inclusive,
Including even You.

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Supreme Beingness

'Supreme Being' is being, in the most,
Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent way.
It is less about some imaginary, individual deity,
Than it is the austerity of pure, unadulterated awareness.
Agape is the indivisible, unconditional, impersonal indifference.

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Worm's Breath in the Making

Face it, one day, sooner or later,
The body is going to give that bucket a mighty kick.
But until then, get out there, and partake whatever living You can muster,
So that You can realize, without malice or concern,
It is all really no big deal,
Just worm's breath in the making.

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How Bored God Must Be

That which we call god, is the quantum essence which is never born, and can never die.
But if there were a personalized supreme divinity, that so many have imagined,
He, she, it – or whatever – would more than likely be bored to tears,
Having to daily endure the ceaselessly predictable inanities,
Of our two-legged, thumb-wagging, tool-making, monkey-mind kind,
And the ongoing devastation, of what is very likely one of eternity's greatest creations.

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The Surreality of Duality

There is absolutely no rhyme or reason to suspect, much less believe,
There is some sort of supreme being outside your Self,
Or at least one that does not also include You.
How could any of this be happening,
Without Your participation,
To the very core of Your beingness.
Any duality is false, from all beginnings, to all ends.

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The Whimsical Concept

All concepts are merely concepts, no matter how noble or corrupt.
They morph, they dissipate, they are all nothing more,
Than brief, transitory, imaginary whims.

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No Outside Intervention Required

How is it anyone truly believes some sort of alien race was required to create our kind,
Or set us on some sort of long, winding, convoluted, evolutionary journey?
How is it anyone could gaze upon this astonishing garden planet,
And not assume it entirely capable of being the source,
Of all the innumerable life forms it sustains?
It is a curious thing that so many require the belief,
In some outside intervention, to explain the mystery they are.

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Chasing the Moment

By the time You recognize and react to any given memory,
Awareness has already moved on to the next,
And the many nexts beyond that.
And on and on,
An eternal, immortal sprite,
You can never touch, never catch, only be.

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The You in Everything

Do not be at all intimidated by all that has been said, done, and written.
It has all been You from the beginning of all beginnings,
And will be until the end of all endings.
And, of course,
Before and after all that, as well.

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Cosmic Weavings

Who, what, where, when, why, how … does any universe come into being,
But through the awareness of the observer, the beholder, the witness.
All based on structure, sensory input, capacities and limitations.
Every creature small to great resides in a cosmos of its own weaving.

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The Vanity of Imagination

Ultimately, there is no evil, there is no sin, there is no dark side.
There is only corrupted, twisted, perverted consciousness.
There is only the veiling, the muddying of awareness.
There is only ignorance and delusion and duality.
Evil does not truly exist in any way or shape or form,
But through the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity of imagination.

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A Formless Sea

What is within? A formless sea.
What is without? A formless sea.
The mortal container is but a dream,
Born of the sensory mind.
There is no other.
The formless,
Is source to all.

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A Brief Mortal Reverie

All vanity is absolutely insignificant to that which is prior to time.
The entire quantum universe is but an immeasurable, timeless ocean,
In which all manifest forms appear and disappear in the smelter of what is.
You are simply one witness, playing out a mortal reverie, for but a brief while.

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The Ever-Present Nowness

The senses offer an ever-kaleidoscoping, timeless universe.
Why be overly concerned about where it has been, or where it is headed,
When the ever-present nowness is in itself so extraordinary;
A mystery to be witnessed however any wills.

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Figurative Wordplay

The mountains of the so-called spiritual climb,
Are not really about any particular geography or time.
The metaphors of philosophers should only rarely,
Be taken as more than figurative wordplay.

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The Last Historian

Who will be the last historian,
The last chronicler of the human paradigm?
Who will be the last to discern, to set down all that has passed,
Since the first recording of humanity's dream?

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A Gaia of Paradigms

Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms.
Paradigms of indiscernible proportion, dancing in the froth of consciousness,
Flowing with all the other paradigms about this earthly jacuzzi.
Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms.

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The Great Game

"Let us play a game of irony and paradox," suggested one quantum.
"With every agony and ecstasy imaginable," added another.
"And a slathering of absurdity," suggested a third.
"But why bother?" moaned a fourth.
"Why not?" said yet another.
"Indeed," agreed all the others.

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A Dearth of Critical Thinking

What a baffling, vexing, amazing, even astonishing thing,
To run into supposedly intelligent people who lack the doubt,
And are harbor to the critical thinking capacity of potato heads,
When it comes to superstition, and so many other absurdities.
How is it we have survived ourselves as long as we have?

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The Indivisibility of Differences

A different day, a different night,
A different container with a different eye,
But ever of the same indivisible essential nature,
No matter the given who, what, where, when, why or how.

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Live and Learn, Die Anyway

The knowledge and insights and skills,
You sponge in the early part of your existence,
Will be finely-honed by its middle,
And forgotten by its end.
Live and learn; die anyway.

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Freedom's Irony

To catch the hungry monkey,
The coconut is baited for desire.
The searching hand goes so easily in,
But will not come out with the fisted delight.
The treat will quickly bring about death,
Unless the frantic creature discerns,
The paradigm of the open hand,
Is freedom's curious irony.

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The Winds of Conscious Design

There is nothing more than this ephemeral now
That can be more than witnessed as a fleeting dream.
Consciousness may play out every distraction imaginable,
But it will never be anything more than the wind of its own design.

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The Path of the Middlemen

Who first came up with the idea that God was a separate deity,
And that it must be feared and worshipped and kowtowed to daily?
Who else but someone craving the usual suspects: power, fame, fortune.
And that, along with a few other trifling details, is human history in a nutshell.

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What Will You Be?

Born into this world.
Told You should be someone.
That You should achieve great things.
That You should crave this or that, or that or this.
But what if You neither believe nor yearn nor trouble for any of it?
What if no "should" calls You, what then, Pilgrim? What will You do? What will You be?

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The Simplicity of Truth

Truth is so obvious.
How can any resist its simplicity?
How can ignorance be so intractable, so confined?
How can it always so closely, with such complete and utter conviction,
Link up with some propagandized, talking-head, forked-tongue, true-believer, doublespeak?

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The Simplicity of Truth

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit, or just not caring.

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The Wisdom of Insecurity

How much of your life do You worry over this or that?
How many problems do You spin from practically nothing?
How concerned do You get over everything from micro to macro?
To be free in the unruly mind, You must be utterly insecure,
Completely undisturbed, absolutely vulnerable.

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Cleanse Your Mind

You need not participate in any mindset, any groupthink, large or small.
Cleanse your mind, your awareness, of all memes, all inventions, all fictions,
All contrivances fashioned of imagination's perpetual collection of absurd notions.
Stand alone, and be as inwardly free, as the moment before You were conceived.

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Tragic Distractions

All the idolatry in the world,
Will not transport anyone any nearer to God,
Than they each and every single one already every moment are.
All scriptures, all dogmas, all images, all symbols, all intermediaries, all assertions,
Are but empty, meaningless, untoward, even tragic distractions.

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Senseless Absurdity

What a thing to spend an existence,
Locked in dogmas and idolatries;
Bound up in traditions, superstitions;
In fear of some god or gods or demons;
Concerned about heavens or hells or karma.
Why allow imagination to have such free reign?
Why give your Self over to such senseless absurdity?

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Neither New nor Old

All great seers of the ultimate reality,
Are simply incisive knowers of themselves.
Anyone can apprehend it, if they have the insight,
And an unrelenting, unwavering, blade of discernment.
This is yet another conscious articulation of an age-old inquiry.
Indeed, there is nothing either new or old, under this or any other star.

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Liberation

Find a space where You can sit quietly, alone.
Ignore the ever-churning sensory theater.
Allow the thoughts to pass without interference.
Observe completely the beingness throughout the passing.
That simple awareness, that nowness, is the eternal, original nature.
To abide in the essential ever-fleeting moment, the mind still,
Is liberation from the fabrications of false identity.

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The Functioning

Without skin, what could You feel?
Without eyes, what could You see?
Without ears, what could You hear?
Without nose, what could You smell?
Without tongue, what could You taste?
Without all functioning simultaneously,
How could your dreamtime universe be?

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Realization of the Indivisible

If this orb was considered a small lifeboat upon an infinite sea,
The prophets, the mystics, the seers, are those who dive over the side,
Explore the unseen depths, and climb back aboard to share their discoveries,
With those clinging passionately to the vain, illusory safety of their berth.
Many, perhaps most, will very quickly turn away and refuse to listen.
Some will quarrel, scoff, or curse, praising imaginary clay gods.
Some will avidly listen, and then label themselves followers.
Some will timidly test the unknown and find it too cold,
Or, worse yet, misguidedly think they, too, have it.
Some, seeing what needs be done, will dive in,
Perhaps to one day also return awakened,
Emptied by the realization of the indivisible.

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Irony and Paradox Rule

You are the body; You are not the body.
You are the world; You are not the world.
You are the universe; You are not the universe.
You are the dream; You are not the dream.
You are everything; You are nothing.
Change is the way of all things.
Irony and paradox rule.

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Eternal Life

Eternal life is simply living in the awareness of the ever-streaming moment,
Oblivious to the space and time in which the manifest mind abides.
The state of being when the allure of the many attributes,
The countless fabrications of imagined identity,
Lose all meaning, all purpose, all concern,
When the magnitude of the singular present is all.

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Arbitrary Spins

How deep is deep? How shallow, shallow?
How wide is wide? How narrow, narrow?
How infinite is infinite? How finite, finite?
The definitions inspired by any eye, any mind,
Are but endless, arbitrary spins of me, myself, and I.

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Proof Enough

If You are genuinely earnest in your inquiry into true Self,
The unquestionable fact that You have never seen,
Nor will You ever see, your own face,
Is surely evidence enough.

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A Still Mind

When the mind is still, where is the yearning for continuity?
Where is the notion of duality that harbors passion?
Where is the player, the actor, the identity?
Where is the witness woven of time?
What is there but the awareness of emptiness?
What is there but that birthless-deathless creation of all?
What is there but eternal life, eternal oblivion, eternal redemption?

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Speculation and Hearsay

God as projected by the dogmatic mind is patently, woefully absurd.
That which is eternally omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient,
Cannot be confined in any way, any shape, any form.
The mystery is ever unknown, ever insoluble.
All assertions are but vain speculation and hearsay.

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All of Page 100

Imagine, if from your beginning,
You were among a modest, wise people,
Who clearly imparted that You were the mystery.
That You were the epicenter of your individual universe.
A guardian of this garden, and that the entire universe about You,
Was filled with teachers, each valued for their gift, whatever it might be.
And that You were also one of their teachers, likewise valued, likewise ordained.
Imagine that You were brought up with the certainty, that each and every fellow life form,
From the very smallest to the very largest, are all kin in the highest sense,
And that You are a solitary witness to the eternal song of mystery,
Never to doubt, even once, that You are truly of the One.

* * * *

We are all of the same awareness,
Etched by the diversity of consciousness,
Into untold assumptions of self-absorbed pretense.
It is only at the source that You will discern,
The vast, indivisible commonality.
There truly is no other.
Thou art God.

* * * *

It appears that You are ensnared for yet another day,
In this mortal frame, so profoundly temporal.
Yet You are not a body, You are not a mind.
You are not, have never been, nor will ever be,
Bound by any manifest container, that any creation,
No matter how inexplicable, has ever, or can ever, muster.

* * * *

You are that which is brick and mortar, to all spaces, to all times.
That which is witness to every dimension, to every dream.
That which is awake, even during the deepest sleep.
That which is asleep, in even the most alert vigil.
That which is the tiniest, infinitesimal point.
That which is the most infinite expanse.
That which none can either claim to be,
Nor feign, except in delusion, not to be.
That which is, ever was, and will ever be.
That which is not, never was, and will never be.
The quantum matrix, prior to all imaginings born of mind.
The eternal nature, prior to all attributes formed of consciousness.
Indivisible, unblemished, singular, supreme, sovereign, absolute, without peer.

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Forget It All

Forget what your eyes have seen,
Your ears have heard, your nose has smelled,
Your tongue has tasted, your hands and body have felt.
Forget everything the indivisible weavings of earth, water, air, and fire,
Have ever concocted in this temporary mortal container.
Allow the mind to become utterly still,
Timelessly present, completely anonymous.
You will, in those moments of absolute awareness,
Be what You truly are, have always been, and will ever be.

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The Relativity of Perception

The ever-morphing universe, every moment,
Appears and disappears before the mind-body receptors.
What is existence but a few breaths, an assortment of experiences,
A succession of conversations, a collection of minutiae,
And the vaporous perception of relativity.

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Of Quantum Design

You are not your body, your mind, your relationships, your things.
You are not your likes and dislikes, nor the perceptions of all your memories.
You are not your world, You are not your universe, You are not anything under any sun.
You are naught but the awareness of totality, witnessing a magical mystery tour of quantum design.

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The Planet of the Apes

We are all merely monkeys here, an entire planet covered with monkeys.
Jesus was a monkey, and so were Buddha, Muhammad, Lao Tzu, and Nietzsche.
Your father and mother are monkeys, and your brothers, your sisters, your grandparents,
And your uncles and aunts and cousins and friends and acquaintances and strangers and enemies,
And even You, are all just two-legged tree-swingers, who one day climbed down,
And wandered out into the plains, and across the pale blue dot.

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Sovereign Witness

Your world, your universe, expands in consciousness,
Until You at long last, realize fully, that it never really existed,
As anything more than an indivisible, ephemeral dream,
To which eternal awareness, is sovereign witness.

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The Price

The price of good is evil.
The price of right is wrong.
The price of wealth is poverty.
The price of pleasure is pain.
The price of white is black.
The price of life is death.

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The Abiding Witness

The senses are ripples away from the awareness where You abide.
The eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh, all feeding into the mind;
How can they ever be the one and only You, but through attachment to assumptions?
How can they ever be more than distant devices, to be witnessed however nature-nurture allows?

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Slap Your Self

If your concept of a deity does not incorporate You as more than a sheep,
To be herded to and fro, in some groupthink-follower-collective,
Then perhaps You need to incite some serious doubting,
For a very up-the-ante-worldview-change-up.
Slap your Self, so to speak, very hard.

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The Daily Slog

To turn it off, You can either become very still, very detached,
Or You can, through a variety of means, off the body.
Suicide is the greatest philosophical question.
So, embrace the absurdity of it all,
Moniker yourself Sisyphus,
Abandon all hope,
Get ye shoulder to ye boulder,
And whistle while ye daily slog it up the hill.

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Just Imagination

It is all just imagination's attachment to this or that.
A sensory dream in the matrix of eternity.
You are untainted awareness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Just putting in your time in whatever way the dream calls.

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Every Mind's Eye

So much of everything within any given cosmos.
Nothing new, nothing old, everything the same, nothing the same.
On and on, the unknowable conundrum churns, ever creating, preserving, destroying.
The timeless in every mind's eye, witness to a kaleidoscoping sensory mirage.
The awareness has awakened in so many dreams, in so many universes,
In so many paroxysms, in so many reflections of consciousness.
To the eternal, in which all small to great equally abide.
You are it, it is You, there is ultimately no other.

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Never Once

The truth of it, is, that not even one atom,
Across an entire cosmos indivisibly full of them,
Can for even one iota of an eternal moment, still itself.
And yet, the awareness within and without its ever-churning all,
Has never once, across all time and space, even stirred.

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A Temporal Window

For what, exactly, are You hoping?
Power? Fame? Fortune? Security? … Immortality?
You already have so much: sentience, health, food, water, air, space, time.
As austere as it may well sound, things so often taken for granted, are truly the greatest treasure.
After all, You only dream this manifest play for as long as mortal destiny allows.
Try not to squander the temporal window of beingness too lightly.

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Where Is the Gap?

How intelligent does one have to be, to not be stupid?
How beautiful, to not be ugly? How good, to not be bad?
How correct, to not be wrong? How wise, to not be foolish?
Where is the line between any yay, any nay, any this, any that,
But some inflated, arbitrary formulation, of the given mind.

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Pfft

Why should You be a sheep to some shepherd?
Why should You kowtow or pray to what You are?
Why should You fear that which You have ever been?
Pfft on all dogmas devised by minds embedded in time.

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Quantum Breathing

Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe,
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe,
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe.
Breathe in the universe …

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Be a Human … Being

Reality is ceaseless and carefree, indivisible and inexplicable.
Only imagination ebbs and flows, starts and stops.
In reality, You are the You that You are,
Not the You that You imagine.
The soul of mystery exists, not in time,
But in the timeless nowness of eternal beingness.
To achieve full potential as human being, be a human … being.

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Only You

What are we but portions of quanta playing out a three-dimensional theater,
Immortal at the essential level, yet mortal in whatever form played.
Birth, death, and the life between, are but an illusory dream.
In the ultimate eternal reality, prior to all creation,
There is no existence, there is no other, there is only You.

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Humility

We are all of the same mystery, the same awareness,
But the character, the personality, the identity,
Wears the cloak of whatever illusory dream,
The given nature-nurture has spawned.
Nothing about which to be inflated, really.

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What Else Would Any Mystery Be?

It is all You,
Terribly, wonderfully, absolutely alone,
A vast stillness without measure, without rhyme or reason, without cause or effect,
Without purpose or meaning, without beginning or end,
What else would any mystery be?

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Born Again

What is it to be born again,
But to be the awareness of a newborn.
As still and silent and attentively timeless as the cosmos,
From whence all phenomena small to great have been immaculately woven.

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The Disharmony of Duality

It is only in human consciousness,
That the disharmony of dualistic notion takes place.
In whatever way You might observe this infinite, indivisible matrix of a dream,
Whether physics or chemistry or biology, everything is connected,
Without any separation, any otherness, whatsoever.

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The Eternal Freedom of Awareness

You were never really born,
You have never existed,
You have no future,
You have no past.
You are the I in I,
The Am in Am,
The That in That.
You are That I Am.
The Truth, the Life, the Way.
Awareness, pure, simple, eternally free.

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What Would It Have Been Like?

What would it have been like to have witnessed this world,
Before the indelible ascendance of humankind,
With all its fences and roads and tracks,
Its countless inventions of every size and variety,
Its boxes of every shape and purpose, strewn across the land.

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Outside Your Mummy's Tummy

Your first lesson that existence was going to be somewhat harsh,
May have been the exit-from-the-womb whack, that inspired your first breath,
A defining wake-up call, into what all that puzzling commotion,
Outside your mummy's tummy, was all about.

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The Dystopian Pit

The worldwide winds, to which all humankind have synergistically contributed,
Are daily growing far too strong for any to find a truly safe harbor.
The imminent is a cavernous, exacting, dystopian pit,
Into which all but the most resilient,
Must inevitably fall.

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Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time, it all seemed as real as real could be,
And then, the one and only reality, awakened your eternal mind.
It is a solitary, less traveled, winding yellow brick road,
Down which many are called, and few inclined.

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More Than Enough

You really do not know anything, and no one else does, either.
There is no need to be afraid; there is no need to worship false idols.
There is no need to make some meaningless, absurd, bad-theater game of it.
Wonder, ponder, speculate all You please, do with your existence whatever You will;
But the source that You and all things are, is an insoluble enigma,
In which merely being here now, fearless and free,
Is, indeed, more than enough.

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The Infinite Ocean

The infinite ocean of totality, is in no way, no shape, no form,
Interested or concerned or involved, with any illusory fabrication of consciousness.
It is solitary witness, within and without, all phenomena small to great,
But untouched by any dream bound to space and time.

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The Quest for Truth

True science is not a religion.
It is a quality of mind, solely intent, on rational,
Dispassionate, impersonal, accurate, lucid, measurable observation,
To whatever conclusion the quest for truth may bring.

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Of Awareness and Consciousness

How can awareness be thought to have either beginning or end,
When its momentary nature, is so ever-present, as to be unequivocally eternal.
Consciousness, however, is an entirely different bag of worms.
For all practical purposes, it is unable to hold still,
And is insatiably able and willing,
To distract itself and over and over,
With every antic it can possibly conceive.

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Earth, Water, Wind, Fire

Earth is earth, wind is wind, water is water, fire is fire.
Once You, without doubt, without equivocation, fully understand this,
And that these forces interact in every way imaginable,
And that You are eternal witness to it all,
What else is there to know?

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Seven Plots

Some who specialize in the study of literature,
Claim it can be distilled down to as few as seven plots:
The yearning for justice, love, order, pleasure, and validation;
The challenge of morality when choices have to be made;
And the fear of the unknown/unknowable and death.
A few basic narratives told over and over and over,
In different times, in different places, in different tongues,
With a likely never-ending array of nuances, for every inclination,
Yet permeating all, the human craving for life's telling, so much the same.

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Fate Is as Fate Does

There your parents were one night or day, messing around, all hot and heavy,
And suddenly, through no fault of your own, no choice of your own,
You were in the oven, baking your way into consciousness.
When exactly does fate begin its wayward trail?

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Madhouse Contenders

Every religion started off as a cult,
Until its followers put down enough spare change,
To construct impressive, daunting, holier-than-thou sanctuaries,
Filled with enough middlemen, to shield the sheeples from their crazed delusion,
And muster the potency to be a contender in the madhouse.

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The Delusion of Time Travel

Regarding time travel,
How can that which does not exist,
Ever be journeyed, except through imagination?
This streaming instant, born of senses and mind, is all there is.
To pretend otherwise, is just one delusion or another.

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The Alimentary Canal

The critical difference,
Between a mouth,
And an asshole,
Is one end has fangs,
Earthworms must crunch,
At a much more moderate pace.

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The True Voice

The true voice is in all small to great.
To discern it, one must merely, with intention,
Observe prior to the passion, the fear, the false identity,
And surrender courageously, to the sovereignty of the timeless now.

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The Source

The greatest view of the history of all manifestation,
Would be the synthesis of every universe born of conscious design.
It would include a seamless wander through the matrix, through every nook and cranny,
To which the mystery of imagination, is witness in every way possible.
All within the infinite, indivisible, timeless stillness,
Of that source prior to all naming,
That source prior, even,
To that which many call God.

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The Immortal Mind

The mortal mind is transfixed
By the ceaseless permutations of limitation.
As for that which is immortal, well, find even one boundary, if You can.
After all, the indivisible is indivisible, much farther,
Than any eye will ever see.

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There is No Other

What is so arduous about realizing the truth,
That the awareness within all, that the witness within all,
Is completely detached, objectively indifferent, benignly disengaged,
To the countless dreamtimes of consciousness, in all its pursuits, in all its passions.
It is the ether, the mysterious spirit of totality; name it if You must.
Duality is but the splintering of imaginary perception.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

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The Nectar of Awareness

What else do You possibly need,
Once simple awareness,
Is nectar enough?

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The Odyssey Within

As doubt seeps through the many cracks of the dike You have in mind erected,
You can run, but You cannot hide; like it or no, You are embarked upon an odyssey within.
You have the potential to be a Buddha, a Christ, a whatever-You-want-to-call-it,
If You can just get past the countless limitations of idolatry and dogma.

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No Greater Truth

What words can more than vaguely describe,
That which is prior to consciousness,
That which is prior to perception,
That which is prior to sound,
That which is prior,
To all illusions,
Inspired by the senses.
Be still, be absolute, be totality.
What greater truth can You possibly be?

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All Equal Players

In the grand scheme of consciousness.
It is really not your awareness,
Nor mine, nor his, nor hers, nor its.
All living forms exhibit this sentience,
In whatever way nature and nurture allow.
None are truly greater, nor lesser, to any other.
All are equal players in totality's quantum play within.

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The Indelible Awareness

Any given seed, any given kernel, any given spore, any given stone, is merely a temporal blueprint,
Through which the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, indelible awareness,
Witnesses all creation, all things from small to great,
Playing out their patterning,
As the matrix of manifest time dictates.

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Over and Done

Still looking for some shiny new knick-knack, some exciting new distraction, are we?
More than a little chall enging to be unknown inwardly for very long.
Must indeed be very over and done with the world,
To give yourself over to your Self.

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An Agnostic Stance

Regarding the question of so many unconfirmed, unsubstantiated mysteries,
Mysteries that may even be asserted by prominent groups or individuals,
(e.g., God, ghosts, unidentified flying objects, abominable snowmen,
Vast conspiracies by unseen organizations, et cetera ad infinitum);
Any assertion that is, as yet, unproven in your own experience,
That You have yet to discern as being in any way authentic;
An agnostic stance is the only aboveboard state of mind.

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What Next?

You have climbed the mountain,
You have flown to the sun and fallen to the earth,
You have wandered the cosmos, You have witnessed all creation,
And You have discerned clearly the eternal absolute within each and every particle.
So, Pilgrim, what next?

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A Fleeting Piece of Jewelry

Mother Nature only allows each of us,
To play out this little reverie for the briefest of whiles,
And then one-by-one melts all down for another generation's ascension.
To think of oneself as more than a fleeting piece of jewelry,
Is to miss discerning the essence You really are,
In this indivisible matrix of a theater.

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The One and Only

Just say no to scriptures, dogmas, idolatry, crystal basilicas, dress codes,
All the absurd belief systems born of the conditioned mind.
You are it, it is You, plain and simple, absolute.
The one and only house of mystery,
Is the awareness within,
Sovereign, indivisible, complete.

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What Will Be Left?

In ten years, one hundred years,
One thousand years, ten thousand years,
One hundred thousand years, one million years,
What etchings will be left of this dream of consciousness?

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Describe Your Face

Without a mirror, a photograph, a drawing, or any other reflection or memory,
Describe your face as the awareness sees it from within, right now.
Eyes, nose, ears, mouth, chin, hair, teeth, skin, eyebrows,
And what of your neck, shoulders and back?
Cannot do it? Well, why is that?

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Just Another Shuffle

How does it feel to fathom,
That You are just another shuffle,
In the random genetic lottery of eternity?
Do You choose your dance, or merely succumb,
To whatever paradigm the given nature has thrown You?
A speculative venture from the get-go.

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The Time Machine Imagination Built

If this thing we call time really existed, would not You be able to halt it?
Or at least wander to and fro, in the manifest here and there?
As it is, imagination is the only time machine,
And all it has going, is the ethereal filament of perception,
Only as good as the wiring, and only for long as the gray matter holds fast.

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Beyond Belief

Unassailably amazing what the mind-body,
Has been programmed through evolution's long meander,
To see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to touch, and perchance to contemplate.
And every other life form from small to great across the theater,
Perceiving its sensory dream in its own unique way.
The vast singularity of it all is immutable,
And ineffable, beyond belief.

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The Same Indelibly Ineffable Intelligence

Despite the miasma of consciousness, and its ceaseless portfolio of divisiveness,
You are ultimately neither superior nor inferior, to anyone or anything.
All creation is as indivisibly equal, as equal can indivisibly be.
The same indelibly ineffable intelligence, resides in all.

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Follow Your Nature

Fight fire with fire, meet peace with peace.
Turn the other cheek if You can,
But it is not required,
That You submit to tyranny,
To know That which You truly are.
Follow your nature, wherever it may lead.

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Awareness, the Timeless Now

Being mindful of the source of consciousness, That which You truly are,
Is not a belief system, nor anything about which to be unbending.
It is simply an experiential awareness of the timeless now,
The observer inherent in all things small to great.

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Dare to Be Free

Go back, back, back,
To the beginning of existence,
To the awareness prior to the universe,
To the newborn's eternal filled-with-wonder mind,
Before the patterning began sculpting itself,
Into the consciousness, You call You.
Dare again, to be completely,
And unutterably free.

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Everything and Nothing

Everything is real, nothing is real.
Everything is good, nothing is good.
Everything is special, nothing is special.
Everything is mystery, nothing is mystery.
Everything is sacred, nothing is sacred.
Everything is god, nothing is god.

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Everything the Same

The same magic,
The same mystery,
The same miracle,
The same wonder,
The same source,
Is in everything.

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The Maze of Delusion

To be concerned what posterity thinks of You is meaningless.
It is absurd enough spending this temporal existence,
Endlessly mired in the muddle of the other,
Without projecting your narcissism,
Into the maze of delusion,
Long after your exit.

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What is There to Fear?

Once You are no longer attached to pleasure or pain,
Once You are detached even from death,
What is there to fear?

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Nothing to Salvage

Regarding some messiah,
Coming back to save anyone,
What, pray tell, is there to salvage,
But a mortal vat full of narcissistic notion,
And a world well afoot into its dystopian calamity.
Far too ludicrous, too insane, too late, to even bother about.

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Physics 101

No superstitious notion has ever, or can ever, even for one moment,
Change, alter, or modify the fundamental laws of physics,
That have been established since time began.
Anyone who pretends otherwise,
Needs to wake up,
And pay closer attention,
To what is going on around them.

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An Infinite Field

Awareness is an infinite field.
It cannot be contained by any dogma,
Any creed, any belief, any faith, any philosophy,
Any ideology, any principle, any law,
Any thought, whatsoever.

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One Thing or Another

If it is not one thing, it will surely be another.
So, You may as well face whatever is coming, the best You can,
With whatever resources and gumption, You are in the moment able to command.

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False Gold and Delusion

Unless You put aside everything You have been told,
And examine the mystery for your Self,
You will likely just become,
Another meme,
Smugly complacent,
With false gold and delusion.

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Neither Mine nor Yours

It is not your awareness, my awareness,
Nor any other's awareness.
It is simply awareness,
And all are equally sentient.

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The Molding of Mind

The seers, the mystics, the prophets, the philosophers,
Have always dealt out their many thoughts,
Strategically, tactically,
Shifting, shaping consciousness,
Attempting to mold it more manageable,
Within the milieu of the given time, the given space,
The given collective, the given mythology, the given potential.

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Rises and Falls

It is the nature of all civilizations to rise and fall.
To transform from lean, agile, fruitful, to obese, inept, barren.
From a foundation of gumption to one of absurdity,
From one motivated, to one entitled.

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The Boundless Immeasurable

Dimensions are merely different arrangements;
Gradations in the mystery's dream.
Ho-hum, yawn, stretch.
How many layers before You discern,
That totality which is immeasurable, utterly boundless?

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An Indescribable Immensity

There is an indescribable, eternal immensity,
In the innermost sanctum, to which You alone have access,
To which words cannot help but be caught, by the limitations of translation,
By the capacity for discernment, of any given listener's ear.

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The Challenge

The challenge is to discern the passing dream of consciousness,
The here and now, as it is; fresh, without preconception.
To detach the filter of the mind caught in time,
To see reality, not how You think it is,
But clearly, from the stillness of attentiveness,
Without concept, feeling, motive, stereotype, prejudice.
To fathom the mystery of Youness from oblivion's point of view.

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Will Ever Be

Where were You before sperm and egg
Randomly merged within your mother's womb?
Who is your mother, who is your father,
Who were all your ancestors
Since life's beginning,
But the same You that truly is,
That has always been, and will ever be.

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The Facades of Dust

The oceans, sometimes deeper than mountains are high,
Are merely a thin ever-moving facade upon a spinning orb of dust,
Which is but a teeny particle in the vast infinity of a universe,
Which is truly nothing more than a speck in your eye.

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Same Old Story

Only faces, names, places and details change.
All the stories conceived throughout the human epoch
Are essentially the same narratives, repeated over and over,
In every culture across the world, across all time.

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The Monkey-Mind Spectrum

No one can aid anyone else, being truly happy or content.
Each is entirely on their own in discerning that which is eternal,
And it is more than a little unlikely, that anyone can ever truly manage,
The given monkey-mind, unperturbed, every single moment.

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A Blink of Eternity

In a mere blink of eternity, a life,
A figment of imagination, of vain notion,
A flurry of smoke in a gusty wind,
All the pleasure, all the pain,
All the understanding,
All the experience,
Perhaps even wisdom,
So quickly come and gone.

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Ungraspable, Undefinable, Unsolvable, Unknown

There is an awareness, but it cannot be grasped.
There is an absolute, but it cannot be defined.
There is a mystery, but it cannot be solved.
There is a truth, but it cannot be known.

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The Eternal Mirage

A conceited little theater,
On a tiny spinning sphere,
In a mere speck of a universe,
Floating in the bottommost corner,
Of an eternal eye, that is but a mirage.

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Feigning Reality

The quantum essence has no divisions,
No partitions, no boundaries, no borders, no restrictions, no limits.
It is indivisible, inseparable, undividable, blended, united, conjoined, indissoluble, inextricable.
There is no time, there is no space, there is only imagination feigning itself real.

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From Dust to Dust

… dust … creation, preservation, destruction … dust …

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Learning for Learning's Sake

What good fortune it is to enjoy learning for learning's sake,
Without having to endure the bother of regurgitation or testing.

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Where You Are

And if there were no other to engage You, no other to distract You, confound You,
Where would You, could You be, but where You are, have always been, will ever be.

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No Matter the Eye or Ear

Mystic, seer, hierophant, minister, priest, sanyasi, sage, prophet, priest, vicar,
Spiritualist, wizard, monk, soothsayer, clairvoyant, prescient, fortuneteller, forecaster, oracle,
Sorcerer, diviner, sibyl, augur, prognosticator, crystal-gazer, medium, herald, psychic,
Telepathist, mind reader, cleric, preacher, rector, parson, reverend, holy man.
All descriptions of those inquiring into that which is genuine and true;
That mystery which is the ever same, no matter the eye or ear.

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The Same Ineffable Origin

Human beings are in reality, very much the same as every other life form on this planet.
We may be able to create and preserve and destroy in every imaginable way,
But all sentience is of the same mysterious, ineffable origin.
Absolutely, indivisibly, immeasurably equal,
Despite countless pride-filled,
Self-absorbed claims to the contrary.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 207

No Saving Anyone

One might aid in easing another's existence,
But in this mortal theater of toil and woe and agony,
Laced with ceaseless narcissism and never-ending absurdity,
No one has ever, or will ever, save anyone else, much less themselves.

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No Escape

In the times that are quickly advancing from the horizon toward us all,
Things across the globe will deteriorate and renew in every imaginable way,
From chaos to cooperation, from absurdity to sensibility, from agony to ecstasy,
As this world, fragmented by human pride, downshifts into a paradigm of a lesser way.
No one born into it can evade it, no one born into it, can do anything but abide it.

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Some Call It Evolution

Being around religious true believers of any rhyme or reason,
Is like listening to children go on and on and on about Santa Claus,
And all the presents and treats they will be getting on Christmas morning.
What an absurd species we have managed to become.
And some call it, evolution.

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Figurative v. Literal

In the regards to the spiritual quest,
All words, all narratives, are merely analogies,
Metaphors, concepts, symbols, ciphers, allegories, parables.
They are meant to be taken figuratively, not literally.

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You Can Run, But You Cannot Hide

You can attempt to run in any and every direction imaginable,
But no matter the way, the shape, the form, in which You are cloaked,
You can never ever, even for one single moment, hide from the witness within.

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Sometimes

Sometimes You live and let live.
Sometimes You live and let die.
Sometimes You die and let live.
Sometimes You die and let die.

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Self-Love

True Self-love is not narcissistic in the mortal sense.
It is the immersion into the incorruptible within,
And that is the ultimate goal of existence,
For those for whom consciousness,
And dreams of time and space,
No longer entice or delude.

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Your Inherent Nature

Perfection is your inherent nature.
Duality, the original flaw.
Your perfection was misplaced,
When the time born of consciousness,
Took root in the tabula rasa of your innocence.

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Ever a Challenge

It is much easier to leave behind a long string of bodies,
Than it is to forgive those who take advantage, or seek to hurt us.
To forgive and forget, to do no harm, to be and allow, is ever a challenge.

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The Truth, the Life, the Way

There is the imaginary existence of consciousness: worldly, temporal, secular, profane, mundane.
Naught but a brief illusion, a brief collusion, a brief delusion of time and space.
But the real and only You, the real existence, the real eternal life,
Is the indelibly, indivisibly, absolute awareness.
You are the truth, the life, the way.
There is no other.

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Same Gold

There is only one source, one creation,
And You are but one of its countless manifestations,
Absolutely the same essence, the same gold,
But entirely matchless all the while.

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Pawns of the Quantum Twinkle

We are all but pawns of the genetic lottery,
And the winds of consciousness into which we are cast.
Call it what You will: fate, destiny, kismet, fortune, providence, karma:
In the grand matrix of it all, You are but a quantum twinkle.

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Malthus: Not Wrong, Just Delayed

"The power of population is indefinitely greater,
Than the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man."
Robert Thomas Malthus was only off by a few centuries.
Technology cannot forever save us from our inanity.

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Adapting to Change

A re-alignment of the human paradigm is unavoidable.
The only important questions are where You, your progeny,
Your friends, and your community, will be,
When the inevitable comes about.
As Charles Darwin wrote:
It is not the strongest
of the species that survives,
nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change.

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All in a Dream

Who, what, where, when, why, how, am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are You?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, is anyone?
Same source, same awareness, all dreams.
All dreaming themselves autonomous.
All dreaming themselves distinct.
All dreaming themselves real.

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The Void Is the Void Is the Void

The void is the void is the void, and, try as hard as You might,
The grand emptiness can never even for a moment be filled.

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So Amazingly Simple

You are that which is god, I am that which is god.
Just playing out different perspectives.
It is that amazingly simple.

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A Day in the Life

The embodiment of nonchalance
Is standing in a crowded line of urinals,
A dose of magic and a few shots of gin and tonic,
Morphing happily through your veins,
An iPod with Chopin playing,
The tile wall in your eyes dancing,
All as if it was just another day in the life.

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Dark Age Coming

A dark age is on the horizon.
As dark as anything humankind has ever seen.
And, despite the good intentions of many, there is, alas, no stopping it.

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Statistical Certitude

Humankind cannot grow, grow, grow,
Without there some harsh day being a huge collapse,
Of our own making, of our own synergistic dearth of accountability.
Follow any given Pied Piper, to whatever cliff You will;
There will at some point in time come a fall.
Whatever goes up will come down.
It is a statistical certitude,
Of the highest order.

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The Indivisible Way

Every context is unique.
Every situation constantly changes.
No one's rendering of the universe is ever the same,
Yet prior to the myriad imaginary concoctions,
Every version is very much the same,
In the most indivisible Way.

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The Ninth Day

And the eighth day passed.
The garden had been thoroughly trashed.
Humankind – lost, dazed, confused – blind to its fate,
Wandered about the dystopian wasteland of its bittersweet handiwork.
Into the dawn of the ninth day, the day of the inevitable reckoning, what would transpire?
Complete and utter chaos and destruction? Oblivion of consciousness?
Or the reformation of the monkey-mind paradigm?
Would that there were a time machine,
To witness the play's inevitable conclusion.

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So Many Ways

Every sage across the world, across time,
Integrates the language, the geographic assumptions,
The frame of reference, from which s/he hails.
So many ways to say the same thing.

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The Sands of Imagination

Every destiny happens of its own mysterious accord.
All are written in the sands of imagination.
Some stay a while, maybe longer.
Some slip into oblivion,
Never to be seen,
Or heard from again.
C'est la vie and so it goes.

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A Book Without Conclusion

You cannot stop fate; it is already written.
You just need to reach the last page,
In a book without conclusion.

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And So Are You

If the Jesus so many idolize did not say,
"I am the truth, the life, and the way … and so are You,"
Then he was just another self-absorbed fraud,
Another charismatic cult leader,
Whom true believers,
Always place on pedestals,
And without question, blindly follow.

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Go Tell It to the Ocean

Go lecture, harangue, curse, or worship the ocean,
And see if it cares about anything You think or do.

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Piles and Piles

Well, at least we will leave piles and piles,
Of photographs and videos of the blue marble,
And all our fellow earthlings small to great,
For the progeny to see what they missed.

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Ever Inexplicable

No matter how deeply You delve,
It ever remains an inexplicable mystery.
All conclusions are no more than idle speculation.
It is meaningless to do more than give the passing moment,
Your complete, unvarnished, constant attention.

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Forget the Imaginary

Forget the world, forget the universe,
Forget everything You imagine You really are,
Everything You are not, have never been, will never be.

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Where Art Thou?

Pray tell, where is this supreme being outside the Self?
This great creator, this absentee landlord,
This driver asleep at the wheel,
That so many are so convinced exists.
Where art thou, oh noble lord of heaven and earth?
Do You exist anywhere, but in so many vain plays of imagination?

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Study for Your Self

Study for your Self the original writings, the genuine insights,
Not the religions (a.k.a., cults), and all the dogmas they have inspired.
Within them will perhaps be discerned the clarity, You at the core within seek.

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Curious

Curious that anyone could ever even for the briefest of moments,
Believe they were somehow distinct from that which created them.

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Only One Truth

There is really only one truth,
And it is the core of all that is, and all that is not.
No one possesses any greater truth, and it is for each to alone discover.

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Ignorance is the Cancer

Whatever is left of this passion play,
Is really just the scratchy record of history,
Repeating the same predictable song over and over.
Many would happily re-shape the garden into a kinder place,
But, alas, the biological imperative will out.
Ignorance is the cancer.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 255

The Speculations of Vanity

Call it religion, call it spirituality, call it mysticism, call it philosophy,
Or call it whatever else the incessantly restless mind concocts,
All conclusions are ever but the speculations of vanity.

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Gauging the Intent

Into every account, every chronicle, every memoir, every history,
The motive, the agenda, the intention, of the writer,
Should be very carefully gauged.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 256

The Groundlessness of Dogma

All dogma is artificial and arbitrary.
Attempts to mold into reality,
That which is prior,
To all manifest dreams,
Is a sojourn filled with every variety,
Of groundless, pride-filled absurdity and delusion.

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Something More Attuned

Is it not all more than a little passé at this point?
Do we have to continue regurgitating the same absurdity?
Are we not ready to evolve into something more attuned to reality?

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Doubt v. Belief

Endlessly fascinating how some cannot help but doubt,
While others are, even to the point of savagery, entirely incapable of it:
"What!? Make me think!? Make me question!? How dare You!! Infidel!! I will kill You!!"

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Beyond-All-Pales Amazing

Every part and particle throughout the entire cosmos, ineffably synchronized,
Spontaneous, impromptu, unplanned, unarranged, unpremeditated, unprepared, unrehearsed,
Extemporaneous, improvised, makeshift, spur-of-the-moment, off-the-cuff,
Ad-libbed, ad hocked, played by ear, on the fly, on cue.
What an amazing beyond-all-pales thing,
This quantum singularity.
And You are it, and it is You, there is no other.

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The Sovereignty of All

We are all sovereign players in each other's dreams.
Whether key roles, or merely shadows in a crowd,
It is the same for all, whatever the stage or play.

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The Dread of Anticipation

Dread is the worry of time,
Of what may yet come,
Of what may yet be endured,
All born of the ramblings of imagination.
Anticipation only creates unnecessary pain in advance,
Over things that may never even happen.
Best just to jump in a cold stream,
Without thinking about it.

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An Unknowable Abyss

The sciences can only peer into the hypothetical-theoretical for so long,
Before it all becomes, for-all-practical-purposes, an unknowable abyss,
Which is the word-filled domain of philosophers and mystics and fools.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 257

The Transience of Knowledge

The nature of knowledge is that it must ever be re-kindled anew,
Or be quickly lost in the ephemerality of Eden's inexplicable enterprise.
Minds fade, clay tablets break, books dissolve, and the digital world,
Is but a flick of a switch away from the black hole of oblivion.

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The Courage to Wander Alone

So many ways this vain dream can be played out.
No need to follow, no need to imitate, no need to duplicate,
For those who have the courage to wander alone.

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Even Shit is Sacred

We are all kin of the same quantum creation.
We are all born of the same oblivion.
We are all pure awareness.
Even shit is sacred.
Without its golden reality,
Neither flowers nor You would be.

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Synergy

The behavior of any individual,
The synergy of any group,
Can cultivate both boon and bane,
Advantage and detriment, fortune and blight,
Benefit and bother, blessing and horror.
For every action, consequence,
For every cause, effect.

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The Differences Between Stardust

What are any of us but a few handfuls of stardust,
Temporarily organized to partake a relatively few breaths,
Until the quantum abyss of oblivion resumes its formless nature.
The only difference between existence and non-existence,
Is in the whimsical narration of the sensory mind.

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Players All

The same awareness, the same consciousness, permeates every imaginable difference:
Different bodies, different languages, different times, different spaces,
In order to play out a very-much-the-same mystery.
All the universe is a stage,
And all life forms, merely players.

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Right Now, Wherever

Eternal life is right now, wherever You are.
The only real question is, do You exist as a mere mortal,
Or as an eye of eternity, a timeless witness,
To the unfolding mystery.

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The Point of Philosophy

Why would anyone ever participate in any religion,
That advocates disharmony and conflict?
What sort of philosophy is it,
That does not bring deep, lasting peace,
Contentment, serenity, grace, perchance even joy?

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The Right to Departure

Since that which You truly are, was never born and never dies,
Technically, no one can really kill themselves.
So, suicide is really just about,
Being done with all the pain and suffering,
With all the pretense, with all the games, with all the bothers.
Not everyone wants to be here anymore, and why should that bother anyone else?

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Returning to the Natural State

The infant begins with no knowledge,
Of what it is seeing, hearing, touching. tasting, or smelling.
Over time, the collusion into which it has been cast, will sculpt it to its own ends.
Few will likely ever doubt with enough abide-alone courage,
To decline and return to the natural state.

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Only as Real as Imagination Pretends

How can You expect another to see the real You,
When You, your Self, have never, can never see it, either?
It is naught but reflections, smoke and mirrors,
Only as real as imagination pretends.

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The Sea of Grace

You are immersed within the sea of grace,
But are too blind to quench your thirst.

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You are That I Am

None of this is really happening.
You are not a body,
Nor a world,
Nor a universe.
You are That I Am,
Prior to all boundaries,
Concocted by consciousness.

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Ever the Same Nothingness

It is ever the same nothingness,
The same mystery, the same unknown,
The same quantum-hologram-matrix-ether,
Into which the given sensors extend their probes,
And generate universes of every variety and dimension.

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The Witness of All

You can see, hear, taste, smell, and touch,
Everything having to do with the play of consciousness,
But it is awareness – unknowable, indiscernible, indivisible, enigmatic,
Mysterious, impenetrable, inexplicable, inscrutable, incomprehensible, indecipherable –
That is the source, the fountain, the ground, the essence, the witness, of all.

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An Idol Ponder

Let us idly speculate for a few moments, that God really is a he,
And that he looks something like the Michelangelo Sistine Chapel rendition.
And that Jesus really is the fundamentalist, M-16 toting, bad hair, very vengeful Son of God.
And like Santa Claus, God is keeping a naughty list, and You are near the top of it,
No more than two or three demerits away from eternal damnation.
Who really cares? No, seriously, who cares, really?
Why would anyone even for a moment,
Think of worshipping such a preposterous creator,
Or of idolizing a son, whose testament to the world was so absurd.

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Normal

Who decides what is normal, anyway?
And is what is normal here, normal over there?
And is what is normal now, what was normal back then,
Or what will be normal in some future when?
More than a little arbitrary, indeed.

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From Their Graves

It is a regrettably curious thing, the destructive grip that ignorance has upon the world.
Modern sciences obviously tender more accurate, verifiable observations and measurements,
Than the ancients across the planet ever could, in their geocentric, ethnocentric domains.
And yet they, from their graves, rule current times as absurdly as they did their own.

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On Debating True Believers

Ignorance, being its own distorted, corrupt end;
There is really very little point in debating with any true believer.
If someone is seething dogma about anything fashioned of this manifest dreamtime,
Then it is no doubt much less bothersome to put them behind You,
And just walkabout some other direction.

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How Could It Be Anything Less?

It is all just theater.
The actor within each of us,
The same witness, playing every form,
In a boundless matrix, beyond all comprehension.
How could it be anything less?

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Smart Phones v. Belly Buttons

Probably almost everyone has many, many other,
Much, much more, important things to do,
Than mull over their inner mystery.
Who can disagree, that it is much more intriguing,
To stare deeply into the screen of a state-of-the-art smart phone,
Than it is the infinite void of an exceedingly lackluster, lint-infested belly button?

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Blue Marble Voyeurs

Others make it possible to explore, to sightsee mindsets,
Outside your limitations, beyond your boundaries.
From the security of your couch, so to speak.
We are all really just voyeurs, onlookers,
Rubber-necking every which way.
Some consciously, some not.

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The Limitations of Imagination

A question for the sciences: How small is small? How big is big?
What exactly is ever being measured but the limitations of imagination?

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The Way is Simple

The way is simple.
No priesthood, no followers, no doctrine,
No edifices, no dress codes, no symbols, no tithing, no groupthink,
No oppression, no burden, no bondage, no encumbrance, no annoyance, no yoke whatsoever.

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Hotel California

Everyone is a fabrication here.
Hotel California of the quantum blend:
"We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.
'Relax,' said the night man, 'We are programmed to receive.
You can check-out any time You like,
But You can never leave.'"

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A Dream With No History

No bird has ever written down even one chirp.
Nor a dog a bark, nor a cat a meow, nor a badger a growl.
This dreamtime would be without even one history,
Had humankind not imagined otherwise.

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The Goldilocks Syndrome

Too hot, too cold, too this, too that,
So many minds wallowing in discontent.

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Gumption

Gumption: shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination, astuteness,
Shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality, spirit, pluck,
Backbone, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal, get-up-and-go, spunk,
Oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, street smarts.
Concepts to bear in mind and heart in the coming storm.

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More Discipline, Not Less

As far as maintaining health of mind and body go,
It is wiser to get more disciplined as You get older, not less.
Ultimately, You cannot hold onto anything in this manifest playhouse,
But it will not hurt to take care of what You have been given,
During the relatively brief interval You have it.

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Impetuous Fire

What impetuous fire there is in youth.
The exuberance, the innocence, the arrogance, the folly.
Curious how life's passing gradually tempers, even dampens, the many passions,
As the uncarved block, the a priori, is gradually whittled into destiny.

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Stay Free

Just more inane dogma in a world,
Already seething with endless monkey-mind blather.
So many telling others what they should believe, how they should exist.
Just walk away from it; put behind You all those who would limit,
Your every thought, your every step, your every breath.
Live bold; be the freedom You were born to be.

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Don't Know, Don't Care

What happens after death? … Don't know … Don't care.
Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin'.
Seen and done enough to be ready,
For some eternal rest in the land of oblivion.

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Stand Aloof

Political correctness has always been played out,
By those many who fear standing alone.
Many sheep have only two legs.
Muster the courage;
Stand aloof from the herd.

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The Benevolent God

If there was anything benevolent about God,
Why would it have ever created the human species,
To trample, manipulate, torment, and destroy this garden,
And all its myriad creatures, from small to great?

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True Believers

If someone over age five declared that they believed in Santa Claus,
The Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Harvey the Pooka, vampires, or any other imaginary friends,
The true believers of any given creed would laugh, and think him but an idiot and fool.
Well, mirror that vain notion for a moment, and know what a fair number,
Think of any and all dogmatic, holier-than-thou assertions.

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Put No Gods Before Me

When Jesus said, put no gods before me,
He, hopefully, was not referring to Jesus.

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No Going Back

The world will be scarred,
With the ruins born of mind,
For a long, long time to come.
There is no going back.

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Keeping the Flame

The doubt of your doubt by others,
Can be an undermining, infecting snare.
The quest for certainty is a solitary pursuit.
You may spark others, but must ever be vigilant,
Lest the flame be inadvertently damped by ignorance.

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Carrying On

If the strategies and tactics,
You have established to survive, are failing,
Do You have the intelligence, the gumption, the grit in the belly,
To adapt to new ones, to shape new ones, in order to carry on, in order to survive the day?

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All of Page 270

What difference could it possibly make,
What others might think of You, or anything else,
When it is really all You anyway, utterly, indivisibly alone.
When it is all nothing more than imaginary notion stirred by the senses.
Pure, unadulterated, insatiable fabrication from the get-go.

* * * *

To be imbued with certainty, to be without even a smidgeon of doubt,
How is that even vaguely, remotely, figuratively, tenuously possible?

* * * *

Gaia, such a wondrous, magical gift, a garden extraordinaire.
Yet, given everything, the monkey-minds still wanted more.

* * * *

To really not care about anything, even existence itself,
How far, how deep, how alone, will You dare journey?

* * * *

It is by the light of awareness within, that all is seen.

* * * *

What is the universe but the same quantum dust,
Spinning ceaseless patterns of every magnitude.

* * * *

Nothing is long once You have seen the short of it.
Nothing is short once You have seen the long of it.

* * * *

The road to contentment is an arduous, rocky journey,
Long and winding, full of every imaginable distraction.

* * * *

The ever-present, timeless nowness of this garden cosmos,
Is ever right here, right now, ready to take You back into its fold,
Back into the ceaseless kaleidoscoping of its ever-dreamy matrix reality.

* * * *

The mind is a forest of words, in which most wander bewildered.
To see the forest though the trees, the mountain upon which the forest stands,
The sky beneath which the forest rests, and the upwelling within all,
Is a daily challenge to which few rise, much less achieve.

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All of Page 271

Adrift in formlessness, wandering a dream You mistakenly call your own.

* * * *

So many assert heart superior to mind, but how could heart be discerned without it?

* * * *

Ever-changing dream that it is, best never to take anything for granted.

* * * *

We are all the longing of quantum stardust feigning existence.

* * * *

Nobody is just a student; nobody is just a teacher.

* * * *

Any idea is only as strong as its intention.

* * * *

Freedom is yours for the beingness.

* * * *

A-dreamin' in the streamin'.

* * * *

Who can free You, but You?

* * * *

What flame can any moth resist?

* * * *

The monkey-mind; a never-ending jungle.

* * * *

All dogma is the spew of one middleman or another.

* * * *

What seam can there be in that which is indivisibly formless?

* * * *

From nothingness to nothingness, and the pretense of somethingness between.

* * * *

And how they do quibble over the seed of yet another dogma.

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Same Mystery

Different jewelry, same gold.
Different stars, same universe.
Different waves, same ocean.
Different eyes, same mystery.

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The Dualities Born of Light

You are the original source, the light that creates,
All form and shadow, all meaning and purpose,
All duality, in every imaginary way possible.

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Differences That Never Mattered

Existence is a mystery.
It is not a Christian mystery,
A Buddhist mystery, a Hindu mystery,
An Islamic mystery, or anyone else's mystery.
It is equally the same mystery for all.
Any given belief system,
Is merely vanity,
Promoting differences,
That have never once mattered.

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The Time of Consequences

Yet another perceptive observation,
Another witty thought, another clever story,
And not much more to show for it but a fallen garden,
Covered with cement, asphalt, garbage, technology, and conflict.
It is far, far too obvious, there will be no halting our kind,
Until we slam into the mountain of consequence,
Towards which we every moment race.

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A One-Time Design

Nobody has ever seen what You have seen.
Ever thought what You have thought.
Ever done what You have done.
You are a one-time design.
The once-and-only You,
In the once-upon-a-time of it.

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The Existential Moment

Eternal life is merely playing out the existential moment.
The very same moment in which every other creature on the planet,
Is instinctually, seamlessly, effortlessly, simultaneously, selflessly functioning.

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The Ultimate Potential

The ultimate potential of any given mind,
Is not merely to wander and abide the manifest dream,
But to discover the portal, to that which is called god, by many names.
That which each must ultimately explore, completely alone.

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The Timeless Mystery

From the ether of nothing, burst quantum, which formed itself into many earth-wind-water-fire elements,
That created a vast universe, sprinkled with countless stars, around which many worlds twirled,
Upon which, on at least one whirling marble, volcanoes spewed and oceans roared,
And life upwelled into existence, and mutated into biological streams,
One of which gradually, irrevocably, evolved into You,
Mortal witness to the timeless mystery,
To which there are but questions without answer.

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You Are It, It Is You

You are yet another flowering of nature.
How can You even for a moment consider yourself separate,
Or in any way lesser or greater than anything else?
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

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Ignoring the Siren's Song

Through the other, You gradually discern your Self,
Until You perhaps fully drink of the grand elixir of singularity.
Absolutely alone within the peace of the inner sanctum,
Irrespective of whatever songs the sirens sing,
To entice You to crash into the rocks,
Of the ever-tumultuous mind.

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All and None

Ascend the mountain, You are the mountain.
Wander in the valley, You are the valley.
Walk in the forest, You are the forest.
Swim in the sea, You are the sea.
Stroll upon the plain, You are the plain.
You are your world, You are your universe,
And yet through it all, You are none of it, as well.

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Snowflakes of Our Own Device

Why would You ever even contemplate,
Much less expect, any other to be like You?
To see or do anything, exactly the way You do?
We are all just snowflakes here, of our own device,
Forever alone in our individual shard of the singularity.

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Living, Breathing, Being

Why does there always need to be a point? A meaning? A purpose? A value?
What is so wrong with just living, just breathing, just being in the beingness?

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The Lack of Imagination

Some things You do for years; some things for months.
Some for days, some for hours, some for minutes, some for moments.
And some, You just scarcely even need to imagine,
And that is more than enough.
Illusion is for those who lack imagination.

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Where is the Line?

What is close? What is far? What is here? What is there?
Where is the dividing line between You and anything?

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A Solitary Dream

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,
Are nothing more than nerve endings, channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what is called a universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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Eternal Presence

The entire religious-spiritual game is just that, a game,
Artificial diversions fabricated by others,
For monkey-minded purpose.
There is only You,
And no other is necessary,
To fully apprehend, to fully appreciate,
The ineffable mystery of every moment's eternal presence.

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Childhood's End

When You are a child,
You speak and think and reason as a child.
But when You grow up, You put away all those childish notions.
What does that mean, really?

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The Great Disconnect

The great disconnect between humankind, and that called god by many names,
Is entirely fashioned of consciousness and the inherent limitations,
Of all concepts lodged in the dualistic temporal vision.
Only those who transcend the false belief,
That they are the mind and body,
Realize what they truly are,
Have ever been, and will ever be.

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You, The Source of All Creation

You are That I Am.
You have ever been That I Am.
You will ever be That I Am.
Utter it however You will,
You can never not be,
The source of all creation.

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Who Created Who?

Was it God that created man in his own image,
Or man that created god in his?
Seriously folks,
Is it not more than obvious?

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Teaching the Unknowable

You cannot teach what You do not know,
And You cannot teach something well, until You know it very, very well.
And You cannot teach that which can never be known,
Until You have very, very clearly discerned,
That You are the unknown.

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A Smidgeon of Crust

Probably 99.99 percent of all life on this garden world,
Exists between the heights of Mount Everest,
And the depths of the Mariana Trench.
That is only just a smidgen over twelve miles,
Which is where to where, in your dream of a world?

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The One Teacher

How can there be just one teacher,
When your universe has been laying the foundation,
With every sort of instruction, since long before You were conceived.
Awakening is a timeless process, not any particular mask, not any particular point in time.

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Center Stage

We must all play to the given audience on the given stage.
And no matter how many stages You may,
In any given life wander,
In your own dream,
You are ever lead character,
Immortal protagonist in the grand theater.

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Predator & Prey

Megalomaniacs, narcissists, sociopaths, psychopaths and other predators,
Have always manipulated the course of the human drama,
Because in the natural order of things,
Prey rarely do well,
At more than hiding or dodging or running.
Evasion and subjugation are the hallmarks of so-called civilization.

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The Maze of Existence

You cannot open a door that will not open,
No matter your deepest yearning that it would be so.
Nor can You help but wander through one that seamlessly yawns.
Fate is as fate does; ever drawing You forward to its unknowable conclusion.

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Eternity's Poker Game

You believe You have the power to make things happen.
Well, Pilgrim, only if it is in the cards You were shuffled,
Only if it is the part assigned long before You were born.

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Onc Voice

Some of your finest friends have been dust,
For hundreds, even thousands of years.
But they bequeathed many thoughts,
Which ever speak the same truth,
The same voice, in many guises.

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Serenity

From fear, fearlessness.
From desire, desirelessness.
From passion, passionlessness.
From conflict and struggle, serenity.

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Sodom and Gomorrah

Sodom and Gomorrah arise anew in every epoch, in every geography.
It is the outcome of the monkey-mind's hedonistic nature.
Few move beyond the biological imperative,
And those who do not discern,
Succumb to one consequence or another.

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The Nature of Existence

What is existence but a relatively few breaths,
A relatively few pleasures, a relatively few pains,
A relatively few successes, a relatively few failures.
A relatively few comrades, a relatively few adversaries,
A relatively few anything of everything,
And everything of anything.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 310

The Idolatry of Middlemen

Idolatry, laced with dogma, has never,
Nor will ever, have anything to do with truth.
Put any middleman who claims otherwise behind You.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 310

From Knowledge, Eternal Life

What is the point of all this knowledge,
If it does not transmute from trivia into intelligence,
From intelligence into wisdom, and from wisdom into eternal life.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 310

Waiting for the Mother Ship

Still waiting for the Mother Ship,
To pick You up and return You home, are we?
Well, alas, bad news, amigo, it was long ago sucked into a black hole,
And You – tinker, tailor, soldier, spy – are marooned,
Amid this inexplicable alien species,
For the rest of time.
Best not to scream too loud.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 310

The Pool of Serenity

Suspend craving, disregard fear, ignore dread,
And what remains but the essential You?
Unwind your weary mind and body,
Dive into the pool of serenity,
That is the source of all.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 311

The Faceless Unknown

The unknown is faceless.
Put away all the photographs.
Forget the reflection in the mirror.
Shelve all the knowledge of this and that.
You are the immeasurable; You are the mystery.
As pure, as simple, as free, as You allow your Self to be.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 311

The Malthusian Reality

The first billion population mark was breached by humankind in 1804-ish.
The second in 1927-ish, the third in 1960-ish, the fourth in 1974-ish, the fifth in 1987-ish,
The sixth in 1999-ish, the seventh in 2011-ish, the eight projected in 2023-ish,
The ninth for 2040-ish, and the tenth and beyond whenever-ish.
Seven billion in a little over two hundred years.
To what beyond the pale will Gaia allow us to take it,
Before the Malthusian reality finally kicks us down the line?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 313

The Courage to Stand Free

The malarkey of fear and superstition and ignorance,
Would have You bow and scrape and pay homage for all eternity.
But in truth, there is nothing to which You are in any way required to submit,
If You have the courage to stand free of all claims, utterly alone,
In the elemental winds of your quantum dream.

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As Sky Is to Clouds

You are not the body, nor the mind; You are not the left hand, nor the right.
You are not the eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, nor the layers of nerve-ridden flesh.
You are not the heart or any other organ, nor are You the tip of the biggest toe.
You are naught but awareness, as ethereal as the sky is to clouds.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 316

Who Are the Blasphemers?

What courage it takes to stand alone, and be that which You truly are.
Do not abide the many true believers who say it cannot be,
For who are the blasphemers, but those who deny,
The truth, that is within and without all.

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Absurdity is Absurdity

Neither supernatural storylines, nor daunting deities,
Nor ornate edifices, nor imposing statues, nor gold-trimmed regalia,
Nor grand paintings, nor elaborate décor, nor great multitudes, do for truth make.
Hokum is hokum, twaddle is twaddle, bunkum is bunkum, claptrap is claptrap, drivel is drivel,
Hooey is hooey, gibberish is gibberish, absurdity is absurdity, no matter the pretense.

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You, Quantum

You, Quantum.
Quantum field.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum freedom.
Quantum tranquility.
Quantum indelibility.
Quantum sovereignty.
Quantum absoluteness.
Quantum indivisibility.
Quantum timelessness.
Quantum singularity.
Quantum totality.
Quantum truth.
Quantum joy.
You, Quantum.

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The Price All Pay

Nothing for which to feel guilt or remorse.
Nothing for which to apologize or beg forgiveness,
The pain is the price all must pay to be right here right now.
Only the rare few discerning the one and only reality.
Forgive your Self, and carry on, best You can.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 318

The Artificiality of History

Why be bound by any historical notion?
Why be crimped by any mythology or tradition?
Why not be entirely free in the sovereignty of awareness?
It is only fear that ordains You acquiesce to any artificial limitation.

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Fathoming Awareness

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now …
Eternity is right here now, the mystery is right here now,
Prior to all attributes, prior to all assumptions, prior to all identification,
Prior to all movement of consciousness, of imagination.
You are it, and it is You; there is no other.
What is so difficult to fathom,
About the stillness of the ineffable awareness,
Which as simple as simple can be?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 319

Just Another Story

To assert the allegory of Jesus, "the greatest story ever told,"
When You have not really read anything else,
Is more than a little absurd.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 319

The Ant's Life

Tiny ants wandering their hills and caves,
The grand infinity of their six-legged universe,
That few two-leggeds will ever fully realize,
Is more than a little similar to their own.

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Starting All Over Again

What would You do,
If You were able to begin again,
With a shiny new, completely healthy body,
And all You have gleaned from this brief life, entirely intact?
Would You wander down the same trail,
Or break new ground?

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That Which is Prior to Consciousness

It is not through thought that You, the witness, exists.
The You, You really are, is not this time-bound, fabricated character.
What You really are is the awareness, the presence,
The nowness of the eternal life.

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The Innocence of Childhood

The labor of children is timeless play.
The labor of adults, all too often time-bound drudgery;
A state of mind to which none need succumb.
To retain the innocence of a child,
Is a wondrous talent.

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The Rarest of the Rare

A Self-reflective inclination,
Is obviously not calling,
To every one across the board.
The abyss within, is perhaps too large,
Perhaps too frightening, perhaps too unenticing,
For all but the rarest, to want to peer into at any given time.
The old 'many are called, few are chosen' theme,
Played out in any given solar flare.

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By Gosh and By Golly

You are only fooling yourself, if You think You will be back.
You are only fooling your Self, if You think You will not be back.
You can check out, Pilgrim, but, gosh and by golly, You can never leave.

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The Greatest Doubt

Few are inflicted with the great doubt,
That eventually conveys them all the way back,
To the ephemeral awareness prior to all consciousness.
So many temptations, so many distractions, so many delusions,
On the long and winding ever here now road home.

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All Done?

Are You prepared to leave everything behind?
To be totally, absolutely free, of all manifest claims?
Are You prepared to be, You, absolutely alone, dreamless?
Naught but pure awareness; formless, for all eternity?
Or will You do all this to your Self, yet again?

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A Vast Difference

What a vast difference between
Thinking You are infinity
And being infinity.
One the product of thought,
The other simply mystery its Self.

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Wallowing

And what point is there, really,
In wallowing in all this sentiment,
This passion, this imaginary pretense,
Of such an obviously impermanent nature?

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The Eternal Life of True Nature

Let go all the struggle.
Be completely, unequivocally effortless.
Give yourself over to the beingness, the nowness, the stillness,
Of the absolute awareness prior to consciousness.
It is your true nature; it is the eternal life.

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Absolute Aloneness

No matter how many ways You may find to distract yourself,
No matter how large a family You might propagate,
No matter how many people You may know,
Or the size of crowds You may daily stride through,
You are ever, have ever been, will ever be, absolutely alone.

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Your dream of existence is a mystery,
That time will never long attest really happened.
Truly not at all different than any tree falling alone in a forest.

* * * *

Creation is an ever-unfolding, ever-evolving transmutation of energy.
Of the stardust, the elements, the quantum, the singularity,
Playing at existence in every way imaginable.

* * * *

When did You under every moment's were this mind-body?
That it belonged to You like all the other possessions,
With which emptiness continually shrouds itself.
What point is there, really, in being attached,
To its ever-changing corporeal nature,
For even one iota of a singular moment?

* * * *

There is no formula in rearing children.
Everyone has their own approach to parenting,
Some for good, some for ill.
And from it all,
Human history unfolds.

* * * *

Group dynamics include in their synergy,
The individual attributes of isolation and fear,
And thus, are often shrouded with irrational notions,
Of self-serving, self-righteous, self-promoting, persecution.

* * * *

When You are merely awareness, You are free.
When You are a mind attached to a body, You are bound.
So guileless, as to be yet another, of the greatest stories never told.

* * * *

Arrogance accumulates many an opportunity for one just reward or another.
Pity they are not always bestowed at all, or as quickly, as might be deserved.

* * * *

What ego could exist without attachment to the body-mind,
And all the perceptions that have been but imagined,
In the streaming dream of absolute awareness.

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Muddied Thinking

You may be the indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying mystery,
But You are still cousin to a hodgepodge of monkeys,
Chimpanzees, gorillas, and sundry primates.
In other words, You are but a beast,
An evolutionary invention,
Of puddle magic,
And muddied thinking.

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Politically Incorrect

It is likely not politically correct to say it,
But is it not obvious there is an array of differences,
Within the human species, the same as every other life form.
Whether insects, plants, fish, birds, reptiles, amphibians or mammals,
There are countless variations across the board, within each and every grouping.
Rottweilers and Toy Poodles are dogs, Persians and Siamese are cats.
And every human being across the world, may walk on two legs,
But in the evolutionary choices made in every geography,
Distinctions in capacity and limitation, are clear as day.
It is not a right or wrong thing, nor a good or bad thing,
Nor any other variety of things, about which to self-absorb.
It is just the way it is; the way it has always been, will ever be.

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Eternal Salvation

Eternal salvation is not about the body or mind or soul being saved.
It is the purging of the fabricated identity, of the ceaseless inventions of the mind,
And timelessly being what You truly are; that which is mystery.
You are the Truth, the Life and the Way.
Be That I Am,
The Self of all selves.

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Every Mind-Body a Destiny

Though there is absolutely no requisite,
For any moment to be played out in any particular way,
Everyone performs their destiny according to the given nature-nurture.
Though someone could perhaps do anything conceivable in the quantum-matrix sense,
Free will is an illusion, and all will journey through whatever destiny their form,
Their capacity and limitation, their amalgamation of desire and fear allows.
For anyone to do something entirely out of mind-body character,
Really just means it was in their character from the get-go.

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Pain Is the Teacher

Pain, whether physical or psychological, is a cruel, unkind, foul,
Nasty, brutal, pitiless, malicious, spiteful, vindictive,
Merciless, vicious, heartless, ruthless,
Harsh and callous meanie.
And … more than a little likely,
The only way more than a handful of us,
Would probably ever actually learn some things.

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The Awareness Within All

Think You cannot at all get along without someone or something?
Oh, You will, my fine friend, rest assured, You will, indeed.
Whether voluntarily, or from your cold, lifeless hands,
Absolutely everyone and everything will cease to exist when You do.
When this magical mystery tour of a dream reaches its most certain conclusion.
Consciousness is but a temporal state, requiring a vessel of some sort, in which to play out.
The promises of everlasting life, of access to one deity or another, will always prove but empty and vain.
And of what is called rebirth; it is not some individual persona, but the mystery that all things are.
And that quantum "You-ness" born anew, will blow in the nature-nurture winds of its time.
Experiencing many things; always with very much the same awareness within all.

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Cosmic Child

Seriously, who really cares about this mundane universe, or any other?
Set them all down, wander the infinity, blissfully carefree.
Be the cosmic child You have always been.

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One Seed for All

This pale blue dot is but an infinitesimal iota of dust,
In an immense ocean of ineffable mystery.
Who truthfully knows if or when,
You will ever exist again?
But, tell me, Pilgrim, have You ever seen,
Any seed being given a second chance, much less a third?

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Extinction is Nothing New

It is likely inevitable in this vast mystery of a cosmos,
That any given garden world will allow life forms to evolve,
Which will sooner or later potentially threaten their very existence,
Creation is destruction, destruction is creation, extinction is nothing new.

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A Slice of Imagination

Everything simultaneously streaming, unfolding one moment to the next,
In this immeasurable quantum matrix of a holograph universe.
Only your little slice of imagination is about You.

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All of Page 337

How marvelous, for those who were born in the magical land, of the one true religion.

* * * *

There is no such thing as theology, just mythology starting with the twentieth of twenty-six letters.

* * * *

Seriously, what is so great about You, that any supreme being would want to save?

* * * *

How can there be character flaws, when the character is the original flaw?

* * * *

The challenge, is not confusing idolatry and dogma, with truth.

* * * *

Identity is merely awareness, temporarily usurped.

* * * *

The seed You plant is the harvest You get.

* * * *

Every moment erased by the next.

* * * *

In solitude, the peace of transcendence.

* * * *

The tyranny of absurdity is beyond reckoning.

* * * *

Let political correctness be someone else's problem.

* * * *

The ever-accelerating exponential of all things humankind.

* * * *

Curious how our idols become exactly what we dogma them to be.

* * * *

All there is to learn ultimately boils down to how little there really is to know.

* * * *

Yet another vague memory spinning its way toward oblivion.

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The Primary Directive

Any given container is at most,
Only concerned about its biological survival,
And the reproduction of its genetic material in manifest time.
Anything beyond that primary directive is but the recreation of consciousness,
And its seemingly boundless, delusional predisposition,
For bad theater in every venue.

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Vanity's God

Created of the infinite unknown, a mystery beyond all reckoning,
You encapsulate it with your finite vanity,
And call it God.

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The Harbor of All Solutions

To discern a question fully, is to fathom its answer.
Any given problem is harbor to its own solution.

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Grasping Nothing

Once upon a time, You knew so much.
You were a sponge for knowledge,
For every sort of experience,
Until You saw how little,
It all really meant.
And now You grasp,
So much less, so little,
That it is all but laughable,
Perhaps slightly embarrassing,
To recall the conceit and arrogance,
Of that self-assured, youthful innocence,
You so effortlessly consumed not so long ago.

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To Know God

If You would know God,
Then look within, friend, look within.
Look within, so deeply, that it all becomes so indivisible,
That the entire cosmos instantly dissolves,
Into this very moment.

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Who is Content?

What is this thing called hope? What is it for which so many are always hoping?
More fortune? More fame? More power? More pleasure? More respect? More love?
More friends? More health? More harmony? More time? More this? More that?
Who is content with the who-what-where-when-why-how they are right now?

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Stories of the Monkey-Mind

Do not all stories have a certain predictability about them?
Same old monkey-mind plots drawn up with different characters and sets,
Different languages and costumes, different this, different that.
All ultimately merely tributaries of consciousness,
Racing in time back into the eternal,
From which all arise.

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Ever the Same Mystery

The ancients called the elements,
Earth, air, water, fire, ether.
Scientists in these times,
Call it the periodic table.
Intuit it, name it, label it, describe it,
Measure it, organize it, in whatever way You will,
It is, has ever been, will ever be, must ever be, the same mystery.

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The Male and Female Dynamic

Every sexually reproductive species has its evolutionary partnership between genders.
In the human paradigm, males hunted and fished and farmed, protected the perimeter, provided the seed.
Females attended the village, bore and nurtured the young, passed on the culture.
Adapting these ancient relationships, so long in the making,
To a world seething in disassociation,
Is the challenge for the future ever-now unfolding.

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The God Prior to Conception

There is no god in the way You or anyone else across time or space has ever conceived.
That which is supreme is so indivisibly, formlessly prior to consciousness,
That all human concoctions are absurd by any comparison.
And You are it, it is You, there is no other.

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The Internment of Obligation

Such internment this obligation to others can so often be.
For their desire for so much You no longer desire.
For their fear of so much You no longer fear.
For their attachment to so much You no longer cling.
For their passion toward so much for which You feel nothing.

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Figuratively v. Literally

The universe born of consciousness is awash in metaphors.
Though the literal often transcends in many subtle ways into the figurative,
Every sort of confusion and havoc can arise when anything figurative is taken too literally.

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The Relativity of All Things

How white is black? How black is white?
How right is wrong? How wrong is right?
How heavy is light? How light is heavy?
How all is nothing? How nothing is all?
How true is false? How false is true?
How high is low? How low is high?
How far is near? How near is far?
How hot is cold? How cold is hot?
How huge is tiny? How tiny is huge?
How light is dark? How dark is light?
How large is small? How small is large?
How strong is weak? How weak is strong?

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The Rutted Mind

The rutted mind begins taking shape,
As soon as nature and nurture,
Begin meshing in the theater of time.
By the age of grayness and weariness and rigidity,
Ruts run so deep, that new ground is only by the rarest traveled.

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The Way It Is

No matter the effort any mind has ever made,
None have ever changed or altered,
Even one tiny hair on truth's chinny-chin-chin.
The play of consciousness has absolutely no say in the matter.
The way it is, is the way it is, the way it has always been, the way it will ever be.

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To Believe, or Not to Believe

To believe, or not to believe; therein lies the answer.

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So Much Absurdity

So much ambition, so much vanity, so much absurdity,
To be what You already are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this right here, right now, indivisible quantum mystery.

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A Matrix of Quantum Design

Is the fish separate from the water?
The worm from the ground?
The bird from the air?
The sun from the flame?
'Tis a matrix of quantum design,
Pure, simple, nothing more, nothing less.

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The Calling

If it is your calling to discern that which is mystery,
That which is within all, small to great,
You must let go everything.
Yes, everything.
The You, You pretend,
Fabricated by imagination,
Must become so inwardly quiet,
That You divine the awareness You are,
That which is boundless prior to all conception.

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The Illusion of Duality

Duality is nothing more than an arbitrary, meaningless concept,
Born of the sensory illusion that You are separate.
It has no ultimate reality whatsoever.
You are the primal essence that is indivisibly singular,
Unfathomable, absolute, prior to all imaginings born of consciousness.

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The Fickleness of Opinions

Today You have one opinion, tomorrow another, and the day after still another.
How fickle these opinions, and yet how attached we are to each and every one.

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Science v. Superstition

Though we peer across world, and into the far reaches of the universe,
Though we see into the infinitesimal of which all is created,
Still we cling to all the traditions and superstitions,
Of one geographic assumption or another.
How absolutely amazing is that?

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The Boundless Awareness

The boundless awareness is, without any movement of me or myself or I.
It cannot be altered, claimed, manipulated, possessed, or usurped.
It is the untapped spring, the uncarved block, the tabula rasa.
It is the primal source of all; partial or beholden to none.
It is prior to all manifestation, equally present in all;
And ever carries on after the dissolution of all.

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Do Unto Others

The many others across all eternity are no different than You,
And the Golden Rule says it as clearly as it can be said:
Do unto others as You would have them do unto You.
What need for any further suggestions, principles,
Guidelines, rules, decrees, edicts, amendments,
Or commandments or regulations or laws?

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From Beginning to End

Why should You be concerned,
With what others think,
When it is really,
Your own creation,
From beginning to end.

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The Artless Program

Absolute awareness is the underlying operating system,
Upon which all consciousness is artlessly programmed.

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Quantum Everything

Quantum earth, quantum water, quantum fire, quantum wind, quantum sky.
Everything ultimately of the same quantum indivisibility,
No matter how mind slices or dices it.

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The Shifting Sands of Time

All things that arise from the shifting sands of time,
Must inevitably fade and fall and dissolve back into it.

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Under the Sun

Nothing new under the sun, everything new under the sun.
So predictably unpredictable, so unpredictably predictable,
Every unfolding, eternally streaming, matrix of a moment.

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Eight Philosophical Questions

Eight philosophical questions that will never be solved:
Why is there something rather than nothing?
Does God exist? Is our universe real? What are numbers?
Do we have free will? Is there life after death? What is the best moral system?
Can You really experience anything objectively?

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No Choice About It

Life, there is just no choice about it.
Every seed is cast into one fate or another.
Every seed must play out whatever hand is dealt,
Or else conceive a means to fall on one sword or another.

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The Tyranny of Tradition

The past had its momentary window.
You need not allow it to dominate, to control, yours.
The tyranny of tradition has no power, but through your acquiescence.

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All is You

Who knows what incredible mysteries may reside,
On other worlds, in other dimensions, of this vast quantum matrix?
You must rely on your own frame of reference, to hypothesize all possibilities possible,
Yet how can any ever be anything but You, whatever the guise?

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All of Page 351

Many chatter away about truth, but none have ever, or will ever own it.

* * * *

Idolatry is idolatry, no matter the myth, no matter the image, no matter the figurine.

* * * *

Who is who? What is what? Where is where? When is when? Why is why? How is how?

* * * *

The Memedom of God: Memeism practicd by memeists seeking memehood.

* * * *

Where would your universe be without You to create and witness it?

* * * *

Psst, Don Quixote, they are just the windmills of your mind.

* * * *

To what new limitation will the body aspire today?

* * * *

The internet: the library of consciousness.

* * * *

You are an audience of one.

* * * *

What effort is woven into a web of lies.

* * * *

Only the eye of the monkey sees itself any different.

* * * *

The hoity-toity rule a silly little world of their own absurd design.

* * * *

Best not to judge other points of history merely through the reflection of your own.

* * * *

For the mind that discerns totality, what matter what is done or undone?

* * * *

A universe without, a universe within, You are That I Am.

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Believers and atheists, all playing their little game, dancing their little dance.
Pretending to know what they cannot, never have, and never will.
To know You know nothing is the only honest stance.
Make-believe may offer some solace,
But no assumption can ever touch what is real.

* * * *

The parochial mind is incapable of discerning its Self.
To explore the farthest reaches and beyond,
One cannot be bound by anything.

* * * *

The journey may begin with the first step,
But the pace along the winding trail,
Is set by the slowest trekker.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is.
It is not whatever You think it is.

* * * *

More words, ever more words.
More differences, more confusion,
For the witch's brew to simmer and stew.

* * * *

This momentary nowness,
Is all that is really happening.
The dream is just that … a dream.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Depending on the color of your skin,
The depth of your wallet,
Or the witnesses lined up against You,
Probably best never to assume You will get a fair trial.

* * * *

Curious how so many mystics,
Across time and space,
Give over a portion of their existence,
Attempting to help others discern their inherent freedom,
Often inspiring dogmatic absurdities of every hue in their well-intentioned wake.

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The Only Anecdote

How beyond all pales absurd it at some point becomes.
We prattle endlessly about the silence, the serenity, the austerity, of a still mind,
But to remain in that state every moment, is for most, if not all, very challenging, very unlikely, indeed.
The monkey-mind is ever an absorbing thunder and lightning show,
To which death is really the only antidote.

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The Ineffable Unknown

Call it That I Am, call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it God, call it Self, call it whatever You will.
It is all the unnamable awareness that is prior to all dreams of consciousness.
Absolute, indivisible, complete, supreme, without peer.
And You and everything else, it as well.
There is nothing that is not this ineffable mystery.
Despite all imaginary inventions, it is ever the indelible unknown.

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The Huff and Puff of Imagination

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye;
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything You perceive, translates through the biases of your frame of reference;
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize, from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence, from womb to grave, is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 357

Eyes That See, Ears That Hear

Dogma is the worldly vision,
Of those who, for whatever reason,
Lack the eyes to see, and the ears to hear,
The infinite mystery, in which each and every one,
Equally participates in so many ways.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 358

Intelligence v. Ignorance

For memes to let loose their rigid grip,
Would require a revolutionary paradigm shift,
Seemingly well beyond the monkey-mind's capacity.
In the eternal struggle between intelligence and ignorance,
It is not rocket science to predict which mindset will rule the future.

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No Limits for Truth

Who cares who said it?
Or what was said, where it was said,
When it was said, why it was said, or how it was said.
If it is true, it is true, and that which is true,
Can never be bound or captured,
By the limits of mind.

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The Enthusiastic Teacher

If You will not learn something,
Out of some sort of inherent common sense,
Then, rest assured, pain is always an enthusiastic teacher;
In the wings, ever alert, patient, fully armed.

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An Unnatural Relationship

Those who dominate the world have no relationship with nature or themselves.
Therefore, alas, Mother Gaia and all her creatures small to great,
Are condemned to enslavement and destruction,
For whatever coin can be fashioned from their demise.

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Where is the Me, the Myself, the I?

Where is this vain, resolute, notorious “I” we so readily assume real?
Is it the ever-changing body, the ever-changing identity?
Is it the rambling compendium of perceptions?
Can it even be the timeless awareness,
Common to all things living?
How can there truly be,
“Me, myself, and I”
In that infinity which is prior,
To all forms fashioned of quantum vibration?
That which is ageless, formless, indivisible, sovereign, absolute.
That which has never even once suffered mortal birth,
Much less the pangs of imagined death.

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An Ever-Burning Fuse

Every streaming moment, so fleeting, like an ever-burning fuse.
Every point of nowness, gone as swiftly as it arrives.
Everything, but figments of imagination.
Merely a dream of the senses.
A magical, mystery theater of illusion.

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The Nature of Caring

Throughout your life,
You have cared about this or that,
For lengthy, moderate, or brief slices of time.
And yet, sooner or later, care’s capricious nature, inevitably,
For whatever raison d'être, draws to a close.
So, the question becomes:
Why do You care about anything?

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A Momentary Flurry

This garden world has been spinning round and round for several billion years,
And the universe billions more than that, as it will be for eons more.
How can anyone seriously believe their imaginary notions,
Are anything more than a momentary flurry,
In the grand totality of it all?

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The Essential Requirement

What is required to awaken,
Is to inwardly pay very close attention,
In a non-intellectual, prior-to-consciousness way,
Until You very logically, without doubt, discern for your Self,
That You, the witness, the observer, are the observed.
All duality is the concoction of imagination.

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The Pricelessness of Truth

In all its pricelessness,
The irony and paradox of Truth,
Is how little profit it offers those who mine it.

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One Law

There is ultimately only one law in this world,
And it is enforced with complete equanimity by Mother Nature.
Those who ignore or transgress this simple reality,
Inevitably pay one price or another.

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If You Want Peace, Prepare for War

You have an absolute right to protect yourself,
Against any and all who would harm You and yours.
As much as many a heart would choose to see it otherwise,
In this shades-of-gray garden, if You want peace, prepare for war.

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The Mystery of All Mysteries

It is a mystery.
It is the mystery of all mysteries.
It is not a Christian mystery, it is not a Jewish mystery.
It is not a Muslim mystery, it is not a Hindu mystery, it is not Taoist a mystery.
It is a mystery that does not belong to, or favor, any -ist, or any -ism.
It is not subject to any idolatry, it is not subject to any dogma.
It is a mystery free and clear from any and all claims,
By any individual or group across all eternity.

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Forgetting Everything

Forget the body,
Forget the mind,
Forget the world,
Forget the universe,
Forget everything.

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Ever Alone

From infinite to infinitesimal, everything to nothing, known to unknown,
Top to bottom, small to great, here to there, this to that, that to this,
You are indivisibly, infinitely, perfectly, absolutely connected,
Yet completely, irrevocably, forever alone all the while.

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The Reflections of Otherness

There is no existence in any creation, no matter the dimensions, that will not be but temporal illusion,
Because, no matter how hard it tries, Self, the grand witness in all things small to great,
Can never discern its true reality but through the reflections of otherness.
So, delude yourself in any and every way for all eternity,
It is ever the same dreamer dreaming;
Ever You, in one imaginary holograph or another.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 374

The Nature of Relationships

Family, a given.
Friends, a pleasure.
Acquaintances, tolerable.
Adversaries, a bother.
Enemies, a hazard.

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Groupthink Kool-Aid

The curious thing about most-if-not-all organized religions,
Is they truly believe theirs is the only true religion,
And that their true god will favor only them,
And will cast everyone else into hell.
Groupthink is ever groupthink,
No matter the flavor of the Kool-Aid.

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The Clarity of Now

Sometimes the mind become so clear,
That it seems You have finally awakened for all eternity.
But then the murkiness of consciousness resumes its conditioned grooves,
And You must once again stumble about the convoluted labyrinth of your very vivid imagination,
Until the eternity of every moment breaks through the mists anew.
Perhaps one day You will stay here.

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A Moment of Reflection

"The way of humankind is harsh," God said wistfully.
"But was it not a splendid creation?" Mother Nature sighed.

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The Immaculate Spirit

Your spirit has never known anything but well-being and good fortune.
It is impervious to the vagaries of any form, any existence.
It is pure, immaculate, untainted, innocent,
To the most indivisible, sovereign, absolute degree.

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One Life to Live

If You yearn a relatively simple, candid, serene, anonymous, streets-lined-with-gold existence;
Better to be born a peasant than a king; better to be a nobody than a somebody.
For there are far fewer constrictions imposed by the many others,
And it is much easier to walk the path You choose.

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Another Fine Day

What hath science and industry and technology and commerce,
Wrought upon this ever-spinning garden world,
And all its innocent residents,
This fine day?

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The Winds of Illusion

History is written by winners, losers, survivors, abiders;
Whoever makes the effort to set down one version or another.
But sooner or later, all eyes grow dim, and all ears, deaf,
And all chronicles are lost to the winds of illusion.

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Delusion and Absurdity

It is attachment to the mind-body,
That is the source of all this angst and suffering,
All this delusion, all this absurdity.

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No Middlemen Required

True religion, true spirituality, true grace, true faith,
Is a grass roots, solo kind of endeavor.
No middlemen required.

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Of Beginning and Endings

At which beginning,
Do You stop calling it a beginning?
At which ending, do You stop calling it an ending?

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That You Exist

That You exist is not mystery enough?
That You exist is not eternal enough?
That You exist is not time enough?
That You exist is not gold enough?
That You exist is not real enough?
That You exist is not true enough?
That You exist is not holy enough?
That You exist is not sacred enough?
That You exist is not magical enough?
That You exist is not spiritual enough?
That You exist is not purgatory enough?
That You exist is not heaven or hell enough?

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A One-Time-Only Show

When the given existence gives way to inevitable departure of the container,
The vast cosmos that mind and senses have into dreamtime spun,
Will dissolve back into the indivisible quantum mystery,
The given mind-body is a one-time-only show,
Never really “yours” from the get-go.
This is the only imaginary you,
That is, has ever been, will ever be.

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The Unborn-Undying Reality

Why would the moment after the last wheezing breath,
Be any different than the one just before it?
Or the one just before birth,
Be any different,
Than the one just out of the womb?
The totality that is unborn-undying, is without attributes.

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Sometimes

Sometimes You wander,
Sometimes You sit,
Sometimes You eat,
Sometimes You sleep.
Sometimes You are busy.
Sometimes You do nothing at all.
Sometimes You just are, and call it enough.

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Regarding Progeny

If You want to save your children,
From sickness, injury, aging and death,
And the countless forms of torment throughout,
Probably best not to bring them here in the first place.

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Freedom

Free of past, of future, of desire, of fear.
Free of birth, existence, identity, hope, dread, death.
Free of the sensory theater, of the world, of the cosmos, of any deity.
Free of anything and everything, free even of nothing.
Simply awareness, eternally alone.

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Pay Attention

Pay attention.
That moment is gone,
And another who knows how many,
Just streamed by, too.

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The Smokey Reality

Are You really any more,
Than the smokiness of any flame?
That ghostly trail wafting evenly from a pipe,
Is truly as real as your meager role in this ineffable dream.

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All You

You want to know the one and only truth?
It is all You, nothing but You, and You absolutely alone.
Now, Pilgrim, sally forth against the many windmills of space and time,
And discern yet again, You are the source, You are the mystery,
If such dreamtime fate be yours in some future telling.

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Either You Got It, or You Do Not

Either You have the incisive intelligence to discriminate it, or You do not.
No waffling, no babbling, no playing-the-middle-maybes.
No iffing, no anding, no butting about it.

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Nothing to Do, Nothing to Undo

Nothing to grasp, nothing to spurn.
Nothing to say, nothing to take back.
Nothing to know, nothing to not know.
Nothing to establish, nothing to dissolve.
Nothing to hold on to, nothing to let go of.
Nothing to embrace, nothing to relinquish.
Nothing to borrow, nothing to pay back.
Nothing to retain, nothing to renounce.
Nothing to accept, nothing to reject.
Nothing to do, nothing to undo.

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The End of Karma

Discerning the infinite truth of your Self,
Erases all karma, erases all consequences,
And aligns your dreamtime fate with eternity.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 385

What Need for Religion?

Why does anyone need any religion to be kind?
Why does anyone need any doctrine to be considerate?
Why does anyone need any scripture to live a pious existence?

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The Confabulations of Mind

It is through language that all conscious distinctions are made.
Prior to the articulation of imaginary self through personal pronouns,
Prior to the fabrication of knowledge, Eden was free of any dualistic notion.
There is no god, there is no devil, there is no heaven, there is no hell,
But through the ceaselessly absurd confabulations of mind.

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Things, Things, Things

Shopping, shopping, shopping, until You be dropping,
Looking for the next thing You just cannot possibly exist without,
But will very likely forget as soon as it is stowed away in one closet or another.

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When the Curtain Falls

You need not keep rehearsing, You need not continue practicing.
You have your little character down, You have it figured out.
The big challenge now is enduring getting off the stage,
Taking off the costume, and departing the theater.

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All the Same

Hot or cold, hard or soft,
Awake or asleep, engaged or unengaged,
Honest or dishonest, clothed or naked, seen or unseen,
Clean or dirty, comfortable or uncomfortable,
Self-absorbed or self-absorbed,
It is all the same.

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What is Anything?

What is freedom?
What is truth?
What is real?
What is not real?
What is aloneness?
What is indifference?
What is absoluteness?
What is contentment?
What is detachment?
What is equanimity?
What is happiness?
What is serenity?
What is bliss?
What is totality?
What is the Way?
What is That I Am?

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An Ocean's Dream

One man's babble is another man's song; one man's pleasure, another's pain.
No one sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels, anything the same.
We all sail alone within an ocean's dream.

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From Where Did Nothing Come?

The origin had to be nothing; else something could not be.
But where oh where did nothing come from?
The ultimate unanswerable question.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 393

Sounding the Depths

Going further than a couple zeros on either side of the decimal point,
Is the abstract realm of theoreticians of one focus or another.
Scientific abstractions, as accurate as they may well be,
Jump through cerebral gymnastics, all but meaningless to daily existence,
Wherein consciousness must every moment sound the depths of its own imaginary invention.

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Traces of Perception

Traces of perception,
Harvested by the senses,
Warehoused on a neuron trail,
For imagination to fashion,
Into another bit of time.

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From First Breath to Last

From the first breath to the last,
What is the sensory mind really about,
But hedonistic consumption of its universe,
And a narcissistic fixation with an imaginary self.

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Mystery's Expression

Nature is the mystery's expression,
And humankind but one of its myriad creations.
Separate only in consciousness, dualistic only in the mind,
In no way any less indivisible than all creation can be from its creator.

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Intelligent Design

What is this inexplicable universe, but an immense aquarium, filled to the brim with quantum essence;
Playing out every conceivable permutation consciousness might project, and physics allow.
Intelligent design, indeed: indivisible, total, sovereign, real prior to any perception.
The everything and the nothing, indelible, well prior to anything imaginable.
And You, sovereign witness, born of the same enigmatic source.

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Put Up or Shut Up

If Jesus and his omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent Daddy,
Really want/need to be believed in, as much as so many seem to assume,
Well, then let him reappear and prove two thousand-plus years,
Of idolatrous absurdity were worth the wait.
Put up or shut up, so to speak.

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Cutting Loose

That baggage You daily carry about in your mind,
Jam-packed with knowledge, likes, dislikes, fears, desires, worries,
Hopes, beliefs, regrets, all the this's and that's, that formulate your dreamtime universe;
You could just put it down for a bit, perhaps even never pick it up again.
But no, cutting loose of all your imaginary renditions,
That would be beyond all pales.

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Misinterpretations of the Literal Mind

Mystical writings across the world,
Are figurative how-to manuals for budding mystics,
All too often misinterpreted by minds spun in the unwavering literal.

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The Preciousness of Innocence

One of the many challenges of growing older,
Is reminiscing one's youth, and the yearning for all the things,
Queuing up to be seen and heard and tasted and smelled and touched and understood.
The preciousness of innocence can only be lost once.

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The Audacity to Stand Alone

The play of imagination requires collusion for the world of mind to abide.
As Shakespeare through Hamlet spoke: To be, or not to be, that is the question.
You need not give over to any of it, if You have the wit, the audacity, to stand alone.

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The Raison D'être of Absurdity

What hope can there possibly be, when the bar,
Is set at meaningless, irrational absurdities, across the board.
When nature is usurped, ravaged, squandered, in every way, in every corner.
When the absurdity of trivia and distraction, carnivals and clowns, power and fame and fortune,
Become the mainstay, the lifeblood, the prime directive, the raison d'être.

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The Gaping Abyss

The sages say, look within,
And when You do, You find zilch, nada, zip, nil.
And so, You begin looking everywhere else for something, anything,
Because a still, gaping abyss could not be all there is.
It just has to be more than naught,
But, alas, it is not.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 400

No Need for Belief

What nonsense, this need to believe in anyone or anything,
Much less have anyone or anything believe in You.
Here You are: unknown, indefinable, timeless.
Nothing to believe in, nothing to prove,
Once the beingness of awareness
Has reclaimed its primacy.

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Gazillions and Beyond

What will the dreamtime You now witness,
Be in 10 or 100 or 1,000 or 10,000
Or 100,000 or 1,000,000
Or gazillions beyond counting.

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Imagination Askew

Why would You need for anybody,
To know You, or know of You,
Once You discern your absolute nature?
Vanity is nothing more than imagination gone askew.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 400

What Will Happen?

What will happen to your world, your cosmos, after the body disincorporates?
What will happen to everyone and everything after You are no longer present to witness it?
Imagine the dissolution of consciousness, of letting go of everything,
As everything is simultaneously letting go of You.

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All of Page 401

Your raison d'être is what You think about alone in the darkness.

* * * *

The nothingness offers little into which imagination can bite, ergo, much ado about it.

* * * *

Every birth the creation of a new universe; every death the destruction of one.

* * * *

You have never been anywhere, but this ever-present, eternal now.

* * * *

What petty gods that needs incessant worship and praise.

* * * *

Creator and creation are always one in the same.

* * * *

It is a quantum-eat-quantum universe.

* * * *

So many carnivals, so little time.

* * * *

Lost in time, found in time.

* * * *

A collusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

The senses and mind timelessly creating time.

* * * *

It is not how or where You begin, but how and where You end.

* * * *

The senses are the veil that words sew with the robust thread of imagination.

* * * *

Identity is something of a trespasser, a squatter, upon the indivisible indelibility of awareness.

* * * *

Life is a string of momentary decisions, choices, to which the only end is death.

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Forget Everything

Forget everything.
Dismantle the conditioning;
The attachment to any conceptual weavings.
Become that which has no boundaries.
That which discerns no duality.
No within, no without.
No inner, no outer.
No this, no that.

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What Cannot Be Known

See what cannot be seen,
Hear what cannot be heard,
Smell what cannot be smelled,
Taste what cannot be tasted,
Feel what cannot be felt.
Be what cannot be known.

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Regurgitating Illusion

How draining it can so often be,
To daily regurgitate and play out,
This imaginary edifice of perception,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

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The Sands of Illusion

You are but one of a universe chock-full of every sort of pattern,
Playing out its programming, for as long as the given design abides,
Its written-in-the-sand destiny, in its transitory slice of time and space.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 403

Front and Center Stage

Every mind, front and center stage, in an entirely different play.
Each and every one, the leading star of their own show,
All costumed up to reveal the inner reflection.

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The Futility of Persuasion

The literal-minded will never comprehend truth,
No matter how adroitly it is articulated.
It requires a figurative awareness,
To ascertain the ultimate.

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The Unreality of Consciousness

As fascinating and absorbing as history,
And all things intellectual are,
They are all imagined,
And therefore, ultimately, unreal.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 404

Call of the Siren

Born again into yet another manifest form,
And through her innumerable sirens, the primordial mother,
Beckons You with every imaginable enticement,
To one rocky shoal or another.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 405

A Stitch of Time

Somewhere along the line,
You realize it just does not matter anymore,
But carry on as if it did, just to play out the character designed,
The pattern being woven in your little stitch of time.

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Hold Fast to Rationality

The Jesus-walking-on-water allusion is obviously figurative from a quantum perspective.
And he probably brought the wine and bread, and Lazarus was more than likely not really dead.
Accepting anything literally that You have not for your Self scientifically observed and/or experienced,
Is generally a dubious misstep into the ceaselessly precarious absurdities of any and all delusion.
Hold fast to the rational, the sensible, the balanced, the coherent, the logical, the realistic

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The Indifference of Awareness

Awareness is awareness.
Neither light nor dark, right nor wrong, strong nor weak, vibrant nor passive,
Kind nor cruel, sweet nor bitter, great nor small, good nor evil.
Absolutely indifferent in every way imaginable.

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Save the World?

Save the world? What, pray tell, is there to save?
How can that which was never spent, ever be depleted?
That which was never something, ever be nothing?
That which was never one thing, ever be two?
That which was never light, ever be dark?
That which was never born, ever die?

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The Spring of Eternal Life

The newborn is pure awareness.
In the infant and child,
The seeds of consciousness,
Begin gradually sprouting in the mind,
In whatever direction the winds of time may blow.
But it is in the awareness, that all truly are,
Have always been, will ever be.
It is from the source of all,
That eternal life ever springs.

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Peace on Earth

Peace on earth,
Requires peace of mind,
And good will towards each and all.
What are endings but outcomes of beginnings.

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Therapy for the Seer

Therapy for the blind is vision;
For the deaf, hearing; for the hungry, sustenance;
For the numb, feeling; for the artist, creativity; for the gluttonous, more;
For the seer, the mysterious unknown.

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All I Can Tell You

You ask me who … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me what … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me where … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me when … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me why … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me how … I tell You I do not know.
All I can tell You is … I am That I Am.
All I can tell You is … You are, too.

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All of Page 410

How seriously to take this kaleidoscoping dreamtime, depends on your nature.
To be light and breezy all the time, well, few can truly manage to be that free.

* * * *

Where is the exact demarcation between this so-called good and evil?
A line or two in the sand of an ever-shifting consciousness, indeed.

* * * *

Any given universe offers an all but infinite set of experiences,
But no lesson is ever learned until You teach it to your Self.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom across all time, across all space.
None can ever possess what is discernable by all.

* * * *

Barefoot in the remnants of an ocean wave;
What is that sand rushing between your toes,
But You in yet another of the myriad forms.

* * * *

Any given mind is an ever-fluctuating wander-fest,
No matter the landscape or horizon or pale beyond.

* * * *

The garden world You might have happily preserved,
Were such a thing even possible, was long ago undone.

* * * *

Feel the craving of worms for your sack of juicy, tasty flesh,
As You wander above ground for only but a little while longer.

* * * *

Are You looking at things with fresh eyes, with an alert, serene mind;
Unfiltered, uncompromised, untethered, by the mirage of imagination?

* * * *

Unless their actions force You to pay attention to their ceaseless absurdities,
Why should You care even one iota, what all the other monkeys think and do?

* * * *

Amazing as it is, in its function as a portal, into this touchy-feely sensory dreamtime,
What a revolting piece of work, the human body, once You yellow-brick-road it closely.

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Too Small a Vision

Contending that there is no god, does not necessarily make someone an atheist.
It may simply be asserting that one refuses to subscribe to a limiting definition.

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Earnest v. Discerning

God is prattled about in consciousness; merged into, in awareness.
Always a case of earnest conviction versus discerning equanimity.

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Good Fortune

Count the boulder fortunate that it need not collude itself a boulder,
And can merely sit alongside the river, watching its dream stream by.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 411

The Forever Unknowable

Any earnest scientist inevitably discerns that the observer is the observed.
Measurement can only go so far, before it evaporates in the limits of imagination,
The pale beyond which, the eternal immeasurability, is forever unknowable.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 411

The Only You

Your entire cosmos,
Is but a speck of dust,
At the tip of a fingernail,
At the edge of the infinity,
That is all, the only You,
You have ever been.

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All the Differences

A different time, a different existence.
A different appearance, a different dream.
A different world, a different universe.
All the differences; same mystery.

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Why Believe in Anything?

And why do You need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being enough, without all the babble born of imagination?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 414

Life Eternal

All the attachments,
To all the things,
To all the memories,
To all the relationships,
To all the this's, all the that's;
What weights chaining the free spirit.
Distractions from the ever-present awareness,
In which life is eternal, in which the real You, ever are.

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A Case of the Munchies

It is a god-eat-god world; chew well.

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It Is What It Is

It is what it is.
Nothing anyone anywhere has ever said or done,
Is saying or doing, or will ever say or do,
Will ever change it even one iota.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 419

Scientific Method

Scientific Method … noun … a method of procedure,
That has characterized natural science since the 17th century,
Consisting in systematic observation, measurement, and experiment,
And the formulation, testing, and modification of hypotheses.

1) Define the question
2) Gather information and resources (observe)
3) Form hypothesis
4) Perform experiment and collect data
5) Analyze data
6) Interpret data and draw conclusions that serve as a starting point for new hypothesis
7) Publish results
8) Retest (frequently done by other scientists)

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The Given Ear

Whether words imprison or free, depends upon the ear.

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The Ephemerality

I have given You conscious reality.
Through this mind, You exist.
Had we never met, or had I never heard of You,
You would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside this awareness, this consciousness,
You do not exist.

You have given me conscious reality.
Through your mind, I exist.
Had we never met, or had You never heard of me,
I would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside your awareness, your consciousness,
I do not exist.

What is the world but a brief ephemeral dream for all.

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What Did He Really Mean?

Included in the relatively few quotes attributed to or about Jesus in Christian mythology,
And largely misinterpreted by those many inclined to idolatry and dogma:
Know thy Self; Love thy Self; Physician, heal thy Self;
You shall love your neighbor as your Self;
To thine own Self be true;
Husbands, love your wives as your Selves;
Have this mind in your Selves, which was also in Christ Jesus.

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The Illusion of Free Will

You really believe You have free will?
Only if You are in denial of all that has transpired,
In the eons long before You were born.
What will play out will play out,
As if choreographed,
With unimaginable precision.

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The Way

Sometimes You create.
Sometimes You preserve.
Sometimes You destroy.
That is the way of it.

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The Sandbox of Eternity

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
Everything in one pattern or another,
Because that is how this mystery matrix works,
For as far, for as wide, for as deep, for as long,
As the quantum sandbox of eternity plays out.

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The Instinctual Roots of Groupthink

Group, herd, gaggle, flock, swarm, mass, crowd, throng, rabble, drove, multitude, company,
Host, army, pack, troop, gang, troupe, party, band, bevy, knot, cluster, bunch,
Posse, crew, surge, stream, huddle, school, horde, hive, mob.
So many words describing groupthink.
An instinctual thing; functional until it is not.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 428

Time's Illusion

If yesterday and tomorrow were real,
Why cannot You see and hear and touch and taste and feel them?
Even this moment is forever done and undone.

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So It Goes, Deal With It, Get Over It, Move On

The natural laws govern all creatures, all things, from small to great.
Gibberish is not what makes the universe spin round and round.
There is not some deity tracking demerits on a naughty list.
Heaven, hell, is the world You every moment imagine.
You are ultimately on your own, completely alone.
Even your mother cannot shield You for long,
From the long and winding road ahead,
On which the many agonies and ecstasies,
Will reveal the lessons to which You subscribe.
So it goes … deal with it … get over it … move on

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The Essential You

All the sensations, all the passions,
All the concoctions of mind and body,
None are the essential, real You,
The sovereign, immaculate,
Absolute witness,
The heart of awareness,
The oneness prior to all dreams.

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The Earnest Seeker

If it is your fate to discern a larger perspective,
Than the given geography allows,
You must exit the cave,
And leave no stone unturned,
In the hologram your mind perceives.
And in reality, it may not be at all that necessary,
To leave the squalor of the cave, or turn over even one stone.
The only real question is whether or not You seek to be free of all constraints.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 429

On Your Own

Truth is not something for which You must petition permission to discern, to realize.
You are on your own, ever alone in an odyssey of Self-discovery,
Within the infinite essence of the quantum sea.

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The Long and the Short of It

Life, long no matter how short, short no matter how long.

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The Immortal Presence

The course humankind has taken is not all that inspiring anymore.
The petri dish is getting too trashed, too crowded,
Too predictable, too absurd.
It is all vanity and greed,
And there is really no way out,
But for the rarest, most astutely discerning,
Who can, in the face of any temporal sensory temptation,
Maintain a steadfast immortal presence in the eternal “so it goes” of it all.

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Free Will Looking Forward, Fate Looking Back

It may all be written in the sands of time,
But it is You who must live it out, one moment at a time.
Free will, such as it is, looking forward,
Fate looking back.

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The Delusion of the True Believer

Even when their dream is afire,
Human beings have the delusional capacity,
To believe that a deity is looking over them, protecting them,
And that he/she/it, will help them somehow continue on, as they always have.

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Interest v. Boredom

The ongoing interest in anything, is in the comfortable appreciation,
Of its fathomable aspects, of its layered subtleties,
Of its unfolding nuances.
And boredom, too much of the same.

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The Cosmic Mind

The cosmos is an eggshell; the mind a beak.
Eternal salvation is the sovereignty of every given moment.
It is the ineffable timelessness of awareness, that the perpetual now ever offers.

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Nothing Undone

From the ultimate perspective, there is likely not anything,
You have not done or said or thought, or at some point will.

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The Edge of the Petri Dish

Is the human species really that much different,
Than any bacteria consuming its way,
To the edge of a petri dish?

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Wandering the Eternal Life

To wander the eternal life,
You must be both in and out of life,
In each and every breath, each and every step.

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Strolling the Mountain

Discerning the one and only truth within and without;
As arduous as a long, winding climb to the highest mount;
As effortless and agreeably simple as a stroll in an idyllic park.

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So Many Sounds, So Many Concepts, Same Mystery

All these sounds are but interchangeable concepts describing the same unfathomable reality:
God, Brahman, Buddha, Jesus, Allah, Soul, matrix, unicity, oneness, stillness,
Indivisible, sovereign, absolute, awareness, consciousness, bliss,
Serenity, divinity, nothingness, totality, ether, dream,
Universe, quantum … mystery …

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Moderation in All Things

Best to take ecstasies in small measure,
Agonies with a whopping dollop of stoicism,
And moderation as regularly as possible.

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Are You? Are You Not?

Who are You? Who are You not?
What are You? What are You not?
Where are You? Where are You not?
When are You? When are You not?
Why are You? Why are You not?
How are You? How are You not?

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The Tit for Tat of Quid Pro Quo

This world is your home.
You were born here,
You will live and die here.
There is no other viable alternative.
If You do not cherish her, if do not nurture her,
She will tit for tat You, she will quid pro quo You, in spades.

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No Need for Religion

All religion is unnecessary, pointless, superfluous, gratuitous.
Whether one deity or many, not one is real, not one is true.
All are imaginary inventions, collusions, lies, of the monkey-mind.
What dogma, what idolatry, can there be, in the indivisible formlessness?

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All That Really Counts

The gist, the meaning, the crux, the essence, the substance,
The point, the kernel, the core, the lesson, the heart,
The moral, the wisdom, the spirit, the truth,
Is all that really counts in any story.

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A Churning Vat of Brewing Goo

The body-mind is a churning vat of brewing goo,
In which agony and ecstasy, both real and imagined,
Play out ceaseless twists and turns of every concoction.

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The Wisdom of Insecurity

Deities have always been invented across the world, across time,
To cope with the unknown, to deal with the waves of agony and ecstasy,
Of this sensory dream, in which we play out our endless vanities.
The wisdom of insecurity is for the few and far between.

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Ever the Same

It is the same stillness, the same nothingness,
The same nownesss, the same perpetuity,
As it has ever been, and will ever be.
In each and every breath, a tidbit of eternity.

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Reality

The dream births You,
Attends You,
Feeds and clothes You,
Gives You pleasure, inflicts pain,
With every intention of someday killing You.
And You, in return, accept your destiny, and believe it all real.

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The Synchronized Moment

It is the same awareness in all,
Dreaming eternally in one simultaneous here now,
Witness to all genesis, in every way, in one synchronized, indivisible instant.
I, Quantum … You, Quantum … He, Quantum … She, Quantum … Us, Quantum … All, Quantum.

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The Limitations of Mythology

Have we not seen enough cults to know that every group creates its own mythology,
To sustain its groupthink vision, its groupthink vanity, its groupthink raison d'être.
No need to believe, no need to follow, no need to subscribe to any limited notion.

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Another

Another place, another time, another sunny day, another stormy night,
Another conversation, another meal, another cup of coffee, another shot of whiskey,
Another book, another movie, another television show, another play, another song, another photo,
Another workday, another vacation, another holiday, another anthropological event,
Another journey to the privy, another shower, another preening moment,
Another war, another accident, another birth, another death,
Another creative moment, another amusement,
Another … another … another …
Another so it goes.

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Why So You?

Why so sad?
Why so angry?
Why so fearful?
Why so serious?
Why so zealous?
Why so rushed?
Why so lonely?
Why so needy?
Why so You?

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Save! Change! Become!

What urgency is there in this universe,
Once You recognize it for the dream it is.
What is there to save, to change, to become,
But what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
What You are not, have never been, will never be.

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What Need to Believe Anything?

Why would You really need to believe the mythology,
The folklore, the legends, the customs, the traditions, the history,
All the many perceptions, of any given culture, ultimately real and important,
Including the dreamy sliver of space and time that You call your own?

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Too Hot, Too Cold

The dilemma with too much is that it is just too much,
The dilemma with too little is that it is too little,
And the amazing thing about almost right,
Is how few seem satisfied with it.

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The Tabula Rasa Mind

What is any given childhood but an empty mind, an innocent mind, a tabula rasa mind;
Not yet filled with a lifetime of perceptions, of desires, of fears, of dreads,
That future agonies and ecstasies, will over time imagine real.
Forget everything; be reborn into the timelessness.
Into what You were before all beginnings.

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An Imaginary Reverie

Ultimately, this reverie is nothing more than a passage of imagination.
Ever-kaleidoscoping perceptions to which You are so attached.
The key to freedom is in the stilling of the busy mind,
And a clear, discerning, fearless detachment,
Toward the infinity of sensory hooks,
Playing out within and without.

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The Rise and Fall of Consciousness

On a small spinning pale blue dot, in an outback of a brief manifestation,
Vanity arose in a noisy flurry, for barely a whisper of the space-time it imagined real,
Before relatively quickly dissolving back into the indivisibility of its fundamental quantum nature.
Such is the outcome of all imaginary forays inspired by the theater of consciousness,
In the likely very rare moments that it manages to evolve into being.

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The Wonder of It All

There is nothing everlasting about any form, about any dynamic.
Nature is a chaotic divinity; illusion an anchorless dream.
And through it all, is an indivisibility, so cosmic,
Only in wonder can it be comprehended.

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A Curious Fact

Curious how many find it so unfathomable,
That every other life form small to great,
Is born of the same intelligence as we.

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The Truth of All Dreams

A dream is a dream,
No matter how real it seems.
Truth is truth, no matter the delusion.

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Mind's Journey to No Mind

Thinking from very small, to thinking very large,
Takes some to where they only seldom think at all.

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The Impermanence of All Things

You are but a filament of breath.
Feel that breeze wafting through your nostrils,
And realize, yet again, the unequivocal impermanence of all things.

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The Windmills of Your Mind

To be as passive as the lotus;
Well, not easy, my friend, not easy.
Especially when You are bearing the wounds,
From so many battles with the windmills of your mind.

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An Immeasurable Playground

The mind is the immeasurable playground of quantum imagination.
All history, all science, all art, all vocation, all trivia, all anything,
Is but a perpetual dance in a matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

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A Sea of Relativity

All these traditions,
All these geographic assumptions;
Vainly vying for supremacy in a world of dreams,
Where all patterns small to great orbit in a vast sea of relativity.

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The Dream is Not the Truth

What is consciousness but a dreamy cloud of imagination;
Of dualistic notions inspired by the sensory creation.
One may clearly distinguish reality though it,
But the dream in itself is not the truth.

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The Tranquil Depths

The shift from consciousness, from imagination, to awareness,
Is like a submarine moving from the churning surface,
To the stillness of the tranquil depths below.

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Truth or Lie?

We all, in any given interaction, present our inner truth,
And if one expounds a lie, then a lie is the truth.
Whether or not one sees the difference,
Is the lie's truest achievement.

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Could You Start Over?

What if You truly discerned,
That You had gotten it all wrong?
Would You be able to somehow recalibrate,
And, like an uncarved block, start over, begin anew?

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The Particulars of Attachment

You are but a minute speck of this vast conundrum of a universe,
That happened, for whatever speculation might be mustered,
To have been born into this dreamtime as a human being,
Into a particular geography, with a particular mindset,
To which You have likely become particularly attached.

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All In

Everyone is dealt a different hand,
In this poker game of time and space.
Each plays it out as the given cards allow,
But it is nothing more than smoke and mirrors.
And someday, no matter how well any player bluffs,
Every stack of chips inevitably topples in the last wager.
Masks and players ever change, but the game goes on and on,
For as long as the house has the cards to shuffle and chips to play.

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Stop Pretending

Stop pretending You know anything.

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How Brief It Is

… eternity … birth … an imagined existence … death … eternity …

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Repeat After Me

The real You is indivisible, unchanging, sovereign, absolute.
Repeat after me: I am the Way, I am the Truth, I am the Life.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 455

Pure Awareness

True meditation is not at all forced,
And no tradition, no scripture, no posture, no symbol,
No dogma, no mantra, no status, no garb, no diet, no gender, no vernacular,
No attribute contrived by the monkey-mind is in any way required to abet its momentary process.
Pure awareness is the source, the baseline, the witness, of all quantum creation.

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Poof!

You are born now, You live now, You die now.
Time is just a temporary state of imagination.

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Regarding Advice

If someone was really going to take your advice,
Would they have even needed it in the first place?

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True Believers All

You are so caught up in the sensory dream,
So hypnotized, so conditioned, so brainwashed,
That You believe it all real, You believe it all important.
You believe everything thought, You believe everything felt.
All is vanity, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but,
And it the key to the mind in which You reside.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 456

The Courage to Stand Alone

Find your own voice, free of all the conditioning.
Free of the misinformation and disinformation of propaganda.
Free of the indoctrination and habituation of any brain-washing, whatsoever.
It is in there if You have the courage to stand alone against all tides.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 456

The Story of History

There are those who create history, those who regurgitate it, and those who ignore it.

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Regarding Speculation

The challenge is to never believe any speculation to be more than speculation.

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Settling for Mystery

How can anyone ever even begin to settle,
For any infinitesimal egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-solarcentric vision,
Of this beyond-all-pales enigma of a mystery?

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The Truest Anything

The true scientist, the true historian, the true anything,
Never gives up questing as accurate a rendering,
As their swirl of consciousness can muster.

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Cousins of the Same Puddle

All life is born of the same origin, the same source.
Despite our attachment to genetic bloodlines,
We are all cousins of the same puddle.

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A Singular Serenity

Across the universe, throughout eternity,
There are an inestimable number of perceptions,
Within each and every imaginary moment,
From each and every imaginary angle.
So boggling as to make any mind,
Singularly serene in wonder.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 458

The Medicine Bag

The great number of hallucinogens,
That Gaia across her orb offers,
Take those open to inner exploration,
Down many trails, across many borders.
For those who would pursue a grander vision,
It a journey to be taken as dauntlessly as will allows.

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Bwahahahahaha …

From the bliss of the womb,
Through the birth canal, into hell.
Thank You, Mother, thank You, Father,
For an excursion surely no one of sound mind,
Would ever even more than fleetingly fantasize taking.
And the real nightmare is You know what:
That it might well happen again.
Bwahahahahaha …

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The Deepest Furrow

Each and every mind falls prey,
To whatever prompts the paramount delusion,
To whatever carves the deepest furrow in the patterned mind.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 460

The Tribal Mind

Group dynamics are group dynamics, no matter the size or nature.
Really nothing more than tribalistic notions founded in the jungle long ago.
The common denominator of all religions, nation states, families, and high schools.
Just the monkey-mind over and over in different levels of self-absorption.
Egocentricity, ethnocentricity, geocentricity, heliocentricity,
Were written into the original DNA source code,
Long before the will born of mind,
Began plying Darwinian truth to its own ends.

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Quantum Matrix

Quantum light.
Quantum sound.
Quantum vibration.
Quantum consciousness.
Quantum awareness.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum home.
I, Quantum.

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Suicide is Not Cheating

Suicide is not cheating death;
Only taking a hand in how it will happen,
Rather than lingering for a more tedious, painful finale.
Charon still earns his obol for yet another voyage across the river Styx.

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Specialization v. Generalization

Specialists often tend to be blind to many things outside their sliver of interest,
And generalists too wide-ranging to cultivate much depth in the immensity of theirs.
It can be a cannot-see-the-forest-through-the-trees, trees-despite-the-forest, chasm thing.

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Hell and Damnation

So many spending their existence trying to be good, trying to stay out of trouble,
Based on the contrived belief in an extremely jealous, vengeful deity,
That will see that they are eternally judged and punished,
If they fall short of the dogmatic mark.

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Many Called, Few Inclined

Much easier to worship idols,
Much easier to follow someone else's law,
Than it is to perceive the timeless within for your Self.
Many are called; few are inclined.
So it goes.

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The Indivisible Truth

Despite the muddle humanity has in every way imaginable made of it,
How can it possibly be that all creation is not fashioned of the same source?
All the creeds ever devised across all eternity cannot negate this one indelible truth:
That the quantum in one is the quantum in all, and the quantum in all is the quantum in one.
No one possesses the ultimate indivisibility any more than anyone or anything else,
Regardless of the incalculable machinations of the undiscerning multitudes,
Given over to every imaginable paradigm under any given sun.
Do not be drawn into delusion by the fog of words.
Monkey-see-monkey-do is not bona fide.

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That Which is Prior to Consciousness

That which is prior to consciousness is awareness.
Awareness is timeless; consciousness, time.
Awareness is still; consciousness, movement.
Awareness is reality; consciousness, imagination.
It is what it is; nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

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All You Are

All You are, all anyone or anything else is,
Is the timeless awareness playing out a pattern,
A blueprint, a design, an archetype, a genetic construct.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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Of a Philosophical Nature

Philosophers, students of existence that they are, ponder anything and everything.
No stone is left unturned as many times as are needed to learn,
Whatever it is he/she is born to discern.
We are all seekers, seeking out one fate or another.

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What Are You?

What are You, but,
A historical collage,
An economic statistic,
An anthropological result,
A psychological adaptation,
A sociological paradigm,
A scientific curiosity.

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Pandora in a Bottle

Consciousness is an evolutionary mutation of instinct.
The fruit of this garden world is knowledge.
Once it was plucked from the vine,
Once Pandora's Box was opened,
Once the Genie was out of the bottle,
All the cards followed suit, all the dominos fell.
Much less about original sin than it is original separation.
The rub is reattaching the fruit, closing the box, corking the bottle,
Shuffling the cards, and somehow putting Humpty-Dumpty back together again.

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Perceiving the Mystery

Why would anyone be unable to see this mystery as anything but a spontaneous creation?
Why would anyone embrace any make-believe dogma, when none are essential?
Why would anyone adhere to a deity limited by any vain confabulation?
Why would anyone debate the fact that they are whatever it is?
Why would anyone ever feel the need to be anything,
But very much present, very much right here, right now.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 469

Labels, Labels, and More Labels

What is this monkey-mind need to identify with things,
To always be describing ourselves in so many ways,
Tagging ourselves as so many this's and that's?
As if all the labels have ever meant anything.

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Why Others Are Required

Bother that it is for those who must endure the mortal aspect,
The quantum essence cannot know its Self but through creation of the other,
In as many ways as possible as often as possible, to better reflect upon all things imaginable.

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The Upshot of Patterns

Wisdom is the upshot of a great deal of pleasure, a great deal of pain, in every way imaginable.
It is the outcome of having witnessed patterns over and over enough,
To well anticipate their inevitability.

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Differences and Similarities

How similar we are in our differences; how different we are in our similarities.

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Law of the Club

Call it justice, call it revenge,
But some form of law will be kept,
By whoever possesses the fiercest club,
In whatever way the pendulum of time swings.

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Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum

This world is filled with great violence and chaos.
Most cannot afford a bodyguard, much less an escort,
So it is prudent to always be at the ready should need arise.
Si vis pacem, para bellum: If You want peace, prepare for war.

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The Evolution of Warfare

A fist is a stone is a club is a sword is a spear is an arrow is a bullet is a bomb is a missile.
In warfare born in the jungles, in the rivalries of long ago, the relativity of tool-making is all.

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The Unknowable Unknown

Every life form is of a seed line,
An eternal thread of life sowing new life,
All evolving from life's origin, however it began,
To which speculation and conjecture proffer every answer.
That the unknown is forever unknowable does not seem to register.

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Science, the Student of Nature

Physics is physics, chemistry is chemistry, biology is biology.
Nature is what it is; the rubrics of the game are set.
Play well, or suffer the consequences.

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Zeroes, Zeroes & More Zeroes

How big is big? How small is small?
Scientists, mathematicians, and other bean counters,
Always adding zeroes to every end,
To what end?

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True Science

Science that does not flow with nature is not science.
Science that manipulates nature to unnatural ends is not science.
Science that generates mayhem and destruction upon the garden is not science.

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The Final Chapter

From the neurology of the primal brainstem, the dawn of consciousness,
Gradually evolved into the imaginary perception of a separate self.
The inherent collusion of a species on its journey of survival.
In the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but of it all,
The challenge is to move on to the final chapter,
To discern the unconditional singularity,
The origin of all things quantum.
Whether or not that will ever happen,
Will be in some far-future-stay-tuned telling.

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Why Not Every Day?

And why should not every day be rife with contemplation of the unknown?
Why should not every day, even in the tempest of great activity, be a day of rest?
What is it so many are striving to be, to prove, in this most astounding dream of time?

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The Nature of Genius

A writer is precise with words,
A mathematician, with numbers,
An artist, with shape and color,
An athlete, with movement,
A musician, with notes.
Each its own genius.

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The Eye of Mystery

The eye of mystery is within all,
But it is the rare who seek and discern it,
And the rarer still, who become it.

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A Citizen of the Cosmos

Ultimately, the task is to move beyond flag-waving for some mind-made outcome,
And discern that You are really a resident, a citizen, of the cosmos, across all eternity.

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All for Nothing

You work so hard to become something in this world, in this manifest dream.
Challenging to realize, challenging to accept, that it was all for nothing.
The winds of vanity … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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Where Differences Dissolve

The quantum clayness plays out any given genetic function,
Without judgment, without qualification, without rhyme or reason.
Consciousness is witness to the innumerable differences,
Awareness, to the indivisibility of the all.

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Who Can Out-Do Anyone?

Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?
Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Yogananda Yogananda?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-James James?
Who can out-Ram Dass Ram Dass?
Who can out-Ashtavakra Ashtavakra?
Who can out-Watts Watts?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Patanjali Patanjali?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Locke Locke?
Who can out-Thoreau Thoreau?
Who can out-Emerson Emerson?
Who can out-Bacon Bacon?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Krishna Krishna?
Who can out-Hume Hume?
Who can out- Ikkyū Ikkyū?
Who can out-Machiavelli Machiavelli?
Who can out-Comte Comte?
Who can out-Whitman Whitman?
Who can out-Rousseau Rousseau?
Who can out-Russell Russell?
Who can out-Hobbes Hobbes?

Who can out-Foucault Foucault?
Who can out-Kierkegaard Kierkegaard?
Who can out-Mill Mill?
Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
Who can out-Osho Osho?
Who can out-de Beauvoir de Beauvoir?
Who can out-Aquinas Aquinas?
Who can out-Carneades Carneades?
Who can out-Hess Hess?
Who can out-Diogenes Diogenes?
Who can out-Smith Smith?
Who can out-Parmenides Parmenides?
Who can out-Pascal Pascal?
Who can out-Chomsky Chomsky?
Who can out-Thales Thales?
Who can out-Wollstonecraft Wollstonecraft?
Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
Who can out-Sina Sina?
Who can out-Derrida Derrida?
Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
Who can out-Kant Kant?
Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Dewey Dewey?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
Who can out-Holshouser Holshouser?
Who can out-Plate Plato?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
Who can out-Camus Camus?
Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

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Once the life course has been set, once the world view has been molded,
A fair number of monkey-minds do not do well with too many choices, too many options.
Many feel the need to change, even destroy anyone, anything that is too different,
Which for some means almost everyone and everything on the planet.
What a thing to be so confined, so narrowed, so limited,
So incapable of embracing the great all of it.

* * * *

Why maintain any sense of fabricated self, any sense of imaginary identity, at all?
To pretend You are other than the awareness of the eternal moment,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is all,
Why would You want to do such a thing?

* * * *

So many artists, so many inventers, so late in the game, looking for a novel niche,
Something no one has, under the given sun, ever done.
Good luck with that.

* * * *

Krishna, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus,
Socrates, Aristotle, Muhammad, Confucius,
And on and on and yawn and yawn.
All clichés, all stereotypes,
All two-dimensional souvenirs,
Afflictions of time upon the timeless.

* * * *

You fell into the dark pool, the primal abyss of vanity.
To what narcissistic delusion will You submit this day?

* * * *

In the statistical relativity of it all,
Things likely could be far worse or far better.
Gratitude is an attitude, a mindset well worth cultivating,
If the hand You have been dealt in this game of life is at all equitable.
Count your blessings if You are so fortunate as to have some.

* * * *

Here You are: eating, drinking, sitting, walking, running;
Living out each and every day, sleeping through each and every night.
Here You are, witnessing the sensory dream playing out every moment in your mind.
Here You are, seeking meaning and purpose, in a vista that offers none,
But through imaginary intercourse with perception.

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What is humankind but an assortment of strands of evolving-devolving chromosomes,
Rushing about in every way imaginable, often pretending all the while,
That its little play of consciousness is somehow important,
To a cosmos likely indifferent to its existence.

* * * *

Insight into the unknown has never been a group thing, and never will be.
Groupthink only muddles the truth of it into one absurdity or another.

* * * *

True religion, true belief, true faith, true conviction,
Is surrender to the beingness, the aloneness of the eternal moment.
There is no deity, no creed, no dogma, no groupthink.
It is for You, and You alone, to discover.
So simple, as to be discerned, in each and every breath.

* * * *

And to those who abide in the biblical framework,
What is the length of a day, what is the length of a night?
What is anything having to do with space-time,
To those harboring the eternal eye?

* * * *

Why would anyone ever be in denial about the good news,
That they were the quantum creator experiencing its creation?

* * * *

Dissolve back into the quantum womb of your origin.
Free of all desire for existence, free of all fear of existence,
Discern the unicity, be the unicity, prior to all born of imagination.

* * * *

Your body and mind are riddled with every sort of fear and worry,
The post-traumatic stress of the synergy of life's ever-streaming currents,
Some soft, some harsh, but all sculpting You, as the winds of time do all things.

* * * *

Challenging, perhaps all but impossible,
Not to discern the sensory present through the countless filters,
The mind-body's tree rings from a lifetime of abiding the dreamtime of the given universe.
Only the newborn perceives it for the kaleidoscoping unknown that it ever is,
And none for long as the mind steadily puts order to the chaos
Into which it has from oblivion been cast.,

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Pardon Me

Pardon me for inquiring, but why do some humans …
Seem to loathe nature and her many creations?
Become so determined to control others?
Go to such extremes to feel happy?
Believe gold so important?
Seem to delight in hurting others?
Partake in so many preposterous notions?
Corrupt the world with so many unproven creations?
Despise so many others simply because they abide by different values?
Become so vain about their bodies that they cloak them with every imaginable costume?
Focus on so many differences when there is so much more in common?
Acquire so much more than they could ever need or use?
Bear children in whom they have little interest?
Create a world so indigent and forlorn?
Learn so little from history,
And are so blind to its reckoning?

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The Buddha Mind

What is the Buddha mind, the eternal mind,
But the mind that thinks without thinking, sees without seeing,
Hears without hearing, smells without smelling, tastes without tasting, feels without feeling.
The sensory theater is but an ephemeral, ever-kaleidoscoping dream.
A quantum play, nothing more, nothing less.

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What Would It Have Been Like?

What would it have been like to only know a tiny slice of this garden world?
To have lived among a small group in forest, a valley, a prairie, a mountain, an island, a desert.
Communicating orally using a unique language spawned by the given geography.
Scratching out an arduous existence with nascent tools and weapons.
Wearing simple attire, living in caves or modest shelters.
Hunting, fishing, gathering, harvesting.
Consuming whatever the niche about You offered.
Gazing up at the boundless unknown in wonder, perhaps in dread.
Weaving stories, establishing traditions, rituals, customs; creating myths, legends, gods.
The prehistoric etchings of what we vainly call the modern, civilized world,
All in the same eternal moment it has always been, will ever be.

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An Eternal Game of Hide-and-Seek

We spend so much of our existence spouting over and over and over:
I am this … I am that … I am not this … I am not that … I am … I am … I am …
When in truth it has all along been the indivisible quantum nothingness,
Playing a timeless game of hide-and-seek with its Self.

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A Dystopian Nightmare to Extinction

How did we evolve into playing it out in such discordant fashion?
What is this monkey-mind need to believe in anything?
What is this insatiable craving for power, for fame, for fortune?
Here we are, somewhere near or past the summit of our brief history of time,
And where can it possibly go, but into some dystopian nightmare, on a sure road to extinction.

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A Solitary Existence

What would existence be like if You were completely alone for the rest of your life?
Whether in a valley, a forest, a mountain, a desert, a tundra, or an island,
What would it be like to never see another human being again?

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No Authority in the Here Now

No set of writings, no persona, no group,
Should ever be accepted thoughtlessly as some authority.
Everything should be approached vigilantly, rationally, with a critical eye.
You are captain of the given mind-body to which You are witness.
Take command of your helm, navigate your own course.
History has its station, but You are here now.

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What Is to Believe?

Breathe in the cosmos … breathe out the cosmos …
Breathe in the cosmos … breathe out the cosmos …
Breathe in the cosmos … breathe out the cosmos …
What is to believe?

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Immortal Aloneness

The mystery, the unknowable You truly are, is utterly anonymous.
Identity is but the temporal fabrication of consciousness,
Of imagination, and its secular attachment to form.
The source, the awareness, is prior to time, prior to mind,
And the rare who fully discern it, abide in the unassuming solitude,
The sovereign, unconditional, indivisible, immortal aloneness of eternal life.

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Blind Acceptance v. Rational Doubt

To accept blindly is foolish; to doubt rationally is prudent.
Why should You accept anything You have not discerned for your Self?
Why accept any fable, any myth, any legend, any folktale, any fairytale, any invention,
Without some reservation, some critical inquiry, some judicious oversight?

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What is the Point?

All religion, all science, all technology, are proving to be ultimately nonsensical.
What is the point, the raison d'être of all this knowledge, really,
If it only ends up in mayhem and annihilation?

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The Bounds of Natural Law

Why would You believe, beyond-the-pale-more-than-unlikely events, happened thousands of years ago,
When You have never once, witnessed anything outside the bounds of natural law?
All are folklore born in the forges of one groupthink or another,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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The Blade of Discernment

Within the unfathomable immensity of the quantum matrix, endless fallacies flourish:
Mirages, hallucinations, illusions, visions, delusions, fantasies, figments.
Where the unreal is made real, form after kaleidoscoping form.
Where every Kansas is an Oz, and every rope a snake,
Until with a sharpened blade of discernment,
The Gordian Knot is cut, and all again real become.

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Death by Ennui

If You break down existence into its many parts, sub-parts, and sub-sub-parts:
Food, sex, work, play, cutting the nails, trimming the verge, agony and ecstasy, ad infinitum,
Going round and round in the same groove, doing the same old thing over and over,
What would really be so enticing about existing in some imaginary forever?
The manifest dream must renew its Self, else it will die of ennui.

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Regurgitating Absurdity

You really – despite a mind chock-full of so-called religious knowledge,
To which You cleave with such self-absorbed tenacity – do not know anything of the great unknown.
All You are doing is regurgitating the countless absurdities of universes forever undone,
Instead of fully living in the given right-here-right-now, free of all claims.

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The Nature of a Philosopher

As with any organism small to great born into this whirling garden world,
Human consciousness seeks out similar wavelengths within the spectrum of possibilities,
Thus preserving, spreading whatever perceptions, whatever memes, are harbored in the given mindset.
To discern one's conditioning, and perchance to be free of it, or at least attentive to it,
Requires a skeptical, introspective nature of the highest order.

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The Wind of Mind

Those who know of You, shall remember both the good and bad about You,
But gradually, they will cease thinking about You, except in rarer and rarer moments,
Until all traces of You wash away, and You are forgotten completely,
As all things finite eventually are, and must ever be.
Vanity is but the wind of mind.

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The Consequences of Actions

How many things will You thieve before You discern the meaning of honesty?
How many deceptions will You spawn before You discern the meaning of integrity?
How many people will You harm or destroy before You discern the meaning of compassion?
How much life will You live before You realize every act ripples out far and wide?

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A Labyrinth With No Operator's Manual

For any newborn, fresh from the womb, a whole agony-ecstasy existence underway,
And no operator's manual to aid in the long and winding labyrinth.
Just a world chock-full of memes striving diligently,
To absorb them in endless absurdity.

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The Sculpting of Fate

What is birth but the beginning of a story, and death its end.
It is in the manifestation, the consciousness, that all creation unfolds.
For the newborn, not a care in the world – chaste awareness,
Witnessing the senses buzz away, slowly sculpting,
The chronicle, the legend, the fate ahead.

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Just Another Cancer

With all our so-called astuteness and aptitude,
To ultimately comport as mindlessly as any cancer,
Is irony and absurdity intertwined well beyond measure.

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Widgets of the Ordinary Sort

An examined existence is an unlikely probability,
In those whose thoughts been prompted by a dreary education,
Bent on shaping the given mind into a mundane widget of the ordinary sort.

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What Is the Point of Education?

What is the point of an education that does not inspire critical thinking?
What is the point of an education that does not inspire the mettle to inquire fully?
What is the point of an education that does not inspire the capacity to question everything?

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A Sensory Weaving

What are the sensory organs – eyes, ears, tongue, nose, flesh – of any mortal vessel,
But readers of the ever-streaming colors, flavors, tastes, smells, and textures.
What is any universe, but awareness witnessing the creative handiwork,
Of the mind's rendering of the data, the nervous system weaves?

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Entirely Up to You

All the words and symbols, all the theories and speculations, mean diddly-squat.
It is up to You to perceive, on your own, all alone, for your Self,
The one and only You, prior to consciousness

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To Simply Be

What is it, to be completely vulnerable, spontaneous, without artifice?
To bear no vain notion, to merely exist, without concern or motive?

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The True Enemy

The mind caught in the web of friend and foe,
Will find the true enemy is the division within.

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No Bounds

Truth is truth, reality is reality,
Bound by neither light nor sound,
By neither form nor concept,
Bound by nothing in all.

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A Voice From the Wilderness

You may speak the truth clear as day,
But only those hungry for what is real,
Can hear a voice from the wilderness.

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The Blend of Contraries

Right begets wrong; wrong begets right.
Love begets hate; hate begets love.
Yes begets no; no begets yes.
Good begets bad; bad begets good.
White begets black; black begets white.
In everything, its contrary, waiting to bloom.

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Grasping an Enigma

The great tombs only show how fearful some can become,
In their vain attempts to grasp that which is but an enigma.

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Soon Enough

Enjoy your quickly fleeting youth as best ye may, for as long ye may,
For You will, if You manage to survive, be geezer or hag soon enough.

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On Playing the Game

Temporal existence is a game of sorts,
In which by being born You must in one way or another play a part.
A game in which You must somehow learn the written rules, as well as those never once uttered.
A game You must endeavor to play as well as your capacity and limitation allows,
For as long as the mind-body endures the agony and ecstasy of it,
Or at least for as long as it manages to interest You.

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Whimsicalities

The one-percenters and their minions will always find a way,
To make a dime on the whimsicalities of the bottom-feeders.

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Ever the Same Inexplicable Mystery

How attentive are You the garden world about You?
The birth, the death, and all the exquisite dancing between.
And all the befores, all the durings, all the afters,
Ever the same inexplicable mystery.

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What Is v. What Should Be

Like it or not, examining what is, is far more real,
Than spouting an endless array of what-should-be's.

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Prior and Beyond

Look prior and beyond all religion,
And recognize for your Self the one and only Truth,
That You are That I Am; the source, the ground, the essence, its Self.
You are eternal, singular, sovereign, absolute.
There is no other.

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The Same Deity in All

Why would You believe some deity
Would be more interested in You than everything else?
You really think being a tree, an insect, a fish, or a bird, is any less absorbing,
Than all the inflated silliness, You are ever-managing to concoct?

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Witness to Everything

What agony, what ecstasy, it is to exist; every possible delight, every possible torment.
Each and every life form – across all space, across all time – experiencing a unique rendering.
And the awareness, prior to the quantum play, witnessing it all – right here, right now – in every way.

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If You were that which is mystery, and wanted to experience each and every one-of-a-kind creation,
How else to do it but by casting your Self center stage in each and every role?
It is, indeed, a god-eat-god, beyond-all-pales mystery.
And You are the mystery, in just one of its incalculable forms.

* * * *

No one is truly free in this mortal human paradigm.
Ultimately, all are bound by one frame of reference or another.
Bound by geography, culture, religion, language, gender, conditioning, events,
Capacities and limitations, ambition, opportunities, ad infinitum.
Like it or no, that is how the genetic lottery rolls.

* * * *

Timelines within timelines within timelines,
An indivisible quantum sea playing out a space-time relativity.
Everything written in the sands of ever-timeless time,
For You to discern as mind and heart allow,
In this very mortal walkabout.

* * * *

Who, what, why, when, where, how are You,
But imagination attached to its manifest dream.
Still the many thoughts the senses inspire,
And be the anonymous, faceless one.

* * * *

Someone spins a parable; the future calls it scripture.
And if enough join the cult, it may even become a religion.
Dogma and idolatry and persecution and mayhem, sure to follow.

* * * *

What is memory, but electrical impulses whizzing down neural trails?
What is emotion, but biochemical secretions oozing through membranes?
It is imagination's translation of sensation, that navigates any given existence.

* * * *

So many families with unhappy, wretched sagas.
What is that worn adage about blood being thicker than water?
What might that mean, if twists of irony and paradox were to tinge the brew?
Is it thicker than the water of the womb? Is it thicker than the milk of the mother's breast?
Or is it perhaps the blood bond, the mutual covenant between the truest of friends?
Are alliances we choose, more robust than the one into which we are born?
Is the blood-bond of friendship thicker than that of water and milk?

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All the so-called scriptures were written by seers and sages,
Really no different than anyone who has pondered existence before or since.
We are all cousins of the same puddle, responding to the life and times into which we are cast.
The geography, culture, language, technology, and on and on, are inevitably different,
But guaranteed, beyond all doubt, we are all very much the same monkey-mind,
And prior to that, very much the same quantum stardust of all creation.
It is but a veiled, temporal play, in which the myriad players,
Are, in the ultimate eternal reality, one in the same.

* * * *

Discerning eternal life takes a little more insight than mere belief teamed up with hope.
It is always right here, right now, but You must have the astuteness, the wit,
To realize, to perceive, that time is but a notion of consciousness,
Masking the eternal here-now, the majestic theater,
Within which all manifestation dances.

* * * *

How many books have been written since the advent of the printed word,
Most of which have been long lost, many likely all but unread.
So much thought, so much effort, and for what?

* * * *

What is this herd instinct to follow, to imitate, to duplicate?
Why would You ever need or want to mimic anyone else's vanity,
When your own recital is surely more than absurd enough?

* * * *

Every mind imagines a world to which its nature-nurture,
Its capacities and limitations, its frame of reference, subscribes.
No one can be more or less than what the genetic lottery has allotted.
Any rubber band, no matter how elastic, can only stretch so far.

* * * *

Eternal life is the instinctual default for all life forms,
And though many creatures may exist with some sort of sense of time,
Humankind is so immersed in it, as to need religion and every other form of distraction,
To offset the pain and suffering that a mind, chock-full of memories, inspires.

* * * *

The extraterrestrials will have a great time exploring our relics, watching our movies,
And perusing all the bookstores and libraries that managed to stay open until the pithy end.
We will be big hit in some galaxy far, far away: the little green scholars and twelve-legged bards,
Will cast nets far and wide in every sort of speculation about humankind's rise and fall.

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How would it be possible that You are not ultimately the same Me as Me, and Me the same You as You?
The same He as He, the same She as She, the same We as We, the same It as It, the same All as All
Identification with the mind-body is the pretense, the façade, the charade, of consciousness.
At the quantum fount, how can it be anything, but same all in one, the same one in all?

* * * *

Have You really, ever thought, said, or done anything all that different,
Than anything thought, said, or done countless dreamtimes before and since?
Perhaps, but likely ever so rarely, and really, naught but minor tweaks,
In the eternally evolving patterning spun of quantum stardust,
In the puddles and jungles of the unfolding long ago.

* * * *

What is the smallest small, what is the largest large,
And what are You if not the awareness, the nothingness,
The indivisibility, that weaves within and without all.

* * * *

How can there be happy endings,
When there is no conclusion to anything?
Perhaps happy process, but beginning and endings,
Are but the punctuation points of consciousness,
Caught in the filament of unfounded notion.

* * * *

How interesting it would be to know the stories,
Of all the things You have lost or sold or given away.
To know whether they are still being used and cherished,
Buried in some landfill, or a part of some collector's potpourri.

* * * *

Human existence, as it is known,
Is about the accumulation of imaginary conceptions.
To release the mind that attains, is to relinquish all, to the eternal nowness,
The timelessness that is as near to the one and only ultimate reality,
As awareness, through mindfulness, is capable of realizing.
Only in a very serene mind, only in that awareness,
Can the mystery You truly are, be realized.

* * * *

You may believe all this the intentional working of some supreme-on-high deity,
But even if that is true, it must certainly be subject to the same force underwriting all.
Subject to the same evolutionary process, the same pool in which all attributes ebb and flow.

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That the cosmos, that You, exist at all, is beyond the scope of all rationality, all sensibility.
And yet why should the ultimate truth, not be forever impenetrable, unfathomable, inscrutable?
Why should it, how could it, ever be required or obligated, to make any sense whatsoever,
To any but the relatively rare few, inexplicably called to witness its indelible way.

* * * *

And in that oblivion, that obscurity, that emptiness, that gap, that space,
That abyss, that vacuum, that void, that nothingness,
That nada of awareness, You are.

* * * *

Unhook the engine, let loose all the baggage cars.
Be that sharp-cutting-edge, up-front-and-center awareness,
That which was never born, that which never dies,
That which You truly are and are not.

* * * *

Even if there is some on-high deity,
What need to constantly bow and scrape?
What need to tarry in guilt and self-loathing?
What need to again and again pray for forgiveness?
What need to beg for what is not freely given?
What need to give thanks even once?
What point projecting vanity,
Upon that which should have none?

* * * *

Real spirituality is a solitary endeavor.
If You are following some beguiling personality,
Or participating in some strain of intoxicating groupthink,
Rest assured that You need to push the reset button.

* * * *

What You do or say today,
In no way makes You duty-bound,
To play it the same in any given tomorrow.
It is nothing more than vanity that strikes a bargain,
That You incarnate the same persona from one day to the next.

* * * *

Be the world, the cosmos, everything You imagine it might contain.
Do not be held back by the innumerable limits of your given conditioning.
Stand alone, absolute, indivisible, inscrutable, the zenith of your panoramic view.

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At some point on some day after some tomorrow,
Consciousness, as humankind has portrayed it, will simply disappear.
And on and on the abiding earth will whirl, until the cosmic dominos fall, however they will.
And more likely than not, despite all science fiction to the contrary,
No alien species will ever come across all the residue,
Of our relatively transitory tenure.

* * * *

Of all the knowledge gleaned since the fruit of the garden was figuratively picked,
Your little set is but a speck of a bit of a tad of a drop of a crumb,
Of a trace of a fragment of a morsel of a smidgen,
And yet all of the all, all the while.

* * * *

You can likely carry on, despite what others think of You.
Unless, of course, they are willing to beat You up, enslave You, or even kill You,
In which case, You should probably tread lightly, or even run.

* * * *

Identity is a charade born of the monkey-mind in some long ago,
A mortal game that You are forced to play to one degree or another,
If You wish to survive for at least a modicum of mind's potential.

* * * *

The only way any teacher ever becomes truly inspiring,
Is if he/she has at least one student earnestly seeking to learn.
For them to happen into each other, well, that, my friend, is the rub.

* * * *

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.
All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way.
And yet, all are created equally of the same origin,
The same inexplicable mystery.
There is no way it can ever be truly changed.
It may gradually evolve into something somewhat dissimilar,
But its roots will always harbor the conditioning of its nature-nurture beginnings.

* * * *

You see and hear and taste and smell and feel,
Through the mind-body filter, to which You are so attached.
The memes of dreamtime have molded You into a pattern You think You.
Only by discerning the indivisible awareness prior to the nature-nurture programming,
Can the essential, intrinsic freedom, of that which is timeless, that which is eternal life, be truly won.

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Witnessing the Mystery

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all manifest, conscious existence, created of awareness,
Is about consumption of the given sensory feed: sights, sounds, tastes, smells, textures.
Experiences of every imaginary scope, filling every conceivable moment.
Meditation is a state of beingness, less about consuming,
Than it is riding the kaleidoscoping wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

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An Imaginary Veil

To discern the awareness prior to consciousness,
You must look prior to all the perceptions, all the memories,
Prior to all the thoughts drifting willy-nilly in the smoke of imagination.
Consciousness is but an imaginary veil, behind which is ever the essence You truly are.

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How Could It Be Anything Less?

As limited as any given manifestation must be to dream any existence,
The ultimate You – omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent –
Is within all creation and the space between.
Why would anyone imagine it to be anything less?

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The Web of Life

You very likely, are not at all concerned what happens to some seemingly insignificant life form,
In a tide pool or stream or valley or desert or mountain or ice sheet, in another corner of the world.
But, comprehend it or not, that web of life, of which absolutely everything is part, is why You exist.

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Every religion began as a sect, a cult, of supporters, of enthusiasts, of followers, of groupies,
Who worked very diligently to persuade others they were gatekeepers of the truth,
And should be acknowledged, venerated, and compensated accordingly.

* * * *

To all those who class themselves higher, greater, more substantial,
Know that behind your back, or after You have left the room,
There are many who snigger at your inflated absurdity.

* * * *

Are You really this form, this mind-body?
Or is it merely a vehicle for consciousness to play out its dream,
And You nothing more than a passenger, a witness;
Awareness, timelessly observing it all.

* * * *

Until You left the tranquility of the womb, there was no other.
And once You moved out into the roar of the world,
Consciousness began its sculpting,
And here You are.

* * * *

Why would it possibly matter what anyone thinks of You?
Be your sovereign universe, and allow others the same.

* * * *

To which modern time might we be referring?
All modernity has its moment in each and every mind,
And all are forever lost, the very instant they become memory.

* * * *

Humankind reached its first billion in 1804.
Its second billion in 1927.
The eighth was up and about by 2023.
Eight billion two-leggeds in just over two hundred years.
The total number who have ever lived is estimated to be a 100 billion or more.
How can any paradise ever hold up to such a feeding frenzy?

* * * *

Attitude is all.
With the flip-flop of a thought, sorrow becomes joy;
Bad, good; bitter, cordial; anger, calm; violent, gentle; arrogant, humble; sour, sweet; dark, light.
The remedy to a dualistic world, is the within that is within all withouts.

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We humans are all animals here,
Mammals with consciousness enough, with imagination enough,
To perceive the sensory play in such a way as to fabricate the notion, the absurdity, of individuality.
Animals with a beyond-the-pale aptitude for communication and tool-making.
But animals, nonetheless, animals, nonethemore.

* * * *

If You were in a jungle, and had not learned the means, the tools, necessary for your survival,
How long do You think others would share the boon of their skill in the hunt?
Every bird must abandon the nest, flying upon its own wing.
Anything less is not the Way of Eden.

* * * *

Why is every man not respected, venerated, as one would,
A grandfather, a father, an uncle, a brother, a husband, or a son?
Why is every woman not treated, respected, venerated, as one would,
A grandmother, a mother, an aunt, a sister, a wife, or a daughter?
What is it that makes our kind so callous toward strangers?
Why are we so caught up in the squalor of differences,
Rather than the common thread weaving all?

* * * *

This brief dream is likely just a one-shot dog and pony show,
In your mind-body's, so very vain sliver of forever,
So, enjoy it as best ye may, while ye may,
For it will all be over sooner than soon enough.

* * * *

Even the most vile foe, is teacher to You, and You to s/he.
There is no occurrence that has not played its part,
In your reaching this moment in dreamtime.
You may not much care to offer heartfelt thanks,
But the truth of it, best be acknowledged for what it is.

* * * *

There are always subtleties within subtleties within subtleties.
No one ever achieves excellence any first time,
Nor does anyone ever truly know everything about anything.
Attaining mastery always takes practice; the beginner is always a beginner.

* * * *

Go back to the You before the mortal body, and forward to the You after it has fallen away.
Of what importance is this ever-changing vessel, this vague set of imaginary notions, really?

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The addictive mind is an insatiable mind, a consuming force, obsessed with every possible extreme:
Food, sex, alcohol, drugs, religion, power, fame, fortune, materialism, greed ad infinitum.
A habitual, undisciplined, pride-filled mind, driven to debilitating dependency,
By what is really nothing more than a kaleidoscoping sensory theater.
Ever running from the aloneness, the stillness, the essence,
Of the indelible mystery permeating everything.

* * * *

Here You are – awareness, consciousness, imagination – timeless, right here, right now.
And really no answers to the questions: who, what, where, when, why, how.
Agnostically faking it the best You can, the modus operandi.

* * * *

Desire and fear and dread saturate the primordial roots of every human endeavor.
From the dark jungles, obscure and ominous, passion burned across the world.

* * * *

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

* * * *

Who are You to argue with somebody who wants to believe in a deity,
That is as real as the Tooth Fairy or the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus?

* * * *

What is the body but a bag of perceptions,
Of memories, of desire, of fears, of ecstasies, of agonies,
All cavorting in eternity's indivisible stillness, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Why investigate and corroborate anything and everything to your satisfaction?
Because You are a scientist, and resolute, exacting reflection, is first and foremost.

* * * *

The future of Eden – relentlessly corrupted by the mind of humankind – daily unfolds.
The purity of its Darwinistic origin, forever tainted by the cancer it before time fostered.

* * * *

Nothingness is the timeless constant, within which, every imaginable variable –
Each and every one fashioned of the quantum essence and its ever-shifting nature –
Ever condenses and evaporates, like clouds in the sky, in its unborn-undying here now.
The mystery has been labeled by many names, to which, it has never even once answered.

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Pretend You are already dead.
Die to time, literally be here now, right here, right now.
As still as the morning dew, totally alone, eternally present, not a care in the world.
All knowledge vaporized, no family, no friends, no enemies, no problems.
No attachment to the agonies and ecstasies of the sensory feed.
Unequivocal negation of any and all assumptions.
No body, no identity, no possessions.
Just attentive awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The awareness, the spirit, the soul, the essence, the mystery;
How can it be said to belong to anybody, if not everybody and everything?
In the raging sea of metaphors, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

What is any given mind but a set, a bag, an array, of programming.
A circulating loop of habituation, conditioning, brainwashing.
A frame of reference believing its thoughts real and true,
Its manufactured identity sacrosanct and enduring.

* * * *

How ludicrous to imagine that we really know anything,
That all our speculations mean diddly-squat,
That all our ceaseless wordplay,
Is any more than another form of wind.

* * * *

What are the shades of gray between black and white,
Good and bad, right and wrong, right and left, bitter or sweet,
Or any other dualistic notion born of the monkey-mind's play of time?

* * * *

The difference between any You and any me, is all in our heads, is all in our minds.
Our perceptions, our imagination, our relentless emphasis on the ever-kaleidoscoping universe,
Playing out every timeless moment, bewildering us all with its inexplicable veil.
And who has the unshakable witness behind the curtain ever been,
But the same You that is Me, the same Me that is You.

* * * *

And if it is perchance in your cards to figure out this mystery of mysteries,
How far will You glean it? What will You say? What will You do?
How will You play this, what might be called, fate of fates?

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The Last Page

Every one, the same quantum indivisibility, playing the manifest theater real.
Every one, the immortal essence, peering through mortal eyes, feigning a mortal game.
Every one, as free, as aware, as their shard of spirit demands, and mind allows.

* * * *

Those, whose destiny it is to become seers, ponder many things,
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility,
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe,
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns.
All functions of the same choicelessness.
All programming of quantum design.
Indivisible within one and all, for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only You do not change, only You have ever been the same,
Only You have ever been the one and only You,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound You call it, is always the same.
The same as when You were born; the same as when You die.
The same as before You were born; the same as after You die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while You exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that You truly are, cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim 2012

Make-Believe is Not Forever

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from small to great, all played parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb,
To the one and only reality, that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level, as to make any part, absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Hope for the Best, Prepare for the Worst

The world is changed. You can feel it in the water.
You can feel it in the earth. You can smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost, for none now live who remember it.
All bell curves collapse, and where will You and yours be, when the dominos really begin falling?
If You have not already begun taking steps, it is time to think hard, prepare strong,
For a when-shit-hits-the-fan rough road in the times rapidly unfolding.
Batten down the hatches, lock and load, watch and wait.
Hope for the best, prepare for the worst.
May sound trite, but it be true.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Mystery You Are

There is no middleman between You and the mystery You are.
There is no need to perpetually struggle over questions that have no answer.
There is no need to believe, to worship, to follow, to pray, to grovel, to tithe, to dogmatize,
To dread judgments from an on-high, to quake over imaginary heavens and hells.
You are That I Am, You are that which is unborn, enduring, undying,
As untainted and free, as You allow your state of mind to be.

* * * *

You are the mystery of You, the wonder of You, the eternity of You.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you,
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

How can the here-now, the ever-present moment, ever be born, destined to one day die?
How can that which is without attributes, that which is indivisible, ever exist?
How can there be light or dark? Sound or silence? Right or wrong?
How can there be any this, any that, in an indelible mystery,
In which space and time are not, have never been, will never be?

* * * *

Despite all assertions to the contrary, humankind is not the be-all-end-all of this manifest mystery theater.
We have certainly played out a remarkable reverie in our trifling fragment of space-time,
One perhaps not replicated anywhere else across the starry-starry cosmos,
But our egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric hullabaloo,
From whatever prelude to whatever finale,
Has never really been more,
Than vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity on steroids.
At best a negligible undulation in the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Being cultivated, being trained, being domesticated, to be a human being,
Does not make You any closer to mystery, than any other life form.
Every single beast has evolved from the same quantum origin.
The only difference between You and any other organism,
Is an inexorable egocentricity born entirely of imaginary notion.
The entire human paradigm, is nothing more than a collusion of imagination,
Made possible by the evolutionary happenstance of an resourceful, group-oriented mind,
Two arms, two legs, a larynx, opposable thumbs, and high-capacity lungs.
No critter ever born into this mystery ever stood a chance.
And, being far too clever for our own good,
Neither, ultimately, do we.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who Does Anything?

Who contemplates?
Who perceives?
Who knows?
Who cares?
Who feels?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who hopes?
Who believes?
Who does anything?

Breadcrumbs 2015

In Every

In every yes, a no; in every no, a yes.
In every truth, a lie; in every lie, a truth.
In every good; a bad; in every bad; a good.
In every vague, an exact; in every exact, a vague.
In every blessing, a curse; in every curse, a blessing.
In every unknown, a known; in every known, an unknown.
In every intangible, a tangible; in every tangible, an intangible.
In every abundance, a shortage; in every shortage, an abundance.
In every superiority, an inferiority; in every inferiority, a superiority.
In every inexplicable, an explicable; in every explicable, an inexplicable.
In every immeasurable, a measurable; in every measurable, an immeasurable.
In every intelligible, an inscrutable; in every inscrutable, an intelligible.
In every open hand, a closed fist; in every closed fist, an open hand.
In every creation, a destruction; in every destruction, a creation.
In every brilliance, a dullness; in every dullness, a brilliance.
In every positive, a negative; in every negative, a positive.
In every logic, an absurdity; in every absurdity, a logic.
In every infinite, a finite; in every finite, an infinite.
In every deep, a shallow; in every shallow, a deep.
In every right, a wrong; in every wrong, a right.
In every large, a small; in every small, a large.
In every whole, a part; in every part, a whole.
In every plus, a minus; in every minus, a plus.
In every savant, a fool; in every fool, a savant.
In every gray, a gray; in every gray, more gray.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Are You?

Who are You?
What are You?
Where are You?
When are You?
Why are You?
How are You?
… Are You? …

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Sound of One Hand Clapping

The sound of one hand clapping is the sound of …
The big bang five trillion big bangs ago,
The moment just before a sneeze,
The other hand clapping,
A dust ball swirling,
An atom splitting,
A minnow winking,
A wave's furthest reach,
The wiggle of a loose tooth,
Dust settling upon a dewdrop,
The moment before a door slams,
Wind wafting along the edge of a rock,
Time changing on the face of a digital clock,
A water balloon bursting through a chain link fence,
The brush of a butterfly's wing upon the surface of the moon,
A paper plane gliding through the stillness of a room,
The ground falling toward a descending plane,
Sunlight reflecting off a beetle's back,
A wheel bouncing above the road,
A mosquito's needle piercing,
A gnat flapping one wing,
The space between the eyes,
A crippled cockroach dancing,
A tear tugged downward by gravity,
A spit wad just before smacking its target,
Angels dancing madly on the proverbial pinhead.
The pause between breaths, the breath between pauses.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Awareness Is

Neither one nor two,
Neither single nor double,
Neither solid nor ephemeral,
Neither everything nor nothing,
Neither what is nor what is not,
Neither living nor nonliving,
Neither right nor wrong,
Neither time nor space,
Neither here nor now,
Neither good nor evil,
Neither true nor false,
Neither judge nor jury,
Awareness is.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Groupthink

The groupthink creates.
The groupthink conducts.
The groupthink influences.
The groupthink manipulates.
The groupthink persuades.
The groupthink controls.
The groupthink harvests.
The groupthink destroys.
The groupthink perseveres.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?

Who is there to become?
What is there to realize?
Where is there to arrive?
When is it going to happen?
Why is there no end to questions?
How will You ever be free?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up

How many star-filled universes, may have come and gone, before the so-called Big Bang,
Or Creation, or Genesis, or Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up,
Or whatever other metaphors, minds may have conjured up.
And how many, will come and go, after this rendering?
And how many, are simultaneously happening right now?
And what was, and will be, before and after, any or all of them?
As if there could ever be, any before or after, any timeless fabrication,
Before or after, what may well have never really happened in the first place.
Anything and everything, is on the table, in the indivisibleness, of all things quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What Do You Your Self Intuit?

What is it little old You discerns in this theater, into which You have without choice been cast?
Without all the countless devices, we toolmakers have devised to measure our universe,
Without all the sciences, without all the mathematics, without all the technologies,
Without all the things the monkey-mind will do to quantify to the nth degree,
What is it You for your Self alone intuit, You for your Self alone deduct,
What is it You for your Self, without any influence from any other,
Discern real and true, in this immeasurable, beyond-all-pales enigma?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who is the Who?

Who is the who, who desires? Who is the who, who fears?
Who is the who, who plays out any action, plays out any passion,
But the indivisible awareness, cloaked by the attachment of consciousness,
To the mind-body, presenting itself, pretending itself, colluding itself, real and true.

Breadcrumbs 2015

A Quantum Reverie

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Catching the Drift

Time to get another trim, cut another nail.
Time to eat another steak, drink another bottle of wine.
Time to take another jaunt, another walk, another shit, another piss.
Time to fill another form, smog another car, pay another bill, lace up another shoe.
Time to abide another debate, cast another stone, suffer another injury, endure another death.
How many times does one need to do something or another, to catch the drift?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Nature's Dogma

Nature's dogma is the unwritten law determined and enforced by quantum mechanics:
Irrevocable, irreversible, unalterable, unchangeable, immutable, undeniable,
Incontrovertible, indisputable, permanent, binding, absolute, final.

Breadcrumbs 2015

You Are All

It does not matter how You are.
It does not matter why You are.
It does not matter who You are.
It does not matter what You are.
It does not matter when You are.
It does not matter where You are.
You are all the same consciousness.
You are all the same awareness.
You are all the same dream.
You are all the same now.
You are all the same me.
You are all the same You.
You are all the same quantum.
Call it God, call it Buddha, call it Tao,
Call it Allah, call it Brahman, call it whatever,
You are all the same prior-to-consciousness mystery.
If truth does not bring You the harmony of peace, nothing will.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Naught But a Genomic Configuration

Ultimately, as complex, as intricate as humankind may be,
We two-leggeds are ever nothing more than a genomic configuration,
Set in motion in the quantum stardust, chemical reactions, of the long, long ago.
We are fabricated of nature, and every moment reside in its fold,
No matter how hard we try to disconnect ourselves,
No matter how hard we try to be more.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Sins of Imagination

Eternity, the mystery that is prior to consciousness, is immaculate, unblemished, spotless,
Unsullied, undefiled, untarnished, perfect, flawless, faultless, pure, pristine,
Impeccable, stainless, pure, virtuous, incorrupt, above reproach.
The so-called Original Sin is really about separation,
About being born into the dream of time,
About being born into mind.
And given that there is no choice in the matter,
Given that no creature has ever had any voice in its being born,
What sin, what wickedness, what offense, what estrangement, can there truly be?
To be timelessly present, is to erase all notions that inspire the insipidity of creeds across the world.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Imaginary From Any Get-Go

All histories, all stories, all accounts, all chronicles, all parables, all narratives,
All folklores, all legends, all myths, all sagas, all fables, all fairytales,
All tall tales, all fish stories, all jokes, all puns, all yarns,
All anecdotes, all witticisms, all descriptions,
Are imaginary from any get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Ever the Same Now

The day You die, will be a day just like today.
You might be sleeping, and have a stroke.
You might be bicycling, and have a heart attack.
You might touch an appliance, and electrocute yourself.
You might be swimming, and a gulp of water cause You to drown.
You might be cruising down a freeway, and a truck crash across the midway.
You might be wandering some downtown, and a mugger pull out a knife.
You might be sitting in a theater, and a shooter enter a side entrance.
You might be immobile in a hospital, and wheeze your last breath.
All beginnings, all endings, all betweens, are ever the same now.

Breadcrumbs 2015

True, Whoever Wrote It

It may or may not have been Charles Darwin who penned,
"It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change,"
But it is true, nonetheless.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Both Real and Unreal

The great are not great, nor are they insignificant.
The known is not known, nor is it unknowable.
The wise are not wise, nor are they foolish.
The moment is not real, nor is it unreal.

Breadcrumbs 2015

A Witness to the Play

You are not a noun: a person, a place, a thing.
Nor are You a verb: an action, a state, an occurrence.
You are, and You have always been, and You will always be,
The stillness of eternal, immortal, absolute awareness,
Witnessing the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum play.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Will There Come a Moment?

The stillness, the eternal life of the awareness prior to consciousness,
What more could You possibly be than the supreme virtue of the eternal unicity?
Will there come, a moment, when You never again subscribe to the manifest quantum matrix?
Will there come, a moment, when the mind born of time, no longer calls You?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Think Again

You have been brainwashed, hypnotized, conditioned, programmed,
Indoctrinated, molded, convinced, mesmerized, trained, habituated, spellbound, inured, compelled,
Into believing this world and all its creations are real and important.
Think again.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Evading the Clutches of Illusion

To pretend an identity, does not mean You are obligated to believe it.
You are the creator of your dreamtime world, your psychic prison,
And only reside there because desire and fear anchor your mind,
And draw You back, again and again, into the clutches of illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2015

When Were You Not?

Call it God, call it Jehovah, call Yahweh, call it Allah, call it Buddha, call it Tao, call it Brahmin,
Call it whatever resonating sound, your nimble mind and lucid tongue might concoct,
When were You and yours, and absolutely everyone and everything else,
Not this most-assuredly-exactly-the-same-across-the-board,
Whodunit, whatdunit, wheredunit, whendunit, whydunit, howdunit?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Born to Die

Extinction is an inherent, intractable fact of life.
Most of what You once remembered is long-forgotten.
Granted, it may still be locked somewhere in the neuron trail,
But for all practical purpose, access denied, is the same as forgotten.
It was never more than vague, imaginary perception anyway,
So, oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Barking Buddhas

Does a dog have Buddha nature? Is a dog any less Brahman than You?
Maybe dogs are born awakened, and are hanging out patiently, for us to figure it out.
Is the bouncy, tail-wagging, barky little puppy, gazing happily up at You,
Really just wondering, when the fuck You are going to zen up?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Nothing At All, All-ing All Over

Nothing to be, nothing to do.
Nothing to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel.
And yet, being, doing, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, all the while.
Such is the awareness, the cosmos of the quantum mind.
Nothing at all, all-ing all over.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Nada, Nada

There is no who.
There is no what.
There is no where.
There is no when.
There is no why.
There is no how.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What You Are Not, What You Are

You are not the body-mind identity.
You are not consciousness.
You are not the world.
You are not the universe.
You are not the quantum stardust.
You are that which is prior to all creation.
You are the awareness, You are the indivisible unicity.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2015

An Ocean Without Shore

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, is that which those who quest truth,
Are ever seeking within, are ever seeking without; sailors, sailing across an ocean without shore.
Why is that, which is everything and nothing; why is that, which is nothing and everything;
So trying, for the smoke of consciousness, of imagination, to discern and embrace?

Breadcrumbs 2015

An Indelible Mystery

The body issues forth,
From the indelible quantum mystery,
From the bonding of the seeds of male and female.
The brain gradually interprets the senses, to engineer the mind of self.
The mind that is molded, sculpted, conditioned; the mind that ever bends to its given nurture;
To its environment, to its window of time; all fostered by the play of imagination.
An ever-expanding universe of consciousness, burst into being.
An indelible quantum mystery all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2015

As Real As the Man in the Moon

We are all just actors here; players, thespians.
Automatically, spontaneously, extemporaneously,
Playing out the perceived, imaginary, temporal roles,
Nature-nurture has patterned us to believe, real and true.
But really no more real, than any man in the moon.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Play of Waves

Beginning becomes end; end becomes beginning.
Wax becomes wane; wane becomes wax.
Rise becomes fall; fall become rise.
Flow becomes ebb; ebb becomes flow.
Cause becomes effect; effect becomes cause.
The dream of time, is the play of waves ever roiling.

Breadcrumbs 2015

No Changing the Given Destiny

The Fates: Clotho (Spinner), Lachesis (Allotter), and Atropos (Inflexible),
Will transport you wherever, however, whenever they will,
No matter your otherwise fruitless efforts,
To vainly change the given course, this way or that.

Breadcrumbs 2015

If You Must Think, Think Well

The rational man, the irrational man.
The brilliant man, the obtuse man.
The kind man, the unkind man.
The wise man, the daft man.
The good man, the bad man.
The strong man, the weak man.
The pliable man, the stubborn man.
All end up in the same dusty graveyard.
No one matters near as much as they think.
And if You must think, must ponder, think well.

Breadcrumbs 2015

To Stand Aloof

It is the mind-body's instinctual patterning, to always seek the illusion of security,
That gradually morphs it, into so many variations of fear and loathing.
To stand aloof from the herd, to stand free and clear of all,
Is not a state, a quality of mind easily attained.

Breadcrumbs 2015

A Tale of Sound and Fury

The mind-body is about the consumption of its quantum dreamtime, in every way imaginable:
Food, drink, sex, power, fame, fortune, spirituality, materialism, et cetera, et cetera.
An unremitting quagmire, and ultimately all much ado about nothing.
As William Shakespeare puts it in Macbeth's soliloquy:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Unbearable Grace of Being

Anger, annoyance, irritation, antagonism, resentment, rage – eats away at the mind-body,
In ways that make liberation from its passion, more and more unlikely.
Forgiveness, challenging as it is, is the healing,
The grace that leads to the unbearable lightness of being.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The True Scientist

Why should You, would You, ever blindly believe, what You cannot discern for your Self?
Why accept another's assertion, if no convincing, tangible evidence, is available?
You, scientist, have the right, the obligation, to explore any hypothesis,
Without unwarranted pressure from any individual or group.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Of the Vain and Hollow

No, You are not going to change the ever-changing world.
This garden orb will spin on and on, the same as it always has.
Your brief window of time, will be just another vain, hollow flurry,
In a seemingly endless emanation of vain, hollow flurries.
Our vain, hollow drama is not near as critical as we,
For whatever reason, always seem to believe.

Breadcrumbs 2015

To Be Born Again

Your personality, all You imagine yourself to be, and not be, is born of desire and fear.
To be free, to reclaim the vulnerably of awareness, You must still all thought,
Silence the psyche, and merge back into the timelessness of eternity.
To do so, is to be born again, into the indelible indivisibility.
Into the absoluteness, into the eternal mystery, that is prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2015

As Free As It Gets

The awareness, the stillness, the nothingness, the absoluteness,
The aloneness, that You truly are, and are not, is as fused to reality, as You can get.
Residing in the timelessness of here now, You are free of the senses,
Free of the churnings, of mass, of vectors, of velocity,
Free of the light cavorting the darkness,
Free of the identity You are not,
That You have never been, will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Omniscient-Omnipresent-Omnipotent Eye

It is through scrutiny, through inference,
Through deduction, through induction, through intuition,
That You can even begin to grasp the subtlety of the mystery You most truly are.
And in all that, You discern, there is nothing to which You can cling.
You are but one eye, of the awareness witnessing all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Are You Mu, Yet?

Mu is a concept of negation used in Zen Buddhism,
But explored in a variety of other traditions prior to that.
It is a term defined as ‘no’, ‘not’, ‘nothing’, or ‘without,’
As nothing, not, nothingness, un-, is not, has not, not any.

[1] Nonexistence; nonbeing; not having; a lack of, without.
[2] A negative.
[3] Caused to be nonexistent.
[4] Impossible; lacking reason or cause.
[5] Pure human awareness, prior to experience or knowledge.
[6] The 'original nonbeing' from which being is produced.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Same Mystery, Another Day

What is the relationship between the awareness and the quantum indivisibility?
Are they one in the same, or is awareness prior to all creation, all preservation, all destruction?
What relationship can there possibly be, between the nothing, and the everything?
Between the awareness observing, and the energy field manifesting?
Once You discern You are not the manifestation,
What is there left to be, to do,
But whatever needs being, needs doing.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Unwavering Witness

The world spins and spins and spins.
The cosmos glimmers and glimmers and glimmers.
And You, unwavering witness through all eternity, through all eyes.
Naught but awareness – indivisible, immortal, immaculate.

Breadcrumbs 2015

A Paradigm of Absurdity

What a human-paradigm absurdity, to diligently, relentlessly strive, to be a historical footnote.
Even more so, to be the title to a chapter, a book, a movie, or a university course.
And wackiest-beyond-the-pale, of any and all, is to be the source-point,
To some obnoxious, overbearing, sanctimonious religion.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Self-Actualization of Creation

In creation, be first your own audience.
If others appreciate it, applaud it, great; if not, why care?
Draw what You want to see, play what You want to hear. write what You want to read.
Bring into manifest reality, whatever it is You feel called to experience,
Whatever summons the attention of your eye.
Create for your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Of Ductless Glands and Viscera

What would this garden world become if humankind could just throw out all the memes –
Political, economic, religious, philosophical, cultural – and start all over again.
Can anyone even begin to envision what that mindset would be?
Would we, could we, truly create anything different?
Is it not obvious that the monkey-mind,
Is too embedded in all its emotional passions,
Is too established in all its ductless glands and viscera,
Is too bound to all its illusory urges, to be free of the jungle of origin.
The fate of humankind, of the world, of the cosmos, is etched in the sands of quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Samaritan's Futility

No matter how aware any, You in any human form, might be,
We are all caught up, in every variety of habituated thought and action.
When dealing with minds, going round and round, in dysfunctional, circular loops,
Well-intentioned advice and support, are generally futile and exhausting.
How many times any well-meaning Samaritan gives it a go,
Is always dependent on the level of sainthood,
To which s/he feels committed.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Dualities of Consciousness

All creatures from small to great, have the same awareness as You.
It is only imagination, that endlessly counterfeits the notion of duality.
It is only imagination, that continually divides Youness, into me and them.
It is only imagination, that deludes itself separate from the indivisible.

Breadcrumbs 2015

You, the Intelligent Designer

Without all those memories, without all that knowledge,
Without the collusion of all the myriad others around You,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, would You have ever been?
The quantum feast, is an indivisible handiwork, of intelligent design.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Eternity's Quantum Womb

The newborn knows nothing of space and time, knows nothing of any other,
And it is the longing to rediscover the timeless birthright, the no-mind of awareness,
That calls cosmic seekers, few and far between, to quest without and within,
Until they are reborn into the stillness of eternity's quantum womb.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Stand Alone, Sovereign

Why be a true believer, in anything, or anyone?
Why allow the slaves of ignorance access to your mind and body?
Why trust any mass movement to take You anywhere, You cannot reach on your own?
Let the one-percenters and their minions wage their own wars.
Let the corporate empires fall on their own swords.
Let the creeds play out their dogmas.
Stand alone, sovereign.

Breadcrumbs 2015

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Figment of Imagination

Everything You think You are, everything You believe the cosmos to be,
Is nothing more than a subjective, haphazard collection, of vague perceptions.
A neural algorithm, evolved, naturally-selected, since life's unfathomable conception.
Organic fiber bundles, firing this way and that; lightning storms, thundering away inside skulls.
You are nothing more, than a figment of imagination; crunchy-chewy-gooey, playing out every illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Commonality of Suffering

Is it any wonder, so many across the board of human existence,
Mitigate their mundane existence, using whatever escapes are available?
Whether it be religion or sports or politics or drugs or soap operas or any whatever,
The suffering of consciousness, of sickness and injury and aging and dying,
Is an affliction, all humans equally share, no matter the given lot.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Light of Awareness

It is the eye of awareness, that shines out upon the world, that shines out upon the cosmos,
But it is imagination that devises your version, your account, your interpretation,
Your translation, your rendition, your exploration, your understanding, your conclusion,
Of all the myriad experiences, that come and go, within the sensory perception of the given vessel.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Human Paradigm in a Nutshell

You know because You agree to know.
You esteem knowledge because your conditioning,
Has disciplined You to commit to memory minutiae unending.
It is the underpinning of all identity, and commotion and spectacle unending.
The human condition, the human paradigm, in a nutshell.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Depthless Depths

The entire human paradigm,
Is but a bare scratch of Earth's history,
And far, far less, in the cosmic genesis before that.
And who can ever know, how many more creations before that.
Turtles all the way down, does not even remotely grasp,
The depthless depths, of this boggling mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Everybody's Faking It

Trust your Self, trust your intelligence, trust your intuition, trust your story.
Project confidence into whatever You say, into whatever You do.
Even if You do not know what the hell You are saying.
Or what the god-damned hell You are doing.
Fake it all the very best You can.
Everyone else is, too.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Solitude of Rationality

The mind seeks solutions, clarifications, explanations, remedies, resolutions, results, antidotes, cures.
And many if not most minds, will create one answer or another, if one is not easily available.
Hence, the proclivity toward assumption, superstition, prejudice, stereotyping,
And all the myriad other varieties of illusional-delusional cogitation.
To be rational is to stand alone, aloof from the unyielding cloud of ignorance.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Nature's Way

If You were completely on your own,
Would it have ever occurred to You, to imagine some deity?
If You had no other mythological influence, no other source other than your own eye,
Would it have ever occurred to You, that You were in any way separate,
From nature's here now, playing out all about You?

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Many Hats of Existence

You have seen and done and thought many things, You have donned many hats.
And none of it would have happened without the corporeal mind-body.
None of it would have happened without the vehicle of creation.
But You are not the vehicle, You are not the medium.
You are the awareness, You are the witness.
You are the source of all creation,
In your temporal speck of a cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Mind Your Own Awareness

Most human beings are absurdly happy, absurdly content,
With their given conditioning, their given frame of reference, their given idolatry.
To be a seer, critical thinking is required, and – doubt, disbelief, skepticism, cynicism – are rare attributes.
No point in trying to debate, to persuade, to convert, any true believer.
All must ultimately discern truth alone, in their own way.
In other words, mind your own awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2015

One Monkey, With Many Faces

It is the same babble all across the world.
The same desires, the same fears, the same passions.
The same relationships between people and activities and things.
Male and female, families, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, enemies.
Home, food, work, politics, education, theater, art, sports, hobbies, et cetera ad infinitum.
There is only one monkey in the world; one monkey, with many faces.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Nothing More Than an Imaginary Creation

Look left, look right, look up, look down, look all around.
Everything perceived, is mind-eye's projection: arbitrary, capricious, whimsical.
Random, chance, unpredictable; casual, wanton, unmotivated, motiveless, unreasoned, unsupported. Irrational, illogical, groundless, unjustified, personal, discretionary, subjective.
The You, that You, in the inseparable moment, imagine You are,
Is nothing more than quantum-mind fabrication.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Inevitable Consequences

You may well be able, to do just about anything, with that finite cadaver,
But You cannot do anything, to any great degree, all the time,
Without the bite, of some inevitable consequence,
And more than likely, quite a few.
What fate, what destiny, are You crafting?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Tick … Tick … Tick … Time Is Running Out

Humankind has been playing out its pattern of dualistic self-absorption, for thousands of years.
And through most, it was possible, with relatively minimal consequence, to plunder nature in every way.
But those daze, are long over; consequences, are daily becoming more apparent, more amplified.
Clean air, clean water, clean ground, seemingly limitless resources, are all plumbed out.
There is a looming wall, fast-approaching – tick, tick, tick – time is running out.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Trickery of Consciousness

In the tale ‘The Emperor's New Clothes,’ a tale of a vain king, swept up by a deceitful notion,
The young child, too young to understand the desirability of keeping up the pretense,
Cries out the truth no one else dared: "But he isn't wearing anything at all!"
And if You step back a bit, You will clearly see the human paradigm,
Is based entirely, on the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity trickery, of consciousness,
An imaginary dreamtime reality, to which the eternal truth has no allegiance, whatsoever.

Breadcrumbs 2015

From Who to How

Who is the who, who who’s?
What is the what, what what’s?
Where is the where, where where’s?
When is the when, when when’s?
Why is the why, why why’s?
How is the how, how how’s?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Forget the Who-What-Where-When-Why-How

Forget who You think You are, and all You think You know.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness, with none of the bothers,
About who and what and where and when and why and how,
And all the illusional designs, to which mind subscribes.

Breadcrumbs 2015

A One-Time Cabaret

No, You will not be back.
It is a one-time cabaret for each and every player.
Different strands of DNA, all witnessed by the same unborn-undying awareness.
Nothing personal about it, despite all notions to the contrary.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Real Kool-Aid

What a beast, deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), in its mindless quest for immortality,
That it would relentlessly persevere in propagating consciousness,
Into so many hazardous, torturous circumstances:
Ailments, illnesses, infections, viruses, syndromes, diseases,
Maladies, disorders, accidents, disasters, misfortunes, catastrophes,
Mishaps, malaise, mayhem, turmoil, havoc, bedlam, anarchy, pandemonium,
Calamites, conflicts, and every other sort of indescribably painful whatever, ad infinitum.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Infinity of Hells

The details, the details.
The nuances, the nuances.
The minutiae, the minutiae.
The particulars, the particulars.
The elements, the elements.
The niceties, the niceties.
The facets, the facets.
The facts, the facts.
The parts, the parts.
The aspects, the aspects.
The specifics, the specifics.
The finer points, the finer points.
The infinity of hells that havoc the mind.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Seemingly

Seemingly mortal, yet not all the time.
Seemingly carefree, yet not all the time.
Seemingly arrogant, yet not all the time.
Seemingly egocentric, yet not all the time.
Seemingly narcissistic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly sociopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly psychopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly courageous, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intelligent, yet not all the time.
Seemingly attached, yet not all the time.
Seemingly relaxed, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intense, yet not all the time.
Seemingly foolish, yet not all the time.
Seemingly this or that, yet not all the time.
Seemingly so many things, yet not all the time.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What Will You Do?

T-Shirt Karma,
Coffee Mug Dharma:
What Would Jesus Do?
What Would Lao Tzu Do?
What Would Nietzsche Do?
What Would Siddhartha Do?
What Would Muhammad Do?
What Would Zoroaster Do?
What Would Krishna Do?
What Would Waldo Do?
What Will You Do?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Forever Inexplicable

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Passions

The passions can be a heady mix of emotions, often impetuous, barely controllable.
From Wikipedia, a list of the A-to-W ways it can play out in any of us: affection, anger,
Angst, anguish, annoyance, anticipation, anxiety, apathy, arousal, awe, boredom, confidence,
Contempt, contentment, courage, curiosity, depression, desire, despair, disappointment, disgust,
Distrust, ecstasy, embarrassment, empathy, envy, euphoria, fear, frustration, gratitude, grief,
Guilt, happiness, hatred, hope, horror, hostility, humiliation, interest, jealousy, joy,
Loneliness, love, lust, outrage, panic, passion, pity, pleasure, pride, rage, regret,
Remorse, resentment, sadness, saudade, schadenfreude, self-confidence,
Shame, shock, shyness, sorrow, suffering, surprise, trust, wonder,
Worry, and who knows how many honorable mentions
In the hard-wiring of the jungles of long ago.
We are the Planet of the Apes, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2015

You, Scientist

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Ebb and Flow

Ebb and flow,
Yield and resist,
Listen and speak,
Receive and impart,
Retreat and attack,
Maneuver and fire,
Block and strike,
Give and take,
Yin and yang.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What You Cannot Know

You cannot feel that which cannot be felt.
You cannot see that which cannot be seen.
You cannot hear that which cannot be heard.
You cannot taste that which cannot be tasted.
You cannot smell that which cannot be smelt.
You cannot know that which cannot be known.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who, What, Where, When, Why, How

Who, what, where, when, why, how … am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … are You?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … is anyone?
Who, what, where, when, why, how …….. is anything?
But the same indivisible upwelling permeating everything.
Call it by whatever vibration You choose, it is the same clayness,
The same omniscience, the same omnipotence, the same omnipresence,
The same unborn-undying awareness, ever creating its Self anew.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Be the Light

See the light,
Hear the light,
Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Mystery, I Calls It

Some call it, God.
Some call it, Allah.
Some call it, Yahweh.
Some call it, Brahman.
Some call it, Quantum.
Some call it, Jehovah.
Some call it, Shiva.
Some call it, Tao.
I call it, Mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Liar, Cheat, Thief, Murderer

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I am only a hypocrite when bored out of my mind, and just can't help my Self.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain't no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don't bear telling.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
But I am only a hypocrite when given moments of vanity force my hand.

I may be a liar, I may be a cheat, I may be a thief,
And I may daily conspire every variety of murder and mayhem,
But at least I ain't no Jesus-loving-god-forsaken-double-dealing hypocrite.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
That said, hypocrisy and pretentiousness are not strangers at the table, either.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between bouts of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least I am not a hypocrite more often than vain notion calls.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And whatever that does not deal with makes me a hypocrite, too.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And sometimes, when the mood strikes, I even go rogue and dip into hypocrisy.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And let us not leave out all the hypocrisy that dallies between the cracks.

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit.

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least You are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

Do not even for a second believe that I did not more than a few times play the demon.
I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And I am guardian serving and protecting all.
I am consciousness,
Every facet unfurled as the given time calls.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Full Monty: Breadcrumbs 2015 Leftovers

(Major Edit – Untitled)

To become a skeptic, a cynic, a doubter, an agnostic, one becomes an adversary of delusion,
An antagonist to the fallacies of mythology, superstition, and other cultural assumptions.
The mind of the critical thinker is its own reflection of what is real, and what is not.

* * * *

What hope can there be for harmony, in a world swirled and hurled asunder,
By the exponentially accelerating technologies of death and mayhem.
War is peace in this Darwinian leap into the survival of the fittest.
And those who endure, those who abide the dystopian future,
Are not necessarily the stronger, or the more intelligent,
But those most adaptable to the pendulum of time.

* * * *

No matter how assiduously one may give heart and mind,
Over to some idea, some creed, some meme, some groupthink,
No individual existence can ever be close to being exactly the same.
Despite all thought and done, all are exclusive blends of the same stardust.

* * * *

The personal pronouns – I, You, he, she, it, we, they, me, him, her, us, them –
Should be considered in all these thoughts rather loosely used,
Given that 'we' are really nothing more than the nothingnesss of awareness,
Playing a game of charades conditioned by time, drawing toward a whimpering conclusion.

* * * *

Measuring our deterioration one graph at a time;
Kind of like an already abysmal poker hand that only draws worse.
The good news is we will be leaving behind a prodigious assortment of videos and such,
For the extraterrestrials to check out, when they finally show up, maybe.

* * * *

Best to be somewhat cautious with that body.
It is the only one You will have on this relatively brief journey.
It is more than a little fun to toss it around, and gratify it with every form of indulgence,
But know that there are many consequences to each of the deadly sins.
Pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth,
Should never to be taken lightly.

* * * *

The grace of youth, the wonder of innocence, sooner or later, quickly or slowly,
Gives way to the inevitable decline and fall of sickness, injury, aging, and dying.
The end of all entitlement, no matter how grand, is most assuredly guaranteed.

* * * *

The idolatry of form has drawn many a mind throughout the rise of humankind.
How many whimsical notions have been fabricated across the world,
Faces we can see, rather than the one and only we cannot.

* * * *

Is money to be considered an end, a raison d'être, in itself,
Or a means to survive, a means to experience one's fleeting existence,
In as many satisfying, entertaining, hedonistic, even enlightening ways, as possible?

* * * *

What is light? What is dark? What is good? What is evil?
What is right? What is wrong? What is agony? What is ecstasy?
And what is the impenetrable awareness, permeating all things imagined?

* * * *

Likely not many are watching You, or thinking about You,
Near as much as your monkey-mind might choose to believe.
You are only the center of your imaginary version of the universe,
And every other life form, all across this mystery, the center of theirs.

* * * *

How can there be even a trace of loneliness,
Once the eternal aloneness of the ultimate nature is discerned?
It is not a thing to be dreaded or forestalled, once the monkey-mind is transcended.
Embracing its indivisible inviolability is the most genuine faith.
No idolatry or glass cathedrals required.

* * * *

Sophistication in any field of endeavor,
Is a matter of how the given capacities and limitations,
Double-double-toil-and-troubling their way into conscious awareness.
Who are the most skillful, but the few-and-far-between, allotting their fullest attention.

* * * *

So what?
To everything.

* * * *

For as long as there is air, and a body-mind bent on existing,
You are free to breathe it in and breathe and it out,
A witness to the mystery beyond measure.
Enjoy in joy as best ye are able.

* * * *

The scientific mind is ever observing, measuring.
Ever exploring everything, in every way imaginable.
True science transcends all frames, all boundaries.
The profound challenge is to keep it harmless.

* * * *

Your only constriction, is being locked up in the temporal body.
The indivisible youness, You truly are, knows no bounds.
Only imagination binds itself to its given universe.

* * * *

There are no exceptions, no exemptions, no get-out-of-jail cards.
All are destined for one expiration date or another.
More certain than taxes, to be sure.

* * * *

We are all the center of our unique little dream; every sentient life form is.
None can be the same, no matter how diligent the effort,
And why even try? Why even bother?

* * * *

Narcissism is defined as the pursuit of gratification,
From vanity or egotistic admiration of one's own attributes.
If You are past all that, if You have transcended the given mind-body,
Why should You not esteem your essential Self, with every ounce of your being?

* * * *

The thoughts of time, mixed and remixed, times beyond counting.
Who knows what was scribbled when or where,
And why would it matter?
Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

Consciousness is relatively capable of anything imagination can conceive,.and quantum physics allow.
It boils down to playing out the blueprint, the programming, of the given seed line, as it sprouts into time.

* * * *

What is an orgasm, but the mind’s most innate high,
A very present, very pleasurable detonation in the timeless now.
A disintegration, a dissolution, of any sense of self, of any sense of separation.
Is it any wonder our species gallops the edge of obsession about everything to do with it?
Sexuality is the wellspring, the underlying force, the fulcrum of human history.
Power, renown, prosperity, the creativity of art, science, technology,
All have come about as aphrodisiacs to its gratification.
And all of it, the evolutionary outcome,
Of the genomic ambition to abide evermore.

* * * *

So many faces come and gone, in the rolodex of life.
So many moments spent together, so many things shared.
What happened to them all, what stories unfolded into destiny?
The things we can never know of our dreamtime, are many and large.

* * * *

Every eye, a subjective filter.
Objectivity is the ruse of idealistic notion.
No matter how detached, how indifferent the endeavor,
It is ever seen through the personal coloring of the conditioned mind.

* * * *

What are all human beings but liars, cheats, thieves, murderers, and anarchists.
In the cradle of the genetic lottery, we are the jungle from which we were spun.

* * * *

What is so dysfunctional, so surreal, about the human species,
Is its obsession with what others think, and what others think about them.
Groupthink has been a mainstay of our survival in this dreamtime,
But its interminable absurdities are beyond measure.

* * * *

Existence creates many questions, answers to which, often raise many more.
And on and on, knowledge bounds into its fabricated future.
What is the parable of Adam and Eve,
But the plucking of knowledge from the garden,
And then carrying on with whatever its imaginary whirl concocted,
Eventually swirling into the marvel and madness of these our so-called modern times.

* * * *

Unless You have managed to achieve the higher percentiles,
Best to be practical and frugal, best to live within your means.
Exorbitant debt can get unmanageably ugly, way too very quickly.

* * * *

This cosmos, this world, was not created by meekness,
By fear, by hope, by political correctness, by any absurdity whatsoever.
The vagaries of the human condition, are but a hiccup in the kaleidoscoping eternal theater.

* * * *

Is the moi, You think You know, the moi, I think I am?
Of course not, nor would the visa-versa ever be bona fide, either?
We are all one-of-a-kind imaginary universes, each and every one, at center stage,
All of it happening in a quantum sort-of-maybe indivisible way.

* * * *

Consciousness is an insatiable force.
Were it to heartily devour the entire universe,
Were it to experience absolutely everything imaginable,
It would not be enough, it would still yearn for more, more, more.

* * * *

Same old story in yet another tale.
The cast, the crew, the stage, has changed,
But the patterned narrative is very much the same.

* * * *

A great curiosity, a great absurdity, about this two-legged drama,
Is why so many are so concerned what others think or do.
What is all this judgment but a survival mechanism,
Bred into being in the jungles of long ago.
Yay or nay, it is ever entangling.

* * * *

All concepts, whether of some deity,
A horse, a chair, a rock, a star, or some abstract quantum formula,
Are born of limitation because they can never be more than formulations of temporal consciousness.
No sound will ever be more than a vibration, no perception will ever be tangible,
Including the You, that You in mind-body believe so real.
It is all a dream born of imagination.

* * * *

If history has proven anything,
It is that far too many always manage,
To talk themselves into just about anything.

* * * *

Very dubious whether our seemingly innate attachment to the past,
To whatever tradition, to whatever time and geography, we might subscribe,
Is leaving many if any real options in the future just round the bend.

* * * *

If there is a purpose in all this, then surely this here, this now, is it.
An immense theater in which You, a drop in all, are the all in a drop.
The real and only You, sovereign, absolute, indivisibly immaculate.

* * * *

A word of warning to the young: Avoid doing really dumbass things whenever possible.
If what You are undertaking is akin to walking eyes-closed across a busy freeway,
Then it might be best to do some checking in with your common-sense meter.
That is assuming, of course, that You want to arrive at some ripe old age,
In a reasonably healthy body, with a reasonably functioning mind.
And rest assured, this is a ‘do what I say, not what I did’ suggestion.
Life is longer than You realize in the early years, and blunders cannot be undone.
Believe me when I say, that I was probably as foolish as You, and have paid many penalties.
Our kind is hard-wired for narcissism and hedonism, and moderation is a tack requiring great discipline.

* * * *

Imagine all the life forms on this garden planet,
And realize that You are of the same clayness as each and every one.

Look out into the sea of stars, and discern the same.
All are cousins of the same source.

* * * *

Every geography, in its own time, is its own brand of modern,
All very likely, equally resistant to other renderings of the same.

* * * *

Nature's dogma is the unwritten law determined and enforced by quantum mechanics:
Irrevocable, irreversible, unalterable, unchangeable, immutable, undeniable,
Incontrovertible, indisputable, permanent, binding, absolute, final.

* * * *

Time to get another trim, cut another nail.
Time to eat another steak, drink another bottle of wine.
Time to take another jaunt, another walk, another shit, another piss.
Time to fill another form, smog another car, pay another bill, lace up another shoe.
Time to abide another debate, cast another stone, suffer another injury, endure another death.
How many times does one need to do something or another, to catch the drift?

* * * *

Who contemplates?
Who perceives?
Who knows?
Who cares?
Who feels?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who hopes?
Who believes?
Who does anything?

* * * *

Somewhere in time, somewhere in space,
Some mind first said it, first wrote it, first built it.
Different mind, same mind, all derived of the same essence.
The same unfathomable, indivisible, ineffaceable, ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Assuming any survive the dystopian now daily unfolding,
They will be walking in the ruins of self-absorption and greed,
Unlike any time, the world and all its critters, has ever seen.

* * * *

Ultimately, the final stage, is to let go,
All You have done, all You have not done,
All that the world is, all that the world is not,
And just silently wander in unutterable solitude.

* * * *

You are but a fleeting window in the seed principle's theater of dreamtime.
Think what You will of its inexplicable mystery, You are but a player,
And all your conclusions, all your assumptions, mean nothing.

* * * *

Quantifying, measuring, everything imaginable, what is the point, really?
Being ever-present in your inexplicable walkabout,
Now, that is a challenge, indeed.

* * * *

Science and technology stand on the shoulders of all those who have come before.
Turtles all the way down, and all the way up, too, for as long as the dream plays out.

* * * *

Time and space are but a mortal fabrication of memory cells, of neuron trails.
The nothing more, nothing less, of quantum vapor, playing the indivisible real.

* * * *

So many sermonizing from some pulpit in their mind: 'Don't do this, don't do that.'
All based on utterly absurd, often contradictory notions, written thousands of years ago,
Warnings of a go-directly-to-hell naughty list, kept by some Santa Claus up in the clouds.
Well, any defensive lineman worth his salt, knows to shove back or sally around the blocker.
There is not any dogma, any on-high authority, that means squat to those bent on Self-discovery.

* * * *

If You take your body, your vehicle, your temple, your meat machine, for granted,
It will only be too unhappy to again and again, in many ways,
Remind You of the error of your ways.

* * * *

Different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different livelihoods, different clothes.
Different foods, different sports, different creeds, different absurdities.
Different this, that, and the other thing.
Same monkey.

* * * *

And what would this inane world be like, if we all respected each other,
If we all treated one another, as we would ourselves choose to be treated?
Is the so-called Golden Rule anything more than an ideal, a soporific notion,
To which vanity only rarely allows more than lip service be paid.

* * * *

Revenge has a long memory,
And it is only through self-restraint,
That it is not severely exacted at some point.
How many are fortunate that they have not endured,

What others have contemplated with one apparatus or another.

* * * *

What a curious thing, how flesh can in one instance be so enticing,
And in another, be only just a few clicks well past horrifying.
Everything abides in one slice of relativity or another.
Perception is all, and all must endure one way or another.

* * * *

Not even one moment in your entire existence, has ever been more than a dream.
None of it has ever been truly real, but for the ephemeral nothingness,
That is as close to 'reality' as this mystery can ever be.

* * * *

What solution can there be to the interminability of it all,
When the universe You were in no longer exists.
When You are, each and every moment,
Ever streaming past some point of no return.

* * * *

Human beings are absolutely no different,
Than any other biological creatures in this manifest realm.
And we will, each and every one of us, disincorporate the same as every other,
In Mother Nature's magically indifferent dream of space and time.

* * * *

So many interesting things to do in any life,
That are entirely satisfied by a spoonful of imagination.
The real thing, often being far too out of reach,
Or too bothersome to bother doing.

* * * *

So many wandering about,
Regurgitating one blather or another,
When right smack dab in the miasma of their mind,
Is the most inexplicable mystery they could ever hope to discern.

* * * *

Time travel?
How can You cross something that does not exist,
As anything more than an imaginary notion?

* * * *

To exist free of vanity is a rare feat, indeed, and more often than not only in deep sleep.
Whether it is even possible on more than sporadic occasions when awake,
Might well be instigator for the greatest vanity possible,
And even get You dangled on a cross, or molded into a garden statue.

* * * *

Those furry things that swing from branch to branch; yes, You are very much related.
What is a few million years of evolution, when You really should be talking,
About the many billions, it took to build the stage in the first place.

* * * *

There is little or no point, in trying to explain or justify anything, to anyone, really.
May as well remain mute, to those who will never understand the inner quest.
The apologist for the ephemeral, is ultimately only babbling away to Self.

* * * *

As perfect as the word, the number, the note, the line, the hue, might be,
It is instantly but a perception, forever caught in the amber of imagination.

* * * *

Everyone believes whatever falsehoods they want to believe,
Until doubt perhaps slowly sprouts in one cranny, one nook or another.
And from that moment on, who knows where the long and winding road will lead.

* * * *

The task is to discern the nature of heaven in the hell humankind has made of paradise.
There is no god, no devil; there is no good, no evil; there is only consciousness imagining all.
And You are really very much on your own, in figuring it out, in whatever way your destiny ordains.

* * * *

Words, numbers, notes, lines,
And other such conceptual intrigues,
Are the limitless playground of imagination.
They cavort through nothing to their mind's content.

* * * *

If You are acting out some dogma, You are beating a wrong tack.
There is no right way, there is no wrong way, there is only the Way.

* * * *

What a tale to tell, of all these perpetual monopoly games,
Striving for vanity and greed's supremacy in the Game of Mammon.
Which we must all participate – like it or no – to some degree.

* * * *

What is called goodness, is consciousness without ulterior motive.
What is called evil, is consciousness distorted by perception,
Into every imaginable contortion of self-absorption.

* * * *

The Seventh Day was much more a paradise,
Than the human mind has fashioned in the Eighth.
And the Ninth is coming up to bat, the Tenth is on deck,

And what might be played beyond that, only the mystery knows.

* * * *

Rest as easy as the abrasive traces of the mind-body allow,
In all the traumas your existence has inspired in its neurological frame.
It is the anxiety all life forms balance in order to survive,
In order to propagate a future for its kind,
Until extinction snuffs it out.

* * * *

Best not to declare most anything impossible in the human paradigm,
For there always seems to be some mind, in one cubicle, one garage or another,
Looking to find one way or another, to prove You wrong, yet again.

* * * *

Why should You not be somewhat irritated, frustrated, irascible,
That your innocence was defiled, corrupted, maligned,
By the wearing quagmire of human inanity?

* * * *

"It is this way," said one. "No, it is this way," asserted another.
"No, it is neither of those ways, it is this way," bickered yet another.
And on and on and on and on … all the rights, all the wrongs,
All the ethical dilemmas, of all who juggle such notions.

* * * *

Religious fervor ebbs and flows, rises and falls, in the bell curves of space-time.
Eternal life is the essence, the genesis, of the ever-present now,
The born again-ness of each and every moment.

* * * *

To consciously be the light unto thy Self,
Is up to You, and You alone, to explore and perceive.
An ever-present journey through a long and winding mind, to be sure.

* * * *

What need for worship, for piety, for virtue,
For belief, for faith, for dogma, for idolatry, for ritual,
Once You have discerned, what You truly are, is prior to all perception.

* * * *

Even the intelligent, the honorable, the healthy, the beautiful, the loving,
Earn the undivided attention of maggots and other dignitaries of obliteration.

* * * *

Meditation is suspending the worldly attributes, fabricated by the sensory mind,
And instead wandering about, in the timeless indivisibility of the quantum ether.

* * * *

So many distractions this manifest creation offers.
Tangible and intangible, in every ways-and-means imaginable.
But what is a Self to do, when all become so passé,
When even watching it is bother.

* * * *

The body may exist, the mind may think, but is it really You doing any of it?
Are You really any more than witness to the given nature-nurture?
Attached only to the mesmerizing churning of the senses,
And the innumerable vain notions they parlay?

* * * *

Forget everything, and what else will You be,
But what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
Minus the space, minus the time, minus the fiction.

* * * *

It is your desire for more, your fear of less, that leaves You time-bound.
That leaves the born-again-death of eternal life ever just out of reach.

* * * *

That which was never born has no measure.
It is an indivisible essence, a potency igniting all.
All discrimination is born of the miasma of imagination.

* * * *

We all seek out others who perceive the world the same,
And yet no one ever does, no one ever can,
Because it is just not possible,
To negate the solitude, the aloneness, within all.

* * * *

Do You think any worm chewing on your eyeball in some future-past,
Would ever care any more about You, than You do that chicken?
Everything is cuisine for one indifferent beast or another.

* * * *

Best to introspect your own cabaret before judging another's.
We are all cousins of the same mysterious puddle,
And we all live in glass houses.

* * * *

Awareness is the immortal connection,
That indivisibly transcends all creations small to great,
Across all heavens, all hells, further than any eye but one, will ever see.

* * * *

Once You are free of karma, whatever happened,
To reach this timeless, ephemeral moment, no longer matters.
Here You are, the one in the same, as liberated as You care, or un-care, to be.

* * * *

Even the sharpest, most strident blade, cannot pierce the awareness unborn, undying.
Timeless, changeless, ageless, indivisibly, immortally indifferent, to any stab or slice.

* * * *

How some minds spend their existence in the ecstasy of creative fire,
And others abide, unable to lend more than an occasional spark,
Is a mystery, for which spectators tithe a great deal of coin.

* * * *

This spinning garden world is both womb and graveyard,
And the existence between, but a wormhole,
In the grand matrix of oblivion.

* * * *

Ego is the source of all flaws, the playground of all flaws, the upshot of all flaws.
What other creature across this world, daily sustains such a burdensome weight.

* * * *

Star stuff, come unto life.
Thou art quantum, thou art God, thou art whatever,
Forever and evers beyond.

* * * *

What is sex, what is an orgasm, but stimulation.
Friction, by whatever means accessible.
Cloaked with every imaginable justification of mind,
But really nothing more than the most primal urge to procreate,
Playing out the genetic lottery's ultimately pointless pursuit of immortality.

* * * *

What is this phenomenon called life,
But a collection of extremely obtuse notions,
To which a completely imagined self is so attached.

* * * *

The best learning is spontaneous, anonymous,
Where teacher and student connect deeply,
And perhaps never see each other again.

* * * *

What need to have some group, some herd, corroborate the obvious?
What need to teach, to illuminate, that which cannot be taught?
What need to pretend, that which is only ever pretend?

* * * *

What culture, what tradition, what meme, what ethos, what garden,
Can withstand the onslaught of so many billions,
In just a few hundred years?

* * * *

Misogyny and misandry are the loathing of innate differences,
Selected in the puddles, the jungles, the diverse geographies, of long ago.
What it took to survive, to abide, in those way-back-when's, are far different stories,
In these our modern, materialistic, overwrought, so-called civilized times.

* * * *

The dark side of our indelible tool-making ability, all our technologies,
Is how often we are overwhelmed and burdened, even subjugated,
By their efficiency, by their sovereignty, by their omnipotence.

* * * *

As if any individual, any group, any culture, any mindset,
Can really change or control a world, a universe,
This colossal, this diverse, this complex,
This unutterably mysterious.

* * * *

A bubble of awareness, nothing more, nothing less.
Naught but imagination, coupled with the sensory feed,
Dressing it infinitesimal to infinite, as the given mind allows.

* * * *

Who is not both predator and prey, hunter and quarry, slayer and slain,
At capricious junctures in this temporal theater of existence.
Each has its time, each as its place, and the rub,
Is knowing when, is knowing how.

* * * *

The same conversations have been going on since the advent of language.
Only cultural distinctions shaped by geography and time,
Have made them appear different,
And humanity has never dealt well with contrasts.

* * * *

Go to that state of solitude, that awareness prior to time,
That eternal here-now prior to consciousness,
Where no other has never abided.
That placeless place,
The source code of creation.

* * * *

What is any history, any saga, any memoir, any narration,
But a set of partial perceptions of one mind or many,
Precisely asserted by one storyteller or another.
What really transpired any given here now,
Is very likely always a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances can be teachers, guides, companions,
That aid the exploration of the relativity of consciousness,
And the inexplicable mystery from whence it arises.
Harmful only if they are misused and abused.
Moderation, equilibrium, equanimity, in all things.

* * * *

It is in consciousness that all heavens and hells reside.
In awareness, the ineffable ethereal of all things,
There is naught but the serenity of oblivion.

* * * *

You are going to have to let go of everyone and everything eventually.
The choice is whether or not to wake up and embrace it choicelessly now,
Or continually to be carried astray, by the countless mirages of mind,
Until that last wheezing breath, takes You away, deaf and blind.

* * * *

The truth is equally within all things from small to great,
And only those who surrender to its beingness,
Are free of imagination's constraints.

* * * *

It can be more than a little challenging, looking into that mirror,
And seeing the geezer or hag, You so easily ignored when You were young.
Along with all the many aches and pains and regrets of aging,
Probably one of the hardest parts about growing old,
Is recalling that You were once young.

* * * *

Any given dogma is about power and control,
And desire and fear will ever give way to the carrot and stick,
That extract the tithing toward whatever coffer,
Some other inevitably contrives.

* * * *

Time does not exist.
It never has, and never will.
It is entirely an invention of imagination,
And without the neural pathways fashioned by evolution,
Its presumption, the dreamtime of creation, would never have entertained.

* * * *

To abide in the timeless truth of this manifest reverie,
One must focus attention upon that which is prior to consciousness.
That momentary awareness, ever prior to the me-myself-and-I of conscious design.

* * * *

The sound of one hand clapping is the sound of …
The big bang five trillion big bangs ago,
The moment just before a sneeze,
The other hand clapping,
A dust ball swirling,
An atom splitting,
A minnow winking,
A wave's furthest reach,
The wiggle of a loose tooth,
Dust settling upon a dewdrop,
The moment before a door slams,
Wind wafting along the edge of a rock,
Time changing on the face of a digital clock,
A water balloon bursting through a chain link fence,
The brush of a butterfly's wing upon the surface of the moon,
A paper plane gliding through the stillness of a room,
The ground falling toward a descending plane,
Sunlight reflecting off a beetle's back,
A wheel bouncing above the road,
A mosquito's needle piercing,
A gnat flapping one wing,
The space between the eyes,
A crippled cockroach dancing,
A tear tugged downward by gravity,
A spit wad just before smacking its target,
Angels dancing madly on the proverbial pinhead.
The pause between breaths, the breath between pauses.

* * * *

A question for the scientist, who harbors in any inquisitive, rational, un-aligned mind,
Has a hypothesis to spare, and inclination for observation within and without:
Are all the passions of consciousness enhanced by oxygen deprivation,
Born of the many stresses and strains fashioned by suffering?
Is something so simple, root cause of so much angst?
Root cause, to all that has fashioned the human paradigm?

* * * *

You have more than most could ever even dream,
And still, You cannot open that tight-fisted grip.

* * * *

Consciousness can never catch-up, much less overtake,
That which only presence of the timeless awareness knows.

* * * *

You are not the body, nor are You any fiction born of mind.
The first and last freedom ambles free and clear of any other.

* * * *

Sobering as all these and many other thoughts may be,
They are ever of the same vanity as all things temporal.

* * * *

To exist mindlessly, or mindfully, that is the question.
And, really, ultimately, what choice has there ever been?

* * * *

The given moment is always the first time, the last time, the only time.
Discerning that clearly, freely, absolutely, is what 'born again' implies.

* * * *

The aging mind is crisscrossed by scores of rutted paths,
With fewer ruts wandered as time nears its inevitable end.

* * * *

No point in creating another absurd dog and pony show,
For the same choir that is always coming back for more.

* * * *

All preferences are inconsequential at the awareness level.
Choicelessness is the nature of the quantum indivisibility.

* * * *

Regarding all the vampires in your foamy wake,
The wonder is that You ever trusted any of them.

* * * *

Into illusory weaving,
Samsara entices You again and again.
Such an unwavering, tenacious opponent, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

If You never witnessed another scene, smelled another scent,
Tasted another flavor, heard another sound, felt another texture,
Would it really matter?

* * * *

It is not your body, nor is it my body.
It is merely a temporal container from which to witness,

Yet another mortal dream, play its Self out.

* * * *

The manifest universe is but an endless array of hooks,
That catch and bind all who are not nimble and carefree.

* * * *

Nowness is the bow of the boat, knifing through the still water,
And the boat and its wake, are the imaginary pretense of existence.

* * * *

Your cosmos disappears and reappears every kaleidoscoping moment,
In the ever-bubbling wake of imagination's ever-present dissolution.

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen.
So, what does it mean, that You are drawn,
To peruse these and so many other similar thoughts?

* * * *

As a smile is to a frown,
It is far less taxing to be good, than it is evil.
Far more simple, to live in truth, than it is to promote lie after.

* * * *

If You were really granted one wish, what would it be?
(More wishes and world peace excluded)

* * * *

How did You forget not to piss in your own back yard,
And that in reality, the whole world is your back yard?

* * * *

The universe has expanded to this singular moment,
That You might be witness to your indelible mystery.

* * * *

The only way You imagine the perception of past or future,
Is through the eternal, very present nowness of awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is the constant in the grand experiment.
Everything else, the variables of imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is this hypothesis called 'All' but each and every one.
The same nothingness, dreaming an individual play of time.

* * * *

From relatively subtle, nondescript, innocent beginnings,
Did the insidiousness of this dystopian reality take root.

* * * *

We all have advocates.
We all have detractors.
It is a monkey thing.

* * * *

You are the singularity, the unicity, the oneness.
All sense of duality is delusion spawned by illusion.

* * * *

Fitting into one mindset or another, why, really?
What is this fear of standing alone, absolutely free?

* * * *

Limitation is splintered in every way imaginable.
Perfection has no frames, no boundaries, no limits.

* * * *

The manifest world entices You and repulses you,
Like a yin-yang symbol spinning round and round.

* * * *

How can words ever be as exact as You would have them be?
So much can be mislaid or misinterpreted in any translation.

* * * *

Alas, poor body, used and abused over time, in so many ways.
Slowly, surely, becoming a torture chamber of its own design.

* * * *

All creation stories are but theatrics of imagination,
Speculating realities that have never,
Nor will ever exist.

* * * *

The ephemeral nothingness of awareness is ever the same.
Only consciousness, only imagination, is ever-changing.

* * * *

No one can compel anyone to think, to believe, anything,
To which they do not, wittingly or unwittingly, collude.

* * * *

Imagine if all humankind could clearly discern the ultimate.

How different might this whirling garden dust ball really be?

* * * *

Of the five elements: earth, water, fire, wind, and ether,
You are the flawless singularity within and without all.

* * * *

You, too, shall one day be a carcass on one ground or another.
Be not proud.

* * * *

Nothing before, nothing during, nothing after.
How much more simply can this mystery be seen?

* * * *

Steer your paradigm back toward its source.
Move prior to all egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric fabrications.
You need not subscribe to any limitation born of mind.

* * * *

Neither happy nor sad, kind nor bitter, humble nor vain,
The eternal awareness of the quantum essence simply is.

* * * *

Why be bound by the confinements of any arbitrary tradition,
When You can soar alone in the immensity of a clear mind.

* * * *

All quantum patterns must reside in the ambiguity, the tyranny,
Of the genetic lottery's given set of capacities and limitations.

* * * *

We are all our own law, our own judge, our own jury,
The execution of which, You must liberate your Self.

* * * *

Why is it so challenging for so many to grasp, to fathom,
That they are simultaneously, both creator and created?

* * * *

Will the first day really be any different than the last?
Or any different, than they were every day between?

* * * *

When one deity or many are imagined,
There is inevitably doctrine, idolatry, fraud,
And every vain gradation of absurdity imaginable.

* * * *

So many people, places, things,
You might have done so differently, or not at all,
But then where would You be, but somewhere else, exactly the same.

* * * *

Life: sometimes a gift, sometimes a curse.
Attitude is all, and oftentimes, it sucks greatly.

* * * *

A long cultural tradition means little, if You have gleaned nothing more from it,
Than a handful of obtuse egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric notions.

* * * *

Everything is timelessly, indivisibly connected.
All dualistic perceptions are entirely imagined.

* * * *

Any die rolling across a table,
Is as much an evolutionary process,
As any transitory fate of the so-called living.

* * * *

You already are the eternal life of the quantum indivisibility.
The only question is whether or not You have discerned it.

* * * *

You are That which many call God, creating this vast dream,
Each vessel absolutely unique, yet through it all,
There is truly not even one other.

* * * *

The astounding thing about these temporal, mortal containers,
Is that they are ever healing, ever surviving, as best they can.

* * * *

We have all witnessed completely different universes,
Each in our very unique way, each very much alone.

* * * *

Trust God? Hah! I would sooner trust the Devil,
Though they are, in truth, very much the same.

* * * *

Traditions are inevitable in minds steeped in patterns,
Ever seeking a sense of security in the face of chaos.

* * * *

The crashing waves are not the eternal ocean,
From which they rush foaming across the sand.

* * * *

Instead of being grateful for what You have,
You hunger for more this, more that.
Consciousness is insatiable.

* * * *

Many require some vintage time,
For any writing to be worth considering,
As if the weight of history really means anything.

* * * *

Words, expansive as they may be, will never be more,
Than the contortions of that born in the dream of time.

* * * *

A most curious thing how soon we all become hoarders,
Of more far more memories than we can ever remember.

* * * *

Why is there always this need to research the obvious,
Except perchance as a means to avoid decisive action.

* * * *

As You gossip about others, so others likely do about You.
It is a monkey-mind thing across the entire dust ball.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

So many commemorate after someone departs,
But who was there while they were supposedly alive,
But an unfathomable bubble of unborn-undying awareness.

* * * *

No need to make a big deal about anything, really.
Here You are, enjoy it as best You can, if You can.

* * * *

From the ultimate quantum still-point,
How meaningless all sounds given concept,
All motions given flourish, all dreams given reality.

* * * *

The newborn is pure awareness,
Lost in the sensory play, no direction known.
And then the winds of space and time begin their sculpting.

* * * *

You are the awareness prior to all notions of consciousness.
You are in the mind-body, but not of it.
Be here now.

* * * *

There is no need to believe in God when You are God.
No need to believe in anything, really.
Just being is enough.

* * * *

So many existential questions without answer.
What can anyone do but become very present.

* * * *

Between the nowness of eternity and the dream of mind,
'Tis a ceaseless in and out … in and out … in and out …

* * * *

Victory in any conflict is based on some level of attrition:
Of time, of energy, of resources, and, ofttimes, of existence.

* * * *

The brain stem, the original evolution of the mind,
Is as in harmony with the primal awareness,
As any point of consciousness can be.

* * * *

There are a near-infinity of perspectives,
Upon which to endlessly, repeatedly ponder,
Until You are able to still the mind, and be free.

* * * *

There is likely no deity watching You from on high.
Only You peering out with two eyes,
And within with one.

* * * *

You are not, have never been,
And will never be, what You think You are.
You are not any sound that imagination has ever devised.

* * * *

If there is some all-powerful divinity out there,
Then it is on him/her/it to make it known to everyone.
No point in playing all these idolatry games we call religion.

* * * *

Fallow time is time well spent for any field of endeavor,
But especially in those involving the human genome.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos You are, is the only master,
And all its faces and forms, your myriad teachers.

* * * *

Words create, words preserve, words destroy.
Use them wisely as all your attachments allow.

* * * *

Indivisibility is indefinable, immeasurable, timeless,
And yet how we do carry on, in our very human way.

* * * *

Gone, gone, gone, so quickly gone,
And only the glimmering notions of memory,
To keep You believing anything ever really happened.

* * * *

A quantum dream of awareness,
Which in consciousness must be endured,
For whatever time the given mind and body allow.

* * * *

Why is this moment so fresh, so clear?
Because the present is where eternity abides.
The quantum nowness is the only reality possible.

* * * *

How can the infinite ocean know its ultimate nature,
But through the imaginary sagas of it countless drops.

* * * *

Anchored in the infinite abyss, You witness the elements,
However they mix and match, however they ebb and flow.

* * * *

If You know your Self,
And are your own steadfast friend,
Why would You ever need an imaginary one?

* * * *

Human silliness might be truly depressing,
If it were not laced with so much absurdity.

* * * *

Everything is of one patterning or another.
To do anything outside that patterning,
Requires conscious deliberation.
And even that is patterned.

* * * *

That which You recall is that to which You cling.
What a weight all the mind's baggage,
In the perception of now.

* * * *

How can the finite ever be that which is indivisibly infinite,
But through astute discernment it is already so,
Has ever been so, will ever be so.

* * * *

Is the glass half-full, is the glass half-empty?
Glug, glug, toss, crash, tinkle.
What glass?

* * * *

Because we can discern neither beginning nor end,
We postulate infinity, and even that is speculation.

* * * *

Different names.
Different faces.
Different times.
Different places.
Same mind, same jungle.

* * * *

The balance between the greatest ecstasy and the least agony,
Is somewhere towards the-not-very-easy-to-recognize middle.

* * * *

They mouth the words, use them with such earnest flair,
And all the while, know nothing of what they really mean.

* * * *

Another great creation, discovery, invention, innovation, adventure,
Grand experience of one sort or another.
Yawn-ho-hum.

* * * *

So many looking everywhere for magic, mystery, special signs;
Unable to see it in every right-here-right-now manifest moment.

* * * *

Sometimes a tinge of reality; other times, fantasy.
Whatever works in imagination's given moment.

* * * *

The specialist is attuned to the nuances of underlying form.
The generalist to the intuitive expansiveness of the essence.

* * * *

It all boils down to this singular existential moment,
Forever stage to the dreaming of consciousness,
Playing out whatever imagination divines.

* * * *

Creations require creators, and creators, creations.
All inventors and inventions are one-in-the-same.

* * * *

How weary one becomes of the abuse of others,
In their interminable attempts to sustain their vanity,
Or right some alleged wrong, they may barely remember.

* * * *

What is judgment but a Darwinian selection process,
Invoked in the evolution of different strands of DNA.

* * * *

So much time spent trying to solve so many insoluble human problems.
Why so serious?

* * * *

If humankind were as great as it likes to believe it is,
Would it have made such an abysmal mess of things?

* * * *

Truth is not in the regurgitation of any writings across time.
Dogma and idolatry are the quagmire of undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Sometimes You succeed, sometimes You fail, sometimes You stalemate.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Is there anything in this mad monkey-absurdity of a world,
That does not subscribe to one form of vanity or another?

* * * *

The perpetual challenge for humankind seems less about what to believe,
Than it is to examine, to query, the seemingly instinctual drive to believe itself.

* * * *

The young, by their nature, can never appreciate,
What they have, or what they had, until it is gone.

* * * *

What is one to do when vain madness is considered normal,
And the show run by the endless greed for more of the same.

* * * *

Are human beings really all that different than seagulls,
In their noisy skirmishes for tidbits in the ocean waves?

* * * *

Likely even heaven is no big deal on the second day.
Reason enough why all the amusing people are in hell.

* * * *

How can You kill demons who just end up inhabiting other forms?
Different names and faces, but ever the same monkey-mind aspects.

* * * *

Why would anyone ever believe some deity,
Would ever be bound by any human concoction?

* * * *

Religion is a smokescreen projected,
By those who will use You to their own ends,
In as many ways as You will allow.

* * * *

You cannot help but see the truth,
That is every moment within and without You,
If You have enough doubt, enough skepticism, to erase the fear.

* * * *

One Mind to rule them all, One Mind to find them,
One Mind to bring them all, and in the lightness bind them,
In the Garden of Gaia where all true Guardians till.

* * * *

Nationalism is nothing more than tribalism on a grander scale.
The monkey-mind on steroids in a jungle of global reckoning.

* * * *

Explore your story,
Until it expands into all stories,
And beyond all stories, and prior to all stories.

* * * *

What more can anyone do but his/her best,
In the winds of the many adversities,
That haunt any given existence?

* * * *

Whether You call it good news, or bad news,
You are that which is mystery, that which is quantum,
That which is matchless, supreme, absolute, indivisibly singular.

* * * *

What does a newborn know of fear and desire,
Until the winds of time swirl in mind,
For a smidgen or so of time.

* * * *

How can any all-mighty deity be anything but all-inclusive?
Exclusivity is the realm of false deities advocated by tyrants.

* * * *

There are those who lead cults, those who blindly follow,
And those who stand back aloof, and wonder at the absurdity.

* * * *

Drawn to existence, drawn to oblivion, You ache for both,
In the ever-flowing currents of space-time born of imagination.

* * * *

Consciousness battles a never-ending war, over uncountable differences,
That have never really mattered at all, in any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * * *

Why care about any of it? Why not care for all of it?
So many contrary choices in the momentary mist of dreamtime.
All real, all unreal, in the perception of any given mind.

* * * *

What is any so-called life, but a streaming of vague impressions,
To which nearly all, become so resolutely, irrevocably, attached.

* * * *

What can anyone hold onto, but a collection of imaginary notions,
Created by the frame of reference, founded upon one's conditioning?

* * * *

There is ultimately no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, now how.
How could there be, when there is ultimately no other, upon which to reflect?

* * * *

Just because cookies are all different sizes and shapes,
Does not in any way mean they are not of the same dough.

* * * *

Rather than call it God, call it quantum.
And You are it, and it is You.
There is no other.

* * * *

An unexamined life is an unlikely probability,
In those whose thoughts been prompted by an education,
Bent on making the given mind whole and true.

* * * *

To comfort and aid those in need, those whose redoubt is self-reliance,
Is much easier than trying to save those, who will not help themselves.

* * * *

And those whose inner beacon is bright,
Are often ignored or martyred or worshipped.
The same truth within all, is only rarely discerned.

* * * *

Putting on a mask, wearing a different costume,
Gives pause to the identity, the personality,
To which You have become so attached.

* * * *

Regarding the God that so many idolize,
What form can there be, pray tell,
In that which is formless?

* * * *

For the worshippers of Mammon, it is all about gold,
Which leaves plenty of the real thing for the rest of us.

* * * *

Though sometimes he appears to take a break, Darwin rules,
And is probably taking notes alongside the Reaper at the exit.

* * * *

Enjoy while ye may for as long as ye may, or may not choose,
For this reverie must conclude as all things manifest do,

Whether by your own hand or some other design.

* * * *

There will always be some order in the orchestration of civility.
Humankind does not long tolerate chaos.
It is a monkey thing.

* * * *

Existence is suffering.
No one get a free pass.

* * * *

The intelligent and well-intentioned, are generally always rather a pleasure,
Unless they are annoyingly self-absorbed and arrogant in their waggishness.

* * * *

God and Satan, heaven and hell, have always been dogmatic absurdities.
Naught but collusions of human imagination, none ultimately real or true.

* * * *

Is it so simple as to say women need a nest and brood to nurture,
And men, a man cave, in which to be away from the turmoil,
And once and awhile, a little in-and-out to keep the peace.

* * * *

Such a temporary thing, this body.
Was it ever really yours?
How could it be?

* * * *

Love thy Self.
Absolute narcissism,
With a uniquely quantum twist.

* * * *

Pointless, absolutely pointless.
When did it ever really matter?

* * * *

It is not in the ineffable ‘out there,’
That You will discern true and lasting peace,
Or serenity or tranquility or happiness or contentment,
Or that quixotic state called love.

* * * *

When You say ‘I Am,’
Is it with or without the body,
And all its imagined history in mind?

* * * *

There can be no sense of space or time,
Without the indelible presence of awareness,
Within which to imagine every imaginable difference.

* * * *

Unconditional acceptance of this grand dreamtime as it is,
With all its light and dark, its good and evil,
Is about as loving as it gets.

* * * *

All these voices telling You to be this or that.
What is a Soul to do but put everything in its place.

* * * *

With so many deceits,
Truth has a rough time,
Getting much attention.

* * * *

Your fate is written in the ever-shifting sands of time.
Your task is to write it all down before the wind blows.

* * * *

How is it we cherry-pick so much conflict and horror,
Over the simplicity of peace and contentment and grace?

* * * *

Until You discern the wonder,
Of the unfolding eternal moment,
You will never truly see Eden.

* * * *

Who cares if You love each other.
Just getting along reasonably well,
Would be paradigm shift enough.

* * * *

Curious that we are so caught up,
In whether or not there are life forms on other worlds,
When we are so bent on destroying so many fellow earthlings on our own.

* * * *

The other four-letter words:
Love, cute, good, fate, envy, luck …
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.
(More as mind allows)

* * * *

It is all that I am.
It is ALL that I am.
It is all THAT I AM.
IT IS ALL THAT I AM.
What is the matter, You deaf?

* * * *

Everyone and everything, and everything between and betwixt, the same awareness,
Waking up to whatever dreamtime, the patterned consciousness,
Of the given nature-nurture, ordains.

* * * *

Likely fairly unsettling, what might come about, if we all really said or did,
Whatever was playing out, in the nonstop prattle, of our little monkey-minds.

* * * *

What was it, in the whatever way back then,
That inexplicably made You say or do or feel that?
Stick to the script, boy, stick to the script.

* * * *

For those who espouse Middle Eastern lore,
The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost,
Are all within and without You.
The Holy Quantum Trinity:
Creating, Preserving Destroying.

* * * *

Each of us plays out the day-to-day in our own unique Shakespearian fashion,
And within the ever-present consciousness, within the timeless awareness,
The quantum indivisibility, call it what You will, witnesses all as one.

* * * *

Chances are, a dense mind will not perceive the inexplicable,
No matter how adroit and lucid and profound the exposition.

* * * *

The mind, harbor to every conceivable passion,
Must be ignored by those earnestly intending,
To merge back into quantum indivisibility.

* * * *

There are so many things to regret in any given existence.
Try not to wade out in the deep-dark more often than not.

* * * *

Consciousness usurps awareness in every way, ever calling itself real.
Death tends to put a damper on this vain little pastime,
Ergo, tribalism, ethnicity, groupthink,
And all the traditions,
All the norms, in which they wallow.

* * * *

What becomes of anything born of this quantum mystery, is lost and gone forever,
Unless some witness manages to etch it in the ever-shifting sands,
Of their relatively brief moment in the given sun.

* * * *

Chances are, the who-what-where-when-why-how, You imagine You are.
Is not the who-what-where-when-why-how, You really are.
Somewhat mutually-exclusive, actually.

* * * *

Within the big picture, details, and from details, the big picture.
The predictability, of patterns within patterns within patterns,
Is as sure in a single quantum, as it is an entire universe.

* * * *

There is the way You wish it was, and there is the way it is.
To fight the tide, or not to fight the tide, that is the question.

* * * *

Hang around a bunch of old folks in their daily-diminishing zone,
And You are likely going to listen to a lot of moaning,
And be attendee to way too many funerals,
If You are prone to bothering with such things.

* * * *

Are those who believe they are the definition of rationality,
Really any more sane, than those who discern they are not?

* * * *

All meaning and purpose is born of imagination.
All very temporal, very brief persuasions, at best.

* * * *

So much right, so much wrong, so much good, so much bad,
What a species we are, to live in such a morass of judgment.

* * * *

So many wandering about,
Really believing their brief existence important.
More than just an exceedingly teensy-weensy, itsy-bitsy, particle of dust,
In the grand quantum dust storm we call a universe.

* * * *

Every group should always assign a Devil's Advocate function on a rotating basis.
Someone who questions all the assumptions, all the conclusions,
So often rendered by the collective mind.

* * * *

The great challenge is to be content with your own life.
To cease worrying about what everyone else does or thinks.

* * * *

Who at the greatest depth, does not see themselves as a beautiful soul,
Despite the ravages of time, so often convincing themselves otherwise.

* * * *

You only think You are the same persona every moment.
Sort of a you-are-you-are-not, mind-body-gorp kind of thing.

* * * *

You are everyone and everything and the infinity between.
Drink deeply the awareness of any and all,
Or of nothing at all.

* * * *

Duality exists only in the dreamtime of consciousness.
Reality is singular, through and through, for all eternity.

* * * *

Be the awareness, witnessing, and be free.
Be the awareness witnessing through the filter of consciousness,
And be bound by whatever whimsies it partakes.

* * * *

All lives are full of regrets, all are full of good deeds, and everything possible between.
Put aside all vanity, and discern what contentment You can, in an existence well-lived.

* * * *

Not everyone is intoxicated by this brief existence.
For some, enough is enough, long before it is done.

* * * *

Just because someone does not get their hands bloody,
Does not necessarily make them any less a barbarian.

* * * *

It is consciousness that presides over the passions.
Awareness is tranquility, serenity, through and through.

* * * *

Accumulating a great deal of power or fame or fortune,
Is to deal with any number of monkey-minds who want a taste,
And some who would without hesitation or remorse,
Happily swindle it, in any way possible.

* * * *

The bottom line to all existence,
Boils down to DNA's striving, in every way imaginable,
To continue for as long as possible.

* * * *

Whether words, numbers, notes, or any other device born of conscious design,
All concepts have their capacities and limitations,
Their raison d'être.

* * * *

In any game, rules are manipulated,
Stretched, ignored, penetrated, muddied,
And colored in every shade of gray imaginable.

* * * *

To call the United States of America, either a democracy or a republic,
To call it anything but a mammon-worshipping corporate oligarchy,
Is to blindly, absurdly, gloss over the bitterly harsh, often cruel reality,
That it has become little more than a greed-serving, dystopian war machine,
Raining destruction down upon innocents and enemies alike, all across the planet.

* * * *

What is birth? What is death?
And what is this surreal dream between?
Can anyone more than churn out endless speculation?

* * * *

Newborns are fresh out of the oblivion; the elderly and decrepit soon to return.
Those between, are myriad courses, upon which death munches, as time designs.

* * * *

How is it that those who believe they are the creations of some deity,
Do not in the same breath, wonder where that deity on-high came from?

* * * *

Think You are ready for the dark world that is coming?
You will, hopefully, not have to be around to find out.

* * * *

Outward and inward, inward and outward.
Which is which, when the which-which of it is not.

* * * *

So much absurdity to wade through in this tarnished world,
And to what end ever the insoluble question.
Live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

Best not to rubberneck in dangerous situations.
Peeking out from behind the rock may get the noggin blown off.
Duck and cover, is a well-documented survival strategy, as is getting out of Dodge.

* * * *

Usually best to wrap your head around the way things are.
Expecting anything to be other than what it is,
Only tends to make for wacko.

* * * *

For a certain portion of life, especially during the younger years,
We must all experience first-hand, to understand how things work,
But at some point, the distillation of intuition, tends to cover the bill.

* * * *

It is much less about what anyone thinks, than what You think they think.
The challenge is not to fabricate undo turmoil upon yourself,
For no reason other than a shadow's passing.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are nothing more than vain notions,
To which self-consciousness has subscribed since its origin.

* * * *

Whatever words are used to label the mind's perceptions,
It is the nameless authenticity, that must be daily endured.

* * * *

Any game works smoothly and cheerfully,
Only as long as everyone follows the same rules,
Or quickly recognize the new ones in play.

* * * *

We are all witness to the eternal Way.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Equal participants in this game of charades.

* * * *

Yes, there is no doubt God created this infinite cosmos,
So that so many could be unimaginably stupid about it.

* * * *

Impossible to undo anything once it is done.
Whatever time may or may not be,
There is no going back.
And time travel? forget about it.

* * * *

Yet another case of "Believe what I say, do what I say, not what I do."
Hypocrisy, an innate facet of the monkey-mind's self-protective shield.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is witnessed within and without,
They being but concepts, about that which is neither.

* * * *

Is love truly real, or merely another smokescreen of the mind,
Founded upon the neurological underpinnings of the mind-body?

* * * *

To disconnect Self from nature,
From the rules of the game board,
Is to separate from that which is true.

* * * *

God forbid the human pandemic ever gets off this planet,
And does to other garden worlds what it has done to this one.

* * * *

Do not beg forgiveness,
For every ill thing You have ever done.
An earnest apology will do.

* * * *

Why would anyone be at all interested in working up the food chain,
In some hierarchical, bureaucratic, so-called spiritual corporation?

* * * *

We are talking stark and logical and practical irrationality,
Not warm and fuzzy, comfortable, light show mezmorabilia.

* * * *

Vanity really being all there is,
We would as well just slit our throats,
And save ourselves the bother.

* * * *

Of humankind it can be said:
So much potential, so much obliviousness,

Too bad, so sorry, so it goes, oh well, shall we try again?
Or give up the ghost before the haunt begins?

* * * *

Across the world, across time, Mad Hatters babbling resolutely,
About every sort of nonsense, about every sort of absurdity,
To what end, at best the duration of a Cheshire Cat's grin.

* * * *

Them that cannot hear these words,
Them that cannot look past one conviction or another,
Well, give 'em an ample chunk of gnat dung to chew on until it sprouts wings,
And carries them to the greater heights of the absurdity and horror, in which they in deep sleep dwell.

* * * *

Depending how many siblings there are,
You are probably one of the most expensive nights,
Your parents, bless their hearts, ever had.

* * * *

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugly is a coating,
Of that which has its way all the way through.

* * * *

And on the eighth day,
God woke up, grumbled it ‘was’ good.
Another flood long overdue, likely this time without a Noah.

* * * *

Om, om, om … peace, peace, peace:
Tranquility, peacefulness, restfulness, calmness,
Serenity, repose, quietness, stillness, undisturbed, untroubled.

* * * *

The human species is in a wings-of-wax,
Accelerating-exponential, flight into the Sun.
Rest assured, Icarus, the great fall will not be pretty.

* * * *

It is much less important who said it, than what was said,
And then only what the given listener, is prepared to hear.

* * * *

The back-and-forth of a spontaneous one-on-one discussion,
Can be much more far-reaching than any lecture,
Because there is but one ear to knead.

* * * *

What do geezers and crones have left to be vain about,
Without a fair dollop of barefaced delusion,
At the helm of wishful thinking.

* * * *

What is death but the end of a dream of existence in one container or another,
A structure the ultimate You, never really more than donned for a brief while.

* * * *

Curious how so many spend their lives evading the aloneness,
They truly are, and have ever been, and will ever be,
In this inexplicably singular mystery.

* * * *

More of the same old indelibly, pathetically wearisome, human bullshit.
Some may be able to act it out in some delusionary cheerleader mode,
But we who do not abide blinders, must, alas, see it for what it is.

* * * *

What is the known universe, but whatever You consider it to be?
Imagination, ephemeral wind that it is, is as narrow as it is wide.

* * * *

Sanity, rationality, stability, soundness, lucidity, reason, poise, steadiness,
Is relative to the facet You are playing in the crest-jewel of consciousness.

* * * *

Do the math, do the words, do the music, do the dance, do the whatever,
They all double-double-toil-and-trouble, down to the same eternal emptiness.
The least common denominator, of the ever-most-excellent Great Nada.

* * * *

Unless the odds are too terrible-swift for it to even matter,
Conflicts of any hue, tint, shade or tone are generally best won,
By knowing the ill-starred adversary, better than he knows himself.

* * * *

Touch your nose down to your toes,
But for imagination's assertion,
Does it really feel like You?

* * * *

Too much knowledge is just more to forget.
A busy mind is not necessarily a fertile mind.

* * * *

Does merely thinking something ever really make it so?
Is imagination so powerful, as to make anything more than it can ever be?

Is cotton candy, puffy as it appears, ever more than spun sugar?

* * * *

What is a day in the nothingness of eternity?
And would seven of them really be any more?

* * * *

It took a while for the seed You call You to develop,
And when it runs out of steam, where will You be?

* * * *

Despite all the moral outrage of these modern times,
One can only wonder how much mind-altering substances,
Contributed to the ascension of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Far more arrogant to assert something You cannot possibly know,
Than it is, simply not pretending anything, You know You do not.

* * * *

Damned if You do, damned if You do not.
Heavened if You do, heavened if You do not.

* * * *

Nothing forward, nothing behind, nothing when, nothing where,
The wake of space-time, nothing more than the imagination of mind.

* * * *

What is courage but a composed indifference to personal safety,
A state of mind caught in even the bitterest wave of the given moment.
Existence is, after all is said and done, only a body, only a life, only a dream.

* * * *

So many concerned about saving and changing humanity,
When they cannot even begin to save or change themselves.

* * * *

Stream of consciousness, stream of imagination, stream of mind.
Call it what You will, it is the same eternal mystery,
Playing out however fate wills.

* * * *

None can long thrive against Mother Nature.
She will have You sooner or later,
No matter your pride.

* * * *

Way too much bother to off everyone,

Who does not agree with your prescribed view.
Likely a very big pile of bodies, indeed.

* * * *

What is the simplicity of rational, balanced thinking
– Lucidity, clarity, precision, intelligibility, transparency –
But a tranquilizing endorphin for the seething mind.

* * * *

There are no experts, there is no mastery,
Once You realize there are only beginners,
With minds full of more insights than most.

* * * *

Giving your way to another without qualm or regret,
Is a combination of esteem and compassion,
A recognition of the namaste vein.

* * * *

A candle only passes on the flame to another.
It is for wick and wax to sort out the details.

* * * *

The attitude to which You are most attached
Is the well from which You daily draw water.

* * * *

Who were the first of our kind,
Before the fabrication of deities and dogma?
Or has fear and fallacy always run this monkey-mind show?

* * * *

Impossible to go through this mortal existence,
Without raining on many parades along the way.

* * * *

What is any authentic scientist, but one who feels beckoned,
To explore his fleeting patch of dreamtime to an nth degree.

* * * *

Exposed to any deity, prescribed any creed, condemned to any hell,
What is there to do, really, but guffaw at the endless vanity of it all?

* * * *

Hard to get caught if You do not do it,
Or perchance have the flawless plan,
And the backing of some vain deity.

* * * *

Galadriel, Lady of the Golden Wood: The world is changed.
I feel it in the water. I feel it in the earth. I smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost, for none now live who remember.

* * * *

To debate for or against some deity,
Some idolatry born of mind, some mythology born of time,
Is to miss the mystery of the allness of it, aloof from all theatrics of the human genome.

* * * *

Who, what, when, where, why, how, are You,
But a set of temporal attributes that have no actuality,
But through the quantum vibration of light and sound and form.

* * * *

As infinite on the outside, as it is infinitesimal within,
And never even – a point, a line, a plane, an object – between.
The imagination, born of consciousness, is the origin of all genesis.

* * * *

What is the difference between rape and brutal rape?
Between murder and a cruel or vicious or inhuman murder?
Where is the line between metaphors, when assault is the real issue?

* * * *

Another legend in his/her own lizard mind.
Any insect would no doubt think the same.

* * * *

All other creatures, small to great, still wander in this Garden of Eden world.
We are the ones who departed, the ones who stopped seeing it.
We did not get kicked out by some vain deity.

* * * *

The political mind evolved through the group dynamics,
Bred into the species over millions of years.
We are literally political animals.

* * * *

To discern the eternal life, the myriad binds of mind must be undone.
Cut the Gordian Knot of consciousness to discern the freest state of mind.

* * * *

What You really are cannot perish.
How can that which was never born ever die?
It never has, it never will.

* * * *

We all give our greatest attention to things we want to experience,
And the rest must abide in the ‘Boring’ and ‘Very Boring’ files.

* * * *

Whatever it might be that You feel called to create,
What others think should be of little concern.
Create for creation’s sake; process is all.

* * * *

The sponge absorbs fully, wipes away, squeezes out.
So too life’s weaving journey from newborn to corpse.

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway.
Full of whatever has been gleaned from the worldly universe.
All lost and gone forever as memories languish,
And the final breath wheezes out.

* * * *

Do not make things more complicated that they are.
Yoda: Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.

* * * *

Are You really as curious about things as You once were?
Or is that just what giving everything full attention is?

* * * *

The cosmos has always swirled before the senses,
Parts of which You are drawn to attend, or not.

* * * *

We are a species that does not tolerate differences well.
Which rarely if ever bodes well for individual thinking.

* * * *

Yet another itsy-bitsy nuance,
That means little if not nothing,
To even the most earnest layman.

* * * *

Here we all are, each and every moment,
All playing our imaginary selves,
All alone, all together.

* * * *

How many zeroes is it to infinite?
How many to infinitesimal?

And of what concern to the many
Who cannot be bothered to count that far?

* * * *

Jesus was attempting to modify Judaism; Buddha, Hinduism;
And instead, both got new religions named after them,
And on and on, they too splintered ad infinitum.

* * * *

It all has to end one someday or another,
So You may as well do whatever needs doing,
To depart without too many regrets in that bucket list.

* * * *

The speeding bullet is but a moment away.
How You react is the essence of your story.

* * * *

Attachment is a state of mind.
It is not really You 'doing' all this and that.
To be merely witness is nothing more than a flick of the switch.

* * * *

Every age has it conscious witnesses whose artistic endeavors,
Leave behind many creations in thought and deed,
For as long as subsequent times abide.
Some quickly disappear,
And others become great burdens.

* * * *

The awareness upon and within which consciousness skates,
Is an unfathomable mystery, prior to and beyond all measure.

* * * *

That any given windfall or disaster is construed as some deity's will,
Shows the depth of absurdity to which the monkey-mind is capable.

* * * *

The inexplicable expanse, is as much within, as it is without,
When the line between inner and outer, in awareness dissolves.

* * * *

When even more beyond counting, ever leaves someone unsatisfied,
How can a monkey-mind ever but bemoan its deep-seated discontent?

* * * *

From the eternal eye of awareness,
Through the sensory plays of all existence,

An infinity of universes are created.

* * * *

The sovereign moon orbits absolutely, indivisibly, inescapably indifferent,
To all the vanities playing out on the spinning dust ball,
With which it has long danced.

* * * *

If You seek a personal relationship with some deity,
Then get to know your one and only Self,
At whatever level You aspire.

* * * *

Once the course of any stream or river is set,
Its path is not easily changed, much less undone,
But through Mother Nature's most industrious efforts.

* * * *

In the ever-streaming course of human events,
Time tends to do more things with a lifetime of creation,
Than the lifetime itself could ever hope to attain.

* * * *

What a cruel, absurd joke it is,
To be recognized or acclaimed for anything.
The intrinsic is the highest order.

* * * *

What to do when You no longer want anything from this world or any other?
Why, nothing, of course.

* * * *

Every living thing from small to great,
Imparts a teaching, a vision, a totem, a talisman,
To any with eyes to see and ears to hear.

* * * *

Call it chance, call it fate, call it destiny, call it what You will,
Every existence is fashioned by a never-ending series of flukes.

* * * *

Just because someone is foolish enough to promise the future,
Does not mean You have to be foolish enough to believe it.

* * * *

Imagination imagines itself real, but it is not.
It never has been, and will never be,
More than figments of mind.

* * * *

This entire playground, this entire universe, is but fodder, chaff,
In the discernment of this kernel of awareness, this ultimate Self.
To discover You are the entire ocean in one drop is the brass ring.

* * * *

All creatures small to great are born of the same mysterious source,
And, in that ultimate reality, all are quite equal in this mortal fray.

* * * *

Treat your Self.
Be here now.
Bliss out.

* * * *

Ooh, ooh, mystery.
Ooh, ooh, brain freeze.

* * * *

Who cares, really, what happened in some way-back-when.
Here You are, right now, take a break from time, be free.

* * * *

Once You quiet, once You calm, once You still, all the many notions,
What is there but awareness, free of any sense of other.
Anything less is just quantum theater.

* * * *

Sometimes great genius is noted in its own moment, sometime later, often not at all.
The whimsy of consciousness is unending in the passage of the space-time born of mind.

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a dream of time, and death, its end.
And ever the great and powerful Quantum of Oz,
Before and after and between.

* * * *

Joy, bliss, ecstasy, heaven, nirvana, paradise, insight, illumination,
Delight, elation, harmony, rapture, happiness:
Yours for the seeing.

* * * *

Time – clocks, watches, calendars –
Stream toward their inevitable expiration.
The insects will not be caring about such things.

* * * *

The joy of youth is taking so much for granted.
The challenge of aging is watching entitlements evaporate,
Like a dewy morning giving way to the afternoon sun.

* * * *

How much desire, how much fear, is ignited by the chemistry,
Invoked by the tension of poor breathing, of oxygen deprivation.
Unleash your Dragon: Breathe fully, breathe boldly, breathe aware.

* * * *

Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … phone …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … computer …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … phone …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … computer …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … phone …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … computer …
Has anybody … anybody … anybody… anybody… anybody…

* * * *

What does it take to waylay the conditioning,
But full attention to the moment, called eternal life by some.
That which is prior to the mind-body, and the dream to which it is so attached.

* * * *

Every existence will at some point, be entirely extinguished,
And all the while, the quantum matrix, absolutely indifferent.

* * * *

Rest assured all ye who would envy and resent them,
The one-percenters and their minions are just as prone to pooping,
And peeing and heartburn and lunacy and suffering and dying, as everyone else.

* * * *

The horror, the absurdity, the futility.
What world is worth saving, were it even possible?
What can any detainee in this madcap monkey-mind asylum do,
But find what serenity and contentment they can in the empty squalor of it all.

* * * *

Young-juicy-sweet becomes old-shriveled-tough.
One is best used for stew, the other for gnawing.

* * * *

Given a reasonably vigorous body, an intelligent mind, and a certain fearlessness,
You may well be able to experience an agreeable statistical sampling,
Of much of what is possible within the human paradigm.

* * * *

Can You ignore the pain, the slings and arrows of aging and dying?
Can You rest easy in the ever-youthful fountain of awareness within?

* * * *

From the eternal serenity of your mother's womb,
You big-banged into your ever-expanding universe.

* * * *

Will You turn off the switch of your mind-body existence for your Self?
Or will it be shut off for You in some inescapable serendipity?
Only Mister Grim and his handy-dandy scythe know.

* * * *

If there is no other, then what matter what any think of You, or You of them.
Learn whatever You wish, experience whatever You want,
But it is all for naught by winter's end.

* * * *

Show me some supreme being that does not include You,
And I will call it just another hollow absurdity born of mind,
Another idol to whom one tithing or another is likely due.

* * * *

Yet another dubious war created by chicken hawks and agencies out of control,
And a foreign policy that blows chaotically in the winds of greed and self-absorption.
And a nod to Hunter S. Thompson's quip about the music world: There's also a negative side.

* * * *

The Way is simplicity its Self.
Only You perceive it complex.

* * * *

To be at peace, to be immersed in the ultimate awareness,
That this mortal dreamtime offers in each and every streaming moment,
What greater quality of mind could there be than the intangible brass ring of eternal life?

* * * *

Curious how so many, work so hard to help others, who will not help themselves.
How many times do You pick someone up, before You realize gravity is stronger?

* * * *

Martyrdom tends to raise the departed to far loftier heights,
Than their intrigues could have ever dared hope,
Had they remained mere mortals.

* * * *

Worldviews are like assholes, everyone's got one.
Sometimes they work out tolerably well,

And sometimes they do not.
So it goes.

* * * *

Any so-called – spiritual, sacred, transcendent – experience,
No matter how comforting, how reassuring, does not for indelible truth make.
It is but another moment, so very quickly come and gone,
In the grand abyss of eternity.

* * * *

Pure awareness, agnostic, totally attentive,
Fully absorbed in the eternal moment,
Is the highest state of beingness.

* * * *

Exceedingly challenging to hold on to something as ephemeral as nothingness.
To be, or not to be … requires an acumen far more artless than most minds allow.

* * * *

Were You not so attached, to all the perceptions about your imaginary cosmos,
Of the given existence, it could doubtless be asked: Did it ever really happen?

* * * *

Sticky wickets at every turn, in every nook, in every cranny.
Vanity's many-colored rainbow, casts a net far and wide and deep.

* * * *

All the handsome boys and beautiful girls, always touting their good fortune,
Until they, too, inevitably join those much less favored by the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Listen to all the birds, and realize their little brains,
Doubling-doubling-toiling-and-troubling in bird consciousness,
Are in actuality not all that different than your own.
We are all cousins of the same puddle,

* * * *

To the ultimate witnessing, the awareness prior to all dimensions,
It has never even once mattered who-what-where-when-why-how about anything.
That has always been, will ever be, for the dream of consciousness to sort out, however it imagines.

* * * *

What here after, or here before, can there possibly be,
When there has never been anything, but here now.

* * * *

Is there really such a thing as a soul?
Or is it merely the same quantum awareness,

The same nothingness, equally permeating everything?

* * * *

You are the same awareness, the same oneness,
That has witnessed all eternity and its countless creations.
Only imagination, lost in vanity, pretends otherwise.

* * * *

Hell, as some quotable once said, is in the details,
And there always seems to be more than a random few,
Wandering about in the here and there of the every where.

* * * *

Despite being the inexplicable infinity of all potentials small to great,
You must abide the capacities and limitations of the given vessel.
In the words of Quintus Arrius: You are all condemned men.
We keep You alive to serve this ship. So row well, and live.

* * * *

What bounds can there be in the ultimate that You truly are?
We are all playing out the conditioning of the given mind-body,
In this ever-changing dreamtime born of sensory perception.

* * * *

How long someone will stay around,
When You offer little more than good will and fellowship,
Is the defining mark of genuine friendship.

* * * *

One of the most detrimental things parents can do to their children,
Is steep their youth with an excess of entitlement.
Discipline and grit and gumption,
Are handy out there in the real world, such as it is.

* * * *

No deity on high is going to resurrect your absurd little identity,
And its ever-changing, very mortal meat machine.
You are condemned to oblivion.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

For the young, a long, winding road ahead.
For the elderly, a vague meander looking back.

* * * *

There is an absoluteness,
In which neither within nor without,
Nor any other distinction of consciousness exist,

In any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * * *

It is all nothing, and no something, no matter how enticing, no matter how convincing,
Will long detain the earnest seeker from discerning that which is beyond all doubt true.

* * * *

The many memes of groupthink are cementing consciousness,
Into an eclectic range of extraordinarily contorted assumptions,
Baseball caps, cowboy hats, chewing tobacco, not excluded.

* * * *

You cannot save anybody, much less everybody.
The dreamtime has been doomed from the get-go.

* * * *

A big factor in mortal existence, is your ability to endure your own suffering,
And your response to the suffering, throughout the translation of your cosmos.

* * * *

You compose your own chronicle every day.
Wretched or sublime, it is ultimately the same.

* * * *

Is civilization really any more than an all but utterly futile attempt by men,
To help women feel secure, stay as clean as possible, and perchance be happy?

* * * *

And the quantum spun itself into everything, ever timeless, ever absolute, ever indifferent.

* * * *

As awake as You well might be, is reconfiguring the programming even remotely possible?
How else will You act out your day-to-day, but in the algorithm, You have in time acquired?

* * * *

Everyone has their own sojourn,
To either meander wherever they feel beckoned,
Or blow whatever direction the tempests of dreamtime sends them.

* * * *

Your egocentricity is really no different than the sun gods of ancient empires,
Building grand monuments, erecting imposing tombs, contriving divine legends,
Flailing as You do, at the impermanence, to which all things every moment succumb.

* * * *

If others cannot see it, there is absolutely no reason,
To debate, argue, or get all uppity or furious about it.
The many-are-called-few-are-chosen rule ever applies.

* * * *

What is a sail but a compass to the wind.
What is the mind but a cosmos to awareness.

* * * *

So many so caught up in one dogma or another – so conditioned, so habituated, so brainwashed –
That it would likely never occur to them, they are not at all free and clear, in their imaginary prison.

* * * *

What is any thought but the drip-drip of consciousness,
Coming and going, condensing and evaporating,
As does the ephemeral vapor of any cloud.

* * * *

Who did that? What happened?
When did it take place? Where did it take place?
Why did that happen? How did it happen?
Who is the who, who is asking?

* * * *

For anyone perceptive enough to take notice,
The Yellow-Brick-Road serendipities it has taken,
To reach this here-now, are long-and-winding, indeed.

* * * *

So many countless ways to look at everything.
So many filters of every size, of every hue,
Of every fashion, under any given sun.

* * * *

Approaching it all as nothing,
Instead of the something, the senses deceive You into believing,
That is the key for those born to see.

* * * *

From the innocence and optimism of youth, to the distortion and skepticism of old age,
Through it all, we must mindfully cultivate our garden, and sow whatever time allows.

* * * *

Clinging to anything too intensely, is like clenching your teeth.
It only gets more stiff, more painful, perhaps extremely harmful.

* * * *

So many devices we have invented to dispatch ourselves,
And every unfortunate creature in our juggernauting path.

* * * *

Awareness is simply awareness, without any attributes, whatsoever.
It is only consciousness which conceives every variety of distraction.

* * * *

What need to believe in anything, really,
Once the eternal beingness of awareness,
Resumes its default position at the helm.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances across this magical world are the gift of eternity to its Self.
The challenge, given their hedonistic potential, is a certain level of moderation,
And how well You utilize them for right purpose, at least once in a while.

* * * *

Be that totality, that vastness, that solitude, that quietude,
Where there is no within, where there is no without.
Where there is no where-when, but here-now.

* * * *

There is an innocence to any first-time experience, that cannot be repeated,
No matter how unblemished the mind, no matter how unsullied the inner eye.

* * * *

What universe do You perceive, but the one You project,
Through the frame of reference, You imagine yourself to be.

* * * *

All sense of time, all memory, even of just a moment ago, is unreal,
Naught but a figment of imaginary duplicity,
A lie unto thy Self.

* * * *

The facelessness through which all perceive their cosmos,
Draws many a Narcissus, to one reflective pool or another.

* * * *

Pass what may, the mortal conclusion, is at some point assured.
The veil cloaking the sensory mind, is but a momentary dream.

* * * *

It is more often than not an error,
To think You are the smartest guy in the room.
Arrogance is one of pride's surest ways, to fall fast and hard.

* * * *

Is any religion, any cultish belief system,
Really any more than contrived philosophical babble,
Double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled?

* * * *

If everyone stayed the dogma of their ever-wagging tongues,
We would all be much more equal in our little dreamtime worlds.

* * * *

Some would wake up happier than a tick on a vein, every day studying the nuances of gnat wings,
And others to a lifetime of gypsy-like wandering, reaping experience after experience.
What cause generates the specialist in some, and the generalist in others?

* * * *

Life is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

How long can You listen in absolute stillness,
To a babbling brook or crashing ocean waves,
Before the restless mind reasserts its twaddle?
A challenge beyond measure, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

There is no authority, much less a higher one.
To say You are author of your consciousness is as close as it gets,
And then only for the briefest of temporal whiles.

* * * *

What is history, but the recycling of monkey-mind patterns, bred in the jungles of long ago,
Regurgitated daily, with new permutations and technologies, seasoning the feast of dreamtime.

* * * *

What more could there possibly be, than this ever-present existential moment?
All else is nothing more, than the smoke and mirrors, of every imaginable distraction.

* * * *

Imagination is bound only by the limits of any given dimension,
That is set by the quantum mechanics regulating the groundwork.

* * * *

We each discern clarity in our own unique way.
No point looking back once You are born again.

* * * *

Live and let live, live and let die, die and let live, die and let die.
All choices You may well decide a time or three in any given day.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, You have been interacting with all your so-called life,
Is all in your head, an ephemeral dreamtime, entirely imagined from the get-go.

* * * *

Why so many feel such inclination to shackle others in some sort of dogmatic prison,
Is the story of power, of fame, of fortune, of greed, of every imaginable pleasure,
Playing out the same patterns, over and over and over, like a broken record.

* * * *

The cosmos is rumored by many thinkers,
To have begun infinitesimally, indiscernible small.
Such is the nature of all things imagined.

* * * *

To inflict pain and suffering for overacted, overplayed theater,
What is the point, but more unnecessary, often pathetic drama.

* * * *

You know what You did, why You did it.
Why do You need any recognition or reward?
Why care what anyone else thinks about You, really?

* * * *

How astounding all the creativity that humankind has wrought,
And to what happy-sad endgame, will it take us, before it is over?

* * * *

So many badly written plots out there in the wide world,
That could use a few more rewrites to skew things aright.

* * * *

An unseen force, in which all existence rises and falls,
An ocean churning for whatever time eternity gives way.

* * * *

Some familial connections,
Seem like little more than a elusive rumor,
That You were perchance brought up in the same dwelling.

* * * *

The limits of the mortal container are not the limits,
Of the eternal awareness, witnessing the field of view.

* * * *

More people might be more content,
If they tried relishing their given madness,
Instead of conforming to some therapeutic mold.

* * * *

Not everyone wants to exist in this world or any other.

What is suicide but someone saying they are no longer interested,
In the hullabaloo of their imaginary version of the world.

* * * *

And why would You need to keep kissing some deity's derrière,
Because he/she/it, without your knowledge or consent, created You?

* * * *

In the disinterested relativity of the all-things-human paradigm,
There are very, very likely, many, many, far worse rolls,
Than the one about which You are whining.

* * * *

Is the difference between night and day, dark and light,
Anything more, than bearing of the lamp, and set of the room?

* * * *

The You, that You play, is but history.
The You, that You really are, is eternal.

* * * *

You are not, have never been, will never be,
The You, that You imagine your dream to be.

* * * *

Every mind-body has its capacities and limitations.
Exploring those limits, are the adventure life offers.

* * * *

Nature-nurture is a fluid dance,
Between mind-body and the winds of time,
Together weaving a dream of existence, unlike any other.

* * * *

Some other here, same now.
Some other now, same here.

* * * *

One Ring to rule them all,
One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all,
And in the awareness bind them.

* * * *

Indifferent to all pasts, indifferent to all futures,
Indifferent to any and all assertions,
The awareness You are,
Simply is.

* * * *

When your time is up, your time is up,
And a probable amount of pain and suffering,
Between the occasional snippets of pleasure.

* * * *

Pretty amazing, how much can quickly transpire,
To those so ill-fated, as to exist in interesting times.

* * * *

What You imagine You are, is but quantum stardust.
What You really are, is far older, is far younger,
Than anything that can ever be conceived,
As anything more, as anything less,
Than everything, and nothing.

* * * *

Everybody has their ethical bubble, sheening in the light of their given time.
There is a lot less grief, not expecting others, to sheen in the same way You do.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, exist only if You give the mind,
Over to the sensory feed, and the myriad thoughts it inspires.

* * * *

What is any dogma but mindless regurgitation,
Of things that have never mattered,
Of things that never will.

* * * *

Some monkeys get so crazed and violent, so postal,
Because their anguish, their anger, become so all-consuming,
That consequences – penalties and costs – lose all meaning, all concern.

* * * *

Challenging enough to transcend your own dogma,
Much less tolerate the constriction of everyone else's.

* * * *

The joy of youth, is innocent ignorance, of all the agonies and ecstasies,
That lurk in the shadows, on the long and winding road ahead.
You never know what You had, until it is gone.

* * * *

Sometimes You do, sometimes You do not.
Such is the nature of the weather, too.

* * * *

Everyone pooping their vanity,
For everyone to see and hear and feel and taste and smell.
Such a yummy-yum-yum world.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth.
It is all speculation.

* * * *

As touchy-feely as it ever seems, it is but a dream.
In truth, no different than one in the depths of sleep.

* * * *

You are a prisoner to your desire,
Until You click the Ruby Red Shoes,
And sincerely discern it, when You say,
"There's no place like home."

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain,
When funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

Yes, You answer to this name or that,
But You are not, You have never been, You will never be,
What any word, what any concept, what any sound, what any vibration, implies.

* * * *

Most anyone can bring a child into the world,
But are all capable, are all worthy, of parenthood?
Is really the only question, the only answer, that matters.

* * * *

The play of the mind-body,
Is but a three-dimensional dream, for You to alone witness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The mystery spawned You,
And You created a vast universe.
A partnership of senses and imagination.

* * * *

You are the field flowering,
In every sensory form imaginable.
All together playing, dancing out, Eden’s fate.

* * * *

What is the existence You would lead,
If your pile of gold was beyond any need or want?
That is the state of mind, in which those who see clearly, dwell.

* * * *

Place a near-infinite variety of containers,
All unique shapes and sizes, into a vast ocean of water.
In what way can the liquid within the seemingly individual boundaries,
Ever be separate from the indivisibility of the ocean?

* * * *

There must invariably be awakened witnesses,
Wherever, whenever the original nature,
Has manifested consciousness.

* * * *

Suffering is the consequence,
Of identification with the mind and body.
In truth, You are the awareness,
Prior to consciousness.

* * * *

All mortals are shaped,
By the forces of space and time,
As figurines are by molds.
Free will? How so?

* * * *

Afraid to embrace the all within and without?
Oh, what the heck, dare to give it a go.
Take a walk, stare at a wall.

* * * *

This awareness of the oneness is the capstone,
The distillation of experience and knowledge into wisdom,
The eternal insight into the immortal essence,
Of a mortal existence well spent.

* * * *

If something is truly calling You,
You may well do whatever it takes,
To bring about its manifestation.

* * * *

The universe is a vast matrix,
In which all things dance,
In every manner imaginable,

Within the limits of the paradigm.

* * * *

Collapse of the so-called modern world,
Is nearer an nearer with every passing moment.
What precarious times await the future.

* * * *

Humanity has imagined so many possible futures.
But which will time's continuum actually harvest?

* * * *

It is all the vain, mortal assumptions,
That continue pulling You back,
Into this imaginary dream.

* * * *

The sensory play is spontaneously created,
Through the mystery of consciousness,
To witness an infinity of dreams.
Thou art a drop of That I Am.
How could this not be the Truth?

* * * *

It is not some other who defines You.
It is your own imaginary musing,
That creates all thoughts,
Both good and ill.

* * * *

Consciousness will play out,
As consciousness will play out.
That I Am is unconcerned.

* * * *

Challenging to play your self, and your Self, too.
To eat your cake, or not to eat your cake,
That is, indeed, the question.

* * * *

What is all this accumulation, anyway?
This incessant gorging of the mind,
With every sort of trivial pursuit.

* * * *

The consequences of the many choices we made, or were made for us,
Shape each and every existence, each and every mind, in ways beyond counting.
Causes spin into effects spin into causes spin into effects spin into …

And on and on the finite play of human consciousness,
Swirls and whirls and slices and dices,
A paradigm unto its Self.

* * * *

See the indivisible,
Hear the indivisible,
Smell the indivisible,
Taste the indivisible,
Feel the indivisible.

* * * *

If this indivisible mystery is indeed formless, boundlessly infinite,
What are all the scientists, mathematicians, linguists,
And other conspirators of the mind to do?

* * * *

What is the difference between pleasure and pain,
Between right and wrong, between good and evil, between love and hate,
But a variety of electromagnetic spectrum responses,
Some agreeable, some not.

* * * *

Within every detail, a collection of nuances.
And within those nuances, a few nuances more.

* * * *

To be as a child, is to return to that indivisible state of pure, eternal awareness,
Prior to the smoke-ridden consciousness, to which time requires subscription.

* * * *

All humankind is caught up in one mythological set or another.
They are all very much the same, really.
Tribal formulations that the given group holds in common,
And perchance get along well enough for the genomic coding to survive and pass on.

* * * *

If all is that which is truly that which is God, then what is good, what is evil,
But an illusory dance between consciousness and its Self.
And You, the source, the witness,
Just pop in – whoever, whatever, wherever, whenever, whyever, however – You please.

* * * *

It is the mind that divides; the mind that unites.
What is free will, but the choice between duality and unicity,
The choice between what is real, that which is choiceless, and what is not.

* * * *

If You always do your best, if You always strive in a mindset of quality, of excellence, of virtue,
Then succeeding or failing is only of cursory consequence, a relatively negligible detail.
Process is all, and goals merely imaginary pauses along the eternal journey.

* * * *

And what is the raison d'être of always growing, growing, growing?
Always developing, always expanding, always snowballing,
When the biosphere underfoot, is rapidly becoming beyond-the-pale unlivable?
How far will we take it, before the web that maintains life as we know it, becomes all but undone?

* * * *

It is a more-than-well-documented-very-historical-across-the-game-board fact, that the multitudes
– Crowd, horde, throng, pack, flock, herd, mass, host, gang, mob, rabble, call it what You will –
Can be easily manipulated to, with extreme enthusiasm, go along with just about anything.

* * * *

You are that which is mystery, that which is unknowable, that which is eternal,
That which is prior to all attributes, all properties, all characteristics, all arrangements,
That which is prior to all the divisions, all the contrasts, all the dualities, born of consciousness.

* * * *

To all critics: Please go away.
Find something real to do with your existence.
Is it not obvious to You, that what You think is of little or no concern,
To those who embrace the great solitude, whose lives are streaming with its creative force.

* * * *

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from small to great, all played parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb,
To the one and only reality, that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level, as to make any part, absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

* * * *

From the unassailable inner eye of the one witness,
Prior to consciousness, unmoving, uncommitted, indivisible, all-seeing,
What is there to crave, what is there to consume, really, but sensations of the mind and body,

That ephemerally pass, ever-changing, from one streaming moment to the next.
Nothing more than quantum, drifting through the awareness,
Like clouds moving across in the sky.

* * * *

To live fully in the moment, requires that every moment be immediately perceived and released.
Life eternal, is an ephemeral quality of mind, a state of unconditional detachment,
In which the You that is the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
Observes without giving weight to the incessant vanities,
Of the fictional me-myself-and-I, that You imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

What is any thought, any idea, but the thunder of a lightning strike in the quantum mind.
And in creative and troubled minds, a flashing thunderstorm.
One ecstatic, the other agonizing.

* * * *

Perfect detachment is a state of stillness, of pure awareness,
Prior to consciousness, and its ceaseless state of consumption.

* * * *

You drink a cup of water from your tap, and then You take a whiz.
The wiz travels through pipes, and washes into the river, and down to the sea,
Little land critters, and little water thingees, drinking at it all along the ever-streaming way.
And they, in turn, whiz, and their whiz merges with your whiz, down to the sea.
And in the sea, all the water critters drink and whiz, back into the sea.
And the radiating star, high above the sea, sears its surface,
And the whiz slowly evaporates, up into the air sea.
And the air sea drifts and flows, this way and that,
And the whizz is drawn up into the heights, high above.
And the whiz joins other whiz, and forms into drops, into clouds,
That move back over the land, towards the mountains, where it sprinkles,
And drizzles and rains and sleets and hails and snows, down to the ground far below.
And on the ground, it moves to creeks, to rivers, above and below the ground,
And slowly the whizz moves down, from mountainsides to the valley,
And to the well, where it waits to be drawn back into pipes,
And from the tap, poured into cup, for You to drink.
It is an indivisible, an inexplicable journey,
To which You are ethereal witness.

* * * *

The predators, the vampires, the parasites, the scalawags,
Will always find a way to dominate, to control, to thieve, to pillage, to debase,
The prey, the quarry, the victim, the mark, the dupe, the fool.
At the most essential, primal level, Mother Gaia,
Ever remains a Darwin-esque saga.

* * * *

Explore your world, your cosmos, to your own satisfaction.
There may be nothing new under the sun,
But it is new to You.

* * * *

Though all that is, is of the great quantum,
Few are drawn to discern the unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still swallow the red pill.
And why would anyone ever choose, to endure this inquiry into the unknown?
The hollowness of ignorance, of believing your universe authentic, is its own form of bliss.
Alas, in that way-back-when, that You could not help but notice something askew,
That You could not help but ask that first question, take that first step.
Red pill, blue pill, was there ever really-truly any choice?

* * * *

The rabbit hole be deep, the rabbit hole be dark.
The rabbit hole be in every which way, long and winding.
Save your Self the bother, enjoy the bliss of ignorance, take the blue pill.
You will never know what You missed, for, in truth,
There is nothing to know anyway.

* * * *

Never too late to take the red pill, but once You do, there is no going back,
Though You may fall into a hole, or get caught in briars along the winding way.

* * * *

As long as You believe it all real and true,
You will enjoy, You will suffer, the ceaseless passions of existence.
The spaceless, timeless, prior-to-consciousness state,
Is a tranquil sea, attached to nothing.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is one who enjoys?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, is the one who suffers?
Imagination is indifferent to the agonies and ecstasies it inspires,
In the ubiquitous quantum sea, through which it larks.

* * * *

What You might want from one who sees this,
You must discern within your Self.
It is a timeless journey, an epic lifetime quest,
Which You must make, step-by-step, breath-by-breath, utterly alone.

* * * *

It will likely not be until humankind,
Is on the harsh, cutting rocks of its mind-made creation,
That it will perhaps, just perhaps, finally discern the unatonable error of its way.
And even then, how many will call it God's will, and pray for salvation,

Or denunciate anyone and everyone else but themselves?

* * * *

Suspension of rational thought,
For hope, for belief, for faith, for superstition, for idolatry, for dogma,
How is that even remotely possible?

* * * *

Thought is the stagnancy, in which the mind harbors the notion of existence.
Only in awareness, is the quantum essence playing at the cutting edge of dreamtime.
Thought is death, awareness, life eternal; the conceptions of consciousness merely vibration.
Waves crashing upon neuron shoals, naught but imagination, confabulating sensory perception real.

* * * *

Breathe in … relax … breathe out … relax …
There is nothing to know, there is nothing to do, there is nothing to be.
Give your Self credit for space-time served.
Breathe in … relax …

* * * *

Nobody can ever know what You have gone through, what You have experienced,
What You have perceived, what You have endured, in your trail of ecstasy and agony.
Nor can You more than speculate, any other's version of their world, their universe.
We are all, as alone together, as ships passing, in some nebulous, moonless night.
Only as knowable, as any given insight, any frame of reference, might allow.

* * * *

Where is any god, any deity, but in the innate primal recesses of imagination's origin,
And its need, for there to be some meaning and purpose, for this inexplicable existence,
As if the inexplicable existence, the existential tussle, is in itself not raison d'être enough.

* * * *

There is a limit to all the finite pretenses of knowledge.
The unknowable must forever remain unknown.
Science, despite all its heady determination,
Can only claw away so much at the quantum mist.

* * * *

What can You truly know about anything, really,
But the fabrications of mind, devising the sensory play of time,
And what does that signify, but arbitrary concoctions,
No matter how well-cloaked in objectivity.

* * * *

All identity, all identification, is nothing more,
Than the wind of imagination, playing impromptu make-believe.
And when every mind is doing it, it becomes a synergistic collusion, we brand humanity.
Nothing more than confabulated delusion from the illusory get-go.

* * * *

How attentively can You listen, and for how long,
To a babbling brook, to a roaring river, to a crashing wave,
They who babble and roar and crash ever eternal.
The no-mind, the mind without mind,
Is a mind full of eternity.

* * * *

The human drama has no solution, no resolution.
It will carry on in its dysfunctional, wayward journey,
For as long as the species meanders this world or any other.
So, the trick is to endure and enjoy the ride as best as ye are able,
In the ever, inexplicably mysterious, so it goes of it all.

* * * *

A mystery, far too incomprehensible, far too enigmatic, far too ambiguous,
To ever more than nibble and scratch and plumb and ponder.
All any mind can ever really do, is be it, is do it,
As the dreamtime moment allows.

* * * *

The rare few who begin to earnestly look within and without, prior and beyond,
At the cosmos their senses proffer, are those to whom, the world less and less matters.
They are the world-weary, they are those who hear the call, no words can fathom.

* * * *

Concoctions of sweet, of sour, of salty, of bitter, of umami,
All built of the same quantum mystery, all dancing upon the quantum tongue.
Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin – and the brain into which they link,
Are wormholes to their conditional, to their arbitrary, to their temporal, rendering of a cosmos.
You daily travel space, You daily travel time, You daily wander, in the dream of mind.

* * * *

There is truly only this ethereal moment,
Which none can never really touch or grasp,
Only perceive through, and imagine happened,
Play out whatever assumptions the sensory-mind,
Through its filters of conditioning, perchance gleaned.

* * * *

Regarding the so-called supreme being, worshipped by many, and known as God:
For being an absentee landlord, and very dubious even at that,
He/she/it sure gets a lot of credit for things,
To which only assumption and hope give weight.

* * * *

In order to survive, to abide, to thrive, justifiable or not,

Every vested interest embodies its purpose, its mission, its raison d'être,
In every conceivable way, through every conceivable means,
For as long as capacity and limitation allow.

* * * *

It is unlikely the account, the saga, the legend, the myth,
The self-imagery anyone has playing over and over in their minds,
Would, much less could, ever resemble the one history would carve into stone.
Assuming, of course, that some chronicler would ever even be inspired to scribe anything.
Ultimately, all forms are but anonymous, vaporous ghosts in the mists of time.

* * * *

There are some things for which there can be no proof.
Some things that are not subject to the finite boundaries of mind.
Some things for which any answers are too small or too large for any question.
Some things that must remain forever unknown to the ceaseless conjectures of imagination.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Walk through it as You would a dream; detached observer, ethereal witness.
Inscrutable, enigmatic, unfathomable, mysterious, impenetrable, unreadable, unknowable,
Indecipherable, inexplicable, incomprehensible, sphinxlike,
Yet transparent all the while.

* * * *

Each of us with our own unique universe, each of us with our own unique world view.
Each of us with our own unique set, our own unique frame of reference, that we all deem normal.
Each of us perceiving through the untold filters of our time-bound nature-nurture matrix.
Each of us forever here now, forever absolute, forever indivisible, forever alone.

* * * *

Where do You think your wit comes from if not the ever-present, indivisible, quantum essence?
Of course, there is intelligent design at the helm of this inexplicable mystery.
And of course, it is indivisibly You, and You indivisibly it.
There is nothing to get all vain about,
Because everyone and everything else is, too.
All notion of duality is but delusion of the sensory mind.

* * * *

What cosmos does a bat perceive?
A tiger? A dolphin? A bird? A cockroach? A tree? A flower?
Surely, You are not so self-absorbed, as to believe it is ever, can ever, be the same as yours?

* * * *

A garden world chock-full of two-leggeds,
Many believing they are the pinnacles of normal,
All judging their naughty-nice translation from on high.
Who can ever measure up for long, if at all?

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal purity, the eternal clarity, of all dreamtimes.
The silky-smooth elixir, the cosmic brew of those rare few,
Called to discern, to witness, the only reality.
Source to all, source to none.

* * * *

Human consciousness is really nothing more than imagination,
Playing an eternal game of hide and seek with its imaginary self.

* * * *

What difference between the current in waves crashing,
And the heartbeat simultaneously pulsing in your veins?

* * * *

We are all caught, we are all bound, in the truths and lies,
The paradoxes and ironies, the ecstasies and agonies,
The joys and sorrows, the glories and absurdities,
All built by space, all built by time, in the maze of mind.

* * * *

All your busy-ness, convinces You that You exist, that You are truly living.
But are You really any more, than yet another imaginary persona,
Destined to be quickly sidelined, to be quickly forgotten,
In the human paradigm's fleeting dreamtime.

* * * *

How many waves did You hear, how many birds did You see,
On that distracted-lost-in-thought wander along the shoreline?
Give attention to your life; it will be gone before You know it.

* * * *

Exploring existence, exploring reality,
Why would anyone in their right mind,
Give themselves over to such absurdity?

* * * *

No new technology can more than offer brief respite, brief reprieve,
From the consequences of its accelerating exponential.
Fingers can only plug any dike for so long,
Against the indivisible vibrancy of eternal nature.

* * * *

Every mind, a solitary journey, a mortal epic, in the dream of time.
The challenge is getting past the sorrowful allure of loneliness,
And clearly discerning the unfathomability of aloneness.

* * * *

The digitalization of the human paradigm,
Will likely prove a huge black hole for chroniclers,
After technology's inevitable, likely not too distant collapse.

* * * *

Discard all the overlays of your conditioning;
You are the quietude of the sovereign mystery.

* * * *

Mind and body, and the world, the universe, they create,
Are a laboratory in which we are all observers,
Exploring whatever we imagine.

* * * *

Pay attention, so many often exclaim,
But to what are You meant to pay attention?
Whatever draws it, grasshopper, whatever draws it,
And perhaps, if discernment's edge razor-sharpens enough,
The draw may, at some point be, to the awareness,
To the ineffable, eternal source, its Self.

* * * *

The senses invoke the make-believe of space and time, but without them where would You be?
What happens to a mind evolved in time, when locked completely alone, in a dark, soundless chamber?
What mind-body can long abide sensory deprivation, without tumbling into unutterable madness?

* * * *

If You hope to withstand the harsh winds of the world,
Cherish and nurture, and perchance share, the given innocence.
It is always there, it is always within, if You will the time to discern it.

* * * *

Everything of consequence is bell-curving, in an ever-accelerating, up-and-up-and-up exponential.
How far toward the indifferent star above, will the human paradigm soar,
Before wings melt, and x's and y's, stall and fall?

* * * *

Any innocent only knows whatever they are told.
And if they are told an untruth, then that untruth becomes their truth.
And will remain so, until they perchance develop the wit, the insight, to question all things.
To meander out of their cave of origin, and perchance discern the greatest vision.
And perchance one day, if is their destiny, even set themselves free.
It is, without doubt, a long, rocky, solitary, row to hoe.
With no guarantees of any yield, whatsoever.

* * * *

Be the formless, be the awareness, be the nothingness,

Be the You that is really not, has never been, will never be.

* * * *

Without fanfare, without assertion, without warning,
Mother Nature is judge and jury and enforcer and executioner,
For all who are not mindful, for all who do not heed her unwritten laws.
Ignore the indelible, ignore the way, and suffer the consequences.

* * * *

Lives ripple through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet … And through …
For as long as memory holds fast against the tides of eternity.

* * * *

Do not for even a second, believe your ancestors, even way, way back when,
Were any less intelligent just because their tool-making and other abilities,
Had not achieved the ever-expanding bubble of these-our-modern-times.
It has been a step-by-step evolutionary process, as is any creative enterprise.

* * * *

Those who frolic mindfully in the waves, the currents, of space and time,
Know to dive into them, or give way to their trajectory,
Never to stand proudly against them.
To bend, to lean, to bow, to give way, without breaking,
Is the sovereignty any blade of grass, ebbing, flowing, knows without knowing.

* * * *

Awareness, is both the least and greatest common denominator.
The underpinning of consciousness, of all things known and unknown.
The quantum indivisibility, through which duality cavorts the mortal ground.

* * * *

Good and evil are the concoctions of consciousness,
Of imagination, of the mind born of time.
The garden itself is blameless.

* * * *

The matrix universe, an unfathomable quantum sea, swirls on and on and on,
Oblivious to cause and effect, to consequence, to destiny,
To any and all notions born of mind.
Space and time are but figments of imagination,
Inspired by the senses in the processor to which they are wired.

* * * *

Whether or not there is some all-mighty deity observing your every move,
Is about as significant as You watching an erratic ant.
Of passing interest, at best.

* * * *

What would it be like to never see another human being ever again?
To have no voice, filtering through your mind, but your own?
How long could You abide the solitude, the aloneness?

* * * *

That You existed even a moment ago, or will even a moment hence,
Is nothing more than imaginary, illusory, delusional, notion.
This moment, this here now, is the one and only reality,
And no thought can infiltrate its timeless nature.
All consciousness can do, can pretend to do,
Is play out its make-believe, its dream of time,
In whatever way the patternings, the memes allow.

* * * *

The awareness You truly are is but eternal witness,
Bound in one form or another, trapped in one patterning or another,
For as long as there is a manifest theater, a matrix, for dreams of consciousness to wander.
The inexplicable cosmos is but a quantum playground in which You will act out,
Whatever agonies and ecstasies, the given patterning allocates.
There is no escape; You are a captive of time.
Enjoy or suffer; attitude is all.

* * * *

Only the limitations of the senses persuade You, convince You,
Condition You, mesmerize You, hypnotize You, blind You,
Into believing You are at all separate from anything.

* * * *

The other is but an apparition in your mind, an imaginary presence that does not really exist,
But is always upon your shoulder: watching, advocating, imposing, judging,
Your every thought, your every action, your every everything.
To discern that there truly is no other, that You are, in reality, all alone,
Is an insight few have the wit, the strength, the focus, the audacity, to ascertain.

* * * *

I do not need You,
And You likely do not need me,
And why would there be a problem with that?

* * * *

Understand the union, the merging, the yoga,
Is not about the mind-body, about which You are so vain,
But the You, that is the eternal awareness, in the all and nothing of it.
The inexplicable cannot be made any more explicable.

* * * *

The quantum essence is formless, shapeless, indefinable.
Forms are the inexplicable weavings of patterns.
To warrant them the inexplicable creations,
Of some even more inexplicable deity,
Must surely include the most inexplicable You.

* * * *

The point of symbols, icons, totems, charms, talismans, amulets,
Is to realize, to fathom, they are in You, they are You.
For it is You, who are the many-faced god.
You who are the unborn-undying quantum matrix,
Ever illusory, ever nameless, ever dancing, for all eternity.

* * * *

How fiercely many a mind does slash and tear and scratch and gnaw its imaginary self.
Conquering the cosmos, building great empires, saving any and all,
Are much simpler than taming the inner beast.

* * * *

Natural selection is what got the world to this point,
But it is unnatural selection that is taking it to a level,
Only conceit and greed and ignorance, can confabulate.
What will bloom in Eden after our fall, is anyone's guess.

* * * *

What is the stock market, what is globalization, what is this massive consumerocracy,
But so many people whipping each other and themselves,
Without even realizing it.
We are all slaves of one caste or another.

* * * *

Excess is always debilitating in any given long run.
Austerity breeds a hunger for the upside of any bell curve,
While overabundance inevitably sets in motion the road to decline.
Discipline, gumption, grit, individually, collectively,
Are the gauges of any rise and fall.

* * * *

Break down existence into its many parts,
And what is it You have not seen and done,
More than enough many times too many?

* * * *

How many ways are there to die?
A list that technology daily lengthens.

* * * *

The fruit of the garden is really nothing more,

Than imagination unleashed upon its own creation.
Not banishment as much as self-imposed exile.

* * * *

Is it free will to play out, to act out, the only character You could have played?
It all seemed so unknowable, so unpredictable, so challenging, so indelible, every moment,
But has that mind-body You call your own, ever really been anything more, than a genomic algorithm?
The mystery of awareness, the mystery of You, witnessing the mortal program it was bestowed?
Were choices, that were made all along the long winding trail, ever really choices at all?

* * * *

We are all bits and pieces of our lives in our minds.
No one else can know all that it took for You to reach this here, this now.
Existence is for each and every one, no matter how great, no matter how small, an epic journey.

* * * *

Paying attention, being somewhat cautious, is not paranoia; paranoia is caution, unsprung.
The world is still a jungle, whether it be lions and tigers and bears,
Or Hondas and Chevys and Fords.
No need to hide in a closet; just pay attention when wandering about.

* * * *

The world is changed. You can feel it in the water.
You can feel it in the earth. You can smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost, for none now live who remember it.
All bell curves collapse, and where will You and yours be, when the dominos really begin falling?
If You have not already begun taking steps, it is time to think hard, prepare strong,
For a when-shit-hits-the-fan rough road in the times rapidly unfolding.
Batten down the hatches, lock and load, watch and wait.
Hope for the best, prepare for the worst.
May sound trite, but it be true.

* * * *

Judgment is the attribute of a mind making every effort to maintain its universe supreme.
Be and allow, unwritten companion to the Golden Rule, is only grasped,
By those who discern the invisibility of the relativity.

* * * *

No pattern abides forever; any given seed blossom but once.
But that of which all patterns are made … that indivisible quantum essence …
That which creates … preserves … destroys … that is immortal … that is mystery … that is You.

* * * *

That destiny, that fate, that kismet, that karma, You vainly believe You somehow just changed,
Well, friend, understand that destiny is really nothing more than the result,
The synergy of all the choices, of all the consequences,
That rippled in thought and deed.
Nothing uncanny or supernatural about it.

* * * *

All combined, the many-faced other, has thought everything of You,
And You, in many times, have thought everything of them.
And what matter, really, once it is discerned,
That You are every other, and every other is You.
The many differences are but the theater of dreamtime.

* * * *

What if the messiah that comes down from on-high to save you,
Is not even close to what You truly believed he would-could-should be?
What will You do then, Faithful Pilgrim? Keep waiting, keep praying, keep hoping?
Or perchance, awaken to the reality, that any saving, is in the realization of what You truly are.
Yes, You are immortal, once You discern the paradoxes and ironies,
Within and without all things manifest, all things dreamtime,
And that all heavens, all hells, are but states of mind.

* * * *

What is existence, but oblivion wandering consciousness,
And non-existence, oblivion non-wandering unconsciousness.
The mystery's definitive on/off state, the byte of life, so to speak.

* * * *

To the indivisibility, a gazillion-gazillion universes,
Simultaneously transpire, in one gazillionth-gazillionth of an instant.
You are that, I am that, we are all that, no matter the attributes, no matter the contrasts,
Imagined by consciousness, in any space, in any time, in any dimension.

* * * *

The fate of those without great doubt, is to wander in the miasma of time.
The only thing that can save any from such a temporal destiny,
Is if they possess the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The many clues, the many tips, the many hints,
That surround each and every one in their daily wander.
It is a many-are-called-few-are-chosen-fewer-still-volunteer endeavor.

* * * *

Can You exist in the moment, totally here now, without any sense of self-imagery,
Any thought of the personal idolatry, in which a lifetime of conditioning,
Has brainwashed You, to be in a constant state of ever-becoming.
A Gordian Knot, to which there is only one, blade-of-discernment solution.

* * * *

The bubble of consciousness, in which the awareness You are resides,
Is nothing more than an imaginary contrivance, the convoluted consequence,
Of insatiable desire, and its every moment tango, with the abiding fear of not being.

* * * *

Everyone has their own version of this hellish heaven.
It is random and subjective and arbitrary and capricious from the get-go,
And the price of admission is death, a payable-on-demand exit,
Back to that oblivion, from whence all things come.

* * * *

There is nothing right about not knowing, there is nothing wrong about not knowing.
It is the reality that the mind, in all its differentiations, has difficulty acknowledging.

* * * *

One must somehow realize a certain sense of irony and paradox,
A certain shade of doubt, of disbelief, of qualm, to see at all clearly.

* * * *

The streaming dreaming of consciousness sometimes enjoys, sometimes endures,
Its ceaseless jabbering, its mesmerized affirmation, of all things manifest.
A quantum cosmos, playing real, in the muddle of imagination.

* * * *

There are consequences to everything You do, to everything everyone does,
Sometimes good, sometimes not, sometimes very much not.
And your life, and the lives of everyone else,
As well as every other organism from small to great,
Is all about surfing the ripples, in whatever relativity they abide.

* * * *

All sorts of things You do not know,
All sorts of things You have not experienced,
And does it, when-all-is-said-and-done matter, really?

* * * *

You cannot do what You cannot do,
And You likely have difficulty, not doing what You can.
You are your capacities, You are your limitations, in this relatively brief dream of time.
Do not hesitate to investigate all things, as thoroughly as inclination allows.
What greater regret can there be, than a stone left unturned?

* * * *

What is the raison d'être, of a puzzle, of a riddle, of a brainteaser, of a koan,
But to sharpen, to whittle, to sculpt, the wit, for whatever undertakings may come.
It is the playing ground, the schooling ground, the training ground, the doubting ground,
Of the critical thinker, the pessimist, the skeptic, the cynic, the seeker of truth.

* * * *

From nothingness to something, from something to nothingness, nothingness all the while.
All things emerging, all things forming, all things disappearing, all things dissolving.
The source, ever tranquil, ever indivisible, ever unfathomable, ever absolute.

The many shapes, the many patterns, nothing more than appearances.
Sands shifting, rocks falling, currents flowing, winds blowing.
Attributes, elements, qualities, quantum vibration, all.
Primal chaos, creating-preserving-destroying,
In the vast synchronicity of eternity.

* * * *

The many sorrows of the world,
May be less about needing fewer heroes,
Than it is about needing more intelligent plebeians.

* * * *

Very obvious, very clear, very true, to the relatively few.
And to the many others: blindness, miasma, illusion, delusion.
Many may be called, but few are chosen, and fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

What your mind-tongue craves and what your body needs,
Are likely way too often very, very different things.
Be mindful, your future health hinges on it.

* * * *

There have been billions of dreamtimes in the evolving monkey-mind,
As have there been in every genomic line across every time,
In this Gaia-induced musing of the quantum kind.

* * * *

Vanity is nothing more than the mind's attachment to the senses,
And the thoughts they conspire in the body, in which they stream.

* * * *

The Lost Tribes: Is it really just about some ancient desert peoples forced into exile?
Or could it be about the unique few, whose inexplicable destiny it is,
To someday awaken to what they actually are?
A Tribeless Tribe, so to speak.
As with anything, as with everything, it is what You make it.
What is any history, but a means to preserve, to sustain, to bolster, the given cultural mindset.

* * * *

The insights, the revelations of eternity, are for any,
With the wit, the calling, to discern its timeless truth.

* * * *

What desire, what fear, what confabulation of mind,
Can ever touch that which is untouchable by naught but imagination,
And then … and then … and then … only in imagination's whirling mind-bound reel.

* * * *

Pure observation without measurement, pure awareness without movement,
Without ripple, without wake, without time, without space,
Is not that the highest form of science?
Is not that the way to discern the reality of the eternal,
Within and without, the within and without, that has never really existed?

* * * *

Believing You know anything, is but a false security, to which most minds cling.
To be as a child, alone and free; to be the tabula rasa of this instant; to be unborn, undying;
Is to be the mind, realigned with the ever-present eternal moment, and its inherent, indelible insecurity.

* * * *

The challenge is to get back to the timeless garden, the eternal Eden,
Of which no other creature on this spinning orb, has ever lost vision.

* * * *

The religious mind, lumps the great unknowable, into a concept called God,
And then dreads and worships and dogmatizes, whatever idolatry comes to mind.
What is the point of all the mind gorp based entirely on arbitrary, dualistic imagination?

* * * *

Why would a dog ever need to conceptualize it was a dog?
Or a whale, it was a whale? Or an ant, it was an ant? Or a tree, it was a tree?
All creatures, all life forms small to great, simply play out their given nature as the moment calls.
Only we hapless two-leggeds, are lost in time-bound labyrinths of self-imagery,
And all the ecstasies and agonies they endlessly weave.

* * * *

How did all this world's life forms evolve from the dynamic of origin,
But through an extraordinarily laborious, haphazard selection process,
In which countless unknowable universes were created and destroyed,
Before humankind's little twinkling of space-time spawned into being.

* * * *

What is ego, but the fear, the dread, the post-traumatic stress disorder,
The self-protective veneer, the fortress keep, in our imaginary fiefdoms.

* * * *

Why is any groupthink, any mindset, any meme, so earnestly asserted,
But to sustain, to multiply, its corporate nature, in the weavings of mind.

* * * *

What is this deity, so many fear and worship, and call God, by one name or another?
Is it a he, a she, an it, a not-it? Is it everything, anything, nothing?
Is it any more or less, a figment of imagination,
Than You, or anything else?

* * * *

Do not fool yourself, that it was anything but vanity,
That brought Jesus to Jerusalem, and cast him into history.
Whether innocent or calculated, his demise was as predictable as any,
Who brashly, foolishly, fly in the face of the powers that be.
Might has always made right, and it always will.
To accept it, as some deity's intention,
Is a fickle game of thrones,
To which no one ever need subscribe,
If they have the wit and courage, to stand alone.

* * * *

The only difference between any You and me, is a seemingly different eye,
Wired into different central processing units, programed with different frames of reference,
Wandering – all alone, together – in different dreams born of imagination.
We call it life, we call it existence, but what is it, really?

* * * *

The world is changing, so quickly changing, into something,
Not nearly as attractive, as it once-upon-a-time was.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Consume anything, everything, squander the inheritance.
The future is not your problem; screw your kids, and your grandkids, too.
Live high, live large, play out this Ponzi scheme, to your narcissistic, hedonistic heart's content.

* * * *

Consciousness weaves into concept,
An exalted perfection, that can never be.
The horse, that is but an imaginary conjuring,
Is a horse, that never was, a horse that will never be.
Where in nature, is even one number?
Even one perfect circle?

* * * *

What is natural selection?
An evolution of sexual discrimination?
The attraction of likes? The loathing of dislikes?
Of intellect? Of whim? Of spontaneity? Of happenstance?
Of brawn? Of beauty? Of claw and fang? Of stone? Of wood? Of steel?
Of alliance? Of intrigue? Of deception? Of tyranny?
Of irony? Of paradox? Of absurdity?
All of the above, and more.

* * * *

How much time can any creator afford, to allow themselves,
To scrutinize anything that distracts them from their calling?

* * * *

Words, numbers, notes, and other symbols, are all equally unable,

To do more than describe, to point out, the mystery that spawns them.

* * * *

An itsy-bitsy bit of nothingness, becomes and itsy-bitsy quantum,
Becomes an itsy-bitsy molecule, becomes an itsy-bitsy form, becomes an itsy-bitsy life form,
Becomes an itsy-bitsy consciousness, becomes an itsy-bitsy imagination,
That one day fathoms the unborn-undying awareness,
It is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

It is perchance time, for those rare few, who are truly done with the dream world, truly complete,
Those rare few, who are content, to artlessly be, the most essential, timeless state,
To let go of mind, to return to that, which is prior to consciousness,
To that awareness, which is Eden's greatest potential.

* * * *

Everything is absolutely simultaneous, in the indelible indivisibility of the totality,
But You, You must eyes-wide-open wander down the unfolding trail,
Oblivious to whatever is around each and every bend.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
The ecstasies, the agonies, the comedies, the tragedies,
That You play out upon your Self, are unending and beyond all pales.

* * * *

What will this world, this cosmos, this unfathomable creation, be like in one year?
In one hundred years? In one thousand years? In one million years? In one billion years?
In one trillion years? In one quadrillion years? In one quintillion years? In one gazillion years?
As if a year, one single whirl around our puny little star, really happened in the first place.

* * * *

Nature is process, an artistic force,
Each and every moment creating, preserving, destroying.
Absolutely indifferent, to all beginnings, to all endings, to all goals, to all outcomes.

* * * *

What is this ineffable mystery, but pure awareness, but pure intelligence,
Playing out every potential, every possibility, that it might aspire to manifest.
To dream, in whatever fashion, in whatever dimension, its infinite dynamic ordains.

* * * *

It is not about belief, it not about dogma, it not about idolatry, it is not about groupthink.
It is not about tradition, it is not about rituals, it is not about symbols.
It is not about becoming anything or anyone.
It is simply about being,
What You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

,Desire and fear have been dynamic, intertwined forces in the human spectacle.

What is it to be without desire, without fear, and is the mind even capable of it?
Needs research; every scientist his/her own experiment, his/her own laboratory.

* * * *

You are herein introduced to your Self.
From your Self to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

To what are You ultimately attached, but the conditioning,
Of a mind, each and every moment consuming, translating, a sensory feed,
Through the filters of a time-bound frame of reference, inspired by the given nature-nurture.

* * * *

Lamenting any loss, any change, what point, really?
When nothing even for an instant stays the same,
In the quantum matrix of this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

You are not the You, that identifies with this corporeal body,
Or this life, or this world, or this cosmos, or any fragment of the great unknown.
You are the indivisible oneness, and that ethereal quantum state,
Is enough for any earnest seeker turned seer.

* * * *

The witness, the awareness, the youness, indivisibly permeates all consciousness.
The other, the otherness, is ultimately naught but a fabrication,
Naught but an imaginary, dualistic notion,
Of quantum design.

* * * *

Where will believing the best or worst of others take You?
Into what adventures, what rabbit holes, will You tumble?

* * * *

Setting aside the fixation, the obsession, the passion, of any given delusion,
Requires a steadfast detachment, that relatively few can easily, willingly muster.

* * * *

You need not accept anything that is not legitimate or meaningful,
Just because some hypnotized meme-ish alliance espouses it,
Or because some renowned name or title is attached to it,
Or because it is a product of the fermentation of time.
If something does not stand on its own inviolable merit,
There need not be any wavering about putting it behind You.

* * * *

The flowers of tomorrow are the seeds of today,
And their seeds the flowers of the tomorrows after,

And on down the line in the long and short of it.

* * * *

There is no middleman between You and the mystery You are.
There is no need to perpetually struggle over questions that have no answer.
There is no need to believe, to worship, to follow, to pray, to grovel, to tithe, to dogmatize,
To dread judgments from an on-high, to quake over imaginary heavens and hells.
You are That I Am, You are that which is unborn, enduring, undying,
As untainted and free, as You allow your state of mind to be.

* * * *

What are the senses but readers of the indivisible quantum energy,
And the mind, the corporeal, finite neural processing unit,
That organizes their steaming input into a world,
Into a cosmos, in which You wander alone,
In the ever-churning midst of dualistic otherness.

* * * *

That I Am.
Of which untold seers,
In every time, in every geography,
Have quested, discerned, affirmed, proclaimed:
That I Am, it is You and You are it.
There is no other.

* * * *

Many have a very challenging time facing the fact,
That this three-dimensional existence, is but a touchy-feely dreamtime,
That absolutely nothing is permanent, that forever, is nothing more than an absurd concept,
A sound, whose only reality, is but an insignificant vibration in the indivisible,
That has no binds to time, no commitment to form, whatsoever.

* * * *

Any and all seeds are but one-time blueprints,
Which may, or may not, manage to reproduce,
And cast their given patternings a bit further,
In the kaleidoscoping dream of space-time.

* * * *

Still the busy mind, and without giving anything any thought, simply be the awareness.
Give full attention to each of the senses: the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The tongue that tastes, the nose that smells, the flesh that feels.
Pay attention to the momentary now, ever-streaming,
Through the neural network, to the central processing unit.
Where is your world, where is your cosmos, without the given mind,
Projecting, reflecting, through the byzantine filters fabricated of imagination?
All creation, is but the ceaseless patterning of nature-nurture, set in motion, some long ago.
A handiwork, that has never been anything, but an indivisible quantum matrix,

Never more than an inexplicable dreamtime, of unknowable origin.
And the timeless unborn-enduring-undying awareness,
Solitary witness, that You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

Is anyone ever all one thing or another?
We are all the multi-faced monkey-mind.

* * * *

All laws, all principles, all canons, all decrees, all rules, and all other such things,
Are entirely born of the arbitrary, dualistic minds of humankind.
There has never been any deity but nature,
And its indivisible dynamic,
Is witness, judge, jury, enforcer, executioner, as needed.

* * * *

What You discern, what You glean, from your world, from your cosmos,
Is but a reflection of the frame of reference, the filter, doing the translating.

* * * *

There is no part, no fragment, there is only the indivisible whole.
The divisible, is but the fabrication of imagination,
And its relentless notions of duality.
Play the part, become the whole.
The nameless, prior to consciousness,
And it countless designs, born of limitation.

* * * *

Feel the burning sun warm against your face.
Feel its power, its radiation, permeating your being.
Feel its perpetual capacity to create, to preserve, to destroy.
Is it any wonder that the peoples of old worshipped it,
And that the dominant, imagined themselves gods.

* * * *

There it is again, beneath all the interminable facades of conscious design,
The essential as-real-as-it-gets youness, right here, right now,
Eternally present, in an ever-timeless sort of way.
You are the irrefutable awareness.
There is no other.

* * * *

Look at all, that the agonies and ecstasies,
Of your ephemeral, very mortal existence, have taught You,
And know, that it will all be lost, when the glimmer of that last electrical signal dims,
When the body and mind, to which You are so habitually attached,
Turns off the light, and without further ado,
Quietly exits the dream.

* * * *

You are the mystery of You, the wonder of You, the eternity of You.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you,
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

The crippled beggar in some gutter,
May be the richest man, in all of human history.
And the Midas, with castles of gold across the globe, the poorest.
What is enough, and what is not enough?
Attitude is all.

* * * *

To awaken to eternity, You, the inexplicable awareness,
Must doubt everything to such a great degree,
As to be able to shake off the mind and senses entirely.
To become so inwardly at peace, as to be neither mind nor body.
A state of timeless beingness, for which few have either capacity or inclination.

* * * *

What was it that evolved the human ego?
Was sense of self formed by the competition over mates,
Over hunting grounds, over fishing holes, over resources, over possessions?
Was it the interplay of the given group, the many reflections of others judging this, judging that?
All the dynamics, all the relationships, all the struggles, the array of manifest time,
Gradually sculpting the mind, into the one through which You gaze.

* * * *

To discern your own mind, to discover the portal to the unknown,
What other point, could there truly be, to this rather mundane play?

* * * *

Even as quickly as sensory news travels through the synapses to the brain,
By the time it filters, by the time it registers, in the given mind,
The ever-present now, has indivisibly streamed on.
As immeasurable as it may seem,
Even eternal life, cannot keep up with reality.

* * * *

The filters of any given monkey-mind, in its imperfect frame of reference, are all about measuring,
Estimating, summarizing, evaluating, calculating, labeling, stereotyping, judging.
But it is the choices made in action and deed, that sculpt the day.

* * * *

Male and female, are merely long genomic strands of an evolutionary process,
Designed for relationship with nature, relationship with each other, relationship with our selves,

That this ever-changing epoch, and all its technologies, have in every way usurped.
We are all suffering in many ways; we are all struggling, to find our way.

* * * *

What is always ironically absurd, is how scientists measure,
And measure and measure, again and again, and nothing really changes.
What futility, to believe our egocentric genus, will ever evolve beyond its paradigm.
Imagine the massive collection of books and videos and photos and graphs and … and … and ...
That the aliens will discover, in the scar tissue of this garden, when they finally arrive.
Or perhaps, they already are here, watching us play out our narcissistic game.

* * * *

Best always be mindful, that some little thing You do today,
May well come calling with your death warrant tomorrow.

* * * *

What fun is it just to drive the vehicle if You have no idea,
What is going on under the hood, and beneath the wheels.

* * * *

Are You really any more than an imaginary notion,
Inspired by the dreamtime, into which You were cast?

* * * *

Yes, You have learned so much, figured out so much,
Yet here You are, right here, right now, really no less ignorant,
Than You were as a newborn babe, swaddled in cloth, in the given manger.

* * * *

A certain genesis, a certain cosmos, a certain star, a certain world,
A certain distance, a certain whirl, a certain tilt, a certain evolution,
And voilà, here You are, playing out a mortal dream in space and time.

* * * *

The unfolding history of every generation,
Sows the seeds of both ecstasy and agony,
For the progeny, and the unborn beyond.

* * * *

When You get down to the nitty-gritty-brass-tacks gist of it,
You are really nothing more than the clear space of awareness,
With a very long list of ever-changing imaginary assumptions.

* * * *

Consciousness is really nothing more,
Than lightning strikes, given meaning and purpose,
Along the neuron trails of the brain.

* * * *

There is an uncertain amount of irony and paradox,
About rationality, when it is marinated in emotion.

* * * *

The real pandemic for humankind will likely be starvation,
And that could take place very quickly given the glacial melt-off,
That is accelerating far more exponentially than the algorithm designers,
Can wrap their heads around in the scribbling of their behind-the-eight-ball code.

* * * *

Awareness is dimensionless, without limits, without boundaries, without attributes,
Filled only by the vaporous notions of consciousness, its absorption with, its adoration of,
Its interminable permutations, incessant convolutions, never-ending frivolities, of imaginary origin.

* * * *

What is a degree, what is a certificate, but a piece of paper,
That confirms You have learned how to think,
In some well-established box.

* * * *

If You are so fortunate, so privileged,
As to attain the 'self-actualized' ethereal of Maslov's Hierarchy,
If You are able to rise above the temporal, the mundane, worldly tiers of the 'physiological,'
Of the 'safety,' of the 'belongingness and love,' of the 'esteem,'
Count your Self blessed,
For if the human paradigm has any real meaning,
It is in the transcendent, creative mind, in which intelligence contentedly dwells.

* * * *

To be agnostic, to be uncertain, is to explore for your Self,
No direction known, no answers sought, no conclusions made,
Is to be as eternally present, as consciousness in space-time allows.

* * * *

So subtle, as to be ever obscure.
So esoteric, as to be sought by the rarest of the rare.
So inexplicable, as to stand alone, no matter the space, no matter the time.

* * * *

History as it is unfolding in day-to-day current events,
Is less about scholarship, than it is reaction to the given moment.
It is only as the gaze broadens, distills, to a larger context, that perspective,
Begins the slow, long and winding process of detached reflection,
That will one day harvest a footnote in some chronicle.

* * * *

What is the difference between a flake of gold and a grain of sand,

But a level, a degree, a magnitude, an intensity, of quantum vibration.
The appraisals deigned by consciousness, are naught but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Where anyone takes the quest for truth,
Is entirely a subjective reckoning.
How far and wide any seeker travels, to discern,
That it was all within and without, from the very beginning,
Is the chronicle, the saga, the myth, the epic, that all must alone navigate.

* * * *

What is any modern world, any current era, any contemporary timeframe,
But the timeless present, kaleidoscoping within the relativity, of any given mind.
It is only as real, as tangible, as imagination, inspired by the sensory feed, determines.

* * * *

So many failures, so many errors, so many flaws, so many imperfections, so many mistakes,
So many blunders, so many trespasses, so many brutalities, so many desires, so many vanities,
So many regrets for so many things, for which You must first and foremost, forgive your Self.

* * * *

Why believe anything, why fear anything, for which there is no rational proof?
To fear the irrational, is to dread what is really nothing more,
Than the imaginary dross born of mind.

* * * *

What is it, in the interwoven continuum of space and time, that stimulated the human mind,
Into becoming so ingenious at tool-making and countless other disciplines?
What a phenomenal whodunit the evolutionary aspect,
Of this unfathomable handiwork.

* * * *

All life forms exist in a choiceless eternal vulnerability,
That knows neither birth nor death, nor any measurable notion.
Instinct is the patterning established in all, through the Darwinian shaping,
Of each and every genomic strand, over millions and millions of years of evolution.
Consciousness, as the human ego fields it, assumes an invulnerability that is utterly fictional.
The assumption of free will, of choice, despite all illusions to the contrary,
Is every moment shackled to the instinctual roots of origin.
To suppose that You are truly and completely free,
That You have reign over your choices,
Is a dubious assertion, indeed.
The ultimate truth of it is,
That in any manifest dreamtime,
You can no more alter the given part You play,
Than any other living thing acting out its minute function,
In this inexplicable, indelible, indivisible, immutable, cosmic hologram,
Born in the vapors of imagination, moving to and fro, in the clear space of awareness.

To give over to the vulnerability, You in reality ever are, is a reflective view, to which few are drawn.

* * * *

Whether or not You chose to manifest in this dreamtime,
Is prior to all knowing, and need not be even the barest of concerns.
The point in fact is, You are here, You are now, and for perhaps no reason at all.
Which means You have the opportunity to play around a bit, in whatever way may call You.
There will be consequences, there will be ecstasy and agony, there will be death.
Ultimately, all smoke and mirrors, but certainly real enough at the time.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos, a hologram matrix of creation, preservation, destruction.
Rising, falling, ebbing, flowing, ever-churning through the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

How can the here-now, the ever-present moment, ever be born, destined to one day die?
How can that which is without attributes, that which is indivisible, ever exist?
How can there be light or dark? Sound or silence? Right or wrong?
How can there be any this, any that, in an indelible mystery,
In which space and time are not, have never been, will never be?

* * * *

In one quantum, all quantum; in all quantum, one quantum.
One for all, all for one, in the one and only indivisible there is.

* * * *

What is there but awareness.
To call it infinite or infinitesimal is meaningless.
To give it any purpose, to slather it with any attributes, is irrelevant.
To even brand it truth, is a beyond-the-pale absurdity.

* * * *

Life is an ever-changing cosmos, a convoluted maze with many, many doors.
You wander through the halls of your mind's translation, your imagination's rendering.
Some doors open, some do not; some open easily, some never at all; some open now, but not later;
Some are locked now, but open later; and some, many, most, never will.
Each mind has its fate, but only looking back.

* * * *

The weight of the world is but imaginary notion.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, waylay all the desires and fears.
Attend to the awareness prior to consciousness, and, poof,
The world disappears in the stillness of eternity.

* * * *

The sexual compulsion, and the continuation, the proliferation, of the existence, for which it evolved,
Is really nothing more than an instinctual, hypnotizing, overwhelming, primordial force.
A directive from the innermost reaches of every genomic strand across Gaia,

Striving to survive whatever ‘forever’ the dreamtime allows.

* * * *

Nothing mattered before the beginning, and nothing will matter after the end.
And what is everything between, but a stream of every variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The horror! The horror!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The bother! The bother!

* * * *

Stop believing all the deceptions the conditioned mind endlessly weaves.
You are the eternal awareness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What a desolate conception of God has emerged in so many human minds.
How can any abide any vision that is not all-inclusive, all-accepting?
Any view that is cloaked by every imaginable dogmatic absurdity?
What is the point and purpose of all this incessant, nonsensical conflict,
Over what is, and has ever been, nothing more, than fictional confabulation?

* * * *

What does any timeless, immaculate moment become, but a snapshot in memory.
A marker encoded in the filaments of the neuron matrix.
Imagination does the rest.

* * * *

The malevolence of resentment, envy, distrust, spite, suspicion, protectiveness,
Covetousness, bitterness, greed, jealousy, and hatred, are not easy passions to resist.
Cultivate benevolence whenever possible, if You hanker for peace, both within and without.
And, if not, well, there are indeed any number of boulevards to murder and mayhem.
There is, after all, a certain serenity, a certain equanimity in self-righteousness.

* * * *

Human consciousness is a vortex of desire and fear,
And every variety of passion they foster,
Which will draw You in, as far as You cannot resist,
With all the flesh and mind delights of Power, Fame, Fortune,
And the Seven Deadlies: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth.

* * * *

How desolate the lives of those whose soul meaning,
Is counting the coins in their growing mound of false gold.

* * * *

Any personal deity is nothing more than an imaginary illusion-delusion.
You are the only thing personal, wandering about this quantum mystery.

* * * *

No philosophy can ever more than point and sally at truth.
None can dictate more than piecemeal injunctions and futile remedies.
Language can never be anything more than barren distraction,
From the inherent mystery peering out from within.

* * * *

Mother Gaia is becoming an ill-tempered, impatient dragon,
At the unrelenting mismanagement of her elemental quantum nature,
By the countless two-leggeds, foolish enough to assert unrestrained dominance,
Over a mystery, which can never be known, much less mastered.

* * * *

The clock hands go round and round and round, and You ever the same.
Whoo-hoo for eternity playing out the dream of space and time,
In the awareness of your most thunder, perfect mind.

* * * *

You were told You were this, You were told You were that,
And now You meander the ever-present dream of space and time, believing it all true.
A make-believe meme, a conditioned pattern, an autonomous invention,
Woven into the ceaseless chatter of the consciousness,
Each and every moment streaming,
In the clear spaceless, of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Regarding the contemporary destiny of this garden world,
Humanity seems intent on learning a very harsh lesson of balance,
In a most strenuous, most convoluted, most painful manner.
Earth will abide, but as to whether life will or will not,
Has the jury waiting and watching a tad longer.

* * * *

Fabricating deities and majestically convoluted depictions of heavens and hells and purgatories between,
Is really little more, than an intricate way, of declaring how clueless so many truly are.
Much more delusional, much more bothersome, much more absurd,
Than just being quietly, simply, honestly agnostic.
How much more profound it is to neither know nor care.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness You truly are,
Ever be more, ever be less, than what it is right here, right now?
What is this fleeting corporeal existence but a timeless, unborn, undying dream.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are You,
But empty attachment to a sack of bones and goo,

A collection of filtered perceptions, of vague memories,
A meme, a recording, a scratchy record, going round and round,
The same song, playing over and over, until breath and beat, do You part.

* * * *

You are the witness, the arbiter, of your version of this sensory-created mystery.
Even if You subscribe to some well-established mindset,
It is ever your interpretation.

* * * *

Using the tools of rhetoric to enhance empty agendas,
To embellish middling intelligence, or emotional quotients,
Only undermines the power of reason, in the pursuit of veracity.

* * * *

How could the timeless awareness You truly are,
That which is without attributes, that which is absolutely singular,
Ever be, in any way different, or in any way separate, from anyone or anything else's?
There is no divisibility, but through the imaginary notions of consciousness.

* * * *

What is heaven, what is hell, but potentials of mind, given over to equanimity or volatility.
What more can any ask of their dreamtime, than to have a mind at peace with its Self,
A mind that is content, a mind that is serene, a mind that is eternal, unto its origin.

* * * *

Life is a long and ever-streaming swim.
Will You stay in the shallow end, the deep end,
Or wander back and forth, as the given moment calls?

* * * *

Chances are, that the pain You are feeling so deeply, is all in your head,
And if it actually is of the body sort, well that is not a forever thing, either.

* * * *

You are the mysterious unknown, peering out into a universe,
Entirely conceived by an organized collection of neurons.
Some sort of quantum be, quantum see, kind of thing.

* * * *

There is only the timeless instant, the eternal moment.
There is only right here, there is only right now.
There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow.
In the ever-present, hereness-nowness, the indivisible ever is.
There is no past, there is no future, there is no ever was, there is no will ever be.

* * * *

What is the cosmos of a crow, a tuna, a rat, a cockroach, a microbe?

How vain to believe yours any more real, any more important than theirs.

* * * *

In the ocean of indivisibility, the ocean of awareness, the ocean of consciousness,
In which all things, in synchronicity, move hither and thither, to and fro,
Existence is nothing more than a habit, a pattern, a recording,
A dream, in which the nature-nurture of every seed,
Plays out its timeless, inseparable part.

* * * *

To be aware, each and every moment, that none of this is ultimately real,
To not be mesmerized, by the mind's conditioned responses,
Only the rarest of the rare attain, or so they say.

* * * *

Taking personal responsibility, is the foundation of all suffering.
What is the point of being responsible, being liable, being accountable,
For a cosmos, a world, an existence, You had no say in creating.

* * * *

The mystic does not conquer or subjugate or annihilate,
But through surrender of the personal mind,
To that which is total and absolute.

* * * *

How can anyone who has any wit, any savvy, any keenness, whatsoever,
Not doubt, not question, not think critically, is perhaps the greatest mystery.

* * * *

To recondition the mind into being timelessly ever-present,
Rather than being lost in time-bound imagery,
That is the eternal challenge.

* * * *

If You must hope for anything of this existence,
Hope for a quick, unexpected, painless death.

* * * *

Awareness is the timelessness, through which consciousness fashions space-time.
There is naught but now, in which imagination casts itself hither and thither,
Like a wind, that cannot decide whether to be a zephyr or a hurricane.

* * * *

You have never seen your own face, You have never seen your own body.
How could your frame of reference, ever be the same as anyone else's?

* * * *

Maybe You have got it, maybe You have not, but what is there to get, anyway?

You are awareness, You are absolute, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Everyone wandering hither and thither,
Each with their own uniquely eccentric soap opera,
Ebbing and flowing to and fro, in their vain little monkey skulls.

* * * *

God, Brahman, Allah, Tao, Quantum, isness, oneness, absoluteness, totality,
And the infinity of sounds, by which it might also be known,
All fluid words used interchangeably herein,
To give homage to that which is prior to all names.

* * * *

Ain't it amazing how much You do not know,
And yet the first and last knower all the while.

* * * *

A still rock is a still rock.
A still pond is a still pond.
A still mind is a still mind.

* * * *

Who am I? Well, I am me, the same me, as You.
Both of us likely just as attached to our flesh and bone guises,
Just as attached to all our vain notions, in this garden's play of nature-nurture.
We are all nothing more than a relatively brief play of differences,
Cavorting in the same vast ocean of indivisibility,
Ultimately born of the same source,
The same awareness,
The same unknowable unknown.
Name it, label it, describe it, identify it, classify it,
Sanction it, however You will, it is ever the same inexplicable essence.

* * * *

And why not be lazy and apathetic?
The human paradigm is set in flesh and bones.
Nothing will change enough, to make it worth the bother.

* * * *

What do You think the mystery used, but its own quantum clayness,
To create, to witness, to fathom, You, and your temporal universe?

* * * *

What is imagination, but the neural wind of the mind.
Sometimes still, sometimes breeze, sometimes tempest.

* * * *

It is hard to fathom, that rational scientific method, does not reign across the board,
That superstition, mythology, make-believe, idolatry, dogma, fanaticism,
Still have such an enduring foothold in the human psyche.

* * * *

The passion of the mob, can easily and quickly, run strong and deep,
And life and limb come to great harm, if/when the swell becomes too muddled.
Staying away, hunkering down, moving elsewhere, can often be among the safer tonics.

* * * *

What would Jesus have been imparting, if he had lived well beyond the martyred age of thirty-three?
Would it have been the same, beyond-the-pale balderdash, of these last two thousand years?
Or would the tune have changed, morphed, evolved, into something far different?
The things we will never know, are indeed-indeed well beyond counting.

* * * *

The quantum mystery will pretend,
Whatever meaning and purpose You vainly imagine,
And not even one scintilla of it, ultimately real or important, all the while.

* * * *

At some point, is there really anything left in the bucket?
Is there anyone You desperately need to see again?
Anything You desperately need to do again?

* * * *

The Way is neither moral nor immoral.
Isness is not bound by any play of mind.

* * * *

Doubt will carry You, to whatever falsehood You can abide,
And then on to the next and the next and the next and the next and the next,
Until You finally achieve that eternal moment, where there are no more untruths to be had,
That unutterable, timeless realization, where You finally, indelibly discern,
That You are, and have always been, and will ever be,
The way and the truth and the life.
There is no other,
Playing out every possibility.

* * * *

It is more than a little dubious, more than a little moot,
That anyone bothers speaking out, about the way they view reality,
When it so often provokes more conflict, more thistles, in the minds of others.
Far more rational, far wiser, far kinder, to go hang out alone, in some anonymous venue,
Some serene garden bench, some understated front porch, imbibing the spaciousness of awareness.
Enjoying in solitude, in tranquility, what relatively little mortal dreamtime is left.

* * * *

You are your own witness, your own muse, born of the world, the cosmos,
That your many attachments to mind and body, inspire You to believe real and true.
It is but a quantum dream, but one You must play out, for as long as the mortal faire allows.

* * * *

Spiritual militancy only brews more dogma, in an already dogmatized world.
Choosing the path of least resistance, declining to engage in gratuitous conflict,
Is the surest means, to giving one's Self over, to the unbearable lightness of being.

* * * *

Attempting to replicate another's awakening is impossible.
You must perceive and witness your own mind,
Your own world, your own cosmos,
Unutterably alone.

* * * *

This dreamtime offers any educated mind, incalculable ways to discern, to filter, this quantum theater.
Historian, scientist, mathematician, philosopher, anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist,
And on and on and on, for minds born with the grit and gumption to learn.

* * * *

There is no political or economic or religious solution,
To what is happening at the macro level of our two-legged paradigm.
We are acting no differently, than bacteria charging towards the edge of a petri dish.
Biology will out, no matter how viable, how dexterous, how profound, how bona fide, the technology.
All the babble is, and has ever been, nothing more than meaningless mind gorp.

* * * *

How many zeroes to the right or left of the decimal point are really required,
To discern all You really have is one very big, one very tiny,
Null and void coursing through it all.

* * * *

No need to pray for this or that, or that or this.
Just accept what comes, and let go what goes.

* * * *

All the feelings, all the thoughts, in this our human paradigm,
What are they, but much ado about ductless glands and viscera.

* * * *

We tag this indelible mystery with so many names,
Shore it up with so many speculations,
All equally meaningless.

* * * *

We are all wandering our own very unique, very subjective, very alone, version of a cosmos.
A timeless conundrum, an inexplicable mystery, an immeasurable dream,

From all beginnings, through all middles, to all endings.
None of us have ever seen our own face, and none ever will,
Because there is not, has never been, and will never be, one to see.

* * * *

Those who find themselves beneath the Bodhi Tree,
Or utterly alone for forty days and nights in the desert,
Are neither dull in wit, faint of heart, nor slothful in spirit.

* * * *

T-Shirt Karma,
Coffee Mug Dharma:
What Would Jesus Do?
What Would Lao Tzu Do?
What Would Nietzsche Do?
What Would Siddhartha Do?
What Would Mohammed Do?
What Would Zoroaster Do?
What Would Krishna Do?
What Would Waldo Do?
What Will You Do?

* * * *

Where is the division between consciousness and unconsciousness,
For anyone giving the mind, and all its movements, their full attention.

* * * *

You are, indeed, a quantum jester.
A fool, a wit, a wag, a tool, for the indivisible unknown,
To tarry for the briefest of whiles, in an imaginary reverie of space and time.

* * * *

What need do those who have awakened,
Those who have transcended all doubt,
Those who wander in unburdened awareness,
Have for any questions, or the answers they project.

* * * *

Some answers are far too infinite, some far too infinitesimal, for any question,
And those who query, only hear the predictable echoes of their own projections.

* * * *

The mind is a castle keep, and the awareness You truly are, its sovereign.
To allow no other, to haphazardly trample about the dominion,
Is to hold fast against the tempests of consciousness.

* * * *

Would that life were more fair, and suffering not such a mainstay.

In the draw of the genetic lottery, some get a royal flush,
While others cannot even score a high card,
And the remainder muddle in the abyss between.
The winds of nature-nurture carry us where they will.

* * * *

History is so much greater than any culture, any philosophy, any mound of gold.
And the world, the universe, the quantum field, is far greater than anything imaginable.
And the unknowable, the indivisible, the nothingness, prior to all manifestation, is trump to all.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of courage, a great deal of detachment,
To not take life, to not take this world, this dream, personally.

* * * *

Travel time? How can something that does not exist be traveled?
How can You be anywhere but the here now, in which You ever indivisibly reside?
Imagination, the quixotic author of this enigmatic quantum stagecraft,
Is the only time traveler, there has ever been, or will ever be.

* * * *

What are You, what is any form, but a derivative of the indivisible totality.
All but infinitesimal widgets, thingamajigging within the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Consciousness claiming to be this or that, is but the delusion of imagination,
Identifying with ever-changing temporal circumstance.

* * * *

The mystery plays out every preposition:
In-on, at-to, before-after, over-under, above-below, up-down, plus-minus, since-until,
inside-outside, with-without, around-through … et cetera,
And none of it all the while.

* * * *

Your original state is absolutely, indivisibly, unconditionally flawless.
The only question, is whether that unutterably formless, timeless emptiness,
That immaculate awareness ,prior to consciousness, prior to all whims of mind,
Can be steadfastly reestablished, while immersed in the given day-to-day.
It is a homecoming, only the rarest of the rare, ever contemplate.

* * * *

All things under every star across the great unknown,
Are of the same quantum essence ever churning anew.

* * * *

You are as small as You are large, as short as You are tall.
What is the starry-starry universe, but the untouchable You,
And the beaten path, the You, upon which You daily tread.

* * * *

Is there thought without vanity, self without arrogance?
Is a question that requires rigorous observation,
By each and every witness so-inclined.

* * * *

We are what we have always been: self-absorbed in every which-way imaginable.
There are already far too many of our kind, and daily more and more,
And in spite of our indelible aptitude, at inventing every conceivable thingamajig,
It is inevitable, that we will ultimately prove incapable, of surviving our Frankenstein creation.

* * * *

Life is death and death is life; the two are indivisibly intertwined in this dream of time.
To cling to one or the other, is to entirely miss the point, that neither truly are, or are not.

* * * *

No quarter given, no quarter taken,
The ultimate Darwinian reality in this manifest theater.
Might makes right in every dreamer's dream.

* * * *

This mystery is too incomprehensible, to even try to shroud it with rhyme or reason,
And yet we do again and again and again, each and every mind, born afresh,
Striving to comprehend the ever-mystifying nature of the given maze.
Is it any wonder saloons are full, and needles litter the streets.

* * * *

Look deadly, be deadly; look deadly, be harmless;
Look harmless, be deadly; look harmless, be harmless.
Survival is as survival does in this indivisible quantum Eden,
This garden of good and evil, born of imagination's egoistic reality.

* * * *

Your illusory cosmos is your teacher; it is your frame of reference.
It is an interminable streaming of faces and places and every variety of form.
It is all the creatures from small to large, it is galaxies beyond what any eye can see.
It is words and numbers and sounds and symbols, and whatever else consciousness colludes.
It is the imaginary mind, it is the imaginary you, it is the imaginary not you.
And through it all, the ubiquitous awareness, You truly are.
Ever the ever-present, solitary witness.

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.
Might makes right, it always has, it likely always will.
The best any can hope for is a benevolent claw and fang.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is the boundary between pleasure and pain,

Or are agony and ecstasy, suffering and happiness, anguish and joy,
Nothing more than points along a neurological continuum.
A survival mechanism that evolved long, long ago,
In the nervous system many animals share.

* * * *

All this time, all this effort, all this angst, all this absurdity,
Only to finally figure out that it is all nothing more than a touchy-feely dream,
Sponsored by an inexplicable quantum feed.
Argh, indeed.

* * * *

What is human history, but the ever-predictable monkey-mind,
Rolodexing its muddle of consciousness, over and over and over.

* * * *

And to the end of time, to the end of daze,
The scholars and the researchers and the mathematicians,
And the academics and the thinkers and the experts and the philosophers,
And the authorities and the specialists and the highbrows and the eggheads and the polymaths,
Measured and calculated and gauged and quantified and evaluated to the nth degree,
Every this and that, clearly obvious to most everyone else, from the get-go.

* * * *

You are very much alone, You have always been very much alone,
And despite the hypnotizing sensory play about You,
You will ever be very much alone.
How else could the singularity be single?

* * * *

In every end, it will be as it was in every beginning,
As it was in every meridian and every twinkling in every between,
And as it is in every imaginable before, as it is in every imaginable after, as well.
Any notion that your ‘youness’ is in any way separate from the eternal,
Is nothing more than the delusion of the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

Each and every timeless, streaming moment, passes the same.
Call it second, call it minute, call it hour, call it day, call it night, call it this year or that,
It is ever the same quantum eternity, dancing in its own illumination,
And You, the awareness, its ineffable witness.

* * * *

Awareness is the perceiving, awareness is the observing, awareness is the witnessing.
There is no observer, there is no witness; the source is not a thing, it is not consciousness,
It is not at all attached to any who, any what, any where, any when, any why, any how.
It merely is – indivisibly, indescribably, timelessly – free and clear of all attributes.

* * * *

The eternal salvation, so many glibly guarantee, is up to You, to alone discern.
Even if You follow a trusted guide, up an arduous, rocky mountain trail,
You are still required to endure, each and every step, along the way.

* * * *

Time is the flowing of consciousness.
There is no time in the heart of awareness.
Abandon the ticking clock lodged in your mind,
And apperceive the timeless, immeasurable beingness.
You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Do not be ensnared by the temporal mind-body, You imagine your Self to be.
It is naught but ductless glands and viscera, a vehicle of relatively fleeting duration.

* * * *

Everyone marches to the beat of one drum or another.
Some are too loud to be heard, others too muted not to be.

* * * *

The indifferent known, the indifferent unknown,
The indifferent cosmos, the indifferent world, the indifferent space-time,
The indifferent quantum, the indifferent mind-body, the indifferent who-what-where-when-why-how,
The indifferent now, the indifferent awareness, the indifferent truth, the indifferent false,
The indifferent everything, the indifferent nothing, the indifferent whatever,
All the same indifference masked by every indivisible guise.

* * * *

This spinning orb, is the universe's insane asylum, oft times called Hell.
For shards of Soul. who believe themselves separate from the null and void.

* * * *

This manifest theater, this temporal realm,
Concocts an inexhaustible diversity of bullshit.
So it goes. deal with it, get over it, move on.
Alone and absolute, if You can manage it.

* * * *

Discern the timeless stillness of the awareness prior to consciousness.
Become that peace, that tranquility, that calmness, that serenity, that You.

* * * *

Everyone would do well to challenge, to confront, their imaginary deities,
Their superstitions, their fallacies, their delusions, and whatever other dreads,
At least once in a while, to discern if anything noteworthy, really happens.
Take a scientific approach, rather than be some meme-ridden puppet.

* * * *

In any given life, there are some good decisions,
Some mediocre decisions, and some really bad decisions.
Regrets are no doubt piled high and cringing in any given mind.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The incalculable theaters of mind, already come and gone in the human paradigm,
Ever delineate the future, ever forge the options of new generations,
Ever channel them into unprecedented venues,
From which they cast their progeny into their rendering.

* * * *

What is human existence, but an ever-streaming play of consciousness,
An ever-kaleidoscoping play, of some given mind, attached to some given circumstance,
An ever-emanating play of minds, mesmerized by every imaginable difference,
That the delusions of sensory illusion, can fashion real and true.
Ultimately nothing more than the quantum enigma,
Playing a game of light and shadow.

* * * *

The purgatory of consciousness, offers only fragmented peace.
Heaven is the motionless oblivion of pure, unfiltered awareness.

* * * *

The time born of mind, reigns through the continuity of its many memes, its many patterns.
Consciousness reinforces these repetitive cultural blueprints through conditioning.
Relatively few are inclined, to free themselves from their domesticated lot,
To discern the timeless awareness, at the cradle of all imagined.

* * * *

Gaia is in the remorseless, fell grip of the monkey-mind.
The fruit of the garden, is fated to be its cancerous demise.

* * * *

Quantum awareness, quantum consciousness: omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
What more God could You possibly witness? What more god could You possibly be?

* * * *

To see the reality of this awareness clearly, to discern what You truly, undoubtedly, are,
You must have the concentration and fortitude, of a tightrope walker crossing a canyon.

* * * *

Self-pity, what an odious waste.
Besides which, what is the point of feeling wretched,
Given that You are doomed, doomed to suffering, decline, and annihilation,
No matter how You pander your sentiments about it.

* * * *

What is the universe, but a quantum creation spun of nothing,
And every existence, witness to a unique cosmos of patterned design,
As devised by the senses, in their eternal perception of the winds of illusion.

* * * *

We are only joking ourselves, if we think anyone,
Much less anyone in the political-economic-religious forum,
Is going to steer a safer course, much less turn our little Titanic around.
We only exist, we only abide, at this absurd level of beyond-the-pale statistical intrigue,
Because of oil, electricity, and our beyond-the-pale, tool-making capacity, all fueled, by insatiable greed.
There is no happy ending, no over the rainbow, to the horror story daily unfolding.
Economic and environmental shit-hits-the-fan is inevitable.
How and when, the only question.

* * * *

Consciousness concocts every imaginable speculation,
To grapple with this inexplicable quantum mystery,
But its ultimate reality, is prior any metaphor.

* * * *

What is the dreaming state – the thoughts, the images, the sensations – of sleep,
But the incessant movement of the mind, without sensory reference points?
Is there really a division between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
Or is it merely the mind, facing or not facing, whatever reality is unfolding?

* * * *

The mind is a weaving of attachment, to all its imagery.
Everything thought and done, is founded upon the conditioning,
Of space and time, since the inception, of its first perception.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement, the vibration, the lightning storm, of the brain.
Mind, is fabricated by the attachment, to the many emotional and conceptual patterns,
The conditioning, to which it abides, for whatever sojourn the dreamtime of quantum ordains.

* * * *

It is a perpetual yellow brick road, littered with non sequitur.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Awareness, alone, serene.

* * * *

What is any description, any identification, any categorization, any hypothesis, any stereotype,
But gray-matter pigeonholes, in which assumptions can be warehoused,
Taken out, cooked, and served up, as needed.

* * * *

It is the nature of reflective, earnest doubt, that no lie will long suffice.

Once You embark on this solitary journey, to discern the truth of this implacable mystery,
There will be a never-ending array, of ever-enticing interruptions and diversions.
Every sort of blind alley, roadblock, dead end, and impasse, imaginable.
But there will be no turning back, there will be no stopping.
Red pill, blue pill, was there ever really a choice?

* * * *

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?
What does it matter, they are both illusions.

* * * *

If You give your self over to Self,
Things just seem take care of themselves,
In a way only You, very much alone, can witness.
No need to pray to some idol, no need to worship some deity.
Just being fully in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment, is more than enough.

* * * *

What is a reasonable profit in commerce, and what is usury,
Depends upon who contrives the rules of the game,
And what the market will bear or bull.

* * * *

Achieving the so-called higher states of consciousness
– Detachment, wisdom, harmony, serenity, equanimity, contentment –
Are especially arduous, and take a great deal of practice.

* * * *

So many issues ahead, in this, the world our kind has crafted:
Overpopulation, resource depletion, pollution, waste and waste disposal,
Ocean acidification, acid rain, ozone layer depletion, global warming, climate change,
Loss of biodiversity, habitat loss, deforestation, urban sprawl, water scarcity,
Economic mayhem, warfare, terrorism, civil unrest, pestilence.
To name a few.

* * * *

The awareness You are, is within all life, from the smallest to greatest, all across creation.
You are every moment being born, You are every moment dying.
Life and death, how are they not the same?

* * * *

Standing for nothing, is the only way to avoid the very common human delusion,
That existence has some paramount meaning and purpose, that values are authentic and true,
That morals, that ethics, are more than just vain inventions of a species, that has yet to come to terms,
With the reality, that it is but the very temporal consequence of evolutionary happenstance.

* * * *

Always agreeable to have enough coins of the realm to stay more than just afloat,

But too big a pile, can wander into the exceedingly bothersome domain of cursedom.

* * * *

Thought has a tendency to get caught up in one little-self fixation after another.
To dwell in the no-self zone, requires great detachment from the world,
And all the incalculable universes, that emerge and subside,
Upon a constantly-changing elemental crust,
That basks in the radiance of a relatively temperate star.

* * * *

You are the sacrifice, your life has been chosen.
And You are carrying a cross of your own making.
We are all martyrs of our own imaginary notion.

* * * *

We must all go-through-it-to-see-through-it, on so many things.
It is the nature of the beast, that we all must all embark anew.

* * * *

What sense can perceive the eternal conundrum of awareness?
What attribute can prove it? What word can define it? What mind can bind it?
Awareness is the sovereignty of all things imperceptible, unprovable, indefinable, unbindable.

* * * *

You are the eternal awareness experiencing manifest form.
To die to the little self, is not physical death, but psychic death.
It is awakening, it is being born again, into the Self, You truly are.

* * * *

Call it all progress if You will,
But that which is not in harmony with natural law,
Has ever been little more than a long and winding road through perdition.

* * * *

The dormancy of a deep, deep sleep, is the recharging of the vitality.
All the activity of personal mythos, all the sensory shimmering in that imaginary center,
All that desire and dread and passion, grind down the corporeal mind-body.
It goes home for a little oblivion, interrupted only by dreams.

* * * *

An indifferent cosmos,
Witnessed by an indifferent awareness.
Is the notion of caring, any less capricious than the wind?

* * * *

Those to whom You are closest,
Those upon whom You can depend,
Manifest reliable affection and respect.

They may or may not be related by genome.

* * * *

Once You discern, there is something more, than the mundane temporal to this existence,
Once You realize, awareness is the ether of this illusory dreamtime, the rest is up to You.

* * * *

No matter how vividly You might remember anything,
It is nothing more, than the mind caught in imaginary notion,
Not the sensory perception, of the unfolding moment itself.

* * * *

How quickly attitude can turn on its head.
How quickly perspective can morph into some contrary state.
How quickly white can become black, light become shadow, good become evil,
Clear become murky, more become less, hit become miss, right become wrong, love become hate,
Similar become different, have become have not, smile become frown, ecstasy become agony,
Flexible become rigid, pleasure become pain, interest become tedium, full become empty,
Kindness become intolerance, compassion become cruelty, inclusion become isolation,
Moderation become excess, exotic become tedious, eloquence become incoherent,
Positive become negative, respect become disdain, esteem become loathing,
Logic become arbitrary, harmony become discord, benevolence become malice,
Modesty become vain, honor become shame, virtue become vice, refined become coarse,
Yes become no, trust become suspicion, tolerance become prejudice, sensible become absurd,
Soft become hard, unconditional become qualified, sincerity become irony, reason become paradox,
Deep become shallow, hot become cold, happiness become sorrow, respect become contempt,
Freedom become coercion, paradise become dystopia, indivisible become divisible,
Reality becomes illusion, truth become delusion, red pill become blue pill,
And vice versa and hither-thither gray on all of the above, as well.
What is the psyche, but a swirling cauldron of passion.

* * * *

Why in any deity's name, would anyone ever need to kill anyone else,
Simply because they do not see this unfathomable mystery the same way?
How absurd must absurd be, before absurd wakes up to its absurdity?

* * * *

All speculations aside, whether coincidences are anything more or less,
Than the mystery creaking dispassionately away, in its synergistic fashion,
Is well beyond the pay grade of we mere mortals, playing out the mortal game.

* * * *

You have always been very much alone.
Your attempts to avoid it, have always proven futile.
It is your eternal nature, no matter the diversity streaming about.

* * * *

You have often witnessed the absurdity, the inanity, the insanity,
Of those who thoughtlessly, fearfully, abide in one form of ignorance or another.
Seek out those who freely tender sound and compassionate wisdom,
And then only to listen, to learn, and perchance to own.
Never give your autonomy over to another.

* * * *

And what is wisdom, but seeing the relativity of all things,
And flowing easily, content, between the insights all garner.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious indivisible quantum glue of the eternal now,
Holds together, one into the next, each and every streaming holograph moment.
It is just all too frigging boggling, for consciousness, to ever wrap its wee little mind around.

* * * *

You cannot feel that which cannot be felt.
You cannot see that which cannot be seen.
You cannot hear that which cannot be heard.
You cannot taste that which cannot be tasted.
You cannot smell that which cannot be smelt.
You cannot know that which cannot be known.

* * * *

What many call love, is not without endless arrays of conditions.
It is worm-ridden with expectations and tradeoffs and manipulations.
Anything less, than that which is unconditional, is not love, pure and simple.

* * * *

Humanity is only as great, as its capacity to synergize itself, and the web of life, to continuation.
To embrace destruction and death, over of guardianship, is a sure road to chaos and extinction.

* * * *

Some seem born with a certainty about their destiny.
Some never determine any particular fate calling their name.
And some must wait until late in the game to get their ticket punched.

* * * *

The sins of the universe are erased, when the original nature is realized.
The notion of good and evil, is nothing more than human vanity,
Playing out patterning, bred in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

There will be no end to the human narrative, to human storytelling,
As long as there is imagination, to sustain the underlying collusion.

* * * *

In the worship of any and all deities,

What are individuals or groups really doing,
But bowing and scraping to every variety of absurdity?

* * * *

You must be very courageous, very determined, very stoic,
To undo all that has been done, to tackle the unknown.
It is a long and winding yellow-brick-road journey,
From which You will not arrive, as You were.

* * * *

Learn to learn for learning's sake, for its intrinsic meaning.
Do not learn just for grades; do not learn simply to regurgitate.
Do not learn purely for little rectangles of paper framed on a wall.
Do not learn merely for the sake of a few letters following your name.

* * * *

Quantum fact that it is, to state this ethereal kaleidoscoping dreamtime is all one,
Is for many, little more than some after-the-fact, romantic-lyrical notion.
The timeless awareness is the ever-present, intangible reality,
And consciousness, despite all its skillful wordplay,
Can in reality never do much more than grunt and point.

* * * *

Though it is countless times the greatest of challenges,
You are, in the you-are-the-world view, your world's keeper,
For there is not one part or particle that is not,
As equally quantum as your Self.

* * * *

Feel the creator, feel the preserver, feel the destroyer, You every moment are.
You are immortal: No need to argue it, no need to fear it, no need to idolize it.

* * * *

The challenge for each and every one of us two-leggeds, is to first and foremost,
Be our own greatest friend, our favorite companion, our treasured beloved,
And to abstain, as often as possible, from being our own worst enemy.

* * * *

At some point in the hereness, at some point in the nowness,
Some minds, bit by bit, little by little, awaken to the given conditioning.
Awaken to the great doubt, the great question, and in that calamity of consciousness,
Begin a long and winding and solitary, one-step-after another journey,
Towards the brass ring, the salvation, of eternal reunion.

* * * *

Enthrallment with any of the assorted forms of occult power,
Whether it be called paranormal, sorcery, mysticism, spirituality, religion, or ad infinitum,
Are nothing more the continuing dance of consciousness with illusion.

* * * *

Tombs preserve nothing but the dread and hope of a fictitious reality.
The mind-body is an ephemeral means, a temporal carousel,
Ultimately nothing more than a prospective repast,
For a variety of worms and other critters.

* * * *

You may have hurt and used many, You may have had many enemies.
When You see your responsibility, and abide the lessons learned,
You are freed of the bothersome burden of regret and hatred.

* * * *

Is the intensity awash in the true believer's eyes,
Really anything more than the vanity of consciousness,
Embroiled in its own double-double-toil-and-trouble brew?

* * * *

You wander from trend to trend, craze to craze, believing You live meaningfully.
What folly to believe pleasure after pleasure, will satisfy the ceaseless yearning for more.
The insatiable craving of consciousness, for everlasting exhilaration, is a barren vine.

* * * *

Those who would explore the expanses of the eternal mind,
Will wander through many cycles of limbo, of anguish, of despair.
In the play of consciousness, there are no heights without nadirs between.

* * * *

Yet another walking-talking dittohead meme.
A babbling brook may well make more sense.

* * * *

Every culture across the world, across time,
Has indoctrinated its young to think a certain way.
All are imprisoned in one form of conditioning or another.
Even those who plumb the farthest shores of doubt,
Must every moment, deal with the given mind.

* * * *

Telescopes and microscopes, and all the technologies,
Have conveyed humanity to every conceivable small and large,
But it is ever the same sensory set, the same monkey-mind, filtering it all.
We are both masters and slaves, to our tool-making capabilities,
And the imagination, to which we so earnestly cling.

* * * *

Any given existence, is just one thing after another:
Twinklings of delight, punctuated by stretches of misery,

An indivisible dance from whatever beginning to whatever end.

* * * *

No fun hanging on a cross,
And playing statue in some back yard,
Is not really much to write home about, either.

* * * *

Someone may point out this inexplicable, indivisible mystery,
And perhaps offer thoughts and suggestions and cautions and encouragement.
Call them teachers, call them gurus, call them priests, call them mystics, call them what You will.
But there are no followers in the journey, the expedition, the quest, the pursuit, of Self.
There are no disciples, no believers, no devotees, no partisans, no adherents.
Only friends and acquaintances, and perhaps annoying adversaries,
All inquiring, very much alone, into what is real and true.

* * * *

In the innermost voyage of awakening,
Attachment to the given mind-body has less and less footing.
From the ultimate panorama, the corporeal arrangement, the perceptual patterning,
Is nothing more than a temporal, sensory vehicle,
A means, not an end.

* * * *

There are those who journey about the world,
And remain as insular as the day they exited the womb.
And there are world travelers, cosmic dancers,
Who need not step off the front porch.

* * * *

There can really only be one source to this mystery.
The only question is whether it wears a Christian face,
A Muslim face, a Buddhist face, a Taoist face, a Hindu face,
Or any face at all.

* * * *

Life happens.
Death happens.
Nothing happens.

* * * *

There can only be so many geniuses in any given arena of spirited endeavor,
Otherwise, any given fourth or so standard deviation, would be but a new normal.

* * * *

What is any pattern but an energy system,
Interacting seamlessly with other energy systems,
In one vast indivisible all-in-one-one-in-all quantum sea.

* * * *

\If You do not say it now, if You do not do it now, whatever it is needs doing, will not get done.
Now is the one and only moment, now is the one and only space-time, now is the one and only way.
No matter who-what-where-when-why-how says it, no matter who-what-where-when-why-how does it,
If it is not said now, if it is not done now, how else will consciousness play out its imaginary dream?

* * * *

Life and death are intertwined.
One is not without the other,
Each and every moment,
In this ineffable dream,
Of imaginary design.

* * * *

It is attachment to one parochial mindset or another,
Attachment to one narrow-minded, insular vision, or another,
That blinds so many, to the fact, that the same truth is indivisible in all.

* * * *

The gods of the electromagnetic spectrum, run the gamut from long waves to short,
From the cosmic rays, to the broadcast bands: the gamma rays, the x-rays,
The ultraviolets, the infrareds, the microwaves, the radars, the radios,
And whatever other idolatrous icons, indivisibly radiates between and betwixt.

* * * *

You are the quantum program,
You are the quantum programmer,
Creation creating a quantum mirage.

* * * *

The great unknown, a mystery prior to the spontaneity of creation.
No need to fear it, no need to worship it, no need to bow or scrape to it,
No need to name it, no need to dogmatize it, no need to swath it in laurels.
No need to do anything other than to simply be it, as awareness allows.

* * * *

The sea of awareness knows no time,
Knows no space, is bound by no limitation.
What words could ever suffice to expound eternity?

* * * *

All mythologies are mind-made narratives, none abide in the eternal abyss.
They are not foundations, to anything more than arbitrary, capricious, cultural memes.
Thumb-sucking security blankets, for those unable to endure alone, the winds of temporal illusion.

* * * *

There is no normal, no ordinary, no typical, no common, no average, no conventional,

Just a world full of bat-crazy two-leggeds, who think they are rational,
And band together into memes, and dogmatize about it.

* * * *

Jesus ain't coming back, and You will not, either.
Each and every existence is a one-time show, courtesy of the given seed,
And the ever-kaleidoscoping matrix, into which it is cast.

* * * *

Light is a timeless function of the senses projecting into the mind.
Without their every-moment role, as creators of time and space,
What light would be possible, what light would be necessary?

* * * *

Do not be bound by the constraints of this mortal theater.
It is but a play of capacities and limitations.
What is, is without attributes,
And that, is the That I Am, You in reality are.

* * * *

All is indivisibly flawless-faultless-seamless-immaculate.
Only the worldly mind, grapples with it as anything less.

* * * *

Free your Self of the concept of original sin,
The dualistic notion decreed by ignorance upon innocence,
That You were involuntarily forced into, by being cast into the human epoch.
None are born wicked, none are born offending any god or gods,
None are born transgressing any moral imperative.
There is no sin, no evil, only imagination,
Separating itself from reality.

* * * *

Identification with any person, any place, any thing, any quality, any action,
Will only confabulate suffering for You and everyone entering your shadow.

* * * *

Why be envious of experiences others are fated to play out?
Are any parts, really, truly, more important than your own?
Not even one iota of quantum stardust could be more or less.

* * * *

In the figurative, rhetorical, metaphorical sense, we all commit suicide.
Merely by having been flung into existence by the genetic lottery,
Each seeks out, through many choices, consciously or not,
One manner of tangible decline and fall or another.

* * * *

Discern the nature of any life form,
In the awareness peering through their eyes.
There are none who are not cousins of the same puddle.

* * * *

Asceticism is very challenging because sensory pleasures are so tantalizing.
The pain they create is easily overlooked, until the cost outweighs the return.

* * * *

You are reminded of your immortality, yet choose the death of separation.
All for a few coins, the vanity of the senses, and a ceaseless variety of illusive dreams.
We are all parts in each other's plays, witnesses to an infinite diversity.
Use your awareness to discover the unicity of it.

* * * *

You may have traveled long, You may have traveled far,
But through all those countless kaleidoscoping undertakings,
When have You not been the timeless-stillness-hereness-nowness?

* * * *

What species is not bound to the capricious nature,
Of the niche, of the nooks and crannies, in which they evolved.
Some may be more adaptable to change than others,
But all must abide in one yoke or another.

* * * *

Belief is a spurious brainchild of dualistic notion.
To believe, implies that the subject is not connected to the object,
That the beingness is some dynamic force outside You, the observer, the witness.
It is a denial of the unicity of all that is seen, and all that is unseen.

* * * *

You are perchance here, to discover the source of your beingness.
If and when that happens, is souly up the fate, to which You feel called.

* * * *

Everyone and everything, is of the same source.
Everyone and everything, has full and free access to it,
If they have the wit, the interest, the attentiveness, to discern it.
There is absolutely no point in quarreling over it.

* * * *

What need for belief? What need for creed? What need for faith? What need for prayer?
What insecure beasts we are, that such inflated, hollow conceptions, are given more import,
Than the spaceless-timeless awareness, offered in each and every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

From whence comes the ever-present voice, that You are within and without,

Is your portal to the awareness, that You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
Make the call, take the plunge, score the deal, play the choiceless, ever now.

* * * *

Declare to your Self, what Jesus is rumored to have said:
"I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me."
Now, discern the undogmatic truth, that statement really implies.

* * * *

You may accumulate much gold and many possessions,
But in the final reckoning, it how well You addressed your heart and mind,
That will prove to be the greatest treasure, the greatest gift.

* * * *

You purchase, You barter, You gather, You maintain, You consume,
In every way your space and time allows, yet what are You in the reality,
Before all beginnings, after all endings, and within every play of light between,
But an indivisible handful of spaceless, timeless, unborn, undying, stardust?

* * * *

Anger, annoyance, irritation, indignation, antagonism, bitterness, wrath, rage, fury,
How challenging, not to give oneself over to its remorseless, unquenchable passion.

* * * *

Look at all the stress, all the strain, all the worry, compounding daily in your mind.
All because desire and fear are locked in a self-torturing dance.
To what end, Pilgrim, to what end?

* * * *

The weaving of doubt and negation, are the magic carpet, the ruby slippers,
That will get You back to the integrity of the eternal mind,
The virtuousness of the eternal life.

* * * *

Where are You in the bell curve,
The rise and fall, of the human paradigm?
Who can say, but those at its rightward conclusion?

* * * *

It is the nature of the beast, the Darwinian genome within all of us,
That even the most well-intentioned, the most conscientious, the most diligent,
Run the risk, of harming others to some degree, at least occasionally.

* * * *

Just because You are unhappy with the powers that be,
Does not mean You just hand it over to the village idiot.

* * * *

As You skim this thought, everything manifested, everything quantum, is ever shimmering anew.
A wave of life comes into being, another crashes down, and many roil in the between.
Wave after wave after wave, timeless, without beginning, without end.

* * * *

The obvious fact is that every life form,
Is a drop of that which is the truth, the life, and the way.
To maintain any lesser vision, is delusional, and serves no significant purpose,
Other than to create perpetual, meaningless, divisive struggle.

* * * *

In this ever-changing cause-and-effect reverie, there is no going back, there is no rewind button.
You cannot change what is not changeable, You cannot mend what is not mendable.
You must enjoy in ecstasy, or endure in agony, whatever consequences,
Your ephemeral window of dreamtime has in store.

* * * *

There is much more faith, in timelessly abiding, in the awareness of the given moment
– Accepting whatever gifts, enduring whatever tortures, the eternal dreamtime manifests –
Than can ever be devised, by any fear-based belief system, fabricated of the human mind.

* * * *

Does the dream in your head,
Ebb and flow, from one extreme to another?
Only You can fathom the many thoughts, the many passions,
To which You so steadfastly, resolutely cling.

* * * *

All belief systems of mortal persuasion are fear-based andgreed-laced and mundanely played.
It takes much more courage to stand alone, absolute and free in the indivisible dreamtime of eternity,
Than it ever will milling about, mindlessly ditto-heading, with any time-bound, idolatrous herd.

* * * *

What a curious thing to believe anyone across the world,
Is ever thinking about You as relentlessly as You yourself do.
Even the most saintly of mothers, moves on at some point.

* * * *

You must investigate existence for your Self.
All the words in the cosmos will not magic-carpet You there.
It is a scientific experiment, that must be replicated by all, very much alone.

* * * *

Your mortal stance, when contrasted to the eternity, You truly are,
Is really no longer than that of a fruit fly, or shorter than that of the universe.
What is it that entices You, to believe this worldly theater, this cosmic playhouse, real?

* * * *

You want to hold onto everyone and everything so badly.
No doubt, sand falling through fingers, feels the same.

* * * *

Every life form is bound to one niche or another,
And can only carry on, as long as its adaptability to change, allows.
The web of life, is interconnected in countless ways, and those who shred it too harshly,
Must eventually face the reality, of their own adaptability forever undone.

* * * *

In less than a blink of a blink of blink,
All is undone and done, again and again,
An infinity of times prior to all counting.

* * * *

What an incredible thing, to give your dream over, to whatever winds blow.
To sail through life, no direction known, tacking to and fro, as caprice dictates.
Each and every harbor, yet another quest, another exploration, another adventure.
To set aside dread and desire, to leave behind, all who would dictate otherwise,
Is a life, for which only the rare few, have either enthusiasm or audacity.

* * * *

Only in timeless awareness, is there anything resembling free will,
And even then, the patterned meme, filters the dreamtime theater.

* * * *

What is mating between male and female, but two half-strands of genomic material,
Evolved from the same double-double-toil-and-trouble puddle of life's origin,
Forming together, into a new cosmos of sensory-inspired imagination.

* * * *

You are That I Am,
Which is born again and again anew,
In each and every eternally kaleidoscoping immortal moment.

* * * *

How can the mind that ever longs for certainty,
Ever concede to that, which can never be known?

* * * *

The only thing anyone can be sure of, is that no one can be sure of anything.
Even death and taxes are rather dubious, in the fathoming of the unfathomable.

* * * *

How everything can be so different, and yet so much the same all the while,
Is the ever-present irony and paradox, of this indivisible quantum mystery,
To which all fated to see, must in timeless awareness, mindfully fathom.

* * * *

You peruse these many thoughts,
But how You translate them,
Is entirely based on the frame of reference,
Through which your time-bound mortal dream timelessly filters.

* * * *

Who Siddhartha or Mohammed or Lao Tzu or Shankara or Moses or Jesus or Nietzsche,
Or any of the many, many others, might have been, does not matter even one iota.
Who are You? Ever the same question, ever the same answer, for one and all.

* * * *

It is only your attachment to the drama of mind, that creates all this passion and angst,
That disrupts, what otherwise shoulda-coulda-woulda been, a relatively serene existence.

* * * *

Conditions set by any given mythos, are rarely more than superficially endured,
By those willing to face the consequences, of standing alone against the tide.
Those willing to withstand the inexorable furies, of the given groupthink.

* * * *

Everyone and everything in your entire existence, from the first breath to the last;
Be they family, friends, acquaintances, adversaries, strangers;
Be it Star Wars Legos or a Lamborghini;
Are footnotes in your ever-expanding frame of reference.

* * * *

The fact that You are here in a particular form,
Means You must act, You must function, in one way or another.
Until the body-mind is done, until it is food for worms, You will play out the given role.
The way that happens, is labeled in many ways: destiny, fate, kismet, karma.
All of absolutely no importance to the witnessing awareness.

* * * *

Much of the world already well knows many times over,
That Malthus's expositions on overpopulation were accurate,
That food technologies cannot kick the can down any road forever.
It is a sign of our likely longevity, that we have neither the wit nor the will,
To hold back from our hardwired biological urge to procreate,
Either for our progeny's sake, or for the world's.

* * * *

Despite all groupthink to the contrary, You must work out your own eternal salvation.
Believing, hoping, praying, that some other will do it for You, misses the reality.
Embracing agnostic oblivion, is the genuine potential offered by awareness.

* * * *

To realize, without doubt, that You are the indivisible,

That You are not the temporal body, or the universe it entails,
Is the supreme benediction, the paramount grace, existence can offer.

* * * *

Real and true peace, is an unattainable ideal for the passionate mind.
Only in the stillness of eternal awareness, is its true realization attained.

* * * *

Jesus was never called a Christian, nor Siddhartha a Buddhist, nor Lao Tzu a Taoist.
Neither were any of the many other oracles and seers and mystics and diviners.
Why should the real You, ever endure the burden of any meaningless labels?

* * * *

The likely reality, is that You neither agree or disagree, with anyone all the time.
It is rather the tone and scale, that establishes the barometer of the many choices.

* * * *

Every human being has their own raison d'être,
Their own meaning, their own purpose, their own rationale.
Their own motivation, ethos, inspiration, philosophy, belief, and hope.
All are equally imagined, so there is no point in judging.
Be and allow, as the given moment allows.

* * * *

A child does not yet comprehend its ever-expanding cosmos.
Its innocence is transparent, its mind unblemished, its heart untarnished,
By the untold agonies and ecstasies, the mind-body in consciousness, has in store.

* * * *

It is awareness that is the immortal aspect, not consciousness.
Consciousness is but the filament of imagination,
The means to create and play in time.
It can never be real.

* * * *

The real gold of this ephemeral dreamtime existence,
Is right relationship with nature, with all life in its myriad forms.
To value that which is but glitter, that which is but greed,
Is to miss entirely the quality of existence itself.

* * * *

One Screen to rule them all.
One Screen to find them,
One Screen to bring them all,
And in the absurdity, bind them.

* * * *

Quantum is the multi-dimensional veil,

In which the omnipresent-omniscient-omnipotent mystery,
The nothingness of origin, God by any name, the source its Self, witnesses all.

* * * *

To detach completely from everything, from all clung to by mind and body,
From all things, from all concepts, from all sense of self as identity.
All desires, all fears, all passions, all me-myself-and-I,
So as to be nothing, but the anonymity of pure consciousness.

* * * *

Regret means that You learned something from the consequences of an action.
Some call it, conscience (a.k.a., morality, scruples, ethics, principles, integrity).

* * * *

How much easier, how much simpler it all was,
Before sexuality bloomed into its inevitable genetic spectacle.
We were likely all much better off, much happier,
When innocence was a daily dose.

* * * *

You travel through existence believing it all real and true,
Until in one fated moment of realization, who knows when, kapow!
The cadaver suddenly seems both older and younger than You once thought.
And You spend the rest of your dream watching its bones turn to dust.

* * * *

You must act in order to exist in this manifest dream.
The challenge is not allowing the day-to-day to weigh You down.
To curtail the inherent friction of temporality upon the ever-present mind.

* * * *

In consciousness, desire is an insatiable, unquenchable force,
And fear, its excruciating, insufferable, irrational alter-ego.

* * * *

Existence is short no matter how long, and long no matter how short.
Will You die content with all it has been, all that You have done and seen,
Or forlorn, miserable, lonely, bitter, yearning for more, more, more?

* * * *

No, it is not all about You.
Yes, it is all about You.

* * * *

Assume the words Jesus uttered were a personal vision of the greater source.
So are the thoughts of every mystic, every seer, in every time, in every geography.
The quest for union is toll-free, to any and all who open themselves to the portal within.
The words cannot help but be different, but the essence has everything in common.

* * * *

Everything thought – everything seen, felt, heard, smelt, tasted – is but projection.
A perpetually kaleidoscoping a priori reverie, of remembering and forgetting.
Really nothing more than sensory perception, given imaginary significance.

* * * *

All idols were once very much human,
Or concocted by one mortal mind or another.
There is no deity separate from what You really are.

* * * *

Human history is the synergy of the tribal mind evolved in the jungles of long ago.
The mind bent towards one groupthink or another, be it family or community or nation state.
Sometimes the connection is social; other times economic or religious or bloodline.
Whatever the case, every ripple in this time-bound human paradigm,
Is linked to the unalterable genetic coding within all.

* * * *

What is consciousness but wave after wave bound to attributes.
Awareness is the nothingness, the unknowable unknown of eternity,
Prior to all dimensions, all imaginary dreams of space and time.

* * * *

Youth, where does it go?
Ask the fading rose.

* * * *

Birth is a moment like this, death is a moment like this,
And the eternal life between, is filled with moments like this.

* * * *

In the philosophical-mystical realm, there is no authority,
But what any given other, discerns in the truth of the words.

* * * *

A greater aloneness each and every day,
As family and friends and acquaintances and adversaries,
Finish their races, and You not far behind.

* * * *

Despite all assertions to the contrary, humankind is not the be-all-end-all of this manifest mystery theater.
We have certainly played out a remarkable reverie in our trifling fragment of space-time,
One perhaps not replicated anywhere else across the starry-starry cosmos,
But our egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric hullabaloo,
From whatever prelude to whatever finale,
Has never really been more,
Than vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity on steroids.

At best a negligible undulation in the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

True religion requires no dogma.
The true church requires no edifice.

* * * *

It is but vanity that sets will to endure so much.
Better perpetual torture than the feast of worms.

* * * *

The decline of age, involves not being near as bright and clever as You once were,
And perhaps finally discerning enough, to at-last-long-overdue apprehend,
You were never near as bright and clever, as You once believed.

* * * *

How can You ever make sense of something so absurdly wacko,
That rationality gave up, and is drinking alone in some forsaken bar.

* * * *

Imagine, You suddenly came into consciousness in an adult body, without any prior experience.
No narration, no knowledge, no conditioning, no language, no attachment, no desire, no fear, no dread,
No family, no friends, no adversaries, no sense of identity, completely alone, an absolute abyss.
Just pure awareness, observing the sensory feed, without it making any sense, whatsoever.
A stranger in a strange land, meandering the pale blue dot, as free as free can be.

* * * *

You are but a momentary portal, to that which is unknowable.
An ephemeral window, between what is, and what is not,
In which the eternal mystery, has the opportunity,
To view its Self, through a worldly dream.

* * * *

You are Quantum: creator-preserver-destroyer of universes beyond counting.
All across this world, in every epoch, You have sung many songs,
And left behind many writings, many creations.
You are all that has ever been, You are all that will ever be.
And in your wake, every possible ripple, every imaginable consequence.
All creation emanates, within and without the indifference, of your eternal awareness.

* * * *

What prosperity is there in preservation?
Destruction and mayhem fatten the Beast.

* * * *

All the pain, all the pleasure, all the agony, all the ecstasy, You have ever experienced,
Have been profound teachings, when seen from the vista, the panorama, of pure awareness.

* * * *

The unknowable unknown,
The never-born-never-die quantum reality,
Is immeasurably, indivisibly, timelessly, absolutely anonymous.

* * * *

What if the entire human spectacle, the entire world, the entire universe, the entire creation.
Is merely a means, a scheme, a ruse, a gambit, a ploy, a plan, a tactic, a stratagem,
For the ultimate awareness, the ultimate intelligence, to discern its Self.
What if the definitive speculation, is all about You sitting there,
Quietly reading these many words, and realizing it true,
And You, solitary, unfathomable witness, to your mortal version.

* * * *

Why keep investing in anything, that can never possibly bear fruit,
Anything doomed to a pattern of self-absorption,
And all the delusions born of it.

* * * *

Consciousness requires attributes, to play out its spew of imaginary notions.
Without forms, without concepts, it is ensnared in the oblivion of awareness.

* * * *

What is the main reason for the study of history,
But fathoming how our kind reached this point in dreamtime.
We do not have to keep repeating our patterns, continuing our collusions,
But the possibility of any meaningful change, is right up in there with the flying pigs.

* * * *

In the play of space-time, why would, why should, how could,
Anyone ever live their life according to some translation,
Other than the one their sensory dream imagines.

* * * *

If You examine everything through a Darwinian filter,
What makes humankind so potent, is that in our evolutionary stampede,
Consciousness has magnified the underlying animal instincts, to such a beyond-all-pales degree,
That we are well past changing course, or slamming on the brakes, in any meaningful way.
Ergo, we are exponentially accelerating, pedal-to-the-metal, in every imaginable venue,
And only a few inches from a very solid, a very certain wall, built by natural law.
Yet another petri dish experiment, confabulated by an indifferent universe.

* * * *

Memory is a dead thing thought living,
A swirl of energy given meaning, a notion given relevance.
Imagination, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Awareness is a solitary quality of mind, a state of timelessness, of eternal life.
And if You are to awaken to it, You must awaken alone,
For no one can do it for You.

* * * *

Death will arrive in a moment very much like this one,
With consciousness coming to an end, and eternity steadfastly carrying on,
Without the You, as You have come to know it, in the identification with the mind-body dreamtime.
The one and only real You, that You always are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

In this our pride-filled world, there are always those,
Who are considered smarter, faster, stronger, lovelier, kinder.
There are always those thought stupider, slower, weaker, uglier, meaner.
We are all wandering somewhere in the statistical dynamic,
Somewhere in the bell curve of our kind.

* * * *

The lazy mind is rarely a receptacle of doubt,
Or certainly of not more than the shallow sort.

* * * *

One of the many curious things in the human paradigm,
Is that half-baked solutions, to problems in the ever-here-now,
Always seem to evolve into fully-baked problems,
In a endless then after then after then.

* * * *

What is the paradigm of human consciousness,
But a perpetual, whirling dance of the seven emotions:
Hate … adoration … joy … anxiety … anger … grief … fear …
And occasionally the unwritten eighth: contentment.

* * * *

Any and all idolatry, is but the imaginary invention of the conceptual mind.
It was not a deity who created us in its image, but we, he-or-she-or-it, in ours.
Give this moment, this instant, no thought, and awareness is the undeniable alter,
The matrix, the hologram, in which You, very much alone, in every twinkling, reside.

* * * *

What is an accident, but a mutation of sorts,
A different tack from what would otherwise have been.
Embrace it or not, it is likely, many times a fact, in any existence.

* * * *

Through a variety of Darwinian happenchances, humankind evolved,
Such that its imagination created the fictional collusion of time.
To accomplish this revolutionary leap from Eden's instinctive rhythm,

Every manner of delusion was incorporated to cultivate and expand its viability,
The sense of identity, being the first and foremost thread, in its intricate, illusory weaving.

* * * *

It is a curious thing, the dance between male and female,
That men spend the relationship trying to save women, try to make them happy,
And women spend it trying to change men, trying to domesticate them,
None of which the genetic coding will likely ever sanction.

* * * *

What is any historical notion, whether individual or tribal, to whatever scale,
But consciousness playing out its perpetual vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity cadence.

* * * *

When You unloose them traces, after a lifetime of work,
The challenge is recombobulating the scar tissue beneath.

* * * *

Human consciousness is but one lineage,
Of the of the naturally-selected mysteries of quantum evolution.
The synergy of awareness, brain, brawn, sensory nerve endings, opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera.
Witness that You are, have ever been, will ever be,
It is all about You, and not all about You, all the while.

* * * *

Hearts and minds, boys and girls, hearts and minds,
You do not often win them over with a bludgeon.

* * * *

Try to forget the little self, the fictitious identity, at least once in a while.
Expand into the indivisible universe, the timeless totality, within and without.
Be the awareness, the big Self, that You truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

To fathom all You are, to fathom all You are not,
To discern the ultimate reality of this enigmatic eternal awareness,
You must examine the given life, the given mind, the given body, both within and without,
Catching and releasing any and every form, any and every thought,
Until only You, in still awareness, remain.

* * * *

Each and every moment, inhaled and exhaled, examined and released.
The eternal life is not for those who cling to the imaginary concoctions of mind.
The vague memories of all that is, ever come and gone, is not real living.
It is the stillness of awareness, that is the fountain of existence.

* * * *

The English language is the embrace-all whore of Babbleon.
She will open her legs to any word, any concept, any metaphor, any simile, any idiom,
And will make it her own as willingly as any moneychanger.

* * * *

Never assume anything figurative, metaphorical, symbolic,
Allegorical, rhetorical, abstract, intangible, or otherwise theoretical,
Has any foothold or domain, whatsoever, in the ultimate reality.

* * * *

In the human paradigm, any successful competition between groups,
Requires that individuals embrace the group objective,
And do whatever it takes to win the game.
What is any success, any triumph, any victory,
But the wills of individuals, spun into group synergies,
And the victors, getting dibs on the songs of conquest and glory.

* * * *

What is real, what is true, what is You, is never knowable,
In anything but the most eternal sense that awareness allows.

* * * *

Is consciousness higher or lower in this monkey-mind theater,
Or more likely a long and winding continuum of endless complexity.
More or less intelligent, more or less attentive, more or less knowledgeable.
More or less perceptive, more or less creative – all about different things.
How amazing anything exists at all, much less evolved to such a degree,
As to expand this mystery, to an even greater scale of unfathomability.

* * * *

What are You but a temporal assumption, a mind made known.
The unconditional, playing out a self-actuating algorithm,
That the programmed You, constrained by dreamtime, calls self.
The me-and-myself-and-I to which the human collusion vainly subscribes.

* * * *

Eventually the human drama's candle will go out, and all we have done,
Will perchance be discovered and studied by some intelligent alien species,
That has somehow survived their own rise to the heights of cooperative effort,
And become technologically proficient enough to travel across,
The vast expanses of an all but infinite universe.
Think about it very astutely, how likely is it, seriously?
And why on earth, would it, could it, should it, matter in any way?

* * * *

What forges any hell, any purgatory, any heaven, but relationships with the other.
Other imaginary selves, with whom your imaginary self synergizes, in so many ways.
We are all the same monkey-mind, destined to the ecstasies and agonies, of every passion.

Only in the relativity of an enduring detachment, is there any possibility of a moderate course.

* * * *

Sisyphus need only let the rock roll back down the hill.
Atlas need only shrug his shoulders, and set the world down.
So many things to which we cling, for so many imaginary notions.

* * * *

Any given existence is born into a time, in which it will play out,
Whatever part is dictated by the reverie swirling hither to thither.

* * * *

The chatter and imagery of dreams, is no different than that of the awake state.
Consciousness and sub-consciousness, and other imaginary conceptions,
Are not at all as distinct, as the delineators would have You believe.

* * * *

No matter where we wander to and fro, no matter where we rest our weary heads,
Getting through any given moment, still boils down to a mindful dollop of detachment.
Not taking it all so seriously, not taking ourselves so seriously, is the first and last challenge.
Conscious of it or not, in one way or another, we are all playing out the Atlas of our conditioning,
And learning to set down our imaginary universes, may not be as hard as we choose to believe.

* * * *

Does everything You believe You possess, in reality, possess You?
Are commitments to anything, in reality, anything more,
Than twists and turns of irony and paradox?

* * * *

History is but smatterings of stories passed down from generation to generation.
Much of it egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric braidings of imaginary notion,
To which the blameless future, often incoherently, irrationally, binds itself.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, are You?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, are You not?

* * * *

You learn a lot about any individual, a lot about any group ,
When You grant them a little power, a little fame, a little fortune.
Sometimes, You learn a lot more, than You might have wanted to know.

* * * *

How can any gaze out into the immeasurable cosmos,
And truly believe some vain, wrathful deity,
Born of their feeble imagination,
Did all that and more?
Pfffft.

* * * *

From the immeasurable mystery of eternal nothingness,
The churning quantum of creation and preservation and destruction,
An ever-emanating juggernaut beyond all reckoning,
The eternal nothingness all the while.

* * * *

Many if not most need some imaginary deity on the outside,
Because they fathom themselves so measurable on the inside.

* * * *

Why identify with anything in this manifest dreamtime?
All the mind-body-universe concepts, You are none of them.
Allow the sovereignty of the inherent aloneness to reign supreme.

* * * *

What is life, what is death,
But one-moment-you-are-here-the-next-you-are-not.
And will You discern the difference or not,
Ever the ultimate question.

* * * *

What if no one but You really exists?
What if it is all nothing more than imagination,
Playing out a sensory dream in the abyss of awareness?

* * * *

No one can rouse those who sleepwalk, undoubting, through their given reverie.
Awakening is a banquet to which all are invited, but for which few are earnestly ravenous.
The kaleidoscoping dreamtime of light and sound hypnotizes and seduces most.
You alone must strive to awaken in whatever way your mind allows.

* * * *

What is any other ,but what You,
In the dream of mind, choose to push, choose to carry.
Let the boulder go, Sisyphus, let it go.
Shrug, Atlas, shrug.

* * * *

Once You cease identifying with the mind-body,
And all its imaginary-illusory-sensory-temporal creations,
What to do, with whatever dreamtime that remains, is a daily wander.

* * * *

The clock is just a mechanism, the calendar, just numbers on paper.
Only You care what time it is, and what makes You so sure of the answer?

* * * *

What is male, what is female, but the ways and means,
By which the three-dimensional dreamtime of awareness plays on,
But ultimately ever the same essence, ever the same androgynous indivisibility.

* * * *

In the shades of possibility between mind and heart,
There are many ways to give your self over to your Self.

* * * *

Every bell curve goes up, every bell curve comes down.
The promise of the ever-kaleidoscoping zero-sum game.

* * * *

Humankind, the world, the universe, and all its countless creations, is doomed to annihilation,
Because there is nothing that can be saved, there is nothing that can be saved preserved.
Attachment to attributes, attachment to illusion, binds You to illusory concerns.

* * * *

Regarding your fate, You do not know what it is,
But You do have one, every manifest creation does,
In a quantum-indivisible sort of way, of course.

* * * *

No need to define your Self by the limitations of the mind-body,
And its ceaseless round-and-round-rat-wheel-in-a-cage thinking.

* * * *

When You move on from anywhere,
Best to get in the habit of glancing back,
To spot what You might be leaving behind.
Guaranteed, it will save a lot of bother.

* * * *

In the ever-evolving, ever-swirling, ever-unfolding,
Ever-streaming, ever-emanating web of creation and destruction,
What difference between any life form large or small, strong or weak, fast or slow?
Whatever the niche. whatever the taxonomy, whatever the kingdom.
Nothing.

* * * *

Ever since the human species evolved in the jungles of long ago,
Every two-legged, each with its own exclusive rendition of a monkey-mind,
Plays out a completely different, matchless, individual aspect, of the same consciousness,
Entirely based on the draw in the genetic lottery, and the winds of space-time, into which the seed is cast.
We are all witnesses, to completely unique quantum universes, all born of imagination.

* * * *

Your true religion is how You choose to live each and every moment.
Whether You create heaven or hell, are angel or demon,
Is played out in every act, in every deed,
And though none can ever view their little part objectively,
Only You, even begin to fathom the whole truth, of your imaginary realm.

* * * *

Always a good idea to bring along layers of clothing.
Fine to hope for the best, but always prepare for the worst, as well.
No one ever knows which way the wind will blow, for how long, or how hot or cold.
We are temperate beasts, and do not easily transcend the whims of nature.

* * * *

How can this unfathomable mystery, not be boggling, prior to and beyond all belief?
What need for faith? What need for religion? What need for philosophy?
What need for anything but to meld into the timeless nature,
The eternal awareness pervading all creation.
What need to more than realize the indelible enigma of it,
And to freely blossom into the inexplicable reality that You are it, and it, You.

* * * *

To be but timeless awareness,
To be but the source, prior to all patterning,
Is a quest, all who doubt, must undertake, very much alone.

* * * *

Despite all the encumbrances, about your body, and in your mind,
You have never really possessed anything or anyone, and never really will.
You are but a temporal squatter, in an erstwhile dream, born of quantum, playing time.

* * * *

The mind that craves more, more, and still more.
Has everything but eternal life, sometimes called heaven.
Something to do with camels and eyes of needles.

* * * *

The personal mind, the quantum mind, the cosmic mind, the eternal mind, the no-mind,
Are all the same ephemeral awareness, the same witness, the same Youness.
Really nothing more than alternating frames of consciousness,
Filtering as the whimsies of the moment incline.

* * * *

Unless it personally affects You, especially in some harmful, malicious way,
Why would it ever matter, how another, lives out their existence?
No one will ever play it the same as anyone else.
Be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

The Seven Deadly Sins: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth,
Are not easily waylaid, not easily curbed, not easily moderated,
Once even partially unleashed in any given mind-body.
The narcissistic-hedonistic bent of humankind,
Is at the root of everything created since our advent.

* * * *

Human beings tend to believe, they are the most special concoctions, this garden has ever created,
But, despite their self-congratulating, narcissistic claims of innate superiority, they are not.
Might may make right, but it is only the absurdly surreal arrogance of consciousness,
That embraces the delusion that some are, in the ultimate reality, more equal than others.

* * * *

History, being what it is, the vanities being what they are,
You may as well play it out as anonymously as possible.

* * * *

Whether or not there is consciousness,
Anything like it has been manifested in our own garden world,
Whether or not this is a one-of-a-kind, once-upon-a-time, unique moment in all Creation,
Is a question to which mu will ever be the one-and-only answer,
For those who even bother to ask.

* * * *

If You want respect, You give respect.
Otherwise, You may get a lesson,
Perhaps several, if not many.

* * * *

The ever-changing faces and names, are they ever really all that different?
Consciousness weaving its way down neurological trails,
All born of the same monkey-mind.

* * * *

Every once in a while, try completely forgetting who You think You are,
What You think You know, all the things You think You own,
And all the desires that breed all the fears.
Be here now, be all You really are, all You really are not.

* * * *

How can anything be saved, when each and every moment,
Is completely and unutterably spent, as soon as it happens.

* * * *

How many different perceptions, different judgments,
The many others have allotted You, in their dreamtime passing.
From archangel to fiend, You are assigned every ecstasy, every agony,
That the rungs of hades and purgatory and paradise, might in imagination offer.

Raised on high or condemned, the You, You truly are, is ever immaculate, ever absolute.

* * * *

Who does not begin a journey, assuming they will arrive?
Who does not go to sleep, assuming they will awaken?
Who does not assume, not believe, not trust, not hope,
Anything will happen, just as imagination would have it.
Alas that mortal faire, does not subscribe to wishful notion.

* * * *

The road less traveled, is less a road, than a solitary, interminable, cross-country odyssey,
Through an uncharted, untamed, no-direction-known wilderness,
Complete with every distraction imaginable.

* * * *

Natural laws supersede any and all humankind-made concoctions.
Even the deities on high cannot waylay the order of quantum chaos.

* * * *

Humankind has been at each other's throats,
Since its puddle origin, long before it ever exited the jungles,
For every imaginable reason ever concocted.

* * * *

What is this magical-mystery dreamtime,
But a teensy-weensy sliver of imaginary perception,
Sandwiched between the pre-historic and post-historic unknown.

* * * *

Tick, tick, tick … the remorseless clock … tick, tick, tick … counting down …
Tick, tick, tick … the inescapable… tick, tick, tick … sooner, ever sooner …
Tick, tick, tick … just around … tick, tick, tick … one bend or another …

* * * *

You are the result of a long genomic strain,
That has roots weaving back to the puddle of origin.
Do not feel the need to be overly bound by it.

* * * *

As it stands in its evolutionary tack, the monkey-mind.
Is not even remotely capable of fashioning a casteless culture.
We are as bound by our Darwinian differences as any other creature,
That has ever risen into being on this inexplicable garden world.

* * * *

Any government has always been, and will ever be,
Of the people, by the people, for the people,
But which of … and which by … and which for …

Are ever the shades of gray between freedom and tyranny.

* * * *

The ultimate You, is in every moment, in every dimension,
Creating and preserving and destroying, incarnating and morphing,
Into any and every form, that this ineffable quantum mystery deigns to devise.
There is no beginning, there is no end, there is only the unknowable.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to take a little pain, and sometimes a lot more.
That is what nerve-endings and beginnings do.
'Tis mammalian fare.

* * * *

You are this eternal nowness, and this eternal nowness is You.
This is the one and only nowness awareness ever is, has ever been, will ever be.
In some soon-to-be mind-body space-time, You will be 'doing' something else in the same nowness.
And still later, it will be the same awareness 'doing' something else in the same nowness.
The timeless mind, prior to the kaleidoscoping dreamtime, is ever the same.
Eternal life is being mindful, in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

Nature is the timeless filament of all creation,
The source code by which all things come to pass,
The brush used by the quantum unknown,
To paint itself the dream of time.

* * * *

What is the first and foremost vanity, but You truly believing your identity real,
But You being attached to your mind, your body, your cosmos,
None of which has ever really been yours at all.

* * * *

In this spinning god-eat-god Darwinian garden world,
It is not always the fastest, nor the strongest, who survive,
But the most adaptable, to the ever-changeless, timeless now.

* * * *

No place to go, nothing to become, yet You,
Ever the same, ever here now, wandering this way or that,
For the body cannot be completely still, nor the mind completely silent.

* * * *

Realize it or not, You are in reality, born again and again and again, each and every moment.
It is only in the collusion of imagination, the collusion of so-called humankind,
That You believe, that You accept, the seeming continuity real.

* * * *

Can You imagine a buzzard pulling at your entrails?
A worm peering out your left eye socket?
Something else crawly, drifting up your right nostril?
Your bones bleaching into dust beneath a blazing summer sun?
In one way or another, that is your fate, etched in the vapors of dreamtime.

* * * *

Perhaps the only true act of free will,
Is whether or not You give yourself over,
To the choicelessness of timeless awareness.

* * * *

We are all witness, ever alone, ever absolute, in our own unique version of a universe.
We are all right, we are all wrong, each and every one, each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

How pointless all opinion, all reflection, all judgment,
But still the mind born of space and time,
Churns on and on and on.

* * * *

We all over time slip into our own level, our own scale, our own rut, of intrigue,
And by that capricious paradigm, generally gauge the world, judge the world.
Very challenging, perhaps impossible, to wander in non-judgmental mode.

* * * *

Silly old people, with all your aches and pains and discontented thinking.
Moaning and groaning, each and every day, with the same whiney, scratchy recording,
To whoever bothers to listen, most likely others of the same unhappy bent.

* * * *

Painting oneself royal in any of the many fashions,
Is nothing more than another shade of illusory delusion,
Played out by pretenders who really believe their shit superior.
Dress up any given pig however You will, it will always be,
Just another swine scampering down the same chute.

* * * *

In every age, there are those rare few, in any and every imaginable context,
Who awaken to the timeless awareness, within all things small to great.
Some contrive what will become dogma, others wander serenely alone.
The mystery, in which all equally reside, lends its Self freely to any and all.

* * * *

Nothing is divine in the deific-celestial-heavenly sense, really.
Just a no-brag-just-fact-every-moment actuality from the get-go.

* * * *

You are absolute master of your mortal fate,
King of your kingdom, wielder of your club,
Until the shadow of another's looms larger.

* * * *

One day or night in some long ago, intentionally or not,
Your mother and father merged their seed lines, and voilà, You.
The only question is, do You play out this dream according to their meme,
The established meme of some other groupthink, or your own?

* * * *

Point of reference, frame of reference, box of reference, matrix of reference, hologram of reference.
From small to large, each and every mind fabricates a unique rendering of a universe.
All ultimately nothing more, than the endless spinnings of imagination.

* * * *

Whether quantum space-time, is the function of the sensory-mind,
Or the sensory-mind, the function of quantum space-time,
Or both are indivisible partners in awareness,
The resulting interweaving, the resulting dreamtime,
Is nothing more, than a very real-seeming, figment of imagination.
Consciousness hypnotizing its Self, into believing its timeless concoction real.
An illusory theater, playing out every imaginable manifestation, in every imaginable way.

* * * *

Across the planet, throughout all time, every human being, every life form,
Playing its little quantum-chemical-biological-cultural patterning real,
To whatever degree, awareness, through consciousness perceives.

* * * *

The same eternal source in all, timelessly witnesses all.
It is the omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient undying force.
Ageless, changeless, perpetual, unending, interminable, transient,
Immeasurable, inestimable, everlasting, boundless, infinite, immortal.

* * * *

Human history is chock-full at both ends of the bell curve,
Of the few, both making it up, and fucking it up,
For the many, in the vast between.

* * * *

Call it what You will: pattern, meme, array, form, display, shape,
Design, prototype, plan, model, outline, draft, scheme, blueprint;
It is what You imagine, it is what You pretend, not what You are.

* * * *

Violence, and our kind's unfailing willingness to use it,
Is written and unwritten, in histories across all times and geographies,

And is daily splayed, in every media that technology allows.

* * * *

You cannot help the family You get, or the geography in which You land,
But the people You meet, and the life You wander,
That is the story worth telling.

* * * *

What were cave walls, what were clay tablets, what was papyrus,
What was Gutenberg's printing press, what is the world wide web,
But progressing eruptions in humankind's big bang of consciousness.
Whether or not, there is anything like it, out there in the vastness,
Is a question, we will more than likely, never find answer.

* * * *

Mother Gaia, despite all humankind has done, and will yet do to it, will endure.
It will be a mutation of its Darwinian majesty, scarred and limping, but it will carry on,
Until its life-creating star, in its death throes, engulfs whatever is left,
And the vast cosmos kaleidoscopes on, oblivious.

* * * *

It is in the winds of complete and attentive breathing,
That You will be as alive, as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

Deny your fate, your fortune, your destiny, your kismet, your karma,
As confidently, as boldly, as insolently, as defiantly, as vainly, as You will,
It is – emanating, materializing, unfolding, happening – each and every moment.

* * * *

For all we know, Jesus has returned times beyond counting,
But his followers are always so busy following him,
That they can no longer see or hear him.

* * * *

What is eternal life, but the ephemeral awareness, You truly are,
Paying as much attention as possible, to the only-moment-at-a-time universe,
To which the given sensory mind-body dreamtime of temporal consciousness subscribes.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold; too hard, too soft; too this, too that.
Always something for the monkey-mind to whine about.

* * * *

Everything is distraction from reality.
Only the ephemeral is real.
In awareness, be.

* * * *

Whether or not, a free mind, an unconditional mind, is even possible,
Is an inquiry, You as witness, must explore and discern for your Self.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a massive, indivisible quantum matrix.
Matter patterned into every imaginable organic and inorganic permutation.
Continuously changing, altering, shifting, fluctuating, mingling, consuming, emanating, evolving.
A mechanism so beyond-all-bounds incredible, as to be forever boggling.
And however You may or may not partake the truth of it,
You are it, and it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

What is real meditation,
But the turning off of time-bound imagination,
For a brief wander in eternity.

* * * *

The momentary awareness perceives through the given senses,
What the mind-body, born of the quantum essence, has engineered.
Always one thing or another, to see, to hear, to touch, to taste, to smell,
Yet ever the eternal nothingness, the eternal abyss, in each and every while.

* * * *

Everything spun of consciousness, is nothing more than the wind of imagination.
And there is no need to kowtow to any of its countless fabrications.
Despite what the middlemen would have You believe,
There is no deity that does not include You in its conception,
And bowing and scraping to any idol, is but the absurdity of vanity.

* * * *

The closest thing to free will, to self-determination, to freedom of choice,
In this infinitely choiceless universe, fashioned of every imaginable patterning,
Is the timeless awareness of the quantum essence, from which all things stream forth.

* * * *

The time of physical health, really your only wealth, is daily diminishing,
Sand steadily streaming through the timeless hourglass,
From first to last, every grain the same.

* * * *

Is organized religion, really anything more,
Than a vain rationale, to be absurdly delusional,
To whatever nth degree, consciousness deigns.

* * * *

For humankind to change course in any effective, meaningful way,
Would require a paradigm shift, well beyond its genomic patterning.

* * * *

So many things You said, so many things You did not say.
So many things You did, so many things You did not do.
So many ecstasies, so many agonies, in this dream of time.

* * * *

The sensory blend,
Every moment weaving a cosmos in that little old head of yours,
How amazing is that?

* * * *

What is the point, what is the reality, of any story, any chronicle, any narrative, any history,
Once all trace, all recollection, of it has vanished inyo the abyss of eternity.
Ask the forest tree, fallen, decaying, unwitnessed, unheard.

* * * *

Observe the mind and its many thoughts.
What are they, but a muddle of conditioned patterning,
Established upon whatever perceptions, whatever frame of reference,
Imagination has – subjectively, arbitrarily, randomly – devised,
In the streaming of the given nature-nurture dreamtime.

* * * *

The world is a relatively large petri dish, the edges of which are being encroached upon daily.
It is anybody's guess how long it will be, before we and our insatiable excesses, slam into the wall.

* * * *

Life is harsh, the jungle dark and menacing.
None can long aid, those who will not help themselves.
All must learn to crawl, to stand, to walk, to run, very much alone.

* * * *

What is identity, but the psychological adaptation, to the given nature-nurture circumstance.
The personality You project, the character You portray, is but an imaginary fabrication,
Sculpted by the dreamtime, your spirit has, from conception, every moment endured.

* * * *

What triumph can there ever be, in a tie,
A standoff, a stalemate, an impasse, a deadlock,
A draw, a logjam, a standstill, a dead heat, a photo finish?

* * * *

The egocentric nature of human consciousness,
Has always believed itself and all its fabrications,
Far more important that they will ever, can ever be.

* * * *

So much make-work, so much make-play, so much make-whatever,
In this our busy-busy, vanity-vanity, absurdity-absurdity paradigm.

* * * *

Awareness, that which is prior to consciousness,
That which is prior even to the quantum indivisibility,
Is the mysterious potential, from whence all things manifest,
The matchless singularity, prior to one, much less two.

* * * *

From pleasure palace to torture chamber, in solitary confinement all the while,
The mind-body's neural highways, play out its dream, in ways beyond counting.

* * * *

If You operate under the premise, that You are likely, ultimately screwed,
Why not set the course, in whatever way, or ways, call out to You?
Family, friends, acquaintances, enemies, might take notice,
But rest assured, that history will not long remember.

* * * *

What do You think all this is founded on, if not the indivisible primal source.
The quantum matrix of timeless origin, the one-and-only oneness, given over to space-time.
Creator and creation, in the one-in-all-and-all-in-one grand singularity.
The awareness, in which all dreamtimes spring.

* * * *

Religions across the world, across time,
Have all too often been subsidized tools of statecraft,
To manipulate the masses into complying with its rhyme and reason.
Far more pragmatic, more Machiavellian, more Orwellian,
Than pious sheeples, might ever care to surmise.

* * * *

When scanning any ground or any horizon,
Be sure to look to the right, to the left, above and below,
And also, through the many layers before, and the many pales beyond.
Any predator absorbed in its own hunt, can easily become unwary prey in another's.

* * * *

Stepping on the toes of political correctness, is always a chuckle.
Imagine if You said or did everything that came to mind.
It would be a padded cell or the guillotine for sure.

* * * *

The world is full of true believers, entangled in one conviction or another.
What it is, matters less, than whether or not it can be colored black or white.

* * * *

To all belief systems that imagine God separate,
Why would You ever cater to such limited concept?
To a notion, that does not include You, one in the same?

* * * *

More than 99 percent of all species, amounting to over five billion,
That ever existed in Earth's 4.54 billion years, are estimated to be extinct.
The history of humankind's ascent, is like the history of extinction.
The far greater percentage, is long undone, long forgotten,
And for all practical purposes, never happened.

* * * *

Memory of any thing, is never the thing itself.
Memory is the architect of time.
Reality is timeless.

* * * *

Yet another generation of youth mindlessly swept up,
In the clawing avarice, and blinding confines of time.

* * * *

Familiarity, the breeding ground of contempt and aversion.
Much easier to admire and esteem, what You do not know.

* * * *

The limits of perception are obvious,
The doors of perception, immeasurable.

* * * *

Yet another millennial whose mother never told him life is not fair,
Another millennial who got too many participant trophies,
Another millennial who got too many inflated grades,
And may well believe they mean something.

* * * *

What is history, but a perpetual game, to which chess and go and dominos, are but artless analogies.
It is an ever-streaming, ever-emanating, ever-graceful, temporal play of consciousness.
Imagination given context, in the hologram-matrix of quantum space-time.

* * * *

The other cannot fill the void.
Nothing can.

* * * *

In the ever-swirling flow of human migration,
No individual, no culture, has ever long stood in total isolation.
All must inescapably, like it or not, morph into greater and greater self-reflections.
All must give way to the ever-expanding world, the ever-expanding cosmos,

In which the human paradigm, as self-congratulatory as it is wont to be,
Is but an assumption, a contrivance, on a whirling speck of dust.

* * * *

Awareness cannot be possessed.
It is neither yours nor mine nor ours.
We are it, and it is us, every moment unreal.

* * * *

The mind ever seeks the security, the certainty, the consistency, that cannot be.
Constant change is the ultimate overriding attribute, of this manifest quantum theater,
And it is only no-mind, steadfast in awareness, that can meander through it,
Calm, collected, composed, untroubled, unconcerned, harmonious.

* * * *

Conscious breathing, the awareness of every inhale, every exhale,
Is as present as present can be, in the matrix hologram born of mind.

* * * *

Everything You have done in your so-called existence,
Was set in motion the instant the nothingness,
Burst into the creative process.

* * * *

No matter the speculation, no matter the assertion, it always ends up being the same inexplicable mystery.
So, what is the point of endlessly arguing, much less slaying others, who will never see it the same.
Discern the tranquility of an agnostic framelessness of mind, and render that your harbor.

* * * *

What is it we label God by countless names, but all things quantum,
Including the timeless awareness ,You believe your own,
Peering out through the given sensory array.
Duality is illusion; all is singularity.
Thou art That I Am.

* * * *

Die hungry or full, forlorn or content, foolish or wise,
It is discerning doubt, that fashions the quality of mind.

* * * *

What can be known of the immeasurable,
But the deceptive, unreal, shimmering, illusory attributes,
That imagination adjudges real and true, in the vagaries of space and time.

* * * *

Any given mind succumbs to the perjury of self-deception
As often as needed, to whatever degree delusion requires.

* * * *

Of reverence and irreverence, of wonder, veneration, devotion, adulation, or any antithesis,
What more can be said, than it really does not matter, whether the glass is half empty or half full.

* * * *

The cynic, the skeptic, the doubter – all seekers of truth.
Neither accepting or rejecting without judicious examination.
Scraping away what is false, using negation to discern what is true.

* * * *

You are as free as the mind is empty.
As free as the mind is naught but pure awareness.
As free as consciousness, that has set aside any and all concern,
For its Pandora's Box hodgepodge of endless bothers.

* * * *

We are all but temporal recordings of consciousness.
Each and every one of us, playing out one vain meme or another.
Yet at the essential level, each and every one of us, is the same quantum source.
Each and every one of us, is the same indivisible awareness.
What is to argue about, what is to kill for?

* * * *

And why would not, so-called God, be so infinite as to include You, in its creative process?
How absurd, to believe your imaginary self, separate in any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * * *

You may believe, You have broken a habit, a pattern, an addiction,
But chances are, You have only exchanged it, morphed it, repackaged it,
Into another variation, another alteration, another mutation, of the same stripe.
A bottle, a needle, a deity, any obsession, in what way are they different?

* * * *

Is it a space and time continuum, that passes before the sensory mind-body?
Or is it awareness, through which a quantum dream appears to travel,
Ever steadfast, ever true, ever one, ever unborn, ever undying.

* * * *

Where is the difference? Where is the attribute? Where is the transformation?
Where is anything, in the mystery of mysteries, that which is eternally indivisible?

* * * *

It is upon the given reader, to discern any author's meaning and intent.
The Dead Poets Society is, after all, a catacomb of phantoms.
It is the living who must realize the gifts tendered.

* * * *

Is it day? Is it night? Is it any space? Is it any time?

Open thine inner eye, thine eye of awareness,
And discern what is real, what is true.

* * * *

How many star-filled universes, may have come and gone, before the so-called Big Bang,
Or Creation, or Genesis, or Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up,
Or whatever other metaphors, minds may have conjured up.
And how many, will come and go, after this rendering?
And how many, are simultaneously happening right now?
And what was, and will be, before and after, any or all of them?
As if there could ever be, any before or after, any timeless fabrication,
Before or after, what may well have never really happened in the first place.
Anything and everything, is on the table, in the indivisibleness, of all things quantum.

* * * *

For every birth, a death.
For every creation, a destruction.
Zero-sum at its finest.

* * * *

Your immortality may reflect in thought and deed in this mortal banquet,
But they are naught but vibrations, in the indivisibility of the quantum reality.

* * * *

Illustrate, if You can, where You are, in a mind that is still.
Where You are, in the timeless quietude of pure awareness?

* * * *

What is the aging process, but the mind-body daily becoming more and more bothersome.
All that narcissism, all that hedonism, all that vanity-vanity, greedy-greedy,
Gradually returning to the unborn-undying dust of eternity.

* * * *

What is death, but the end of space, the end of time.
The return to the eternal indivisibility, that all ever are.
Nothing to fear, nothing to doubt, simply the way it truly is.

* * * *

Whether mental or physical, it is only pain,
And You will endure it, as You always have.

* * * *

Babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble …
Babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble …
Babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble …
Babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble …

* * * *

Were the so-called seers and mystics and prophets in ancient times and places, early scientists?
Or merely charlatans taking advantage of fearful, gullible flocks, for their own ends?
Any answers are but assertions of one unverifiable speculation or another.
But of the muddled, tangled histories played out since, we can be much more sure.

* * * *

Awareness sets in motion the pretense of existence.
The brain is but a fertile recording and processing apparatus,
That the senses permeate, with an ever-present universe,
In which the mind, plays out its imaginary theater.

* * * *

Using only skillful opposable thumbs,
And minds inspired by sumptuous programming,
Great warriors kill countless dragons, and build vast empires,
Every night in the safety of their bedrooms.

* * * *

You could conceivably play anything out any way You please,
But the given genetic patterning, the given cultural conditioning, the given nature-nurture,
Have shaped your thoughts and actions, to such a predictable degree,
That any assertion of free will is absurd.

* * * *

If You are the ever-present awareness, every given moment offers,
What need for identity, or any other contrivance of consciousness.

* * * *

Great strategies come and go,
But tactics, tactics are where boots hit the ground,
Fingers pull triggers, and blood flows.

* * * *

Entitlement has a way of sneaking up, on just about everyone, under any given sun.
The gift of life, painful thing that it can many daze be, being at the top of every list.

* * * *

Where can ‘You’, ever be, but right here, right now,
In whatever sphere, whatever bubble of awareness, ‘You’,
In the inexplicable, indivisible quantum hologram-matrix, reside.

* * * *

Ebb and flow.
Yield and resist.
Listen and speak.
Receive and impart.
Retreat and attack.
Maneuver and fire.

Block and strike.
Give and take.
Yin and yang.

* * * *

The wily middleman, cannot afford to inquire too deeply,
Else he would forfeit everything he has so cunningly usurped.
His talent is parlaying smokescreens, to blind all to the truth within.

* * * *

Your ancestors had their slice of dreamtime, You have yours,
And, if You have descendants, they will have theirs.
Do not feel the need to impose all your inanities upon them,
Past what is pragmatic, for their fleeting portion of conscious design.

* * * *

What is it little old You discerns in this theater, into which You have without choice been cast?
Without all the countless devices, we toolmakers have devised to measure our universe,
Without all the sciences, without all the mathematics, without all the technologies,
Without all the things the monkey-mind will do to quantify to the nth degree,
What is it You for your Self alone intuit, You for your Self alone deduct,
What is it You for your Self, without any influence from any other,
Discern real and true, in this immeasurable, beyond-all-pales enigma?

* * * *

Awareness is naught but awareness.
Neither far nor near, high nor low, great nor small,
Good nor evil, true nor false, boundless nor bound, real nor unreal.
It is the what is, that ever is, yet has never been.

* * * *

You are not the first, You will not be the last.
You are the first, You are the last.
Irony and paradox rule.

* * * *

Is any organized religion anything more than a parade, a carnival, a pageant, a cult, of idolatry?
Whether it be a persona, a boulder, a figurine, a set of writings, or merely a conception,
How is it anything but groupthink absurdity, garnished in self-absorption?

* * * *

You are in no way, no shape, no form, separate from the totality of this mystery.
Call it what You will – God, Brahman, Tao, Buddha, Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, turtles ad infinitum –
All dualistic notion is founded upon believing the illusions body and mind weave,
Upon believing the ever-kaleidoscoping sensory input real.

* * * *

Let us differentiate between reality and perceptions of reality.

The former ever is, and all the latters are figments of imagination.

* * * *

Just what ‘part’ of the mind-body-spirit, do You believe is immortal,
If not the indivisible awareness, that vast totality, both within and without,
In which within or without, are nothing more than confabulations of imagination.

* * * *

War is the insatiable beast, peace the sublime quietude.
Humans do not tend, to for long fare well, with either.

* * * *

To be the undying awareness, is to wander without attachment to the dream of mind.
To endure, free of time, free of all the agonies and ecstasies, imagination musters into notion.
Eternal existence, is for the rarest of the rare, those few and far-flung, who render themselves whole.
One must be absolutely fearless, to ascertain the immutable immortality,
All are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Just too frigging annoying sometimes, the price life requires,
The unceasingly heavy toll, consciousness so often metes out.

* * * *

The only objectivity resides and abides, in the indiscriminate awareness.
All quantum creation is arbitrary, from whatever beginning to whatever end.

* * * *

So many worrying about tomorrow and yesterday,
That they miss what is happening right here, right now.

* * * *

The groupthink creates.
The groupthink conducts.
The groupthink influences.
The groupthink manipulates.
The groupthink persuades.
The groupthink controls.
The groupthink harvests.
The groupthink destroys.
The groupthink perseveres.

* * * *

Is it: Death be not proud? Or: Death, be not proud?
And what rat’s ass, would the Grim Reaper give, either way?
As if the terminator to existence, is even aware of its conclusive role.

* * * *

Life is full of every imaginable pain, every variety of suffering.

Some are long forgotten, but some persist ever-present,
And fold into each other like subprime mortgages,
Until they twist into debilitating default.
Ain't nothing Golden Pond about growing old.

* * * *

Who is the who, who desires? Who is the who, who fears?
Who is the who, who plays out any action, plays out any passion,
But the indivisible awareness, cloaked by the attachment of consciousness,
To the mind-body, presenting itself, pretending itself, colluding itself, real and true.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Yet another anecdote, another footnote, another notch,
In the long list of disappointments in this human debacle.

* * * *

Why do You keep getting out of bed every morning?
Because the conditioning is a strong and aromatic brew, the senses too enticing to withstand,
The theater too filled with agony and ecstasy, to avert the busy mind.
To simply be, is not near as entertaining.

* * * *

The You, You think is You, the me, I think is me, the s/he, s/he thinks is s/he,
Are they really a different You, a different me, or a different s/he?
Who is born, who dies? Who is reborn, who dies again?
Who abides in heaven, who abides in hell,
But the same awareness in all.

* * * *

Consciousness is the source of all disparity.
In the quantum indivisibility, there are none.

* * * *

Male or female, we are all the same monkey-mind, only the players change.
The faces, the bodies, the names, the languages, the mindsets, the memes,
All the differences, are but nature-nurture variations of the same theme.
Cast any anew on an island, they would imbue it very much the same.

* * * *

All notion is nothing more than filtered imagination.

Perception may be all, but it is nothing all the while.

* * * *

It is the rare few who are called to journey outside the boxes of limited thinking,
Where the imaginary vastness of consciousness, dances without consequence.
What need for wings of wax, when all the suns of the universe, abide within.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a baggage train of notions,
Slung about by imagination, as if it were real and true.
As if it was more than a nebulous collection,
Of pluses and minuses, streaming about a neuron matrix.
Discern the awareness You are, disentangle from thought, wander unbound.

* * * *

Ponder anything however You will,
Words are but a tonic to the emptiness,
Through which they echo to and fro.

* * * *

A good toke of clean, fresh, oxygenated air,
Is far more likely to steady that passionate mind,
Than any contortion, any exhortation, of consciousness.

* * * *

One of the many disturbing realizations, in this vanity-vanity-all-is vanity existence,
Is that You are very likely, not near as intelligent or powerful or important,
As You might have in more youthful moments once believed.

* * * *

Who are You?
What are You?
Where are You?
When are You?
Why are You?
How are You?
… Are You? …

* * * *

The mystery is the mystery is the mystery.
You are but one speck, one light of awareness – no greater, no lesser –
Of the incalculably vast universe of witnesses, to the indelible, unfathomable, indivisible, unknown.

* * * *

No point worrying about death; it is going to happen one way or another.
Whether the means is infection, cancer, blood, endocrine, mental, nervous, circulatory,
Respiratory, digestive, musculoskeletal, genitourinary, perinatal, congenital, or some external cause.
The flesh and bones, to which You are so attached, is fated to melt back into the indivisibility.

‘If’ is futile, and narcissistic hope for something more, nothing but idle speculation.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

No matter how small or huge it might be,
It is every moment just as huge or small.

* * * *

What cannot survive us, perishes; what can survive us, thrives or abides.
In the declaration of Roman commander, Quintus Arrius, to the slaves chained to their trireme oars:
You are all condemned men. We keep You alive to serve this ship. So row well, and live.
Some rowers have wings, some fins, some roots, and some four legs or more.

* * * *

Suffer not the vain, puny, frivolous deities concocted by consciousness.
Convoluted assumptions, and endless absurdities, do not for truth make.

* * * *

You see what You are.
You see what You are not.
So it goes, no worries.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum changes. the chemistry changes,
The body changes, the mind changes, the world changes, the universe changes,
But the awareness, that which perceives, that which exists prior to imagination, is ever the same,
Unborn, undying, each and every indivisible, indelible, enigmatic moment.

* * * *

Everything that happens is beyond all explicability.
There is no reason, there is no purpose, there is no doer,
And the awareness, the witness You are, is the source of it all.

* * * *

You will inevitably hurt others, intentionally or not.
The challenge, if it is your inclination, is to keep it to a minimum.
If You lean toward a harmful bent, of being sociopathic, or some label beyond,
Well, there is really nothing that can be done, but witness the blaze in your indifferent wake.
We must all face the consequences, of whatever principles, or lack of, we incline.

* * * *

And what has all that pride, all that vanity, gotten You, really,
But yet another life, yet another existence, yet another dream of time,
To which only the ever-evaporating vapor of imagination clings.

* * * *

Are You streaming through space-time, or is it timelessly appearing through You?
What is this inexplicable, impenetrable, indelible, incomprehensible,

Indecipherable, inscrutable, inseparable mystery,
But an indivisible emanation, of the ephemeral eternity You are.

* * * *

What anyone thinks, what anyone does,
Is absolutely nothing in the ultimate mind's eye.
All judgment is but human concoction, human absurdity.

* * * *

Granted, little boys may be made of snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
But little girls, despite all fairy tale indoctrination to the contrary,
Are most definitely not sugar and spice and everything nice.
Going overboard on surreal notions, is a bumpy road to delusion.

* * * *

You are but an imaginary blend,
A concoction born of the nature-nurture dreamtime,
Into which your temporal seed was cast.

* * * *

Lawyers, accountants, bureaucrats, and all their political allies,
Find interminable ways, to make any fine print, finer and finer.

* * * *

Mastery in the art of war, or any other competitive enterprise,
Is doing the unexpected when the expected is expected,
And the expected, when unexpected is expected.

* * * *

You have been hypnotized, conditioned, brainwashed, mesmerized, indoctrinated, deceived,
Into imagining You are what You are not, have never been, and will never be.
In the one and only indivisible reality prior to consciousness,
You are timeless, You are without bounds.
Know this, and break free of all limits born of mind.

* * * *

But for the streaming of consciousness,
It is as quantum indivisible on the inside,
As it is quantum indivisible on the outside.

* * * *

How can the parochial mind, ever fathom beyond its countless divisions, its countless limitations?
Thoughts of the rare few who discern a greater vision, despite all their good intentions,
Only again and again cause swells to crash hither and thither upon the shores,
Of those unable to plumb deeply beneath the vast ocean surface.
The lone sheep dog can do little to protect the flock,
From the crafty, resolute packs, of charlatans and usurpers.

* * * *

The world is afire with the madness of humankind's incessant vanity.
What is there to hope for, when faced with such insurmountable odds.

* * * *

All creation is nothing more than a subjective reality,
Born of the human mind, born of imaginary conception.
Objectivity can never be more than an unattainable notion.

* * * *

Call it what You will
– Collaboration, collusion, syndicate, conspiracy –
The quantum enigma is in charge.

* * * *

If there is to be any freedom in this relatively brief, corporeal existence,
The key, the fulcrum, the fount, upon which it is founded, is doubt.
And then, only if its embers are fanned by the wind of an indomitable spirit.
There is no journey beyond the conditioning, no venture outside the cave, without it.

* * * *

Your temporal existence will weave your sensory mind,
In whatever way the reverie of space-time ripples through it.
The final tapestry will be imbued with the integrity You render it.

* * * *

Human beings always want more-more-more, in their ephemeral sojourn in space-time.
But more, is really nothing more, than an itsy-bitsy vibration in the electromagnetic spectrum.
An indivisible, unborn-undying quantum whatever, which has neither beginning nor end,
Nor any size, nor any shape, nor any limit, nor any time, nor any value, whatsoever.

* * * *

Jews asserting that they are the chosen people,
Is nothing more than yet another ethnocentric tribal absurdity.
It would be analogous to Woody Allen asserting he is God's favorite thespian.
No offence, Woody, but it just ain't ever gonna be so.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, can any dreamer perform their imaginary character,
But through the nature-nurture sculpting assigned by the genetic lottery.
Embrace it or endure it, from all beginning to all endings,
We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.

* * * *

What is any human existence but a tentative, arbitrary collection of memories,
Perceptions of a dream of time, forever forgotten with the last wheezing breath.

* * * *

The irony is that this garden world,
Has freely provided everything humankind needs,
To drive its brief little dream into complete and utter extinction.

* * * *

Who is the I, that believes this awareness their own,
But a fleeting fiction of imagination, absolutely alone.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how … am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … are You?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … is anyone?
Who, what, where, when, why, how …….. is anything?
But the same indivisible upwelling permeating everything.
Call it by whatever vibration You choose, it is the same clayness,
The same omniscience, the same omnipotence, the same omnipresence,
The same unborn-undying awareness, ever creating its Self anew.

* * * *

We are only young or middle-aged or old on the outside.
The awareness within, is ever the same timeless upwelling.

* * * *

All time, all history, all narration, whether individual or cultural,
Is nothing more than the play of consciousness, a paradigm of imagination.
All illusion, all delusion, all nothing more than the existential collusion of memory cells.
You are, have ever been, will ever be, the ever-present, right-here-right-now, of everlasting awareness.
The perceptive observer, the solitary wanderer, in the infinite-infinitesimal,
Of nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is pain that forces You to look more closely, to pay attention,
And perhaps even survive, even thrive, yet another day, or more.

* * * *

First Law of the Hoity-Toity: The Hoity-Toity is bona fide.
Second Law of the Hoity-Toity: The Hoity-Toity is indispensable.
Third Law of the Hoity-Toity: The Hoity-Toity is everlasting.

* * * *

The eternal life offered by pure awareness, is the one and only true religion.
It has no name, and requires no faith, no scripture, no dogma,
No idols, no symbols, no priesthood, no followers.
Those who believe otherwise, muddle in the fog of vanity.

* * * *

The definition of cancer:
The disease caused by an uncontrolled division of abnormal cells in a part of the body.

We are it, and it is us.

* * * *

The something that is nothing, is ever the nothing that is something.
Back and forth, and forth and back, again and again.
The unborn is born, and undying dies,
Or is it, the undying is born, and unborn dies?
Oblivion and creation, are ever and ever and ever the same.

* * * *

How can anyone ever begin to justify their given existence,
In the eyes of someone determined to judge them harshly?

* * * *

Life is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.
The fleeting existence is confusing, bemusing, bewildering,
Puzzling, perplexing, muddling, flummoxing, befuddling, nonplussing,
Mystifying, confounding, stumping, dazzling, stunning, overwhelming, bamboozling.
To be sure of anything, how is that really even remotely possible?

* * * *

Nowhere to go, no one to see, nothing to be.
Bubbles of vanity frothing in a crashing sea.

* * * *

Mother Gaia does not give a rat's ass whether You live or die,
So pay attention, Pilgrim, if You want to live long and prosper.

* * * *

A most certain thing about human history, across all times, across all geographies,
Is that once narcissism relegates any fellow human being, to any so-called lesser kingdom,
Any and every variety of abuse or enslavement or extermination or interminable horror, is allowed.

* * * *

Contemplation is about consciousness,
Putting your imaginary universe in perspective.
Meditation is about being the awareness You actually are.

* * * *

What difference between provincial and cosmopolitan, really,
But happenchance-happenstance variations in the shaping forces of nature and nurture.
After all, imagination is just imagination is just imagination.

* * * *

There are no attributes, no patterns, no systems, no laws, no histories,
No quantifying measurables at all, in the immeasurable indivisibility.

* * * *

All patterns are created of illusion.
From the indivisible, all creation arises, all creation subsides.
There is naught but eternal unicity.

* * * *

That list of things You will never experience,
Projects and ventures, You will never complete,
Intrigues and schemes, You will never carry out,
Daily grows longer and deeper and broader.

* * * *

The explorer of consciousness is very much alone,
In the maze-like concourses of the eternal tapestry,
The imaginary matrix of the passionate mind-body.

* * * *

History will write what it writes, and time will erase it all.
Who is the who, who cares, or not, is the last question standing.

* * * *

Are You a who, a what, a where, a when, a why, a how, in the all of it?
Or a who-not, a what-not, a where-not, a when-not, a why-not, a how-not?

* * * *

What difference between wafting smoke and solid concrete?
Both change, certainly at different rates, by any eye,
But just as absolutely, just as relentlessly.
It is a god-eat-god eternal cosmos,
No matter how any mind might measure it.

* * * *

Whether called Baal, Tao, Brahman, Buddha, Allah, God, or any other name mind might devise,
No conception imagined by consciousness, can ever be more than a temporal metaphor.
The unknowable, ineffaceable truth of this mystery, is timelessly indivisible.
Infinitely, infinitesimally, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

* * * *

You are your own constant companion.
Be as gentle with your Self as mind allows.

* * * *

The indelible mystery You indivisibly are, is neither friend nor foe.
It is indifferent to all imaginary notions, indifferent to all secular attributes.
What attachment, can that which creates and preserves and destroys,
Without motive, without remorse, have to anything, to anyone?

* * * *

Any given existence is shaped by so many injuries, so much suffering.

Like the punctuation marks woven into any given narrative
– The periods, the commas, the question mark, the exclamation points,
The colons, the semi-colons, the apostrophes, the hyphens, the quotation marks –
All whittle, all sculpt, all transform, the fates, the destinies, the outcomes, all life must endure.

* * * *

Who can love unconditionally,
But those whose aversion to differences,
No longer absorb, no longer seethe, no longer bind.

* * * *

This here-now is what You are, is what You have been all along, is what You will ever be.
The sensory dreamtime, is but imagination steeped in illusion,
Is but a mirage cloaked by delusion.

* * * *

However You spend it, however You pass it,
The moment will always come and go the same.
The continuum we call space-time is like that.

* * * *

There is no finishing anything; process is without conclusion.
A punctuation point only signifies some sort of inflection within a sentence,
Or the beginning of the next sentence, the next paragraph, the next chapter, the next book.
The end of one narration, is but the ever-kaleidoscoping beginning of another.

* * * *

What it is, is what it is not.
Same thing, same thingless.

* * * *

Being cultivated, being trained, being domesticated, to be a human being,
Does not make You any closer to mystery, than any other life form.
Every single beast has evolved from the same quantum origin.
The only difference between You and any other organism,
Is an inexorable egocentricity born entirely of imaginary notion.
The entire human paradigm, is nothing more than a collusion of imagination,
Made possible by the evolutionary happenstance of an resourceful, group-oriented mind,
Two arms, two legs, a larynx, opposable thumbs, and high-capacity lungs.
No critter ever born into this mystery ever stood a chance.
And, being far too clever for our own good,
Neither, ultimately, do we.

* * * *

Intelligence is a quantum program,
Encoded by natural selection,
Witnessed by awareness.

* * * *

All those little aches, all those little pains, gradually magnify,
Into debilitating annoyances, over which You have little or no control,
Until they all finally disappear, in the dust-to-dust, of that last wheezing breath.

* * * *

The quantum physics of nature is indivisibly, timelessly, irrevocably Darwinian.
Vectors and velocity and mass, spin out consequences, each and every moment.

* * * *

All the monotonous things, You do, day after day after day,
Broken down, into a never-ending stream, of programmed fragments:
Eating, sleeping, working, brushing the teeth, trimming the nails, ad infinitum.
How much longer to get the gist? To deduce the mystery, is the awareness, You ever are.

* * * *

How could the observer not be the observed,
In this indivisible, kaleidoscoping, quantum mystery theater?
Pfft, even the most supreme being, humankind can ever imagine, knows that.

* * * *

Who is there to prove anything to, really?
Apart from an imaginary vanity-vanity show,
What more is there than the quantum beingness?
What more is there than awareness of the singularity?

* * * *

The human drama is rooted, is steeped, is bound, in vain notion.
It is nothing more, than the perpetual confabulation of imagination.
What solution can there ever be, to what was never real from the get-go?

* * * *

The boardroom pharaohs, the sun gods of these our modern times,
Are still succumbing to the mindless vanity of their polyhedron tombs.

* * * *

The incessant back and forth, straddling the fence,
Between playing this identity real, and knowing it is not,
Can be more than a little wearing, more than a little maddening.

* * * *

All those thoughts, all those desires, all those fears, all those passions,
What are they, really ultimately, but the illusory poof of imagination.

* * * *

The inexplicable garden world, from which humankind ascended, is a timeless analog creation,
That our tool-making abilities, have fashioned into a linear technological one.
All well and good in its own right, it is an inescapable reality,

An timeline for which there is no rewind.

* * * *

What is a friend but someone who accepts You as You are,
And does not expect more than what You spontaneously offer.

* * * *

Quantum brain, quantum eyes, quantum ears, quantum nose, quantum tongue, quantum skin,
Quantum nerves, quantum ductless glands, quantum viscera, quantum everything.
A quantum matrix, a quantum hologram, by and for its Self to play,
Perchance to perceive, to realize, to comprehend, its inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

"What is time?" he asked rhetorically.
"No idea," she answered candidly.
"Nothing but," his koan reply.

* * * *

We have become slaves to nationalistic and corporate and religious branding,
Following hither and thither, the gratuitous whimsy of this logo or that.
The unremitting, pervasive identification of the Me-Myself-and-I,
Well beyond the guileless daze of t-shirts and baseball caps.

* * * *

It is all made up, it is all arbitrary.
The only question, the only concern,
Is how seriously You choose to take it.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, creates this kaleidoscoping theater of dreamtime,
But the eternal awareness, neither within nor without, the quandaries of imagination.

* * * *

And why would anyone ever believe, any one culture, in any given time,
Would ever hold the key to truth, or be favored, by any one or more deities?

* * * *

There is only the here-now, there is only eternal life.
All vain notions about it, are ultimately meaningless.
Be anonymous within and without, free of all claims.

* * * *

Libraries and bookstores and thrift stores, are chock-full of unread tomes,
That, but for the keenness of those destined for obscurity,
May as well have never been written.

* * * *

Where is the apex of the human drama?

Where is the point of diminishing returns?
Have we yet to pass over the bell curve's peak?
Or is it already a memory in the rear-view mirror?

* * * *

All those memories, all those sensations, all those thoughts, all those things,
All those patterns, dreams, habits, relationships, loves, likes, hates, joys, sorrows,
Skills, awards, derisions, pleasures, beliefs, opinions, notions, hopes, fears, ad infinitum.
All those many experiences, no matter how dear, must all eventually be released and forgotten.

* * * *

Within the pool of awareness,
All possible universes, all possible dreams, dwell.
The creative potential of the quantum essence, is infinitely choiceless.

* * * *

What You perceive, is but a quantum veil, that the sensory mind arbitrarily measures.
Of the immeasurable, from which all dreams manifest, there is nothing to be known.

* * * *

Who is more foolish, the writer who penned nonsense in some ancient past,
Or the babbling dittoheads, who give it true-believer weight, in the here now?

* * * *

What is any worldview, any frame of reference, any paradigm,
But an imaginary state, to which the mind every moment clings.

* * * *

The mind is founded upon consumption, upon accumulation, upon differences, upon conflict;
Upon the unremitting narcissistic, hedonistic, self-absorption of the me-myself-I;
Upon the insatiable pursuit of pleasure, of power, of fame, of fortune.
There can be little real peace, without discernment and surrender to the indivisible.

* * * *

Awareness is not a sensation.
Beingness is not a sensation.
Reality is not a sensation.
You are not a sensation.

* * * *

Every organism, under any given star, has a completely different translation of the universe.
Which begs the question, is there even a real universe, that stands alone and true?
Or are all, nothing more than unique, arbitrary, quantum creations,
Done and undone, and done again, times beyond counting.
Light dancing its Self manifest, for whatever forever dreamtime allows.

* * *

Alas that pain and suffering play such enduring parts in these corporeal creations,

And all the better-living-through-every-sort-of-chemistry remedies,
Can only do so much to salve the myriad ways,
The biology ceaselessly finds,
To torture the mind-bodies, in every which way.

* * * *

Become aware of the mind as a means
– a tool, a device, a utensil, an implement, an instrument –
Rather than an end – a purpose, an aim, a reason, an outcome, a goal – in itself.

* * * *

If there is ever to be any real revolution of consciousness in this human paradigm,
It will have to begin within the plebeian minds of the wayward mob.
Holding your breath may not be the best strategy.

* * * *

Too many unanswerable questions in this dreamtime mystery.
Always springing up here and there, like zombies in graveyards.

* * * *

What can any human being, no matter the time, no matter the geography, ever really experience,
But their own unique egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric sensory universe?
That which is perceived, through their unique, nature-nurture frame of reference.
Every part and particle of it, born entirely of subjective, self-absorbed, imaginary notion.

* * * *

How ironic.
How paradoxical.
How absurd.

* * * *

The plethora of inventions, to which humankind has given over its tool-making abilities,
Is ever bound to the ground of nature, from which they were crafted.
There is absolutely nothing that is not of nature,
No matter the process through which they were manifested.
The source of all things is indelibly, indivisibly, unconditionally, inescapable.

* * * *

Everything in this touchy-feely-three-dimensional-space-time dream,
Is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.
Yes, absolutely all of it.

* * * *

How would any of this be, if the awareness You truly are, were not bound to the mind-body,
If You were not attached to all the notions inspired by the sensory dream.
The universe did not exist before the unborn was born.
It will not exist after the undying dies.
Die to it all, now, now, now.

Eternal life is yours for the being.

* * * *

What is prior to religion, prior to doctrine, prior to faith, prior to belief,
Prior to all notions of gods and devils and their myriad minions,
And the countless heavens and hells they spawn in mind?

* * * *

Exploring the many-faced no-mind is an alonely path,
That has been trod in many times, many places,
By who knows how many monkey-minds.

* * * *

To observe your existence, with the same indifference as the infinite unknown,
That is the challenge, of all who would be free, of all claims of the finite known.

* * * *

Pretty rough to straighten things out,
When pretty much everything humankind touches,
Ripples into some inevitable fuck-up.

* * * *

What a strange thing it is to hear, to see, any word, any concept,
And realize all the antiquity, it took for it to evolve, to this point in time,
And that it, and all the other words in the sea of metaphors, in which it swims,
Shall ever continue to morph, for as long as human consciousness manages to survive.

* * * *

You are only where You are ‘supposed’ to be,
When You are fully paying attention to the here-now.

* * * *

The mind weaves its own traps, cuts its own grooves, molds its own way,
Its own obstacles, its own fetters, its own miasma, with unceasing regularity.
It is evolved of narrow thinking, and often resides fogbound for the given lifetime.
Relatively few realize the insightful emancipation, the sovereignty of the immeasurable.

* * * *

The future-past, as it more and more feverishly rushes by,
Is completely untenable to anyone paying attention,
And far too few ever have, or likely ever will.
Greed has always worked for the masses, far too well.

* * * *

The same genetic force, the same patterning,
That draws women into their worlds, draws men into theirs.
Ergo, Venus and Mars, and all the many worldviews,
Playing out like ocean waves, over and over.

* * * *

Neither one nor two,
Neither single nor double,
Neither solid nor ephemeral,
Neither everything nor nothing,
Neither what is nor what is not,
Neither living nor nonliving,
Neither right nor wrong,
Neither time nor space,
Neither here nor now,
Neither good nor evil,
Neither true nor false,
Neither judge nor jury,
Awareness is.

* * * *

The quantum universe is engaged in an incalculable number of adventures.
Sometimes You have to just stand in line and wait your turn.
Try to remain reasonable about it, if You can.

* * * *

An indifferent mind, is a reflection of the indifferent awareness.
And the eternal mystery, from which it all indifferently emanates.

* * * *

There will always be true believers willing to live and die,
For whatever cause, they have discerned most noble and true.

* * * *

Every moment, giving and taking, that quantum illusion, ever emanating anew,
And You, only able to distinguish it, through the myriad filters,
Born of nature-nurture's inevitable conditioning.

* * * *

Whatever path to glory, might be devised by any given mind,
It is ever nothing more, than the vanity born of imagination.

* * * *

What is awareness? What is consciousness?
A chemical reaction? An electromagnetic storm? A quantum wind?
The unknown playing known? Nothing playing something?
A stream unto its Self, however mind conceives.

* * * *

The mind's self-absorbed, emotional sorrow, is unquenchable,
But through embracing the barren hollow, of the null and void.

* * * *

Happiness and contentment, are delusional ideals, born of sorrow and dissatisfaction.
Consciousness ever ebbs and flows, through the ductless glands and viscera.
Abiding in the moment, in the awareness prior to all the chatter,
Is the as-good-as-it-gets, any given mind can offer.

* * * *

What the body needs, and what the sensory-mind craves,
Are all too often at odds, in ways not designed for longevity.

* * * *

Why should anyone provide, what You will not yourself, earn?
The jungle is a forbidding place, and those who do not, cannot, make their own way,
Cannot forever depend, on the compassion of those about them.

* * * *

Every generation plays out the window of time,
That the reverie of history, offers the given geography,
As it plays out, in the ripples flowing to and fro, across the world.
From all beginnings to all ends, it is very much a choiceless reality for all.

* * * *

Everything You experience every moment,
Everything You see, You hear, You smell, You touch, You taste,
Augments the frame of reference, from which this mystery, is eternally witnessed.

* * * *

Even the ethereal beings supposedly traversing the Himalayas,
Are fellow primates, fellow two-leggeds, of the same quantum origin.
No need to make them more paranormal, than You or any other cockroach.

* * * *

What pattern is not born of conscious design,
And why would the quantum ground, the source of all,
Be bound by any notion, no matter how grand?

* * * *

The powers that be: the estates, the kingdoms, the empires, the heralds, the behemoths,
The balance-of-power-might-makes-right, in these our modern times, of this so-called civilized world.
The executives, the legislatives, the judicials, the corporates, the medias, the bureaucratics,
Are whatever they please, do whatever they please, take whatever they please,
As the rule of law stipulates, or arrogance and avarice allow.
The bottom-feeders, well, they endure, they survive, as they always have.
Or pay the consequences, the tribulations, as the law of the club, of claw and fang, demand.

* * * *

You need not have any answers,
To the enigmas of this indelible mystery,

To yield to the essence of its indivisible awareness,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Outside the last box, mind might contrive,
Is the ineffable awareness prior to consciousness,
And where can any box abide, in that which is indivisible?

* * * *

When the immeasurable is presumed measurable,
Pretense and arrogance take root, and chaos rules.

* * * *

What is it to awaken, to realize, but to become very still, very attentive,
To the eternal awareness, You truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

What part of, yes means yes,
No means no, and maybe does not mean yes,
Do some folks not understand?

* * * *

We are all just screengrazers here, with our own devices.
Smarter phones, dumber people, daily dumbing down.

* * * *

Fascinating how indifferent we can be toward each other and all our fellow earthlings.
That we can be so cruel, so unempathetic, so unwilling to discern, that all are ultimately one in the same.
The compassion, the benevolence of the Golden Rule, treating others as You would your Self,
Requires a mind free of desire, free of fear, free of conditioning, free of convention,
A mind willing to stand alone against the whimsies of human limitation.

* * * *

Contentment, satisfaction, gratification,
What are they, too, but variations of the vanity-vanity,
The usual suspect steeping in, in every moment of conscious design.

* * * *

The mystery is prior to all thought, prior to all knowledge, prior to all emotion, prior to all passion,
Prior to all language, all science, all math, all music, all everything ignited by consciousness.
It is the primal awareness, from which the unknowable, bursts into timeless creation.

* * * *

Awareness cannot, even for a moment,
Pause to examine its timeless, non-dualistic nature.
After all, how can that which is the origin, that which is the essence,
Do anything but what it does, be anything but what it is.

* * * *

You are the mystery, You are the unknown, You are the known unknown.
You will make of it what You will, You will do with it what You will,
And, if You are a rare one, You will perchance undo, mind's will.

* * * *

Any philosophy, any religion, any archetype, any paradigm, that loses sight of natural law,
That loses sight of the indivisible relationship between all things,
Is no worldview worth its brine.

* * * *

Eternal salvation, is merging into the indivisibly, the aloneness, free of attributes.
Giving the world no thought: some call it madness, some call it heaven.
What matter, what any other thinks, what any other believes?

* * * *

How many creatures have suffered greatly or died,
That faces might be adorned, with clownish facades.

* * * *

Hogwash, nonsense, gibberish, garbage, baloney, rot, claptrap,
Gobbledygook, noise, babble, jabber, poppycock, balderdash, tripe,
Hooey, bunkum, hokum, humbug, twaddle, drivel, rubbish, codswallop.
Words that come to mind when talking politics, economics, religion,
And other juggernauting dysfunctions of the human paradigm.

* * * *

This quantum playhouse,
Is never more real, than any dream.
The awareness You are, is never not the witness.
The only question, is whether or not, You are mindful of it.
And from all beginnings to all endings, and all endings to all beginnings,
It really does not matter if You wake up to it or not.
It never did, it never will.

* * * *

The so-called scriptures are not really belief systems.
They are histories, archives, field guides, instruction manuals, schemas.
Insights set down by seers across time and space, who have discerned the mystery firsthand.
Does the quantum indivisibility need to worship the forms into which it is made,
Some imagined sculptor, or the essence that is its truest nature?
Does it really need to venerate anything at all?
Is not simply being enough?

* * * *

There is the wacko two-legged in the first standard deviation: we call that normal.
The second, we call eccentric; the third, crazy; and beyond that, insane.
Really all just graybowing shades of the same monkey-mind.

Imagination, wandering to and fro, in every guise.

* * * *

The discernment of the truth, in the human mind, in the human paradigm,
Has really always been, very much the same, across the world, throughout time.
But all those who see it, are bound by the filters of their conditioning: bound by culture;
Bound by creed; bound by language; bound by ego; bound by the thirst for power, fame, fortune;
Bound by the seven deadly intoxications: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth;
Bound by the perpetual tango of desire and fear, in the quest for security.
Is it any wonder that these modern times are so chaotic,
So confused, so conflicted, so contrary,
That only the rare, are willing and able to see past,
The incalculable differences, entirely created by imagination.

* * * *

Of course, there is, what many, by one name, by one concept, by one dogma or another, call God.
But the fundamental reality, is that it is a timeless, indivisible, unattainable mystery,
That cannot be bound, by any form, by any circumstance, by any creed.
It is not some dualistic invention, like a Zeus, a Jupiter, a Shiva, or a Santa Claus.
It is not a deity, a divine being, a celestial being, a goddess, a divinity, an immortal, or an avatar.
It is not an idol, a graven image, an icon, a totem, a talisman, a fetish, or a juju.
Of course, there is a God, and it includes the essence, You truly are.
Do not confuse any fabrications of consciousness,
With the reality of the awareness,
Permeating all.

* * * *

In truth, You have no past, You have no future.
You are but a subjective dream of consciousness, of imagination.
There is only now, there is only awareness, there is only quantum, there is only eternity,
Timelessly witnessing an indivisible, kaleidoscoping, sensory play.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, your dream, is an imaginary fiction,
Founded upon the sensory input, as interpreted by your patterned mind.
However You see anything unfolding, is what it is, always was, and will ever be.
Whatever You imagine others think, they think; whatever You imagine others do, they do.
You are perceiver, witness, observer, viewer, watcher, eyewitness, onlooker, bystander, ogler, spectator.
You are the one and only awareness, acting out a programmed, conditioned, habituated persona.
Immortally absolute, indelibly sovereign, timelessly unconditional, eternally indivisible,
And unutterably, irrefutably alone, in your center stage of Self-consciousness.

* * * *

To discern your true Self, to discern the awareness that is source,
Is to discern all possibilities, upon which imagination might draw.

* * * *

Trust your Self.

Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

* * * *

You are the one and only observer, beholding You.
All the deities, all the angels, all the demons, all the avatars,
All the santa clauses, tooth fairies, and other mythological creatures,
Are nothing more than figments of imagination in mind's eye.
You, the solitary aloneness, are the one and only witness.

* * * *

What is each and every imagination-born existence, but a brief window of history.
A brief flickering of light and shadow, playing out in the dreamtime of mind.
A brief span, in which awareness witnesses a timeless creation, born of consciousness.
A kaleidoscoping quantum theater, playing itself real, over and over, in every conceivable way.

* * * *

The challenge is to imbibe each fleeting moment,
As completely, as purely, as gracefully, as contentedly,
As the sensory mind, bound to space and time, fitfully allows.

* * * *

You who give the mind over to its inexplicable foundation,
Will likely never be appreciated unconditionally by the human paradigm.
Thought and emotion, are but evolutionary by-products, of ductless glands and viscera.
It is not possible to gain the full acceptance of any meme, any group, any followers, any true believers,
Any brainwashed, conditioned, indoctrinated collusion, to which consciousness is so attached,
For the capricious mix, is incapable of comprehending, that which is cradle to all.
You must, in awareness, stand very much alone, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

Without the thought, the idea, the notion,
The brainwave, the inspiration, the theory, the belief,
The concept, the opinion, the plan, the conception, the philosophy,
How would the imaginary identity, You delude your awareness into pretending,
Play out its meme-bound, who-what-where-when-why-how collusion?

* * * *

No geography is immune to the money-in-a-wheelbarrow moment,
If the one-percenters and their minions, play their game too greedy.

* * * *

There appear to be many others, of every imaginable variety,
But it is all really truly the awareness, You very much alone are,

Translating the sensory play, as the ever-present now unfolds.
The solitary You, chattering away to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

There is nothing in this manifest dreamtime, to which You can ultimately cling.
You are awash in imaginary notion, and if that gradually dissipates,
Where can You ever be, but the given right-here-right-now,
As infinitely, as infinitesimally immeasurable,
As the mystery of awareness ever is.

* * * *

When the mind is still,
When the mind is but awareness,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, can You exist?

* * * *

Every mind has its rhyme and reason, its raison d'être,
And whether or not others become interested in the trove of its wanders.
Is a matter only history, in one future-past or another, will tell.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, with all its histories, whether written and unwritten,
Is nothing more than collusion, founded upon the capricious spark of imagination.

* * * *

That which You imagine You are, is replete with every variety of passion and pain and regret.
That mystery which You truly are, that which is prior to consciousness, is indivisibly immaculate.
The mind is a collection of perceptions, to which unmitigated detachment, is the only salvation.

* * * *

Whether or not, there are other dream worlds,
Other Gaias, out in the immensity of the indifferent universe,
We will likely never know, because we have not valued our own world enough,
To ensure our survival, for more than a relatively few minutes, in the space-time continuum.
The clock is tick-tick-ticking, and we are rushing madly towards extinction,
Or certainly, a very harsh, very downsized, paradigm shift.

* * * *

There may be nothing new under this sun or any other,
But it is all new to You, so drive on, Brave Knight, drive on.

* * * *

Creation takes time, creation takes space.
There is no ‘suddenly appeared.’
There is only never-beginning-never-ending process,
A quantum holograph, in which humankind is but a smidgeon of a shard.

* * * *

There is nothing more to be,
Than what You already are, have ever been, will ever be.
Vanity is not more.

* * * *

Dreaming itself immortal,
Consciousness is indelibly linked,
To the finite creation of quantum design.

* * * *

We are all the same oneness playing out the parts, the same oneness playing out the many.
We are all a kaleidoscoping hologram of inestimable, immeasurable, infinite proportion.
A quantum matrix, emanating a dream of time, in the timeless indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

To be vulnerable, is the challenge of complete surrender to the moment.
To be totally open, without the psychic walls of the me-myself-and-I,
To the ego, that is nothing more, than a castle built of imagination.

* * * *

We have witnessed history play the same record, over and over and over again.
The players change, the technologies change, the universe changes,
But the monkey-mind, is ever a Shakespearian collage.

* * * *

Pull out that phone, that tablet,
That notebook, that laptop, that screen,
That security blanket, of these our modern times.
What will You do, if/when the day it is forever gone, comes?
Will You be ready, when Old School rises again?

* * * *

Your imaginary personality, is how your awareness adapted,
To the winds of the nature-nurture, into which You were cast.
It is but a temporary temporal thing, best not get too attached.

* * * *

In this manifest dreamtime world, history has countless times proven that might makes right.
As Vegetius put it in De Re Militari: si vis pacem, para bellum, if You want peace, prepare for war.
Anonymity is the first line of defense, the second is to be a chameleon, to avoid becoming a target.
From then on – care You to abide, care You to survive – whatever level of readiness is required.

* * * *

It is only in imagination that all players are fashioned.
The grand holograph is seamless; there is no other.
The inscrutable indivisible is without partition.
All withouts are within, all withins, without.

* * * *

Complete, unconditional, unadorned vulnerability, is the means to nirvana.
To give your self over to Self, to set the body-mind adrift in awareness,
Is the discerning tap of the Ruby Slippers, that will get You home.
Eternity is now, there is no other, nothingness is as apparent as it gets.

* * * *

If there is such a thing as a perfect body,
Rest assured, it does not long stay that way.

* * * *

Me and myself and I:
My body, my mind, my sex, my color, my race, my language, my culture,
My family, my friends, my school, my class, my college, my house, my land, my pets,
My workplace, my business, my club, my bar, my coffee shop, my store, my money, my things,
My town, my county, my state, my country, my world, my sun, my universe,
My religion, my church, my god, my heaven, my hell …
Me, me, me, forever and ever me.

* * * *

The roles all life play out in the grand web,
Are nothing more than the blueprint,
The patterning of the given seed.
All are the same inexplicable essence.

* * * *

Is it the quantum universe that creates the quantum mind?
Or is it the quantum mind that creates the quantum universe?
Or are they the same quantum creating each other,
This very much the same moment?
Yet another dreamy day,
Same old chicken or egg conundrum.

* * * *

You are really only important to You,
And perhaps a collection of family and friends,
And soon You, and they, will all be quite dead, quite gone.
And therein rests the salvation to all that egotism:
Do not worry, be happy; perchance content.

* * * *

There is a space, a stillness, an awareness,
Where entire universes disappear,
And the unknown reigns.

* * * *

The mind's hunger for more-more-more, is an insatiable, ever-consuming beast.
Only in the wisdom of age, does it only just maybe-perhaps, become less a burden.

* * * *

Truth, neither rational nor irrational,
Is as indefinable as the moment,
Because it is the moment,
And the moment is unknown.

* * * *

The ever-motionless awareness of the eternal mind,
Is prior to all movement of consciousness,
And the myriad attachments therein.

* * * *

Is there an outside the box that is not yet another box?
And then another, and another, and another.
Boxes and boxes ad infinitum,
Until all of a sudden, only You remain.

* * * *

Relinquish, surrender, abandon, renounce, resign,
Give up, hand over, bow out, turn down, let go by, let pass,
And just be.

* * * *

Why would You want to follow anyone?
Why would You want anyone to follow You?
Both are but the endless narcissism of vain notion,
The imaginary saga of the self-absorbed mind.

* * * *

Any teacher only plays a significant part of any life,
Until whatever it is they offer, is learned, is owned.

* * * *

Once upon a timeless, in a very, very, very long ago, an ancestor sat on a jungle branch, all alone,
When another ancestor nearby, uttered a sound, that s/he thought s/he understood.
Thus fell the metaphorical fruit of knowledge, of good and evil,
And the solitude of the garden dreamscape,
Was, for as long as the human species continues, undone.
The garden is still here, we just stopped seeing it, respecting it, protecting it.

* * * *

It is a perfect world, a perfect universe,
But not perfect enough, for many, if not most.

* * * *

To be caught in the matrix of time,
Is to play out the death born of imagination.

Only in the tranquil timelessness of eternal awareness,
Can this existence be as real as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

With rare exception, the most avaricious wacko,
Has always been the most motivated,
To be the king of any hill.

* * * *

The good news is You need not hate or kill another,
Just because they will never see it the way You do.

* * * *

In truth, we expatriated ourselves from the garden of origin.
All mythologies regarding this fact are figurative at best.
All are but metaphors inspired by the usual suspects,
The unending self-absorption of vanity and greed.

* * * *

How can there not be more and more suffering,
With more and more battling for less and less.
The strong thrive, and the weak endure or die.

* * * *

Stars and planets stream silently about the heavens, oblivious to your vain existence,
And all the passions, that play out the ceaseless dramas, in your hollow imagination.

* * * *

The moment, the instant, the second, the minute,
The jiffy, the flash, the tick, the twinkling, the trice,
What are they but concept after concept after concept.
Consciousness ever trifling the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

Of hubris and humility, arrogance and modesty,
When have the gods and demons ever punished anyone,
Who has not, first and foremost, punished themselves far more?

* * * *

What an isolating thing, the groupthink of any tradition.
All attempts of consciousness, to bring together,
Only further and ever further splinter.

* * * *

In any given twinkling, it does not matter how You play out your reverie of time.
It does not matter whether You were good or not, smart or not, happy or not, earnest or not,
Passionate or not. productive or not, powerful or not, wealthy or not, famous or not, beautiful or not.
The timeless awareness does not care one scintilla about You, or anyone or anything else.

We are all but temporal quantum forms, in the grand nothingness of eternity.

* * * *

Your ego, your vanity, wants to matter so much, but in reality, it does not, never did, never will.
You are a brief dream of awareness – nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Find harbor in the futility, the uselessness, the pointlessness,
The worthlessness, the fruitlessness, of it all.

* * * *

Everything about the dreamtime of human consciousness,
Is generated from two primal forces: sustenance and procreation.
All the vanities, all quests for power and fame and fortune,
Are marinated in those two interwoven hungers.

* * * *

The sweet, the sour, the bitter, the good, the bad, the ugly.
Taking things as they are, mitigates the suffering of existence.

* * * *

It is only imagination, that feels happy or sorry or anything else, for its imaginary self.
Imagination, ever-translating the ever-streaming sensory perceptions,
Into endless shades of emotional gratification.
How can the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
Feel anything for the still emptiness, from which it springs eternal?

* * * *

Caring too much, caring too little, caring just enough.
Too hot, too cold, just right, a Goldilocks balancing act for all.

* * * *

The tug of the group mind is strong in all humankind.
To break away from the herd, to stand alone,
Is to live a life laced with insecurity.

* * * *

Mammon is an insatiable beast, unsatisfied even by gluttony.
Even the moderate path, can leave the reins jerking for more.

* * * *

You are nature.
Behave your Self.

* * * *

When You can do anything You want,
But have run out of things You really want to do,
Contemplation, meditation, suicide – are the final antidotes.

* * * *

Every imaginable bread-and-circus interruption and diversion and agitation,
Has made its way into conscious design, and daily, more, more, more.
What superficial, pathetic creatures, human beings, truly are.

* * * *

So much time already passed, so much history already written,
How much more can be left in this dream of human consciousness?

* * * *

Around and around and around, the thought loop, You go.
Again and again and again, the same old thoughts,
Sow and sow, go and go, flow and flow.

* * * *

All self-imagery is nothing more than attachment to a mind-body,
And the given cultural blend, the given groupthink, into which it is conditioned.
A fusion of nature-nurture, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is no arrival, because there is no place to arrive.
There is only the beingness of ever-present awareness,
And it does not give a rat's ass, whether You arrive or not.

* * * *

How could anyone ever be as infatuated, as self-absorbed with You, as You are yourself?
Even your loving mother, was likely more than a little weary of You, times beyond counting.

* * * *

The hatred that gives so many lives meaning,
Is but a finite mortal dream from beginning to end.
And what is hate but the fear, the dread, of all things different.

* * * *

How long will You recall things that do not matter?
How long will You cling to things that were never important?
How long will You abide the infliction of illusion upon your awareness?
This is your brief dream to live, or not live, as your courage to stand alone allows.

* * * *

Existence is ever a back-and-forth pendulum.
As irrational and vulnerable as You might feel today,
May well, full swing, to rational and invulnerable tomorrow.
And who knows, who-what-where-when-why-how, in any given next?

* * * *

When You were very young, there was not a care in the world.
But, now, now nothing but a litany of bothers strewn across it.

* * * *

At what point do You wake up and realize,
You are very, very alone, in a very, very large field,
Surrounded by many, many, very, very large piles of bullshit.

* * * *

Your cosmos is really nothing more than neurological sensations, electrical-chemical reactions,
And the many perceptions, the voluntary-involuntary responses and reactions,
Filtered by the attachment of consciousness to them.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

* * * *

If those who advocate rationalism are earnestly rational, earnestly scientific, earnestly detached,
They will not approach any investigation with assumption or emotion or arrogance.
In other words, they will not be as irrational, as illogical, as passionate,
As those they so often astutely and smugly and vainly judge.
Otherwise, it is just the same old monkey-mind,
On yet another rose-colored day.

* * * *

Sometimes angel, sometimes demon, what matter either way, really.
Gods are but the contrivance of the dread of imagination,
And an insistent hope for what can never be.

* * * *

Gumption |ˈgəmpSH(ə)n| noun … is defined as
Informal shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Grit |grit| noun … is defined as courage and resolve; strength of character.
How will your life play out, what will You accomplish,
If You do not cultivate them?

* * * *

Why would your beingness, be any more, or less,
Than any other beingness, supreme or otherwise?

* * * *

Let go the passion toward all your competitors, your adversaries, your antagonists,
Your opponents, your challengers, your rivals, your foes, your enemies.
They are but distractions, that pull You back into a cosmos,
That in the ultimate quantum reality, only superficially beckons.

* * * *

Will anyone really miss You when You are dead and gone?
Perhaps a few, but not for long, and when they too have departed, none at all.
You will at last resume the anonymity, the obscurity, the extinction, the oblivion, the nothingness,
All histories, all chronicles, all narratives, all annals, all accounts, all sagas, have in store.

* * * *

You did whatever You did in this brief existence.
Own it, let go of it, find peace, cultivate contentment.

* * * *

You are the mystery, You are the enigma, You are the unknown,
And there is absolutely, unequivocally, nothing irrational about it.
Nor, for that matter, is there anything at all rational about it, either.

* * * *

Truth is not an idea, it is not tangible.
It is the intrinsic, indivisible, inviolable thread,
Within the stillness of each and every timeless moment,
Prior to any and every quantum dimension.
And those rare few who discern it,
Live life eternal.

* * * *

The masses do not fathom their fleeting context in history.
Their prevailing disquiet is the existence they must daily endure.
And thus, unfolding events careen misinterpreted to and fro about them.

* * * *

In the ultimate mind, the universal mind, the god mind,
The who, the what, the where, the when, the why, the how, are no longer relevant.
Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

What a burden, the responsibility of materialism.
Anytime You own something, You must maintain it, clean it, protect it,
Insure it, give it away, lose it, throw it away, break it, repair it, consume it, et cetera ad infinitum.
Whatever the case, in the grand scheme of all things quantum-matrix indivisible,
You and it are but dust-to-dust creations intertwined for all time,
And before and after that brief stage play, as well.

* * * *

Call it Darwinism, call it evolutionary theory, call it whatever,
The life forms that have managed to survive since life's creation,
Carry in their genetic coding an amalgamation of adaptive qualities,
Which may or may not include intelligence and strength and flexibility.
But what they likely have most in common in their lineage,
Is a fair amount of the luck of the happenstance.

* * * *

What to do when neither creation nor preservation nor destruction draw You anymore.
What to do when even the indivisible, has lost the verve of point and purpose and meaning.

* * * *

Time is as imaginary, as ethereal, as intangible, as vaporous, as fictional,

As illusory, as the given mind, from which it, like cotton candy, springs.

* * * *

You have imagined who.
You have imagined what. You have imagined where.
You have imagined when. You have imagined why. You have imagined how.
You have imagined everything the quantum mirage has allowed.
Now imagine the naught, from which all sally forth.

* * * *

Discern the primordial awareness prior to consciousness.
Stay with that timeless moment, that stillness,
And know the serenity of eternity.

* * * *

How absurd to believe anyone is watching You.
How absurd to believe no one is watching You.

* * * *

Something else, and something more, always distracting,
Always agitating, always disordering, always disturbing, always confusing,
Always tugging the mind ever forth, in the dream of time.

* * * *

There You go again, rushing madly toward a time,
That will arrive and disappear, before You know it.

* * * *

Nirvana is just giving your mind,
Over to the timeless mystery of awareness.
Dissolving back into the eternal now You ever truly are.

* * * *

All we think we know, is but a grain of sand in an infinity of unknowable unknowingness,
And in reality, all our invention, is nothing more than the happenstance,
Of our own genetically habituated imagination.
It is all a mystery.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Growing older is about different choices,
Many, if not most of them, not made by You.

* * * *

Many a label is designated to undermine the power of the thing itself.
It is the grappling of consciousness, with its ever-kaleidoscoping,
Ever unyielding, wheel of creation-preservation-destruction.

* * * *

Buddha has already been played.
So have Jesus and Rumi and Nietzsche, and all the other greats.
It is your turn, now, to whirl your way in dreamtime.
No need to follow or imitate anyone else.

* * * *

Where are within and without,
When all barriers are but the illusion,
Of the sensory mind-body born of imagination.
The indivisibility of the quantum scale knows no bounds.

* * * *

If You believe, You can go into any conflict, into any war,
And not destroy and maim innocence – mothers, children, elderly –
You are only kidding yourself in a very, very un-haha way.

* * * *

Who are You or I? Who is he or she? Who is we or they?
So many dualistic distinctions born of consciousness,
And its myriad delusions born of sensory illusion.

* * * *

The You, You imagine your Self to be,
Is but the barest sliver of a sliver of a sliver,
Of that which is, and is not, totality.

* * * *

To comprehend reincarnation, re-embodiment, rebirth, re-creation, reawakening,
You must discern what it is, and what it is not, that is born anew.
That the same essence in one, permeates all,
And that all are but the one, in every guise imaginable.

* * * *

The human paradigm is immersed in the stew of its own self-made knowledge.
The mind's voracious, insatiable, craving-to-know nature blinds itself.
The screens, the veils, the shrouds, the divisions of knowledge,
No matter how scholarly, no matter how insightful,
Are the source, the creator of all delusion.
The space-time matrix, as tangibly real as it seems,
Is but the invention of an imagination-laced quantum dream.

* * * *

A still mind is a still universe, and a still universe is no universe at all.
And in that essential state, in that awareness, in that nothingness, You are.

* * * *

All creation, all universes, have come and gone in the same everlasting, undying, unending,

Perpetual, endless, ceaseless, timeless, interminable, infinite, immortal,
Never-ending, transient, temporary, eternal instant.

* * * *

You need not allow the world into your eternal sovereignty,
Unless You feel like being mesmerized by the quantum illusion,
And all the habituated conditioning, it has in the given mind, stirred.

* * * *

Take away your family, your friends, your acquaintances, your adversaries, your enemies,
Your work, your hobbies, your things, your pets, your memories, your reveries.
Take away all the parts and pieces, all the trappings of your existence,
And what remains, but an indescribably ephemeral awareness,
To which no thought, no appendage, can ever attach.

* * * *

Call it what You will, the mystery is bound to, or by, no name,
No matter the subtlety, the dexterity, of the namer's meaning.

* * * *

Perfection is at the stardust level.
In the mundane zone, not so much.

* * * *

The goal of the one-percenters and their minions,
Has been to keep as many littlefolk as possible distracted,
With every bread and circus modern technology so astutely offers.
What would Louis and Marie have done with their heads,
Had they been so mindful of such Roman insight?

* * * *

Technology has always shaped the human mind: for example, the analog clock.
Did time exist before them hands started spinning all them numbers in our heads?

* * * *

Still searching for meaning and purpose?
Cannot You hear them giggling and twittering,
As they scamper through the passages of your mind?

* * * *

The mind is an ever-stirring brew of erstwhile knowing; of knowing this, of knowing that.
But until it truly discerns, that it knows nothing, but its own imaginary concoctions,
It can never be free, of its endless self-delusions, its endless self-deceptions.
It can never rediscover the child mind, that perceives the given moment ever anew.

* * * *

What is love, but a very agreeable congregation of painkilling endorphins.
The entire human paradigm, from its jungle origin on, can likely be boiled down,

To an every-moment quest, for the pleasure they radiate, in any given mind.

* * * *

Cheerleaders for delusion live in a bubble of unreality.
It is completely wacko to think there is any possibility,
That there is some sort of happy ending to this fiasco.

* * * *

No one but You can possibly care as much as You,
About your version of the mystery,
And if You do not,
Well, that is another story.

* * * *

Like a hamster running madly, getting nowhere in its spinning wheel,
The mind is ever questing security in its dream of temporal persuasion.

* * * *

If not for vision, your sensory universe would seem much, much smaller,
But then, it might seem just as large, just as infinite, just as true,
If You had been blind from birth, and knew no different.
Awareness is the great equalizer in all creation.

* * * *

At best You might do something,
That might slightly spin history some new direction,
But what is history, but imaginary notion,
Given credence by every spin.

* * * *

You never know, what cause will beget what effect,
Will beget what cause, will beget what effect … et cetera, et cetera …
In the what-is-good-what-is-bad, of all things creation.

* * * *

There is history everywhere in this world;
Only a relatively small scratch of it recorded.

* * * *

When it comes to dealing with the aloneness of the ultimate reality,
Those who awaken can run, but they can never hide,
From the witness they ever are.

* * * *

What ever-present instant, is not of eternity?
Only the countless dualistic notions of consciousness,
With all its delusions born of desire and fear,
Would have You believe otherwise.

* * * *

Is enough really ever enough?
Is too much of a good thing, really ever too much?
Is the plate really ever too full?
Well, duh, yes.

* * * *

Dualistic notion is but a fabrication of imagination.
All opposites are equally true, equally false,
Equally everything, equally nothing.

* * * *

Is your inner default setting, consciousness, or awareness?
Are You the imaginary figment, the mortal You?
Or are You the eternal, immortal You?

* * * *

What perception has ever been real?
What perception has ever been more than an imaginary notion,
Combining with other notions, to make a sizable collage of arbitrary notions, in each and every mind.
The synergy of which, compounds into a very much unrehearsed human paradigm.
All history, is nothing more, than the perpetual vanity of imagination,
Playing its make-believe game of space and time real.

* * * *

What is best? What is worst?
What is most? What is least?
Which is more? What is less?
Which is true? What is false?

* * * *

If You are practicing some sort of idolatry, then You, my friend, are stuck.
If You have a conclusion founded on some sort of mythology,
Some sort of fairy tale, some sort of fantasy, some sort of mind gorp,
Then your doubt has stalled, and You are as stuck as imagination can enable.
The only question, is whether You can rekindle the skepticism, and carry on the quest.

* * * *

Modern psychology considers so many behaviors to be disorders,
That it is a wonder anyone can get past the prescribed self-loathing,
And treat themselves with a reasonable dollop of care and respect.

* * * *

Your ancestors include monkeys and other jungle-born primates.
And before that, worms, and before that, yes, slimy goo.
And let us not forget that it all became possible,
Because of the mystery of stardust.

* * * *

Eternal life, eternal awareness,
Is ever-present, undying, unending, timeless process.
The sage gazes at a rock, and sees the rock anew, each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

A moment is only wasted,
If You fail to give it full attention, free of recollection.
History is written by the living dead.
Eternal life is now.

* * * *

So many things You will never know,
So many things known, that You will inevitably forget,
The only thing to keep in focus, is the awareness, the mystery, You truly are.

* * * *

The persona is the harbor of attachment,
Ever-changing, throughout the rumored existence,
All obliterated with the last wheezing breath,
Never more than imagination allows.

* * * *

Science and politics are mutually-exclusive dynamics.
To politicize scientific method, is absolute, beyond-all-pales absurdity,
Foisted by blatant obfuscation of its point and purpose.

* * * *

To empty your mind,
You may well have to first fill it to overflowing,
Perhaps several times.

* * * *

Time rises and falls in every mind,
And is but a biological mutation in the evolution of humankind.
It does not truly exist, as anything more than the mind-made, imaginary notion of consciousness.
There is only this now … and now this now … and now this now … and now this now …
An immeasurable quantum matrix, ever-kaleidoscoping, eternally indivisible.

* * * *

Curious how the apostates, the absconders, the true believers,
Always judge everyone else, of that which they are most guilty.

* * * *

As enlightened as any human being may be,
There is always a bowl needs cleaning,
A chamber pot needs dumping.

* * * *

Ultimately, as complex, as intricate as humankind may be,
We two-leggeds are ever nothing more than a genomic configuration,
Set in motion in the quantum stardust, chemical reactions, of the long, long ago.
We are fabricated of nature, and every moment reside in its fold,
No matter how hard we try to disconnect ourselves,
No matter how hard we try to be more.

* * * *

To exist in clear, timeless awareness, is the natural state,
The state of immaculate being available to any and all,
Who earnestly pursue, that which is absolute within.

* * * *

Dissolve both within and without.
Discern the space that is neither-nor.

* * * *

There is no You; there is no me-myself-and-I.
There is only awareness, confined in a corporeal configuration,
And imagination, creating everything under the sun.

* * * *

To believe You can change anything,
In the patterning running this merry show,
Is absurdly laughable to the nth degree.

* * * *

A frame of reference, is an ever-expanding rolodex of any given universe,
From which insight freely draws, whenever the busy-busy mind,
Wanders into contemplation of any rhyme and reason.

* * * *

You may be brilliant, with every sort of meaningless trivia,
But unless You can coherently connect the many dots,
Your intelligence is not consummated in reality.

* * * *

You can bet that a fair share of religious zealots, who make it to any given heaven,
Will ooh and aah, and praise their almighty deity and the horde of angels, the first week,
And be complaining and offering suggestions, how it could be better, by the second.

* * * *

What is any world, any universe,
But an illusory dream constructed by the senses.
Naught but a neural veil, a sensory shroud, a quantum vibration,
Of imagination, creating much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Creation and creator,
How can they possibly be separate,
But through imagination's endless confabulation?

* * * *

It is imagination, not awareness, that identifies with the mind-body.
Consciousness creates a world, a cosmos, to which awareness is but witness.
Absolutely – detached, separate, apart, disconnected, isolated – in every which way.

* * * *

There are many, many instants in any given existence.
They go both very quickly and very slowly,
In mind's fleeting theater.

* * * *

Here we are, staring into our many screens,
Passively questing every imaginable distraction.
What did paltry Rome know of bread and circuses?

* * * *

Just because You like coffee or alcohol or cigars,
Does not mean You are going to like working,
In a coffee shop or saloon or smoke shop.

* * * *

No, You are not going to change the world.
It got along as well, before your predestined arrival,
As it will, long after your inescapable departure.

* * * *

Unless You are a major player in the lofty regions of the game,
The world spins the same, whether You know of it or not.
Spend your existence in a cave, or scurrying about,
It makes absolutely no difference, whatsoever.

* * * *

In every yes, a no; in every no, a yes.
In every truth, a lie; in every lie, a truth.
In every good; a bad; in every bad; a good.
In every vague, an exact; in every exact, a vague.
In every blessing, a curse; in every curse, a blessing.
In every unknown, a known; in every known, an unknown.
In every intangible, a tangible; in every tangible, an intangible.
In every abundance, a shortage; in every shortage, an abundance.
In every superiority, an inferiority; in every inferiority, a superiority.
In every inexplicable, an explicable; in every explicable, an inexplicable.

In every immeasurable, a measurable; in every measurable, an immeasurable.
In every intelligible, an inscrutable; in every inscrutable, an intelligible.
In every open hand, a closed fist; in every closed fist, an open hand.
In every creation, a destruction; in every destruction, a creation.
In every brilliance, a dullness; in every dullness, a brilliance.
In every positive, a negative; in every negative, a positive.
In every logic, an absurdity; in every absurdity, a logic.
In every infinite, a finite; in every finite, an infinite.
In every deep, a shallow; in every shallow, a deep.
In every right, a wrong; in every wrong, a right.
In every large, a small; in every small, a large.
In every whole, a part; in every part, a whole.
In every plus, a minus; in every minus, a plus.
In every savant, a fool; in every fool, a savant.
In every gray, a gray; in every gray, more gray.

* * * *

You are playing the script of space-time's patterning,
But You are not the script, You are not the part,
You are not the body, You are not the mind.
It is all nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Of awareness it can be said: This is it, this is all there is.
Everything else is imagination born of sensory illusion.

* * * *

How could any man-made concoction,
Ever have any ultimate, accurate, truthful answers to anything?
Only in the stillness of awareness, is the one and only conclusion discerned, and it is serenity.
And it is the end to all uncertainty, to all speculation, all concern,
Over what is knowable, and what is not.

* * * *

Just because some scientist, some mathematician, some engineer,
Has not figured out a way to measure something,
Does not mean it is not there.

* * * *

Science is a meticulous, disciplined means,
To examine anything and everything very closely.
It is not a religion, it is not an authority, it is not absolute.

* * * *

Would Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, Mohammed,
And all the other mythological religious titans of ancient worlds,
Be Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, Mohammed, and whoever else enough,
For all the tradition-bound ivory towers, they have spawned?

* * * *

Without the mind-body and its sensory payload,
Without the world, without the universe,
What can You be but nothingness.

* * * *

Gazing out into the schoolyards and parks and malls full of youth,
One wonders at the unfolding world all those innocents,
All those teenagers and children and infants,
Will in the not too far distant future,
Be forced by their own window of time to endure.

* * * *

You need not meditate with others for consciousness,
To merge back into the awareness, which You ever alone are.
The within and without, the without and within, that are, and are not.

* * * *

… Me … Myself … I …
… I am this … I am not this …
… I am that … I am not that …
… I am … I am not …
… am … am not …
… … …

* * * *

The endless attempts by the consciousness born of mind,
To mold reality into static concepts, will ever soundly fail.

* * * *

Regarding it as only a dream, requires the end,
Of the who-what-where-when-why-how,
Upon which imagination anchors.

* * * *

The sciences have a sizable array of tools to explore the mystery,
But ultimately are only as discerning as the mind,
In which the data is pondered.

* * * *

The details, the details.
The nuances, the nuances.
The minutiae, the minutiae.
The particulars, the particulars.
The elements, the elements.
The niceties, the niceties.
The facets, the facets.

The facts, the facts.
The parts, the parts.
The aspects, the aspects.
The specifics, the specifics.
The finer points, the finer points.
The infinity of hells that havoc the mind.

* * * *

Likely the best way to counter a surprise attack,
Is to always assume that one might be on its way,
And to have in place a variety of counter surprises,
Orchestrated to improvise, to adapt, to overcome.

* * * *

The primate mind, the simian mind,
The ape mind, the lemur mind, the gorilla mind,
The monkey-mind, the orangutan-mind, the chimpanzee-mind,
The whatever-any-might-call-it mind, are but descendants of a different pelt.
The evolutionary permutations of every conceivable happenchance.
Far distant genetic lineages, only in the denials of mind.

* * * *

It is a brave new world, indeed, indeed.
Soma everywhere, in so many forms, in so many ways.
Unplug, forbid access, at least occasionally, if You are savage enough.

* * * *

“How much more over the top can it get?”
He wondered, and not for the first time that day.

* * * *

All differences, whether cultural, ethnic, gender,
Religious, political, economic, linguistic, and on and on and on,
Belie the indivisible, synchronistic, undying quantum mystery, orchestrating all.

* * * *

All histories are ever forgotten or misconstrued or revised,
As they were never more than make-believe from the get-go.

* * * *

Pretending there is precision in words,
How absurdly wearing.
Just be.

* * * *

Eternity, the mystery that is prior to consciousness, is immaculate, unblemished, spotless,
Unsullied, undefiled, untarnished, perfect, flawless, faultless, pure, pristine,
Impeccable, stainless, pure, virtuous, incorrupt, above reproach.

The so-called Original Sin is really about separation,
About being born into the dream of time,
About being born into mind.
And given that there is no choice in the matter,
Given that no creature has ever had any voice in its being born,
What sin, what wickedness, what offense, what estrangement, can there truly be?
To be timelessly present, is to erase all notions that inspire the insipidity of creeds across the world.

* * * *

A little Kafkaesque Q&A,
Has a tendency, to transport one,
To the edginess of no more tomorrows.

* * * *

This incredible, boggling quantum matrix, that we call a universe,
Is playing out in indivisible, inviolable, indiscriminate perfection.

* * * *

No one wins a fight.
The so-called loser is a lump on the ground,
And the 'winner,' likely has skinned knuckles, and achy toes and knees.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how would You be,
If there were no other, always telling You different?

* * * *

Who is the who, who who's?
What is the what, what what's?
Where is the where, where where's?
When is the when, when when's?
Why is the why, why why's?
How is the how, how how's?

* * * *

The timeless awareness of eternity, is unconcerned what You do with your dream of time.
Only human vanity – egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliocentric – believes otherwise.

* * * *

From the upwelling, round many bends,
The river of the human paradigm,
The stream of consciousness,
Is rushing back to the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

How immaculate the moment You are.
Only in imagination are You tainted.

* * * *

Gumption, grit, discipline, initiative, resourcefulness, resolve,
Perseverance, courage, pluck, practicality, common sense, street smarts.
Without these, even the greatest intelligence is all but useless.

* * * *

Ahh, for those beautiful moments,
When mind loses all purpose and meaning,
And being is more than enough.

* * * *

Who art thou?
What art thou?
Where art thou?
When art thou?
Why art thou?
How art thou?

* * * *

What need for insatiable consumption, once mind's hunger has subsided,
Once habitual thinking, has melted back into the awareness of all origins.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how: Unending questions,
That only madden the mind in the rabbit holes of time.

* * * *

Imagination, from whence all stories arise, into which all stories recede.
A statistical ripple, as indivisibly predictable, as any other quantum creation.

* * * *

What is, is.
What was, was.
What will be, will be.
Time is illusion.
Now is all.

* * * *

All politics, all economics, all religions, all collective systems,
Are cultural happenstances, mind-made phenomena,
Haphazard and capricious, whimsical,
From any given get-go.

* * * *

No game is just a game.
It is all a game.

* * * *

Where are birth and death, once all the passions,
Born of desire and fear, have consumed themselves?

* * * *

Any creature that regularly bleeds and survives, maybe even thrives,
Should be treated with great caution, perchance even a smidgen of respect.

* * * *

Once You have clearly discerned that it is all You,
Who is the giver, who is the taker? Who is born, who lives, who dies?
Who is the creator, who is the preserver, who is the destroyer?
It is but vain notion, that subscribes to any distinctions.

* * * *

A story.
Another story.
And yet another story.
Story after story after story.
Mine, yours, his, hers, theirs, ours.
All equally imaginary from any beginning.

* * * *

Through all that has been, all that will be,
This now, this essential state of awareness,
Is what You have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Explore every vanity,
And all the pleasures of the mind-body,
Until all their shades and flavors,
Become dry and tasteless.

* * * *

That which knows all, knows nothing.
That which knows nothing, knows all.

* * * *

We each get our own little bubble of time,
An adventure to which each alone is privy.

* * * *

Those who are unborn, those who have died,
Are prior to and beyond the pretense of existence.

* * * *

Mountains erode, oceans evaporate, all things die, everything is ever-changing.
Only the indivisible quantum, and the awareness it permeates, remains the same.

* * * *

Why on earth would it matter even one iota,
Whether or not, You are awakened to some other's satisfaction?
This is your cosmos, to witness however You will.
There is no prescribed construct.
There is no other.

* * * *

The mind incessantly seeks the equilibrium,
The comfort zone, to which it is most attached.

* * * *

Forget who You think You are, and all You think You know.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness, with none of the bothers,
About who and what and where and when and why and how,
And all the illusional designs, to which mind subscribes.

* * * *

Just because You choose not to do something,
Does not mean You do not have the potential.
We are all wired with the same monkey-mind.

* * * *

Sure, nothing is new under the sun.
It has all been said and written before.
That is the nature of the truth in all.

* * * *

Partake whatever You will, the hunger for more, more, more,
Remains the insatiable constant of human consciousness.
Satisfaction and serenity are the realm of awareness.

* * * *

Truth cannot be taught, nor can it be unlearned.
It can, however, be soundly ignored, even forgotten.

* * * *

All histories, all stories, all accounts, all chronicles, all parables, all narratives,
All folklores, all legends, all myths, all sagas, all fables, all fairytales,
All tall tales, all fish stories, all jokes, all puns, all yarns,
All anecdotes, all witticisms, all descriptions,
Are imaginary from any get-go.

* * * *

What to create today?
What to preserve today?
What to destroy today?
Hmmmmmmm …

* * * *

No, You will not be back.
It is a one-time cabaret for each and every player.
Different strands of DNA, all witnessed by the same unborn-undying awareness.
Nothing personal about it, despite all notions to the contrary.

* * * *

Who goest thou?
What goest thou?
Where goest thou?
When goest thou?
Why goest thou?
How goest thou?

* * * *

The indivisibility, the inviolability,
Of creation and preservation and destruction,
Is clearly seen only through total surrender to awareness.

* * * *

Who-what- where-when-why-how would You be,
But for Mother Nature, and all her quantum machinations.

* * * *

The day You die, will be a day just like today.
You might be sleeping, and have a stroke.
You might be bicycling, and have a heart attack.
You might touch an appliance, and electrocute yourself.
You might be swimming, and a gulp of water cause You to drown.
You might be cruising down a freeway, and a truck crash across the midway.
You might be wandering some downtown, and a mugger pull out a knife.
You might be sitting in a theater, and a shooter enter a side entrance.
You might be immobile in a hospital, and wheeze your last breath.
All beginnings, all endings, all betweens, are ever the same now.

* * * *

Do right and wrong, good and evil, life and death,
Really matter for more than a brief mortal while?

* * * *

It may or may not have been Charles Darwin who penned,
“It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change,”
But it is true, nonetheless.

* * * *

The great are not great, nor are they insignificant.

The known is not known, nor is it unknowable.
The wise are not wise, nor are they foolish.
The moment is not real, nor is it unreal.

* * * *

You are not a noun: a person, a place, a thing.
Nor are You a verb: an action, a state, an occurrence.
You are, and You have always been, and You will always be,
The stillness of eternal, immortal, absolute awareness,
Witnessing the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum play.

* * * *

All heavens, all hells, all purgatories between, pass ever the same.
All others are but sensory ghosts of consciousness's imaginary design.

* * * *

The stillness, the eternal life of the awareness prior to consciousness,
What more could You possibly be than the supreme virtue of the eternal unicity?
Will there come, a moment, when You never again subscribe to the manifest quantum matrix?
Will there come, a moment, when the mind born of time, no longer calls You?

* * * *

Every instant exactly the same: neither good nor bad,
Right nor wrong, happy nor sad, bright nor dark,
Fresh nor stale, rain nor shine, war nor peace.

* * * *

You have been brainwashed, hypnotized, conditioned, programmed,
Indoctrinated, molded, convinced, mesmerized, trained, habituated, spellbound, inured, compelled,
Into believing this world and all its creations are real and important.
Think again.

* * * *

The sensory mind-body evolved in DNA's quest to continue,
To survive the creation, to abide the quantum field.
The vehicle You occupy is the result of that ever-present eternal dance,
And whether or not, You pass on your seed line to the future, is a decision only time will tell.

* * * *

What is any universe but a sensory play,
Founded on the traits of the given life form's patterning,
In humans there are the five senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, feeling –
But is your cosmos any more or less tangible, than any other creature's genomic blueprint?

* * * *

The creations of physics and chemistry and biology,
Have again and again conspired to shape You, to pattern You,
Into a false identity, that You might again and again, awaken to your Self.

Is the quantum matrix any more than deception, more than subterfuge,
For the mystery to experience dreamtime, in every way imaginable?

* * * *

The many sounds, forged into every variety of concept,
Are but streaming clouds in the clear sky of awareness.

* * * *

As good as You might feel today,
May well be as awful as You feel tomorrow.
Existence is a pendulum of extremes for many, if not most.
Count your Self to have extremely good fortune,
If the swings hold fast to moderation.

* * * *

To the very young in playpens and play yards,
And classrooms and halls and coffee shop and bars,
The world in which You are now so innocent, so guileless,
Will likely be so very different in future cycles of sun and moon.
It is through the stoical adaptability of gumption and grit,
That You will best endure whatever comes to pass.

* * * *

The past is only reference.
The future, only hope.
Only now is real.

* * * *

The hands of time spin the fate of humankind into an abyss of its own making.
Human consciousness cannot forever maintain the raging pace that its insatiable nature ordains.
As any cockroach instinctively realizes, existence is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

To pretend an identity, does not mean You are obligated to believe it.
You are the creator of your dreamtime world, your psychic prison,
And only reside there because desire and fear anchor your mind,
And draw You back, again and again, into the clutches of illusion.

* * * *

So it goes.
So it went.
So it will go.

* * * *

Call it God, call it Jehovah, call Yahweh, call it Allah, call it Buddha, call it Tao, call it Brahmin,
Call it whatever resonating sound, your nimble mind and lucid tongue might concoct,
When were You and yours, and absolutely everyone and everything else,
Not this most-assuredly-exactly-the-same-across-the-board,

Whodunit, whatdunit, whereduni t, whendunit, whydunit, howdunit?

* * * *

The mind is a morass, a pit of quicksand,
Which will pull You again and again into ceaseless bother,
If your blade of discernment is not well-honed.

* * * *

Is there really just one enlightening moment, or thousands beyond counting?
Is liberation anything more than the fleeting aftershocks of the first earthquake?

* * * *

Though in appearance, many masks and many minds,
Those who discern truth, are all harbor to the one mind.

* * * *

A koan is a question, a riddle, a puzzle, an enigma,
A conundrum, a quandary, a brainteaser, a challenge,
With no definitive answer, or paradoxes beyond counting,
Depending on the state, the quality, of the awakening no-mind.

* * * *

The three vanities – power, fame, fortune – all boil down to an insatiable greed for more.
And how we do crave to bask in the presence of those who have achieved them.
Envy is the sidekick, the shadow, the minion, of all things covetous.

* * * *

Awareness of the awareness cannot be taught,
Nor can it be persuaded nor forced, in any way or any shape or any form.
There is nothing to learn, everything to forget, to unlearn.
And few hear the call, much less respond.

* * * *

Of all the lonely people,
Who talk to their dogs and cats,
What can be said, what can be done?
Wacko is, as wacko does.

* * * *

More, more, more … more power … more fame … more fortune …
More food … more sex … more castles … more things … more everything …
Enough is never enough, for the many whose consciousness, ever shines its light outward.

* * * *

Humankind is the only species across all space-time,
To have caused so much insufferable havoc,
Across this world's crusty exterior.
Truly, Darwin unleashed.

* * * *

Why is death anything more to fear than falling asleep?
The only difference, is no more dreaming,
And never again waking up.
No big deal.

* * * *

If humankind and other mammalian life forms do manage to survive,
It will be in a far different world, from which these thoughts were written.

* * * *

Moderation …
Moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation …
Moderation …

* * * *

What is any world, any cosmos, any hologram, any matrix,
But a kaleidoscoping dream, inspired by a sensory quantum feed.
A light and sound show, vibrating away, in the given mind's neural trail.

* * * *

In the no-mind, there is no history, there is no buddha, there is no You.
There is merely the eternal awareness, the ever-present, indivisible now.

* * * *

The flames of its own creation,
Are lapping at the feet of the human paradigm.
It will not be long now, before falling dominos, turn into a bonfire.

* * * *

What is there to do, once the mind is no longer hungry for its world, its cosmos?
Breath in, breath out, bask in the sun, rest in the hammock,
Fill the given time, however You will.

* * * *

Extinction is an inherent, intractable fact of life.
Most of what You once remembered is long-forgotten.
Granted, it may still be locked somewhere in the neuron trail,
But for all practical purpose, access denied, is the same as forgotten.

It was never more than vague, imaginary perception anyway,
So, oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

So many women wonder why men no longer pursue them as they age,
But what do they do with the withered flowers on their dining room table?

* * * *

Boredom inspires inordinate hungers,
That only fatten mind and body and spirit.
Moderation is the path to keenness and leanness.

* * * *

What is sorrow but the mind's longing for it all to be real.
For it to be more than a kaleidoscoping, ungraspable dream.
A dream that it is, that it has ever been, that it will ever be.

* * * *

Is your mortal vessel, your companion? Is your mortal vessel, your nemesis?
Is it to be embraced, or to be cast off? And will You feel the same tomorrow?

* * * *

Peace is a noteworthy gift to your existence.
All You need to do is stop torturing your Self.

* * * *

The quantum divide is but the separation of the sensory mind-body,
Deluding its Self, imagining, that it is the indivisibility, that is unreal.
Nothing more than the neuron trail, asserting it alone, reigns supreme.

* * * *

To think critically is to accept nothing at face value.
It is a scientific mindset, that examines anything and everything,
To whatever degree, insight and aptitude and technology and nuance allow.

* * * *

Regarding the every-moment consumption,
Of the space-time continuum playing out in your head,
Best to discern and moderate your hungers.

* * * *

Each and every seed has its own epic journey, a one-time play in the space-time matrix.
A concoction of heaven and hell, in an imaginary backdrop, real and unreal all the while.

* * * *

A discerner of truth, can impart thousands of talks,
And say essentially the same thing, thousands of ways.

* * * *

Does a dog have Buddha nature? Is a dog any less Brahman than You?
Maybe dogs are born awakened, and are hanging out patiently, for us to figure it out.
Is the bouncy, tail-wagging, barky little puppy, gazing happily up at You,
Really just wondering, when the fuck You are going to zen up?

* * * *

It is the existence led after so-called enlightenment,
That daily proves the realization, the awakening, was the easy part,
And liberation, well prior and beyond all assertions.

* * * *

Without the mind-body,
What is hot, what is cold?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?

* * * *

Nothing to be, nothing to do.
Nothing to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel.
And yet, being, doing, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, all the while.
Such is the awareness, the cosmos of the quantum mind.
Nothing at all, all-ing all over.

* * * *

There is no who.
There is no what.
There is no where.
There is no when.
There is no why.
There is no how.

* * * *

You are not the body-mind identity.
You are not consciousness.
You are not the world.
You are not the universe.
You are not the quantum stardust.
You are that which is prior to all creation.
You are the spaceless-timeless eternal moment.
You are the awareness, You are the indivisible unicity.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Yet another anthropological event, another meme,
To be gotten through, to be enjoyed or endured,
As is every other indivisibly timeless moment.

* * * *

There is no need to dread what You do not believe, what You do not distinguish real and true.
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and monsters in dark forests, are but cultural memes for children,
As is everything rendered for adults, adrift in the muddle of uncritical, gullible, credulous minds.

* * * *

Going through things, experiencing them, embracing them fully, hands on, full throttle,
Is the most definitive way to grasp their truth, to clearly see though them.
No black box stands long, against the eye of the discerning.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, is that which those who quest truth,
Are ever seeking within, are ever seeking without; sailors, sailing across an ocean without shore.
Why is that, which is everything and nothing; why is that, which is nothing and everything;
So trying, for the smoke of consciousness, of imagination, to discern and embrace?

* * * *

The body issues forth,
From the indelible quantum mystery,
From the bonding of the seeds of male and female.
The brain gradually interprets the senses, to engineer the mind of self.
The mind that is molded, sculpted, conditioned; the mind that ever bends to its given nurture;
To its environment, to its window of time; all fostered by the play of imagination.
An ever-expanding universe of consciousness, burst into being.
An indelible quantum mystery all the while.

* * * *

So much more knowledge,
With each and every passing moment.
To let go, to forget, is the never-ending challenge,
Of the mind that would be eternal.

* * * *

To quantify the quantum mystery as infinite or infinitesimal, is all but absurd,
Once it is without doubt realized, that the enigma of awareness is immeasurable.

* * * *

Death is the endgame of every existence.
No need for hope nor faith nor any creed.

* * * *

The ceaseless quest for knowledge will continue to multiply in every possible way,
In accelerating exponential fashion, until its zenith is one day reached.
Until Incarus and his wings of wax, soar too near the sun,
And the inevitable dystopian reality, comes to pass.
And much that was, will be forever lost, forever forgotten.

* * * *

The mirror-mirror-on-the-wall, belies the fountain of youth within.
What choices are there, but to either be the fool, or play the gray?

* * * *

The body is but a part, a fraction.
You are whole, You are one,
You are all, and none.

* * * *

We are all just actors here; players, thespians.
Automatically, spontaneously, extemporaneously,
Playing out the perceived, imaginary, temporal roles,
Nature-nurture has patterned us to believe, real and true.
But really no more real, than any man in the moon.

* * * *

Beginning becomes end; end becomes beginning.
Wax becomes wane; wane becomes wax.
Rise becomes fall; fall become rise.
Flow becomes ebb; ebb becomes flow.
Cause becomes effect; effect becomes cause.
The dream of time, is the play of waves ever roiling.

* * * *

The Fates: Clotho (Spinner), Lachesis (Allotter), and Atropos (Inflexible),
Will transport You wherever, however, whenever they will,
No matter your otherwise fruitless efforts,
To vainly change the given course, this way or that.

* * * *

The rational man, the irrational man.
The brilliant man, the obtuse man.
The kind man, the unkind man.
The wise man, the daft man.
The good man, the bad man.
The strong man, the weak man.
The pliable man, the stubborn man.
All end up in the same dusty graveyard.
No one matters near as much as they think.
And if You must think, must ponder, think well.

* * * *

Are You here now? Are You there now?
Or are You everywhere and nowhere now?

* * * *

Perfection in consciousness, is but an ideal.

There are pluses and minuses, to practically everything,
Unless You are Mary Poppins, or some other imaginary fabrication.
Only in the indivisible nothingness of eternal awareness, can perfection be realized.

* * * *

Through the part, the whole is discerned.
Through the whole, all possibilities are known.

* * * *

It is the mind-body's instinctual patterning, to always seek the illusion of security,
That gradually morphs it, into so many variations of fear and loathing.
To stand aloof from the herd, to stand free and clear of all,
Is not a state, a quality of mind easily attained.

* * * *

There is life, there is no-life.
Consciousness on, consciousness off.
It is nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

This eternal moment, equally free to all who give it attention,
Cannot be bought or sold, nor owned in any way, whatsoever.

* * * *

One Jesus was enough.
One Buddha was enough.
One Mohammed was enough.
One Shankara was enough.
One Lao Tzu was enough.
One You is enough, too.

* * * *

Consciousness is a function of awareness,
But it is up to You, and You alone, to discern the implication,
Of that far-reaching, life-changing realization.

* * * *

The mind-body is about the consumption of its quantum dreamtime, in every way imaginable:
Food, drink, sex, power, fame, fortune, spirituality, materialism, et cetera, et cetera.
An unremitting quagmire, and ultimately all much ado about nothing.
As William Shakespeare puts it in Macbeth's soliloquy:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

* * * *

No looking backward, no looking forward.
Only now, indivisibly emanating each and every moment.
How fucking amazing is that? And the essential You, its inexplicable source.

* * * *

Every human culture across space, across time,
Requires a great assumption, a great lie, at its foundation.
From that center, every tribe renders all decisions.

* * * *

To be born into manifest existence,
Is to live in the realm of ecstasy and agony,
From which the only exit is death.

* * * *

The danger with any weapon, any arsenal, is the temptation, the longing to use it.
Rattle that saber long enough, and sooner or later someone's going to pull theirs out.

* * * *

Anger, annoyance, irritation, antagonism, resentment, rage – eats away at the mind-body,
In ways that make liberation from its passion, more and more unlikely.
Forgiveness, challenging as it is, is the healing,
The grace that leads to the unbearable lightness of being.

* * * *

The mind-body dream to which You are so attached,
Is nothing more than a, from-the-get-go, fabrication.

* * * *

You are as well or ill,
As You allow yourself to be.
Attitude is all.

* * * *

Abandon the mind-body, and all its many thoughts of identity and personality and character.
All the histories, all the narrations, all the time-bound concoctions, You imagine so real.
Be the awareness, the stillness, the emptiness, the nothingness, You timelessly are.

* * * *

With its inexorable capacity for tool-making,
The human paradigm draws ever closer to its demise.
Ask not for who the bell tolls, for it tolls for we.

* * * *

Why would the truth of all things, ever require meaning and purpose,
When it already is and is not, has ever and never been, will ever and never be,
All the meaning and purpose, consciousness through imagination, might ever prescribe.

* * * *

Feigning interest when You are not at all interested.
Ugh, the things we do for the politics of acquaintanceship.

* * * *

The confines of the mind can grow very small, or very large,
Depending upon the awareness, and the dreamtime it inspires.

* * * *

Wealth is not the only realm of the one-percenters.
Every medium has its winners and losers, its rulers and subjects,
And only the most steadfast, only the most determined,
Are allowed entry into the given fraternity.

* * * *

In the struggle between consciousness and awareness,
Is there a victor, or simply the serenity of cessation?

* * * *

What use does a woman have for a man, who does not yield to all her persuasions?
What use does a man have for a woman, when his phallus no longer rules his mind?

* * * *

In every blink of any given eye,
One cosmos destroyed, a new one created.
How many blinks to create a deity, or a throng of them?

* * * *

Why should You, would You, ever blindly believe, what You cannot discern for your Self?
Why accept another's assertion, if no convincing, tangible evidence, is available?
You, scientist, have the right, the obligation, to explore any hypothesis,
Without unwarranted pressure from any individual or group.

* * * *

In conflict, there are no winners. only process,
In which the king of the hill is ever-changing.

* * * *

And why is all that knowledge – so much of it, meaningless trivia – so important?
What makes trivial pursuit so much more valued, than a mind, that runs silent, runs deep?

* * * *

The exciting moment, the monotonous moment;
The pleasurable moment, the painful moment;
All witnessed by the same timeless awareness.

* * * *

The mind-body devours through the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh.
What is it, but imagination's craving for a permanence, it can never attain,
For it is but an intangible dream of the indivisible quantum matrix.

* * * *

What is the first thing the mind-body does many a morning,
But run its checklist for all of yesterday's chronic afflictions.

* * * *

You are that which is totality.
Why venerate any deities, any idols, any middlemen?
Why kowtow to your Self?

* * * *

Human beings across the world, across time, spend much of their existence,
Filling their conditioned minds with this and that, and that and this.
Ultimately, any story of awakening, is about letting it all go.

* * * *

The awareness is without face, without body, without mind, without identity,
Without family, without tribe, without country, without world, without universe.
It is timelessly alone, sovereign and true, no allegiance known, all in one, one in all.

* * * *

No matter what happens,
The script goes on and on and on,
In a seems-almost-like-forever kind of way.

* * * *

What You feed today, will likely be back for more tomorrow.
What You feed today, may well breed in one tomorrow or another.
The children of those You feed today, may cry out for the same tomorrow.

* * * *

Nobody does anything well without practice,
And practice takes motivation and discipline, gumption and grit.
Without these qualities, nothing is easily accomplished.

* * * *

No, You are not going to change the ever-changing world.
This garden orb will spin on and on, the same as it always has.
Your brief window of time, will be just another vain, hollow flurry,
In a seemingly endless emanation of vain, hollow flurries.

Our vain, hollow drama is not near as critical as we,
For whatever reason, always seem to believe.

* * * *

How challenging when You are young and vibrant,
To imagine the mortal frame someday old and feeble.

* * * *

It is only flesh and bones, with a long tube running from mouth to anus.
A winding tube that slowly converts food and drink into shit and piss.
Essentially, the same alimentary canal that runs through any worm,
Which is, by the way, a distant relative, only a bit further back,
Than the monkey returning your stare at some nearby zoo.

* * * *

There can only be one source,
It is an indelible mystery unto its Self,
And You are very much it, and it is very much You.

* * * *

Your personality, all You imagine yourself to be, and not be, is born of desire and fear.
To be free, to reclaim the vulnerably of awareness, You must still all thought,
Silence the psyche, and merge back into the timelessness of eternity.
To do so, is to be born again, into the indelible indivisibility.
Into the absoluteness, into the eternal mystery, that is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Self-imagery is nothing more than imagination's rainbow,
A panorama of every conceivable color, or every shade of gray.
It is the awareness in which You are every moment truly born anew.

* * * *

No, there is truly nowhere else to be.
Here and now, in the eye of the beholder,
Is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

The awareness, the stillness, the nothingness, the absoluteness,
The aloneness, that You truly are, and are not, is as fused to reality, as You can get.
Residing in the timelessness of here now, You are free of the senses,
Free of the churnings, of mass, of vectors, of velocity,
Free of the light cavorting the darkness,
Free of the identity You are not,
That You have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Everyone's gotta be from somewhere.
Everyone's gotta live and die somewhere.

All just different aspects of the same mystery.

* * * *

You are this.
You are not this.

* * * *

Waking up from the dream of mind is a rare feat.
One that is not without many trips and falls,
And every variety of distracting detour.

* * * *

Existence is about adaption.
In the face of the five elements – earth, wind, water, fire, ether –
Rigidity is not an enduring strategy.

* * * *

You cannot long placate the pitiless.
Stand too close to a flame,
You will be burned.

* * * *

What is space-time – but the assumption, the illusion, the delusion – of memory,
Nothing more than the evolutionary happenstance, of the brain's neuron matrix.

* * * *

The emotionally needy have an unfailing tendency,
To suffocate all who attempt to placate their anguish.

* * * *

The conditioning is strong.
There is no way You can be free of it,
But through becoming very quiet, very present,
Very clear, of all imaginary traces of that which binds You.

* * * *

You play but a finite form in a finite field,
You only get to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel,
A smidgeon of a minute scratch of the electromagnetic spectrum,
And that in its Self, is nothing of the totality You truly are.

* * * *

What is this very human tendency to identity with this or that?
What a thing to imagine your make-believe persona real and true.

* * * *

The real Youness, the Youness that is awareness, is prior to imagination.
Prior to all conditioning, prior to all sensory-driven perceptions.

To apprehend the unconditional, requires an abeyance,
Only full attention to the moment can give.

* * * *

You were born again many, many times,
Before imagination did a gradual sunrise in your mind,
And the rest is a history only You can know.
And everyone else the same.

* * * *

It is through scrutiny, through inference,
Through deduction, through induction, through intuition,
That You can even begin to grasp the subtlety of the mystery You most truly are.
And in all that, You discern, there is nothing to which You can cling.
You are but one eye, of the awareness witnessing all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

* * * *

What is any personality, any character, any ego, but the response, the reply, the answer,
The retort, the rejoinder, the comeback, the reaction, the survival mechanism,
That the winds of time in mind, shaped your imagination to play out;
To enjoy, to endure, the ecstasies and agonies of existence.

* * * *

The mundane, temporal world, is chock-full of mundane, temporal trials.
Meet them directly – unswervingly, openly, exactly, immediately –
And the sword of discernment, will grow sharper and sharper.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness.
Still the imaginary mind.
Be here, be now.

* * * *

There is no saving anyone or anything in this temporal quantum theater.
There is only awakening, or not awakening, to the mystery,
And living out whatever destiny is in store.

* * * *

Happiness, serenity, delight, harmony, bliss, joy, ecstasy, call it what You will,
Mandates, that You first and foremost, rest easy in your own company.
That the awareness, You truly are, abides well in its aloneness.

* * * *

Take as little notice, of what others think of You, as possible,
For none of it truly matters, in any ultimate way, whatsoever.

* * * *

Me, my Self, and I.
You, your Self, and You.
We are very much the same.
There is no other.

* * * *

Truth beckons those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.
Let the true believer believe, all the lies his blindness allows.

* * * *

Without the herd, without the other, You would not have the opportunity to stand quietly aloof.
To observe, to watch, to view, to scrutinize, to monitor, to study, to examine, to survey.
To witness a dream of consciousness, an imaginary theater, as only You can.

* * * *

What is popular may not be correct.
What is correct may not be popular.

* * * *

Mu is a concept of negation used in Zen Buddhism,
But explored in a variety of other traditions prior to that.
It is a term defined as ‘no’, ‘not’, ‘nothing’, or ‘without,’
As nothing, not, nothingness, un-, is not, has not, not any.

[1] Nonexistence; nonbeing; not having; a lack of, without.
[2] A negative.
[3] Caused to be nonexistent.
[4] Impossible; lacking reason or cause.
[5] Pure human awareness, prior to experience or knowledge.
[6] The 'original nonbeing' from which being is produced.

* * * *

There is no yoke to truth.
It is the conditioning of consciousness, of imagination,
That fabricates all encumbrance.

* * * *

What is the relationship between the awareness and the quantum indivisibility?
Are they one in the same, or is awareness prior to all creation, all preservation, all destruction?
What relationship can there possibly be, between the nothing, and the everything?
Between the awareness observing, and the energy field manifesting?
Once You discern You are not the manifestation,
What is there left to be, to do,
But whatever needs being, needs doing.

* * * *

It does not matter what You say or do,
Believe or do not believe, know or do not know,

The timeless awareness ever emanates exactly the same.

* * * *

Most human beings are quite unattractive; even unapproachably ugly.
Without clothing and accessories, and an inordinate amount of self-absorbed delusion,
We likely would have never made it out of the jungles of Africa,
Much less overpopulate the entire planet.

* * * *

It does not matter how You are.
It does not matter why You are.
It does not matter who You are.
It does not matter what You are.
It does not matter when You are.
It does not matter where You are.
You are all the same consciousness.
You are all the same awareness.
You are all the same dream.
You are all the same now.
You are all the same me.
You are all the same You.
You are all the same quantum.
Call it God, call it Buddha, call it Tao,
Call it Allah, call it Brahman, call it whatever,
You are all the same prior-to-consciousness mystery.
If truth does not bring You the harmony of peace, nothing will.

* * * *

We are but whims of the quantum matrix,
Players in a universe of differences,
That are but vibratory illusion.

* * * *

History is matrix woven of ecstasies and agonies, glories and horrors,
To which the indivisible, timeless awareness, has always been witness.

* * * *

The world spins and spins and spins.
The cosmos glimmers and glimmers and glimmers.
And You, unwavering witness through all eternity, through all eyes.
Naught but awareness – indivisible, immortal, immaculate.

* * * *

What a human-paradigm absurdity, to diligently, relentlessly strive, to be a historical footnote.
Even more so, to be the title to a chapter, a book, a movie, or a university course.
And wackiest-beyond-the-pale, of any and all, is to be the source-point,
To some obnoxious, overbearing, sanctimonious religion.

* * * *

The other cannot bring You happiness.
The other cannot bring You contentment.
You must discern them in the stillness within.

* * * *

Creation, Intelligent Design, Turtles All the Way Down, Big Bang,
Or whatever, whatever, whatever, et cetera, et cetera, et …
Here You are, faking whatever the best You can.

* * * *

On to the next moment: On Rudolf, on Dasher, on Dancer,
On Prancer, on Vixen, on Comet, on Cupid, on Donner, on Blitzen,
Charge on and on and on, always on, into the blizzard of history's unfolding.

* * * *

In creation, be first your own audience.
If others appreciate it, applaud it, great; if not, why care?
Draw what You want to see, play what You want to hear. write what You want to read.
Bring into manifest reality, whatever it is You feel called to experience,
Whatever summons the attention of your eye.
Create for your Self.

* * * *

In every mind across the manifest board,
The ethereal winds of imagination, huff and puff helter-skelter,
In their own little singular, double-double-toil-and-trouble bubbles, of space and time.
The world, the cosmos, the unicity, is ever eternally unmoved, indifferent,
To all the self-absorbed dramas of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Slime and worms and monkeys, to which we are likely cousins in one form or another.
Slimes and worms and monkeys, through which quantum stardust,
Ever so inexorably, evolved into You.

* * * *

What will be said and done, after your departure from the theater, is not for You to know,
And what is knowing, anyway, but vague perception, given credence one way or another.

* * * *

It is impossible to go back into Plato's Cave, and see it the same.
Downsize as You might, there is always a larger cosmos in mind.

* * * *

Your body?
Your body!?
Your body!!?
Your body!!!?

Your body!!!!?
Your body!!!!!?

* * * *

Cannot say whether or not God is dead,
But Jesus most definitely is, and whoever he was, or was not,
He was not, in this mind's eye, any more or less, that which is called God, than any You or I,
Or any other land or water or air critter, great or medium or small.
We are all equally born of the same quantum mystery.
Only the vanities pretend otherwise.

* * * *

Chicken or the egg, which came first?
Or was it some sort of simultaneous combustion,
Of a mitosis mutation, in a slimy puddle, of the ancient long ago?

* * * *

But for the mind caught in its own snare, its own vice, its own egocentric notion,
There is no sure, no clear, no particular way, anyone or anything must be.
The indelibly indivisible quantum mystery, this all is, this all is not,
Is without any principle or meaning or purpose, whatsoever.

* * * *

If You have turned to hope to solve a problem,
Then it is likely already well beyond too late.

* * * *

The many branches of science, whether natural or social,
Are all founded on the study of the nothingness of stardust.

* * * *

There are many consequences, to everything under any given sun,
And we have all likely done, so many things, so many ways.
And payback, well, she's a raving-mad bitch on steroids.

* * * *

The moment is ever-fresh, ever-anew,
But are You clear enough, attentive enough,
To imbibe fully the eternal upwelling?

* * * *

How shallow and meaningless it is, to crave the attention of others.
What is the point of fame, of notoriety, if You do not embrace your Self?

* * * *

The mortal persona, that You imagine You are,
Is the all-seeing awareness of totality, gazing out,
Through the quantum senses, into a quantum matrix.

* * * *

Rationality decries and derides irrationality,
But what of the unknown prior to consciousness,
Where all rhetorical becomes absolutely meaningless.

* * * *

To die to the world, to die to the garden of temptation,
Is the most arduous challenge, You can ever un-imagine.

* * * *

What would this garden world become if humankind could just throw out all the memes –
Political, economic, religious, philosophical, cultural – and start all over again.
Can anyone even begin to envision what that mindset would be?
Would we, could we, truly create anything different?
Is it not obvious that the monkey-mind,
Is too embedded in all its emotional passions,
Is too established in all its ductless glands and viscera,
Is too bound to all its illusory urges, to be free of the jungle of origin.
The fate of humankind, of the world, of the cosmos, is etched in the sands of quantum.

* * * *

How meaningless all speculation.
'Tis but the chatter of a busy mind.

* * * *

Food, alcohol, drugs, and other substances,
Are the oft-times wayward partners to alternative states of mind.
Sometimes happier, sometimes sadder, sometimes just distracted for a few gobbets of time.

* * * *

There is only one source, one creation, one soul, one quantum.
Only consciousness imagines its incalculable splinterings real.

* * * *

No matter how aware any, You in any human form, might be,
We are all caught up, in every variety of habituated thought and action.
When dealing with minds, going round and round, in dysfunctional, circular loops,
Well-intentioned advice and support, are generally futile and exhausting.
How many times any well-meaning Samaritan gives it a go,
Is always dependent on the level of sainthood,
To which s/he feels committed.

* * * *

Even the most enlightened, the most liberated, the most blissfully nirvanic,
Must endure the capacities and limitations of the given genome,
And the time and circumstance, into which it is cast.

* * * *

Humankind has always been about making into its own image, into its own imagination,
That which has no image, that which is eternally faceless, that which is eternally nameless.

* * * *

Very challenging to participate in the world, and not get drawn in believing it all real.
The conditioning, the habituation, is strong, and the mind weak, and easily distracted.

* * * *

Cause and effect: What difference, really, truly,
When each is, every moment, becoming the other.

* * * *

Are You required to contemplate the world, to reflect upon the human paradigm?
Or is it merely the repetitive groove, the arduous furrow, of an educated, cultivated,
Indoctrinated, habituated, programmed, conditioned, brainwashed, frame of reference?

* * * *

When, as a child, someone asked you,
What You wanted to do when You grew older,
Did they by any chance, ask what You did not want to do?

* * * *

You have never seen your own eyes, nor any body part out of their view.
You are the eternal mystery, peering out, from the unknowable unknown.

* * * *

Everything has its little slice of now,
Which it must enjoy or endure,
Or perish in the attempt.

* * * *

All creatures from small to great, have the same awareness as You.
It is only imagination, that endlessly counterfeits the notion of duality.
It is only imagination, that continually divides Youness, into me and them.
It is only imagination, that deludes itself separate from the indivisible.

* * * *

Without all those memories, without all that knowledge,
Without the collusion of all the myriad others around You,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, would You have ever been?
The quantum feast, is an indivisible handiwork, of intelligent design.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of space and time, knows nothing of any other,
And it is the longing to rediscover the timeless birthright, the no-mind of awareness,
That calls cosmic seekers, few and far between, to quest without and within,
Until they are reborn into the stillness of eternity's quantum womb.

* * * *

Why be a true believer, in anything, or anyone?
Why allow the slaves of ignorance access to your mind and body?
Why trust any mass movement to take You anywhere, You cannot reach on your own?
Let the one-percenters and their minions wage their own wars.
Let the corporate empires fall on their own swords.
Let the creeds play out their dogmas.
Stand alone, sovereign.

* * * *

Everything You think You are, everything You believe the cosmos to be,
Is nothing more than a subjective, haphazard collection, of vague perceptions.
A neural algorithm, evolved, naturally-selected, since life's unfathomable conception.
Organic fiber bundles, firing this way and that; lightning storms, thundering away inside skulls.
You are nothing more, than a figment of imagination; crunchy-chewy-gooey, playing out every illusion.

* * * *

Yes, there is a God, and, no, there is not a God,
And it is, and is not, whatever You,
Or anyone else thinks.

* * * *

Is it any wonder, so many across the board of human existence,
Mitigate their mundane existence, using whatever escapes are available?
Whether it be religion or sports or politics or drugs or soap operas or any whatever,
The suffering of consciousness, of sickness and injury and aging and dying,
Is an affliction, all humans equally share, no matter the given lot.

* * * *

It is the eye of awareness, that shines out upon the world, that shines out upon the cosmos,
But it is imagination that devises your version, your account, your interpretation,
Your translation, your rendition, your exploration, your understanding, your conclusion,
Of all the myriad experiences, that come and go, within the sensory perception of the given vessel.

* * * *

Wealth is a state of mind: What is too much? What is too little?
You never know, You might well be the richest soul in all creation.
Especially if you grasp, the greatest wealth, is in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

When the Humpty-Dumpty of humankind falls,
What will become, of whatever pieces remain?

* * * *

Population contraception, either female or male versions, will never happen on a large scale,
Because the one-percenters and their minions always require new slaves to work the mines.

* * * *

Digital warriors fight glorious crusades in the wee dark hours,
But only rarely know one end of the hammer from the other,
During the bright of day, to which they only midday wake.

* * * *

Eternal awareness is the state,
Of those who have shed name and identity,
Of the rare few who bear no memory of that needing none.

* * * *

Many if not most, likely estimate themselves brighter-greater-higher, than they truly are,
In the many caste systems, in which all play out their brief flames of mind.
And it is only the insight of wisdom, that tempers the vanity.

* * * *

Many others might say and do many things, regarding the awakening within.
But there is ultimately no authority, there are no masters on high.
It is You, who must alone, compose your oeuvre.

* * * *

That is done, that is done, and that is done, too.
When nothing is done, nothing is ever left undone.
In the watermelon sugar, of time's imaginary notions.

* * * *

Delve into the aloneness, You truly are,
Have always been, will ever be,
In the prior to mind.

* * * *

You know because You agree to know.
You esteem knowledge because your conditioning,
Has disciplined You to commit to memory minutiae unending.
It is the underpinning of all identity, and commotion and spectacle unending.
The human condition, the human paradigm, in a nutshell.

* * * *

All the faces, all the bodies,
All the shapes and sizes and seasons,
All the myriad difference of every genetic roll,
All the same essence, all the same origin.

* * * *

Fresh from the given womb, a filament of imagination, is cast into a windy dream of time,
Where sickness and injury and aging and demise, are but a relatively few breaths down the trail.
What is there to do, but to live it out, to enjoy, to endure, as best as the kaleidoscoping moment allows.

* * * *

The sons and daughters of modern men and women,
Are but the descendants, of slimy microbes and scampering critters,
In oceans and topographies, of the pale blue dot, that spun and spun, so long ago.
And all, right here, right now, in the very same eternal moment.

* * * *

Victory and defeat, success and failure,
Right and wrong, good and bad,
Same thing, different daze.

* * * *

What will come of minds raised by software born of mind?
What will come of minds immersed in digital algorithms,
In which nature is little more than a few lines of code?

* * * *

The entire human paradigm,
Is but a bare scratch of Earth's history,
And far, far less, in the cosmic genesis before that.
And who can ever know, how many more creations before that.
Turtles all the way down, does not even remotely grasp,
The depthless depths, of this boggling mystery.

* * * *

Paying close attention to the cosmos without,
Leads to an equally sharper vision,
Of the awareness within.

* * * *

What is yours, what is not yours?
Is it your light that shines upon the world, or is it one light discerning all.
And where does the light go, when the curtain of darkness falls?

* * * *

The quest for truth, the quest for eternal nature,
May be less about discovering something else,
May be less about experiencing some greater state,
Than it is simply unchaining, from everything imaginable.

* * * *

You need not believe in anything, You need not believe in anyone.
The human drama is bursting with a ceaseless array of pointless assumptions,
Steeped in endless cravings for, and endless fears of, all things known and unknowable.
There is no respite, there is no serenity, for the willy-nilly, unbridled mind.

* * * *

While some prance about one great stage or another,

The fate of most seers is to reign alone, quietly unknown.

* * * *

The quest for the eternal, journeys a long and winding Yellow Brick Road,
In which there nothing is to be had, in which there is nothing to be un-had.

* * * *

Detachment does not require effort.
It is simply letting go, of what no longer matters.
Of merging back into the timeless now.

* * * *

You are the absolute nothingness of totality, playing out an imaginary fabrication,
A random, subjective, arbitrary, dreamy, touchy-feely, three-dimensional, dreamtime reality.
Boggling beyond all horizons, all conceivable pales, yes, but that is just the way it is.

* * * *

Truth is not exclusive to the human paradigm,
But being human, offers an opportunity to perceive it,
In a way no other creature, to the best of our knowledge, can.
But it is a mighty colossal cosmos, so the jury will be out for a while.

* * * *

Trust your Self, trust your intelligence, trust your intuition, trust your story.
Project confidence into whatever You say, into whatever You do.
Even if You do not know what the hell You are saying.
Or what the god-damned hell You are doing.
Fake it all the very best You can.
Everyone else is, too.

* * * *

It is a world of causes, it is a world of effects,
It is a world of ever-kaleidoscoping consequences,
And free will, most definitely a debatable assumption.

* * * *

The mind seeks solutions, clarifications, explanations, remedies, resolutions, results, antidotes, cures.
And many if not most minds, will create one answer or another, if one is not easily available.
Hence, the proclivity toward assumption, superstition, prejudice, stereotyping,
And all the myriad other varieties of illusional-delusional cogitation.
To be rational is to stand alone, aloof from the unyielding cloud of ignorance.

* * * *

You have got down all the right-sounding wordplay,
But is it just an assortment of neurons,
Or are they really firing?

* * * *

Thought is but the puff of quantum,
Which the awareness, You are, need not give weight,
If You cultivate the wit to pay attention.

* * * *

Beg forgiveness to who?
And for what? And why?
For being born? For enduring?
For playing out the given moment, as best You can?
Why crucify yourself, for something You did not ask for, in the first place?

* * * *

What is growing older, but the list of possibilities, growing daily shorter,
And the bag of capacities, the bag of faculties, the bag of tricks, daily lighter.

* * * *

A mind slathered in superstition, is a mind born of groundless, irrational, illogical dread.
The scientific mind, is a courageous mind, bent on rational investigation,
As far as the theater of quantum mind and body allow.

* * * *

History tends to forget all but the most key players,
But in every story ever written, in every story never written,
However grand a part, however trifling a part, each and every one,
Has been center stage, in their own version of the play.

* * * *

If You were completely on your own,
Would it have ever occurred to You, to imagine some deity?
If You had no other mythological influence, no other source other than your own eye,
Would it have ever occurred to You, that You were in any way separate,
From nature's here now, playing out all about You?

* * * *

No one sees the world, the universe, the same,
For there are as many worlds, there are as many universes,
As there are senses to glean, and minds to discern.

* * * *

What does the human paradigm demonstrate again and again,
But that nothing is as truly important, as imagination ever seeks to deem it.
Even the so-called spiritual quest, is ultimately an à la mode absurdity.

* * * *

Truth is not an emotional heart state, nor is it an intellectual mind state.
The indivisible is indivisible, and the human paradigm,
Is not its rhyme and reason.

* * * *

Every hero endures a sunset.
And who a hero?
And who is not a hero?
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

As enlightened, as liberated, as nirvanic, as You may or may not be,
Tomorrow, You will wake up from sleep's oblivion,
And begin anew, all over again.

* * * *

There are advocates and skeptics and fence-straddlers in every choice.
What proposition could ever even begin to remotely please every mind?

* * * *

The dreamscape of the dreamtime is constantly changing.
What cannot adapt, what cannot abide, diminishes or perishes.

* * * *

The human species is but one of an inestimable array of life forms,
Neither greater or lesser, but in its own vain confabulations.
Might may make right, but it does not refute equal.

* * * *

Are You kaleidoscoping through a dream?
Or is a dream kaleidoscoping through You?
Or is it neither-nor-both-one-in-the-same?

* * * *

What need to justify, to defend, your existence, when You had no choice, no say, in the matter?
Why should You ever have to bother, having to rationalize the inexplicableness, You ever are?

* * * *

All the views involving mind and heart are the tripe of busy minds.
Only in awareness will the observer discern the truth of all things.

* * * *

Hoping something so, makes nothing so.
One must get down and dirty in the muck of time,
For the H-word to glean, to attain, any reality.
Lots of other four-letter words, the same.

* * * *

Does anything fashioned of the human mind,
Matter anywhere near as much as so many vainly believe?
How can truth be attached to anything confabulated,
By the imaginary notions of consciousness?

* * * *

The splintery fence between awareness and consciousness is not easily straddled.
Sometimes You are awake, sometimes You are asleep, sometimes You are merely a tad drowsy.
In the ends of all beginnings, and the beginnings of all ends, it always boils down to,
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

These many contemplations mean to me, whatever they mean to You.
All translation is filtered through the frame of reference,
Of the given witness, the given perceiver.
We are all on our own.

* * * *

Who is there to become?
What is there to realize?
Where is there to arrive?
When is it going to happen?
Why is there no end to questions?
How will You ever be free?

* * * *

Hate is a mind-consuming, mind absorbing, mind-numbing, time-embracing distraction.
But, then again, is not everything?

* * * *

Notions, notions, notions, so many notions.
Questions, questions, questions, so many questions.
The pitter-patter-chitter-chatter of the busy mind is unending.

* * * *

Bright or dim, every living creature is center stage,
To a very different, very unique universe, born of its genetic coding,
Through which the same, omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent awareness in all, peers out.

* * * *

How will You ever be free, if You cannot still your mind?
How will You ever be free, how will You ever stand alone,
If You cannot attend the eternal moment fully, spontaneously?

* * * *

You can take the monkey out of the jungle,
But You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

There is only the ever-present moment,
There is only the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
And there is no need to habitually encumber it, with every variety of imaginary notion,

Of what was, what is, and what might or might not be.

* * * *

Re: Tattoos:
Making beauty ugly, and ugly uglier,
One stroke of herd at a time,
On the fleshy canvas.

* * * *

What is history but a collection of ambiguous perceptions,
Superimposed as reality, oftentimes for ulterior purpose.

* * * *

There are plenty of thinkers of every sort across the world, across time,
But no matter how much they rationalize and moralize, how much they whine and moan,
The one-percenters and their minions, have always held the reins.
Might makes right, always has, always will.

* * * *

Consciousness is the game awareness is forced to play,
In order to survive and endure in this manifest dreamtime.
It serves no other rhyme or reason in the ultimate sense.

* * * *

How much of your life do You spend, trying to justify your existence,
To one imaginary other or another, wafting about in your neuron trail?

* * * *

What is time, but vague perceptions of memory cells,
Projected day-in-day-out into every conceivable imaginary whatever.
That, coupled with vocal chords, opposable thumbs, two legs, and a flair for tool-making,
And, voilà, a never-ending, dreamtime collusion of human scale.

* * * *

The world is chock-full of cruelty and greed.
Perhaps You will find it in your Self,
To be kind and generous.

* * * *

There will never be political, economic, or social resolution, to the human condition.
Consciousness itself would need to evolve, into making the paradigm shift,
And that is about as likely as flying pigs, or raining cats and dogs.

* * * *

Life is much easier to abide,
If You adapt to the given circumstances,
Rather than always expecting them to adjust to You.

* * * *

You have seen and done and thought many things, You have donned many hats.
And none of it would have happened without the corporeal mind-body.
None of it would have happened without the vehicle of creation.
But You are not the vehicle, You are not the medium.
You are the awareness, You are the witness.
You are the source of all creation,
In your temporal speck of a cosmos.

* * * *

The world is whatever You think it is.
The world is not whatever You think it is.

* * * *

Most human beings are absurdly happy, absurdly content,
With their given conditioning, their given frame of reference, their given idolatry.
To be a seer, critical thinking is required, and – doubt, disbelief, skepticism, cynicism – are rare attributes.
No point in trying to debate, to persuade, to convert, any true believer.
All must ultimately discern truth alone, in their own way.
In other words, mind your own awareness.

* * * *

Abandon all regrets, all sorrows, all doubts, all frustrations,
All qualms, all misgivings, all hesitation, all shame,
All guilt, all grief, all distress, all burdens,
They are but imagination's torment.

* * * *

The seer's existence is straddling the razor's edge of mind-slash-no-mind.
Whichever happens to be casting the most binding, the most compelling, spell.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience,
And critical thinking, doubt, skepticism, cynicism, are the ingredients,
That unveil and unbridle the discerning brew.

* * * *

Every life form has a story: some long, some short, some interesting, some mundane.
But all happening in the same timeless awareness, in which all narratives are written.

* * * *

It is the same babble all across the world.
The same desires, the same fears, the same passions.
The same relationships between people and activities and things.
Male and female, families, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, enemies.
Home, food, work, politics, education, theater, art, sports, hobbies, et cetera ad infinitum.
There is only one monkey in the world; one monkey, with many faces.

* * * *

Holding together your cosmos,
Really takes no effort, whatsoever.
Whether You give it attention or not,
Whether You participate or not,
The sensory play happens.
Why so serious?

* * * *

Look left, look right, look up, look down, look all around.
Everything perceived, is mind-eye's projection: arbitrary, capricious, whimsical.
Random, chance, unpredictable; casual, wanton, unmotivated, motiveless, unreasoned, unsupported.
Irrational, illogical, groundless, unjustified, personal, discretionary, subjective.
The You, that You, in the inseparable moment, imagine You are,
Is nothing more than quantum-mind fabrication.

* * * *

You may well be the richest soul in all creation,
If You have the state of mind real wealth implies.

* * * *

In every mind,
A different world,
A different universe,
All very much the same.

* * * *

It is challenging enough waylaying your own arbitrary dogma,
Without being trodden upon daily by some groupthink version.

* * * *

What is the ultimate truth, but the ever-present, ethereal, timeless moment,
To which memory, is but many figments of imagination,
Carrying on, as if they were truly real.

* * * *

What is existence, but an ever-kaleidoscoping array of visuals, sounds, smells, tastes, sensations.
A touchy-feely, three-dimensional, kaleidoscoping, of mental and physical gymnastics,
In a corporeal assemblage of bones, flesh, slime, of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
To which the given mind becomes attached, in every way-shape-form imaginable.

* * * *

Speaking the truth, is generally much easier to remember,
Than the slew of confabulations, brewed with any deception.

* * * *

In every mind, a different world, a different cosmos.
Every one, created of the same timeless essence.

Every one, the same undying indivisibility.
All alone, together, there is no other.

* * * *

It is imagination that is born.
It is imagination that exists, that enjoys and endures.
It is imagination that attaches, imagination that ascribes and fastens, to this and that.
It is imagination that dies.

* * * *

A window of mind.
A window of space and time.
A window of eternity.

* * * *

What Me-Myself-and-I, can there possibly be,
When the ever-present, ever-churning quantum,
Stills for no creature, no form, under any sun.

* * * *

To not value learning, is to miss out on the dreamtime about You.
A sturdy, profound education – robust, strong, determined –
Is the key to discerning the truth, the reality of all things,
And how they make their way, in the continuum of space and time.
How they make their way, in the vast mystery of the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun.
Nothing old, either.

* * * *

You are that awareness, that space, that emptiness, that void.
That mystery of nothingness, through which quantum wanders.

* * * *

The tourist tours through airports, hotels, restaurants, theaters, and other idle cosmopolitan fare,
Shopping, shopping, shopping, searching for pleasure, for distraction, for completion,
Where there is naught but the pointlessness of never-ending consumption.
The solitary traveler, wanders with much less intention, much less hullabaloo.

* * * *

The more You want, the less You have.
The less You want, the more You have.
A simple existence, is the highest road.

* * * *$_S$

Ultimately, everything is simultaneously happening at the indivisibly indelible quantum level.
Physics, chemistry, biology – are but the means, by which the manifest illusion,

Plays out every possible illusion, plays out every possible delusion.

* * * *

You may well be able, to do just about anything, with that finite cadaver,
But You cannot do anything, to any great degree, all the time,
Without the bite, of some inevitable consequence,
And more than likely, quite a few.
What fate, what destiny, are You crafting?

* * * *

The quantum mystery, creates You, and You, in return, perceive it,
In whatever way, the frame of reference of your consciousness ordains.

* * * *

In every mind,
A different world,
A different universe.
Every one Self-evident.
Every one imagined.
All alone, together.

* * * *

In every mind,
A different world,
A different universe,
A different everything,
All stitched of imagination.
All alone, together.

* * * *

In every mind, a different reality,
A different world, a different universe.
Every one imagined real and true.
All indivisibly alone, together.

* * * *

In every mind, a different reality,
A different world, a different universe.
Every one, completely real, completely true.
Every one, a fabrication of imagination.
Every one, entirely alone, together.

* * * *

Humankind has been playing out its pattern of dualistic self-absorption, for thousands of years.
And through most, it was possible, with relatively minimal consequence, to plunder nature in every way.
But those daze, are long over; consequences, are daily becoming more apparent, more amplified.
Clean air, clean water, clean ground, seemingly limitless resources, are all plumbed out.
There is a looming wall, fast-approaching – tick, tick, tick – time is running out.

* * * *

You can teach regurgitation,
But You cannot convey critical thinking.
You can teach knowledge, but You cannot transmit wisdom.
Skepticism is the rarest of commodities; it cannot be acquired by pick or shovel.
Far more precious than oil or gold or diamonds,
Its value is priceless.

* * * *

What does a rock perceive, what does it do,
And how in quantum, is it any different from You?

* * * *

The indivisible matrix will not even twitter a warble,
When the last hominoid one day dissolves,
Back into the quantum mist.

* * * *

Has any beast ever been, near as wearing, as our own kind?
Has any beast ever been, near as repulsive, as our own kind?
Has any beast ever been, near as frightening, as our own kind?
Has any beast ever been, near as wretched, as our own kind?

* * * *

The god mind, is the empty mind, the no-mind, of awareness.
As simple as it gets, the finale, of all quixotic misadventures.

* * * *

How can You perceive Self,
When there is no Self to apprehend?
The only proof You have, that You even exist,
Is provided by the same imagination collecting the data.
Awareness is all there is, and even it, is more than a little nebulous.

* * * *

Eating out of boredom is rarely a good idea.
Far better to take a walk, or better yet, a snooze.
Perhaps You will awaken a little more galvanized.
And if not, still no excuse to plunder the fridge.

* * * *

Fractured by imaginary ideas and impulses, of every possible tint and hue.
Heal thy Self if You have will and wit enough, to see it through and through.

* * * *

Dying to time, dying to memory, dying to identity, as simple as it is,
Is not an easy thing, for the ever-moving, ever consuming mind, to do.

* * * *

What is complete and utter detachment,
But a mind given over entirely to its natural state,
Given over to the awareness, the stillness prior to imagination.

* * * *

To those frequently asked questions:
What is the meaning of life?
What hours are You open?
Et cetera, et alii, ad infinitum.
Dialing zero will get You nowhere.
Please excuse me while I put You on hold.

* * * *

Those who fathom eternal life, abide artlessly in the ever-present moment.
To embrace the duality of space-time, and all the assumptions of identification,
Is but the living death, fashioned by the usurpation of awareness by consciousness.

* * * *

If You were a train engine running down the timeless track,
How many cars worth of memories would You be pulling?

* * * *

What is the best word to describe the passing of time?
Moving? Fleeting? Marching? Happening? Unfolding? Streaming?
Emanating? Projecting? Reflecting? Kaleidoscoping? Matrixing? Holographing?
The mystery that defies any and all description, would likely guffaw long and hard, had it a voice.
The indivisible, unfathomable, ineffable, ephemeral now, is all there is.
Space-time is but the creation of imagination.

* * * *

The limited mind, the parochial mind, the generic mind,
Is oblivious to the truth-and-nothing-but-the-truth,s
Indelibly obvious to the transcendent mind.

* * * *

The awareness You – and all that is dualistically perceived as otherness – timelessly are,
That which is prior to consciousness, that which is prior to the indivisibility,
Is without attributes, without blemish, and permeates all as one.

* * * *

What an ephemeral thing, this me, this my Self, this I,
This awareness, that has no bounds, no limits,
But those concocted by imagination.

* * * *

It is consciousness that imagines all divisions, all boundaries, all classes, all conflict.

The singularity, the awareness, from which all things emerge, is without attributes.

* * * *

Behind every set of eyes, an unfathomable awareness.
Peer out from that awareness, the awareness, You truly are.

* * * *

What You truly ever are, and are not, is prior to all assumptions,
Prior to all assertions, 'I am this' or 'I am that,'
Prior even to the most austere conscious declaration: 'I Am.'
The prior that, is the immaculate, indivisible awareness, permeating all creation.

* * * *

What if this incredible mystery, what if all of creation,
Was for nothing more, than to have a variety of others to babbleon to,
And see and hear and taste and smell and feel, a few interesting things along the way.
After all, the oblivion of nothingness, is a tad monotonous.

* * * *

Every mind born anew,
To wander the yellow brick road,
Offered by the sensory quantum holograph,
Timelessly emanating from the mystery of imagination.

* * * *

The human mind evolved to survive the savagery and hardship of its jungle origin.
To solve problems, to design tools, to fashion weapons, to politic with others in its domain.
And when it does not have families to raise, widgets to fabricate, fields to harvest, or battles to win.
There can be a tendency by drama-queen sorts, to summon insoluble difficulties out of thin air.
Ergo, an overpopulated world, overrun by monkey-consciousness, in near-constant flux.
Much of it, inordinately, indisputably, undeniably, beyond-the-pale meaningless.

* * * *

Discern it in the flurry of the world,
Discern it in the solitude of a hermitage,
Which is the greater challenge?
Does it matter, really?
Does anything?

* * * *

The awareness You are, discerns the body breathing in, breathing out.
The awareness You are, perceives the mind thinking this, thinking that.
The awareness You are, call it what You will: observer, watcher, witness.
Always ever-present, always motionless, always changeless, always ageless.
An eternal mystery, roaming dreams of time, in mortal patterns of every shade.

* * * *

We must surely be of the same source,

Else the duality, the plurality, the intangibility,
Would schism as beyond all reckoning,
As it is before all reckoning.

* * * *

Quantum is the building block, the source code,
And awareness, through consciousness, the designer,
Gradually awakening, through eons of creative evolution,
To the insoluble mystery of its inexplicable source.

* * * *

The awareness, You truly are, is not bound to any form or identity.
The ineffable mystery, which is indivisibly, irrevocably, undeniably, irrefutably, indelibly alone,
Gazes out through two eyes, listens through two ears, smells through two nostrils,
Tastes with one tongue, and feels through a maze of nerve endings.
The You, that You pretend to be, in this quantum play,
Is but a brief, temporal, sensory cosmos,
A dream born of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Most hunger in the affluent geographies of the human paradigm,
Are about the tongue and the mind's gluttony for more.
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the flesh, follow suit,
But have far less clout, on the ever-expanding waistline.

* * * *

The chronicles of human history, have as much chance of surviving as we do.
Do not assume the aliens will bother with writings and ruins,
Once the protein source has disappeared.

* * * *

The religions and cults, of this, or any other garden world,
Are fashioned, of the mind's ceaseless yearning, for more, and still more,
And are, but inconsequential variations, of that, which is so much more, so much less,
Than anything, but pure awareness of the awareness, can ever attain.

* * * *

It is through one Self-absorption or another, that all things indivisible, are discerned.
There is no other way, that the boundless can be fathomed, but through manifest limitation.

* * * *

Are You a mind? Are You a body? Are You a soul?
A face? A brain? A heart? A lung? An arm? A leg? A foot?
Are You all of these mortal parts? Are You any of them?

* * * *

Eternal life is awareness of the awareness.

Enlightenment is awakening to the awareness.
Liberation is wandering the awareness.
Nirvana is being the awareness.

* * * *

For every up, there is a down; for every down, an up.
The passionate mind is a many-faced, intemperate beast.
In comparison which, the weather can seem somewhat tame.

* * * *

What is the body-mind but a tool evolved to survive, to endure.
Happiness, is an occasional abundance of pain-relieving endorphins,
Between the pitiless waves of pain and suffering, on the road to extinction.

* * * *

Always best to look any gift horse in the mouth.
You never know what bothers, might be lying in wait.

* * * *

How can there be karma, if You are nothing more than the eternal moment?
Karma is but another illusory, another imaginary notion,
Playing in the smoke of the given mind.

* * * *

What is the soul? What is not the soul? Is there a soul?
And, if there is, is it anything that can ever be grasped?
Is it anything, that is, in any way, separate from eternity?

* * * *

That which is real, that which is true, at first calls, in many ways, from without,
But for those inquiring few, who have eyes to see and ears to hear,
Eventually makes Self timelessly apparent within.

* * * *

Like water that flows with the call of gravity,
Supply, will always seek a way, to meet demand.

* * * *

You are the same timeless mystery, that was before creation,
As You will be, after You timelessly dissolve back,
Into what You have ever and never been.

* * * *

Here You are this moment.
This moment is where You breathe in, breathe out.
This is where You sit, walk, run, eat, piss, shit, sleep; observing all the while.
Why are You thinking about yesterday, pondering about tomorrow?
They are not right here, right now; they do not exist.

* * * *

Divining the divine, discerning the mystery of all mysteries,
Can be a long and winding journey, replete with every agony, every ecstasy,
In which those few who earnestly quest it, eventually become it.
Some call it, God, by many names – Mystery is mine.
That which has no name, disregards all.

* * * *

Creation is the awareness, through quantum stardust, evolving from atoms into molecules,
Mutating into genes, into cells, into life forms, playing out consciousness,
In whatever way the patterning of the mystery allows.
And the one and only You, the real You, always the witness.

* * * *

Soul |sōl| noun … is defined as the spiritual or immaterial part,
Of a human being or animal, regarded as immortal.
Part? What part? How can it be a part?
Let us not confuse that which is indivisibly, eternal immortal,
With the imaginary personality, the trite character born of time-bound consciousness.
Let us not fall into the egocentric trap, that its ephemeral nature,
Is anything, that is in any way, exclusionary.

* * * *

To be that, which is prior to consciousness,
To be that, which is but unending awareness,
To be that, which is nada-nil-zilch nothingness,
To be that, is to be the eternal unicity in all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

* * * *

Conscience, scruples, principles, standards, values,
Ethics, ideals, virtues, integrity, morality, right and wrong.
Pillars of civilization, for those who have full belly and safe harbor.

* * * *

What if You knew today is your last,
But have no idea where or when or why or how it will happen.
How will You live it? Where will You go? What will You do? Who will You see? What will You say?

* * * *

Where would time be, without stars and sun and moon?
Without the tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock of clocks on walls?
Without ever-changing digital numbers, scribing silent screens?
What is time, but a mind-made collusion, pretending eternity is real?

* * * *

Never an easy task to re-condition, re-habituate, re-acclimate, re-orient,

Re-train an old dog, whether of the four-legged variety, or a mere two.

* * * *

Humankind is the alien species on this spinning world,
Acting out as terrifying a Twilight Zone screenplay,
As any science fiction writer could ever conceive.
Pity all the beasts who have suffered our rise.

* * * *

When You were young, time did not exist, because there was no history,
Against which to ruminate, to evaluate, to estimate, to duplicate, to reflect.
You were free of the weight of mind, of ego, and all the bother of self-imagery.
To discern that state of rejuvenation, to throw off the yoke of time, is the challenge.

* * * *

The unbearable lightness of being, is, well, unbearable,
In a topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards-upside-down-right-side-up-convoluted,
Sort of way.

* * * *

What to do, when You quickly or slowly realize, that none of it really matters.
Albert Camus stated: There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide.
Jiddu Krishnamurti's answer, was a little less ominous: Do whatever amuses You.

* * * *

Meld, mix, merge, blend, fuse, combine, amalgamate,
Melt, mingle, disappear, dissolve, fade, vanish, evaporate, disappear, dissipate,
Mend, set, bond, join, restore, integrate, unite, heal,
Into the oneness You truly are.

* * * *

Be grateful to all the one-percenters and their minions for working so hard,
Building their castles, climbing their mountains, fighting their wars, counting their gold,
So that You can wander about their busy-busy world, in a state of mind, as infinite, as awareness allows,
Far more often than they, in all their mansions and jets and yachts and limousines.

* * * *

The tipping point of the human epoch is long past,
And all born from now on, must endure, must brave, must withstand, the ride ahead,
In whatever way the wagging winds of time blow.

* * * *

… awareness …
… awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …

… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness …
… awareness …

… Ad infinitum …

* * * *

In the tale ‘The Emperor's New Clothes,’ a tale of a vain king, swept up by a deceitful notion,
The young child, too young to understand the desirability of keeping up the pretense,
Cries out the truth no one else dared: "But he isn't wearing anything at all!"
And if You step back a bit, You will clearly see the human paradigm,
Is based entirely, on the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity trickery, of consciousness,
An imaginary dreamtime reality, to which the eternal truth has no allegiance, whatsoever.

* * * *

Born of an intangible, indelible, ineffable, indivisible mystery,
Over which we have little or no say, little or no control, little or no anything.
We are all alone, together, playing out our whimsical little fates,
Which ultimately have no meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

Most prefer one lie or another,
So, the question for anyone who would lead,
Is whether to feed them falsehoods, they willingly follow,
Or the truths, they will, without hesitation ignore.

* * * *

Why identify with anything or anyone? Why belong to any group?
Wander empty, wander anonymous, wander absolute, wander free.

* * * *

What makes anyone follow? What make anyone lead?
Is anyone really worth following? Is that leader really a leader?
Where is there to follow? Where is there to lead?

* * * *

Whether it is a rock, a statue, a painting, a concept, or flesh and blood;
Whether it is Persian, Greek, Roman, Taoist, Hindu, Buddhist, Celtic, Aztec, or any other;
Idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.
Just because it is your cultural construct,
Does not make it any less narrow or false or absurd.

* * * *

How can anyone look out at this overdone once-upon-a-garden world,

And think it progressing, simply because there are daily more human beings,
Daily more buildings and roads and technologies and unending clutter?

* * * *

Is there really a universe, a cosmos jam-packed with galaxies?
Or simply an indivisible matrix, an awareness,
Timelessly dreaming a universe?

* * * *

Every Rome, every empire, will fall one day or another; lucky, if it is not on You.
And if it does, so-it-goes-too-bad-so-sorry-oh-well-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on.

* * * *

If You can imagine anything, without needing to act everything out,
You will have an interesting, stimulating, easy-going existence,
With far fewer consequences to play out in the long run.

* * * *

The stream of consciousness is everything,
From shallow and wide, to deep and narrow,
From slow and tranquil, to swift and untamable,
And meanders every variety of tack, across all time.

* * * *

To give your imaginary self, completely over to the awareness,
Is to be free of all the conditioning, free of all the indoctrination, free of all the brainwashing.
Just play out the life sentence, just be witness to the dreamtime,
For which You never asked.

* * * *

What is the point? What is not the point? And why does there even need to be a point?
But for the obsessively driven, genetic predisposition, of the human mind,
There would never have even been, the meaningless conception,
That in all of creation, there was such a vain beast.

* * * *

We are all the same ineffable, indivisible, immortal, mystery of awareness.
It is consciousness, that envisions every imaginable difference.
There is, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

So many regrets, so many things You would do differently, or likely not at all.
Would that there were more of a rewind button, than measly imagination.
But, then again, what regrets would there be, but for imagination?

* * * *

Is the space-time born of consciousness,
Anything more than the creation of desire and fear and dread,

Indelibly imprinted in the genetic code?

* * * *

Melding with truth cannot be forced.
Effortlessness is the way to the Way.

* * * *

You are awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Everything else is but the endless confabulation of imagination.

* * * *

In the wrestling match between nature and human consciousness,
It is not all that arduous, to predict which will inevitably triumph.
Malthus was only off, by a relatively few cycles, of the given star.

* * * *

What a beast, deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), in its mindless quest for immortality,
That it would relentlessly persevere in propagating consciousness,
Into so many hazardous, torturous circumstances:
Ailments, illnesses, infections, viruses, syndromes, diseases,
Maladies, disorders, accidents, disasters, misfortunes, catastrophes,
Mishaps, malaise, mayhem, turmoil, havoc, bedlam, anarchy, pandemonium,
Calamites, conflicts, and every other sort of indescribably painful whatever, ad infinitum.

* * * *

And the moral of the story of the human epoch,
And its imaginary stream of consciousness,
Through all its myriad mortal filters,
Is?

* * * *

The predator's fang and claw, the prey's swiftness,
And the untamed, brutish, Darwinian wild between.

* * * *

You might become excruciatingly aware of your conditioning,
Your indoctrination, your habituation, your domestication,
Your brainwashing, your programming, your encoding,
But whether or not You can fundamentally change it,
Is an experiment You must investigate very much alone.

* * * *

What is normal?
What is not normal?

* * * *

You imagine there is point to all this absurdity?
Well, no, there is not, there never was, there never will be.

It is simply an emanating, kaleidoscoping, hologram of pointlessness,
Seemingly destined to play out, until there is absolutely nothing left to play out.

* * * *

If not today, maybe tomorrow.
If not tomorrow, maybe the next day.
If not the next day, maybe the next, or the one after, or the one after that,
Or maybe never.

* * * *

The senses created the illusion of space and time,
And space and time created the mind.
A quantum circle jerk.

* * * *

What is desire, what is fear, what is dread,
But the projection of possibilities,
Given the weight of passion.

* * * *

Love and compassion, animosity and indifference, or some conduit between,
Or perhaps what equally, indifferently, permeates them all:
The equanimity of pure awareness.

* * * *

The nowness that You perceive, the nowness to which You cling,
The nowness that You every moment, spin into your dream of time,
Is already nothing more, than the ephemeral ash of imagination.

* * * *

Always curious, how humans rationalize any given scenario differently,
Depending on whether or not, it is their tribe, their team, their view, their anything.
Yet another monkey thing, playing out the given egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric;
The me-myself-and-I, around which the entire human paradigm ceaselessly orbits.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning, and all the passions of vanity, are overrated.
Only in unmitigated detachment, is there any resolution to the human absurdity.
Stop knowing, stop caring, stand alone, wander alone, absolute and free.

* * * *

Except for their physical presence,
Those who have died, are as much with You,
As they were when they were alive.
It is all the play of mind.

* * * *

Where are You, in the ever-present moment,

But the neural theater of consciousness, of imagination.
That play of mind that You believe, that You assume, real and true.

* * * *

Science can never measure, more than the kaleidoscoping veil, of the electromagnetic spectrum.
The immeasurable is immeasurable, no matter how intricate the veneer, technology might weave.

* * * *

Wear a 'kick me' sign, and give them a button to an electrical shocker, to push, as well.
Guaranteed more than a few, will get great joy, launching firm kicks, as they click away.

* * * *

You are as short as You are tall, as tall as You are short.
You are as small as You are large, as large as You are small.
You are as weak as You are strong, as strong as You are weak.
You are as ugly as You are beautiful, as beautiful as You are ugly.
You are as stupid as You are smart, as smart as You are stupid.
You are as foolish as You are wise, as wise as You are foolish.
You are as unreal as You are real, as real as You are unreal.

* * * *

How can You prepare for death,
But by living every timeless, eternal moment, as attentively as possible.
Death is in the living.

* * * *

Scientists are explorers of the mysterious unknown, of the perpetual enigma,
Using ever-evolving technology, to fathom beyond the limits of the sensory panorama,
Yet restricted all the while, by the conditioned mind, through which they perceive,
Through which they futilely measure, but a veil, of that which is immeasurable.

* * * *

How far is far? How close is close? How large is large? How small is small?
The elephant asked the mouse, who answered, "Even God does not know."

* * * *

All speculation shall hereby cease. hereby desist,
And all well-meaning witnesses, shall, from here on, refrain,
From any further mentioning, any further hinting, any further pretending,
About anything of the esoteric, that they do not, cannot, know.
They shall be silent, and keep counsel to themselves,
That the thistles of the world might declaw,
And the age of humankind, carry on,
In a more agreeable manner.

Pfft, yeah, right, sure.

* * * *

Unify within and without, until within and without, dissolve into a stillness,
In which the boundaries, the movement of imagination, disappear.
And the harmony of the manifest, becomes Self apparent.

* * * *

Another day of the blissful nirvana,
Of shopping-shopping-and-still-more-shopping,
For more, of what likely, was never needed in the first place.

* * * *

Awareness, peers out from the emptiness, through the filters of consciousness,
Which tailors the world, the cosmos, to its own conditioned, self-absorbed design.

* * * *

In consciousness, You are a human becoming.
In awareness, You are a human being.

* * * *

What is death, but one day not waking up,
And the ripples of corporeal existence, ceasing to emanate,
Into whatever fragment of the cosmos, your given dreamtime played out.
Whether or not, You left any footprint after your departure, is not for You to ever perceive.
Only the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, immortal mystery, witnesses all,
In the awareness, the nothingness, the oblivion, that is, and is not.

* * * *

Another moment, becoming yet another vague memory,
In the baggage train of mind, and all its inflated perceptions,
Of this so-called reality, and the collusion, in which it participates.

* * * *

To put behind You, all paradigms consciousness might concoct,
Is to expand into a state of sovereignty, no finite mind can grasp.

* * * *

Eternity whisks away every footstep, without thought, without remorse.
Only the sensory mind-body, bound to the dream of time,
Imagines any of it, ultimately real.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation, of all the ecstasies and agonies,
That have brought You to this point, in the eternity of mind.

* * * *

We all have many experiences that call us, many interests that draw us, down long and winding paths.
It could be family or friends or community or work or politics or religion or business or ivory tower.
Or creativity or nature or travel or cooking or shopping or sports or current events or heroic causes.
Or sex or gambling or drugs or lying or cheating or stealing or wreaking or blathering incoherently.

Or merely perching day after day, in front of televisions or computers, or in taverns or coffee shops.
We encounter many things in our given windows of time – the scroll is as long as imagination allows.
But as our dream moves on, and we steadily age, our diversions, our amusements, slowly whittle down.
And whatever it is, in the end, that drums most loudly in the mind's eye, will be capstone to one's destiny.

* * * *

Challenging as it may be to detach,
From the many pleasures, the many pains, mind and body tender,
The ultimate reality, is that nothing ever actually touches, the immortal You, that You truly are.
Imagination, has always believed itself, more real than it can ever be.

* * * *

When it comes down to the nuts and bolts of this whodunit,
It is what it is, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Nothing that anyone believes about it, truly matters.
It is all the same grist, grinding away in the same mill.

* * * *

Quibbling over evolution, quibbling over chromosomes, quibbling over anything,
Does not change the most essential, the most ineffaceable, the most indivisible reality,
That everything is connected, and that any origin, any means, will ever remain a mystery.

* * * *

All things are equally the creation of the entirety, none are more or less.
Even discerning it, does not bestow any more quantum standing.
To lay any claim upon it, is naught but hollow prattle.

* * * *

There is me, and there is Me.
There is the You, that is separate, that is different,
And there is the You, that is the same as Me.
One imaginary, the other, as real and true,
As any vat of nothingness, can ever be.

* * * *

The passions can be a heady mix of emotions, often impetuous, barely controllable.
From Wikipedia, a list of the A-to-W ways, it can play out in any of us: affection, anger,
Angst, anguish, annoyance, anticipation, anxiety, apathy, arousal, awe, boredom, confidence,
Contempt, contentment, courage, curiosity, depression, desire, despair, disappointment, disgust,
Distrust, ecstasy, embarrassment, empathy, envy, euphoria, fear, frustration, gratitude, grief,
Guilt, happiness, hatred, hope, horror, hostility, humiliation, interest, jealousy, joy,
Loneliness, love, lust, outrage, panic, passion, pity, pleasure, pride, rage, regret,
Remorse, resentment, sadness, saudade, schadenfreude, self-confidence,
Shame, shock, shyness, sorrow, suffering, surprise, trust, wonder,
Worry, and who knows how many honorable mentions,
In the hard-wiring, of the jungles of long ago.
We are the Planet of the Apes, indeed.

* * * *

… breathe in nothingness …
… breathe out nothingness … breathe out nothingness …
… breathe out nothingness … breathe out nothingness … breathe out nothingness …
… breathe out nothingness … breathe out nothingness …
… breathe in nothingness …

* * * *

Is the human paradigm, really any different, than any petri dish lab experiment?
Any different, than any microorganism overrunning its given geography,
As it instinctively propagates, toward its inexorable extinction.
The biological imperative, will out and out, again and again, forever again.

* * * *

Awareness is the baseline of all consciousness,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the dimension.
Prior to that eternal stillness, that timeless now,
It is naught but an unfathomable mystery.

* * * *

A world of causes, ever-emanating into effects, and effects ever-emanating into causes.
In a world of ever-emanating consequences, free will ever be a debatable assumption.

* * * *

It is what it is.
You get what You get.
You can only do so much with it.

* * * *

How real, how alive, can the quantum of the electromagnetic spectrum ever be,
But through the streaming mix 'n match of the given sensory theater,
And whatever delusions of imagination it orchestrates.

* * * *

Eternity, does not at all, careen or lurch.
It does not sputter, it does not shake.
It does not jerk, it does not strain.
It does not stick, it does not slip.
It does not tick, it does not tock.
It does not do anything, but be exactly what it is,
Which is to kaleidoscope, to emanate, smoother than silk, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Same witness, in every concoction,
Each one brilliant, each one ignorant,
In their own unique and predictable way.

* * * *

What a foolish pretender, to wander into Jerusalem, believing the powers that were really cared,
What he was going to say, what he was going to do, if it threatened their world in any way.
Their power, their renown, their fortune, was not about to be surrendered to an upstart.
To a self-proclaimed, wannabe messiah – martyred, all alone, on a barren mount.
How expedient to get oneself mythologized, at such a marketable young age.

* * * *

What need for faith in anything?
What is faith but a form of intellectual laziness,
A lack of discerning exactness, a lack of discipline for critical inquiry,
To discover the truth of this mystery, for one Self.

* * * *

You think imagination reigns?
Think again, Pilgrim, think again.
It will soon be, as if You were never born.

* * * *

All attachment to the temporal is pointless.
The sense of Self, exists only for as long, as the mind-body is able to function,
In the manner, its nature-nurture conditioning, has concocted.
Its inevitable death extinguishes all.

* * * *

Politics, economics, religion, sports, movies, et cetera, et cetera,
Are nothing more than the yabber of minds bent on distraction.

* * * *

Death happens.
Whether in a few minutes, a few hours, a few weeks, a few months, or thousands of years,
All living creatures endure one mortal clock, one mortal conclusion or another,
And everything now living, will someday stumble to its graveyard.
Only the genomes, the blueprints that shape existence,
Can lay claim to nominal immortality,
In Darwin's natural-selection breeding program.
And then, even the most hardy, will inevitably face extinction.

* * * *

Do not confuse the brain, that is creating this timeless manifest dream,
With the time-bound mind, that is through imagination interpreting it.

* * * *

To know that which is mystery, that which is absolute,
You must engage in the ever-present moment, to such a degree,
As to completely forget, whatever temporal role,
You imagine the awareness to be.

* * * *

Eternal life is not something remembered, not something born of the mind in time.
It is merely being the timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, the timeless emptiness, You truly are.
There is nothing to become, nothing to prove, nothing to maintain, nothing to pretend.
To be in that state of timeless quietude, is to be all there is to be.

* * * *

The conditioning, the habituation, the programming, the indoctrination, the brainwashing,
Is hypnotizing, mesmerizing, absorbing, enthralling, spellbinding, captivating, convincing, blinding.
How much more challenging it is, to be what You really, truly are, than what You pretend to be.

* * * *

Why would anything, ever have to be done, in any certain way?
To be locked into any particular view, is to miss the fact,
That the way is forever boundless and unaligned.

* * * *

If You are a hardcore religious wingnut, a true believer of the dittohead persuasion,
What would You do, if You actually met your messiah, your prophet, your guru,
And did not believe him, did not adore him, wished You had never even heard of him?
Would it aggravate You, would it wake You up, or would You just start searching for another?

* * * *

No belief, no faith, no dogma, is required.
Let go of consciousness, of thought, of imagination.
Simply be the awareness, You truly are.
Simply be the given here now.

* * * *

What are the nerves – eyes and ears and nose and tongue and flesh, in the human paradigm –
But the mortal tendrils to all heavens, to all hells, and all the purgatories between.
Each and every organism, an entirely matchless cosmos unto its Self.

* * * *

Most people across the world only wake up long enough,
To swallow another blue pill, and push the snooze button.

* * * *

You have never existed as more than a thought.
How can the ephemeral ever-present, the timeless moment,
The indivisible quantum, ever be alive, but through imaginary notion?

* * * *

How can a collection of self-replicating molecules –
Chemical reactions, organized matter – be called life?

* * * *

This singular instant is all it is.
There is nothing more, nothing less, for it to be.

Discern the immeasurable expanse, between becoming and being.

* * * *

See it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it, as awareness alone, uncarved,
Without the imaginary self-perception, and all its a priori attachments.

* * * *

The only law in a Darwinian world, is the ability to adapt to change.
It may not be the strongest, nor the most intelligent that continue,
But by enabling weakness, by fostering political correctness,
Civilization assures its decline, and eventual destruction.

* * * *

These writings are for the rare few, inclined to fully examine the underlying form of existence.
Best stop quickly, if You lack the doubt, the skepticism, the cynicism, required.
Elsewise, You might find yourself down an infinite rabbit hole,
For which You have neither hunger nor aptitude.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity; there is no way out.
The delusion, that You even think You exist, is vanity.

* * * *

You are awareness, as infinitesimally small, as You are infinitely large.
You are awareness, neither infinitesimally small, nor infinitely large.
You are the awareness, that is neither infinitesimal, nor infinite at all.

* * * *

The burden of time,
The burden of history,
The burden of tradition,
Are the burden of mind.

* * * *

Does the descending spiral of revenge, have any end,
Without some sort of letting go, some form of detachment,
Whether through forgiveness, or simply a shrug of the shoulders?

* * * *

The absolute is absolutely indifferent,
To the variable winds of ecstasy and agony,
That transpire, in the consciousness, born of mind.

* * * *

You did not ask to be born, so why not play your existence, in whatever way suits You?
To be bound by any other's expectations, is to miss out exploring your own potential.

* * * *

Hell is in the details, and those little wonders of bother,
Tend to multiply exponentially, and in accelerating fashion.

* * * *

Do not even for a moment, expect others to worship your indivisible realization.
More than a few would be only too willing to slit your throat,
Or fling You into a deep-dark-dank leper's den.
You are on your, so-it-goes-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on, own.

* * * *

Conflict is rarely spawned by just one factor, one issue, one difference,
And any win-win solution, if that is the goal in any negotiation,
Requires all parties to tether their pride to some degree.
Wrong assumptions, taking things personally, is a sure road to war.

* * * *

What need for the sanction of any other,
Once You discern the mystery You truly are.

* * * *

You have played out every conceivable mythological role:
God, Allah, Brahmin, Tao, Buddha, Christ, and on and on, ad infinitum.
None of them are anything more than collusions, born of the idolatrous monkey-mind.
Let them all go, give Self over to the eternal awareness, prior to all naming, prior to all imagination.
There absolutely is no need, to be, to pretend, anything more, than the timeless stillness,
The quantum indivisibility, You are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

No, that new technology is not going to save us;
Only further postpone the Malthusian inevitability.

* * * *

Does the tiger think itself a tiger? The whale, a whale?
The shark, a shark? The crow, a crow? The snake, a snake? The frog, a frog?
The ant, an ant? The spider, a spider? The worm, a worm? The weed, a weed? A microbe, a microbe?
Or do they all merely act out the given instinctual patterns,
That all this mystery's creatures small to great,
Play out in harmonized fashion; a ballet that knows no bounds.
And is humankind, despite all the pretenses of consciousness, really doing any different?

* * * *

The quantum matrix is a spaceless, timeless, immeasurable fact.
Measure it, evaluate it, in every way imaginable, even unto the big crunch,
All anyone will ever calculate, all anyone will ever speculate, is but the veil of illusion.

* * * *

Contentment is the final challenge of existence,
And gratitude, the vehicle to that ethereal conclusion.

* * * *

It took all of creation for humankind to reach its first billion,
And only a smidgen over two hundred years to hive up toward eight billion.
No matter how the numbers are crunched, there is no happy ending to the human epoch.

* * * *

Most every human being, has at least one group, one tribe, with which they repeatedly identify.
It is a monkey thing, for which we were hard-wired, in the canopied jungles of long ago.
To stand alone, entirely free of any identification, may well be almost impossible,
For all but the rarest of the rarest of the rare, and even then, very unlikely.

* * * *

How insipidly tedious and stagnant, so many lives are forced to become,
To offset the grinding debt, modern lifestyles far too often attain.
How enviable the unadorned existence of our ancestors,
In their hunting-gathering shelters and caves.
Not easy, of course, but far less bother,
Than striving to keep up with the Joneses.

* * * *

Despite all its innumerable strengths, all its determined exertions, in the quest for truth,
The scientific mind, is ever-hampered in its quest for objectivity,
By its very subjective limitations.

* * * *

Once the sensory cosmos convinces the mind, to take its awareness seriously,
It is condemned to play an imaginary, impromptu role, until death does it part.

* * * *

Physical pain and discomfort, have a tendency to put a damper on attitude.
And along with watching this garden orb spiral into every sort of horror and absurdity,
Can be a substantial challenge, to any Sisyphus, daily rolling the boulder up the hill.
Any Atlas, bothering to carry the weight of heaven and earth, upon his shoulders.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is not a teacher in this manifest play?
Family, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, enemies,
All the places, all the things, all the many creatures small to great,
All the stars, all the worlds, all the moons, all the particles, speeding on high,
Do they not all give You pause, to ponder on, to wonder about, anything and everything?

* * * *

The source for one, is the source for all,
Which means in the ever-changing quantum theater,
All things small to great, are ever consuming, ever being consumed.
It is an inseparable, kaleidoscoping, one-in-all-all-in-one, god-eat-god, perpetuity.

* * * *

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

* * * *

See the light,
Hear the light,
Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

* * * *

Some call it, God.
Some call it, Allah.
Some call it, Yahweh.
Some call it, Brahman.
Some call it, Quantum.
Some call it, Jehovah.
Some call it, Shiva.
Some call it, Tao.
I call it, Mystery.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I am only a hypocrite when bored out of my mind, and just can't help my Self.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain't no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don't bear telling.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
But I am only a hypocrite when given moments of vanity force my hand.

I may be a liar, I may be a cheat, I may be a thief,
And I may daily conspire every variety of murder and mayhem,
But at least I ain't no Jesus-loving-god-forsaken-double-dealing hypocrite.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
That said, hypocrisy and pretentiousness are not strangers at the table, either.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between bouts of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.

But at least I am not a hypocrite more often than vain notion calls.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And whatever that does not deal with makes me a hypocrite, too.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And sometimes, when the mood strikes, I even go rogue and dip into hypocrisy.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And let us not leave out all the hypocrisy that dallies between the cracks.

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit.

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least You are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

Do not even for a second believe that I did not more than a few times play the demon.
I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And I am guardian serving and protecting all.
I am consciousness,
Every facet unfurled as the given time calls.

59 Moments to the Way It Is (And Is Not)
The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#$*!?

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism
59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Heaven

59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity

59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility
59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments … To Be Continued

Breadcrumbs 2018

Be What You Gotta Be

Be what You gotta be.
Do what You gotta do.
See what You gotta see.
Feel what You gotta feel.
Shit what You gotta shit.
Like what You gotta like.
Love what You gotta love.
Play what You gotta play.
Hate what You gotta hate.
Hear what You gotta hear.
Taste what You gotta taste.
Think what You gotta think.
Sweat what You gotta sweat.
Dream what You gotta dream.
Breathe what You gotta breathe.
Consume what You gotta consume.
Believe what You gotta believe.
Smell what You gotta smell.
Own what You gotta own.
Toss what You gotta toss.
Kill what You gotta kill.
Die what You gotta die.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Monarchs of the Mind

Pride, more pride, even more pride.
Envy, more envy, even more envy.
Lust, more lust, even more lust.
Sloth, more sloth, even more sloth.
Greed, more greed, even more greed.
Wrath, more wrath, even more wrath.
Gluttony, more gluttony, even more gluttony.
The Seven Deadly Sins: Monarchs of the human mind.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Why Should There Be? How Can There Be?

Why should there be, how can there be, any who?
Why should there be, how can there be, any what?
Why should there be, how can there be, any where?
Why should there be, how can there be, any when?
Why should there be, how can there be, any why?
Why should there be, how can there be, any how?

Breadcrumbs 2018

You Are, You Are Not

You are this set of biological functions; You are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; You are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; You are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; You are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; You are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; You are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; You are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; You are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; You are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; You are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; You are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; You are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; You are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; You are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; You are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; You are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; You are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; You are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; You are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; You are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; You are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Titles on Consciousness

The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Depths of Consciousness
The Cloud of Consciousness
The Conscious Eye
The Parameters of Consciousness
The Nuances of Consciousness
The Miasma of Human Consciousness
The Maelstrom of Human Consciousness
Paradigms of Consciousness
The Conscious Breath
The Conscious Witness
The Matrix of Consciousness
The Sands of Consciousness
The Bounds of Consciousness
The Theater of Consciousness
The Big Bang of Consciousness
The Sphere of Consciousness
Consciousness is Smoke; Awareness, Fire
Self Consciousness
The Spectrum of Consciousness
The Living Death of Consciousness
The Collusion of Consciousness
The Winds of Consciousness
The Relativity of Consciousness
Consciousness or Awareness, Your Choice
Ethereal Awareness, Ephemeral Consciousness
Consciousness Measures, Awareness Streams
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
Faces of Consciousness
Harbors of Consciousness
Windows of Consciousness
Streaming Consciousness
Consciousness is the Flaw
The Fog of Consciousness
The Dance of Consciousness
The Bane of Consciousness
Instinct Slathered with Consciousness
The Absurdity of Consciousness
A Collusion of Consciousness
The Schizophrenia of Consciousness
The Mystery of Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness, Prior to Quantum
The Motley Winds of Consciousness
The Netherworld of Consciousness
The Hubris of Consciousness

The Bravado of Consciousness
Wandering the Relativity of Consciousness
The Narcissist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Web of Consciousness
The Contractions of Consciousness
The Awareness Prior to Consciousness
The Oppression of Consciousness
The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness
Consciousness, the Usurper
The Gordian Knot of Consciousness
Consciousness (a.k.a., Imagination)
The Trilogy of Consciousness
The Whims of Consciousness
The Shallows of Consciousness
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
The Pleasure of Consciousness
The Pain of Consciousness

The Trilogy of Consciousness:
Power, Fame, Fortune

The Ever-Changing Consciousness:
Remembering and Forgetting Its Imaginary Creation.

Titles, Titles & More Titles 2018

The First and Last Freedom

In the pure nihilistic mind,
The mind that doubts everything,
The mind that no longer seeks meaning,
The mind that no longer necessitates purpose,
The mind that no longer acknowledges dogma,
The mind that no longer maintains principles,
The mind that no longer asserts knowledge,
The mind that literally believes nothing,
The first and last freedom reigns.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Even More

Effing the ineffable, more effing the ineffable, even more effing the ineffable.
Gobbledygook, more gobbledygook, even more gobbledygook.
Human drivel, more human drivel, even more human drivel.
Mind gorp, more mind gorp, even more mind gorp.
Much ado about nothing, more much ado about nothing, even more much ado about nothing.
Dogma, more dogma, even more dogma.
Glory, more glory, even more glory.
Vanity, more vanity, even more vanity.
Chaos, more chaos, even more chaos.
Absurdity, more absurdity, even more absurdity.
Rules, more rules, even more rules.
Laws, more laws, even more laws.
Power, more power, even more power.
Fame, more fame, even more fame.
Fortune, more fortune, even more fortune.
Concepts, more concepts, even more concepts.
Done, more done, even more done.
Scourge, more scourge, even more scourge.
Mind doodles, more mind doodles, even more mind doodles.
Déjà vu, more déjà vu, even more déjà vu.
Metaphors, more metaphors, even more metaphors.
Consequences, more consequences, even more consequences.
Meaninglessness, more meaninglessness, even more meaninglessness.
Purposelessness, more purposelessness, even more purposelessness.
Me, myself, and I, more me, myself, and I, even more me, myself, and I.
Cute, more cute, even more cute.
Entitlement, more entitlement, even more entitlement.
Duh, more duh, even more duh.
Doh, more doh, even more doh.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Say whaaaat?!!, more say whaaaat?!!, even more say whaaaat?!!
Tool-making, more tool-making, even more tool-making.
Home invasion, more home invasion, even more home invasion.
Deception, more deception, even more deception.
Civilization, more civilization, even more civilization.
Savagery, more savagery, even more savagery.
Delusion, more delusion, even more delusion.
Confusion, more confusion, even more confusion.
Revenge, more revenge, even more revenge.
Forgiveness, more forgiveness, even more forgiveness.
Folderol, more folderol, even more folderol.
Be here now, more be here now, even more be here now.
Be there now, more be there now, even more be there now.
Nowhere now, more nowhere now, even more nowhere now.
Life of moi, more life of moi, even more life of moi.

End is nigh, more end is nigh, even more end is nigh.
Nowhere, more nowhere, even more nowhere.
Bragging, more bragging, even more bragging.
Dramas, more dramas, even more dramas.
Soap operas, more soap operas, even more soap operas.
Insoluble problems, more insoluble problems, even more insoluble problems.
Empowerment, more empowerment, even more empowerment.
Disempowerment, more disempowerment, even more disempowerment.
Self-absorption, more self-absorption, even more self-absorption.
Self-aggrandizement, more self-aggrandizement, even more self-aggrandizement.
Opening game, more opening game, even more opening game.
Middle game, more middle game, even more middle game.
End game, more end game, even more end game.
Projects, more projects, even more projects.
Conundrums, more conundrums, even more conundrums.
Play the gray, more play the gray, even more play the gray.
No-others, more no-others, even more no-others.
Intelligencia, more intelligencia, even more intelligencia.
Aristocracy, more aristocracy, even more aristocracy.
Plutocracy, more plutocracy, even more plutocracy.
Oligarchy, more oligarchy, even more oligarchy.
Tyranny, more tyranny, even more tyranny.
Bourgeois, more bourgeois, even more bourgeois.
Proletariat, more proletariat, even more proletariat.
Deplorables, more deplorables, even more deplorables.
Legalisms, more legalisms, even more legalisms.
Number-crunchers, more number-crunchers, even more number-crunchers.
Politicians, more politicians, even more politicians.
Lawyers, more lawyers, even more legalists.
Bureaucrats, more bureaucrats, even more bureaucrats.
Technocrats, more technocrats, even more technocrats.
Political intrigue, more political intrigue, even more political intrigue.
Philosophical babble, more philosophical babble, even more philosophical babble.
Lone ranger, more lone ranger, even more lone ranger.
Pleasure, more pleasure, even more pleasure.
Pain, more pain, even more pain.
Death, more death, even more death.
Killing, more killing, even more killing.
Desperation, more desperation, even more desperation.
Problems, more problems, even more problems.
Solutions, more solutions, even more solutions.
Answers, more answers, even more answers.
Questions, more questions, even more questions.
Punctuation, more punctuation, even more punctuation.
Words, more words, even more words.
Food, more food, even more food.
Sustenance, more sustenance, even more sustenance.
Pathos, more pathos, even more pathos.

Anguish, more anguish, even more anguish.
Tragedy, more tragedy, even more tragedy.
Joy, more joy, even more joy.
Sorrow, more sorrow, even more sorrow.
Misery, more misery, even more misery.
Grief, more grief, even more grief.
Drugs, more drugs, even more drugs.
Sickness, more sickness, even more sickness.
Technology, more technology, even more technology.
Engineering, more engineering, even more engineering.
Science, more science, even more science.
Buzz, more buzz, even more buzz.
Noise, more noise, even more noise.
Knowledge, more knowledge, even more knowledge.
Plagiarism, more plagiarism, even more plagiarism.
Civility, more civility, even more civility.
Vulgarity, more vulgarity, even more vulgarity.
Boorishness, more boorishness, even more boorishness.
Incivility, more incivility, even more incivility.
Coarseness, more coarseness, even more coarseness.
Bullying, more bullying, even more bullying.
War, more war, even more war.
Revolution, more revolution, even more revolution.
Unrest, more unrest, even more unrest.
Strife, more strife, even more strife.
Hunger, more hunger, even more hunger.
Hoitytoityville, more Hoitytoityville, even more Hoitytoityville.
Craving, more craving, even more craving.
Contentment, more contentment, even more contentment.
Planet of the Apes, more Planet of the Apes, even More Planet of the Apes.
Something happened, more something happened, even more something happened.
Serenity, more serenity, even more serenity.
Human balderdash, more human balderdash, even more human balderdash.
Eclectic, more eclectic, even more eclectic.
Mystery, more mystery, even more mystery.
Birth, more birth, even more birth.
Paths to glory, more paths to glory, even more paths to glory.
Whining, more whining, even more whining.
Pap, more pap, even more pap.
Space cadet, more space cadet, even more space cadet.
Being, more being, even more being.
Becoming, more becoming, even more becoming.
Thinking, more thinking, even more thinking.
Quietude, more quietude, even more quietude.
Desire, ore desire, even more desire.
Fear, more fear, even more fear.
Dread, more dread, even more dread.
Abyss, more abyss, even more abyss.

Serendipity, more serendipity, even more serendipity.
Illusion, more illusion, even more illusion.
Non sequitur, more non sequitur, even more non sequitur.
Endorphins, more endorphins, even more endorphins.
More, more more, even more more.
Soma, more soma, even more soma.
Babbleon, more babbleon, even more babbleon.
Twitteron, more twitteron, even more twitteron.
Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
Twitterheads, more twitterheads, even more twitterheads.
So it goes, more so it goes, even more so it goes.
Food for words, more food for words, even more food for words.
Ineffable, more ineffable, even more ineffable.
Trees falling, more trees falling, even more trees falling.
No-mind, more no-mind, even more no-mind.
Mindless perception, more mindless perception, even more mindless perception.
Wisdom, more wisdom, even more wisdom.
Foolishness, more foolishness, even more foolishness.
Weariness, more weariness, even more weariness.
Game face, more game face, even more game face.
Practice, more practice, even more practice.
Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
Bittersweet, more bittersweet, even more bittersweet.
Caring, more caring, even more caring.
Non-Caring, more non-caring, even more non-caring.
Sweet, more sweet, even more sweet.
Bitter, more bitter, even more bitter.
Sour, more sour, even more sour.
Smorgasbord, more smorgasbord, even more smorgasbord.
Consumption, more consumption, even more consumption.
Parochial, more parochial, even more parochial.
Cosmopolitan, more cosmopolitan, even more cosmopolitan.
Cruelty, more cruelty, even more cruelty.
Kindness, more kindness, even more kindness.
Nothing, more nothing, even more nothing.
Something, more something, even more something.
Meditation, more meditation, even more meditation.
Contemplation, more contemplation, even more contemplation.
Existence, more existence, even more existence.
Creation, more creation, even more creation.
Void, more void, even more void.
Nil, more nil, even more nil.
Naught, more naught, even more naught.
Brazen, more brazen, even more brazen.
Gold, more gold, even more gold.
Real gold, more real gold, even more real gold.
False gold, more false gold, even more false gold.
Scorn, more scorn, even more scorn.

Desolation, more desolation, even more desolation.
Things, more things, even more things.
Sounds, more sounds, even more sounds.
Sights, more sights, even more sights.
Flavors, more flavors, even more flavors.
Tastes, more tastes, even more tastes.
Smells, more smells, even more smells.
People, more people, even more people.
Nada, more nada, even more nada.
Mindful, more mindful, even more mindful.
Mindless, more mindless, even more mindless.
Wordplay, more wordplay, even more wordplay.
Numbers, more numbers, even more numbers.
Symbols, more symbols, even more symbols.
Images, more images, even more images.
Colors, more colors, even more colors.
Shades of gray, more shades of gray, even more shades of gray.
Forms, more forms, even more forms.
Formless, more formless, even more formless.
Art, more art, even more art.
History, more history, even more history.
Ivory Tower, more Ivory Tower, even more Ivory Tower.
Creativity, more creativity, even more creativity.
Preservation, more preservation, even more preservation.
Destruction, more destruction, even more destruction.
Anthropological events, more anthropological events, even more anthropological events.
Crapola, more crapola, even more crapola.
Yoke, more yoke, even more yoke.
Conversations, more conversations, even more conversations.
Habit, more habit, even more habit.
Rut, more rut, even more rut.
Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.
Human bullshit, more human bullshit, even more human bullshit.
Human babble, more human babble, even more human babble.
Definitions, more definitions, even more definitions.
Grace, more grace, even more grace.
Perfection, more perfection, even more perfection.
Quantum consumption, more quantum consumption, even more quantum consumption.
Futility, more futility, even more futility.
Whodunit, more whodunit, even more whodunit.
Beeps, more beeps, even more beeps.
Gorging, more gorging, even more gorging.
Herd games, more herd games, even more herd games.
Berserko, more berserko, even more berserko.
Calamity, more calamity, even more calamity.
Hobbies, more hobbies, even more hobbies.
Whatchamacallits, more whatchamacallits, even more whatchamacallits.
Wallahoo, more wallahoo, even more wallahoo.

Human chatter, more human chatter, even more human chatter.
Digestion, more digestion, even more digestion.
Indigestion, more indigestion, even more indigestion.
Lies, more lies, even more lies.
Extinction, more extinction, even more extinction.
Migration, more migration, even more migration.
Yabba-dabba-doo, more Yabba-dabba-doo, even more yabba-dabba-doo.
Cleverness, more cleverness, even more cleverness.
Doubt, more doubt, even more doubt.
Quibbling, more quibbling, even more quibbling.
Contrarianism, more contrarianism, even more contrarianism.
Eternity, more eternity, even more eternity.
Indivisibility, more indivisibility, even more indivisibility.
Silly as it is, more silly as it is, even more silly as it is.
Never mind, more never mind, even more never mind.
Wandering on empty, more wandering on empty, even more wandering on empty.
Obviousness, more obviousness, even more obviousness.
Translation, more translation, even more translation.
Virtue, more virtue, even more virtue.
Excellence, more excellence, even more excellence.
Areté, more arête, even more areté.
Possibilities, more possibilities, even more possibilities.
Similarities, more similarities, even more similarities.
Differences, more differences, even more differences.
Edifices, more edifices, even more edifices.
Corruption, more corruption, even more corruption.
Charades, more charades, even more charades.
Bonkers, more bonkers, even more bonkers.
Trivial pursuit, more trivial pursuit, even more trivial pursuit.
Wankers, more wankers, even more wankers.
Pedal to the metal, more pedal to the metal, even more pedal to the metal.
Aphrodisiac, more aphrodisiac, even more aphrodisiac.
Compromise, more compromise, even more compromise.
Half-baked, more half-baked, even more half-baked.
Indifference, more indifference, even more indifference.
Like, more like, even more like.
Dislike, more dislike, even more dislike.
Values, more values, even more values.
Quality, more quality, even more quality.
Shapes, more shapes, even more shapes.
Calculations, more calculations, even more calculations.
Manipulations, more manipulations, even more manipulations.
Truths, more truths, even more truths.
Order, more order, even more order.
Formlessness, more formlessness, even more formlessness.
Awareness, more awareness, even more awareness.
Small talk, more small talk, even more small talk.
Idle chatter, more idle chatter, even more idle chatter.

Great thoughts, more great thoughts, even more great thoughts.
Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
Dangerous toys, more dangerous toys, even more dangerous toys.
Contradiction, more contradiction, even more contradiction.
Psychosis, more psychosis, even more psychosis.
Imaginary friends, more imaginary friends, even more imaginary friends.
Decadence, more decadence, even more decadence.
Hogwash, more hogwash, even more hogwash.
Shenanigans, more shenanigans, even more shenanigans.
Babble-izing, more babble-izing, even more babble-izing.
Sentimentalizing, more sentimentalizing, even more sentimentalizing.
Gaia disrupted, more gaia disrupted, even more gaia disrupted.
Mutuality, more mutuality, even more mutuality.
Human ordeal, more human ordeal, even more human ordeal.
Figurative love, more figurative love, even more figurative love.
Literal love, more literal love, even more literal love.
Witnessing, more witnessing, even more witnessing.
Gibberish, more gibberish, even more gibberish.
Quantum mirage, more quantum mirage, even more quantum mirage.
Quantum dust, more quantum dust, even more quantum dust.
Quantum dust storm, more quantum dust storm, even more quantum dust storm.
Busy, busy, busy; more busy, busy, busy; even more busy, busy, busy.
Tangible, more tangible, even more tangible.
Intangible, more intangible, even more intangible.
Ground, more ground, even more ground.
Essence, more essence, even more essence.
Reality, more reality, even more reality.
Deceit, more deceit, even more deceit.
Past, more past, even more past.
Future, more future, even more future.
Now, more now, even more now.
Clutter, more clutter, even more clutter.
Afterthoughts, more afterthoughts, even more afterthoughts.
Dribble, more dribble, even more dribble.
Naysaying, more naysaying, even more naysaying.
Stuff, more stuff, even more stuff.
Broken, more broken, even more broken.
Strange, more strange, even more strange.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Quantum moi, more quantum moi, even more quantum moi.
Middlemen bullshit, more middlemen bullshit, even more middlemen bullshit.
Yes, more yes, even more yes.
No, more no, even more no.
Maybe, more maybe, even more maybe.
Yes-no-maybe, more yes-no-maybe, even more yes-no-maybe.
Jeopardy, more jeopardy, even more jeopardy.
Drivel, more drivel, even more drivel.
Consumeracracy, more consumeracracy, even more consumeracracy.

Grumpy, more grumpy, even more grumpy.
Mayhem, more mayhem, even more mayhem.
Domestication, more domestication, even more domestication.
Untamable, more untamable, even more untamable.
Repentance, more repentance, even more repentance.
Et cetera, more et cetera, even more et cetera.
Ad infinitum, more ad infinitum, even more ad infinitum.
Ibidem, more ibidem, even more ibidem.
Holding on, more holding on, even more holding on.
Letting go, more letting go, even more letting go.
Dreams of glory, more dreams of glory, even more dreams of glory.
Choices, more choices, even more choices.
Round and round, more round and round, even more round and round.
Quantum dreaming, more quantum dreaming, even more quantum dreaming.
Negation, more negation, even more negation.
Evolution, more evolution, even more evolution.
Carved block, more carved block, even more carved block.
Uncarved block, more uncarved block, even more uncarved block.
Moth and flame, more moth and flame, even more moth and flame.
Unmasking, more unmasking, even more unmasking,
Zoo, more zoo, even more zoo.
Modern daze, more modern daze, even more modern daze.
Rhetoric, more rhetoric, even more rhetoric.
Attributes, more attributes, even more attributes.
Passè, more passé, even more passé.
Wear and tear, more wear and tear, even more wear and tear.
Pain and suffering, more pain and suffering, even more pain and suffering.
Tabula rasa, more tabula rasa, even more tabula rasa.
Beauty, more beauty, even more beauty.
Plain, more plain, even more plain.
Ugly, more ugly, even more ugly.
In-spades, more in-spades, even more in-spades.
Toying with history, more toying with history, even more toying with history.
Change, more change, even more change.
Changeless, more changeless, even more changeless.
Babblespeak, more babblespeak, even more babblespeak.
Nadaville, more nadaville, even more nadaville.
Breathless absurdity, more breathless absurdity, even more breathless absurdity.
Introspection, more introspection, even more introspection.
Extrapolation, more extrapolation, even more extrapolation.
Nuances, more nuances, even more nuances.
Unborn-undy, more unborn-undy, even more unborn-undying.
Endeavor, more endeavor, even more endeavor.
Now and then, more now and then, even more now and then.
Good news, more good news, even more good news.
Bad news, more bad news, even more bad news.
Ugly news, more ugly news, even more ugly news.
Enough, more than enough, even more than enough.

Enough already, more enough already, even more enough already.
Undone again, more undone again, even more undone again.
Quantum fare, more quantum fare, even more quantum fare.
Quantum faire, more quantum faire, even more quantum faire.
World weariness, more world weariness, even more world weariness.
Cheerleading, more cheerleading, even more cheerleading.
Laziness, more laziness, even more laziness.
Humility, more humility, even more humility.
False humility, more false humility, even more false humility.
Life, more life, even more life.
Tribalism, more tribalism, even more tribalism.
Buddhaspeak, more buddhaspeak, even more buddhaspeak.
Passionate mind, more passionate mind, even more passionate mind.
Leftovers, more leftovers, even more leftovers.
One-liners, more one-liners, even more one-liners.
Soundbites, more soundbites, even more soundbites.
Assumptions, more assumptions, even more assumptions.
Sensations, more sensations, even more sensations.
Perceptions, more perceptions, even more perceptions.
Debacles, more debacles, even more debacles.
Connections, more connections, even more connections.
Effort, more effort, even more effort.
Gerrymandering, more gerrymandering, even more gerrymandering.
Accumulation, more accumulation, even more accumulation.
Discarding, more discarding, even more discarding.
Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
Absurdity and horror, more absurdity and horror, even more absurdity and horror.
Might makes right, more might makes right, even more might makes right.
Peter Pan, more Peter Pan, even more Peter Pan.
Pitter-patter, more pitter-patter, even more pitter-patter.
Meaningless chatter, more meaningless chatter, even more meaningless chatter.
Complacency, more complacency, even more complacency.
Hoarding, more hoarding, even more hoarding.
Travels, more travels, even more travels.
Adventures, more adventures, even more adventures.
Journeys, more journeys, even more journeys.
Rumination, more rumination, even more rumination.
Samsara, more samsara, even more samsara.
Smoke, more smoke, even more smoke.
Soundless, more soundless, even more soundless.
Other, more other, even more other.
Bullshit, more bullshit, even more bullshit.
Smoke and mirrors, more smoke and mirrors, even more smoke and mirrors.
Double entendre, more double entendre, even more double entendre.
Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
Herd shit, more herd shit, even more herd shit.
Dabbling, more dabbling, even more dabbling.
Whatthe#$*!, more whatthe#$*!, even more whatthe#$*!

Research needed, more research needed, even more research needed.
Squawking, more squawking, even more squawking.
Charades, more charades, even more charades.
Habitual thinking, more habitual thinking, even more habitual thinking.
Games, more games, even more games.
Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
Go, more go, even more go.
Hubris, more hubris, even more hubris.
Stop, more stop, even more stop.
Yield, more yield, even more yield.
Social distancing, more social distancing, even more social distancing.
Breeding, more breeding, even more breeding.
Aimlessness, more aimlessness, even more aimlessness.
Diminishment, more diminishment, even more diminishment.
Bleak ends, more bleak ends, even more bleak ends.
Regurgitation, more regurgitation, even more regurgitation.
Grand theater, more grand theater, even more grand theater.
Embracing oblivion, more embracing oblivion, even more embracing oblivion.
Chatter, more chatter, even more chatter.
Lists, more lists, even more lists.
Roshambo, more roshambo, even more roshambo.
Finicky, more finicky, even more finicky.
Names and faces, more names and faces, even more names and faces.
Myths and legends, more myths and legends, even more myths and legends.
Progress, more progress, even more progress.
Bottom-feeders, more bottom-feeders, even more bottom-feeders.
Suffering, more suffering, even more suffering.
Moronic, more moronic, even more moronic.
Natural selection, more natural selection, even more natural selection.
Unnatural selection, more unnatural selection, even more unnatural selection.
Capitulation, more capitulation, even more capitulation.
Inner dialogue, more inner dialogue, even more inner dialogue.
Plagiarization, more plagiarization, even more plagiarization.
Duplication, more duplication, even more duplication.
Observation, more observation, even more observation.
Bitter brew, more bitter brew, even more bitter brew.
Mumbo-jumbo, more mumbo-jumbo, even more mumbo-jumbo.
Foul purpose, more foul purpose, even more foul purpose.
Pandora, more pandora, even more pandora.
Storytelling, more storytelling, even more storytelling.
Human concoction, more human concoction, even more human concoction.
Conceptual fray, more conceptual fray, even more conceptual fray.
God-eat-god, more god-eat-god, even more god-eat-god.
Nothing less, more nothing less, even more nothing less.
Nothing more, more nothing more, even more nothing more.
Nothing but, more nothing but, even more nothing but.
Splinters, more splinters, even more splinters.
Selfie madness, more selfie madness, even more selfie madness.

Watching, more watching, even more watching.
Hysteria, more hysteria, even more hysteria.
Perspectives, more perspectives, even more perspectives.
Holy shit, more holy shit, even more holy shit.
Trial and error, more trial and error, even more trial and error.
Inner narration, more inner narration, even more inner narration.
Genomic sequencing, more genomic sequencing, even more genomic sequencing.
Human poppycock, more human poppycock, even more human poppycock.
Subtlety, more subtlety, even more subtlety.
Titles, more titles, even more titles.
Travesty, more travesty, even more travesty.
Irrationality, more irrationality, even more irrationality.
Banality, more banality, even more banality.
Naps, more naps, even more naps.
Processing, more processing, even more processing.
Dittyfesting, more dittyfesting, even more dittyfesting.
Mirages, more mirages, even more mirages.
Dreamtime, more dreamtime, even more dreamtime.
Discord, more discord, even more discord.
Dissipation, more dissipation, even more dissipation.
Distrust, more distrust, even more distrust.
Disgust, more disgust, even more disgust.
Development, more development, even more development.
Distraction, more distraction, even more distraction.
Terror, more terror, even more terror.
Gossip, more gossip, even more gossip.
Nagging, more nagging, even more nagging.
Already forgotten, more already forgotten, even more already forgotten.
Torture, more torture, even more torture.
Just being, more just being, even more just being.
Doofus, more doofus, even more doofus.
Stepping back, more stepping back, even more stepping back.
Sweet surrender, more sweet surrender, even more sweet surrender.
Celebration, more celebration, even more celebration.
Boogaloo, more boogaloo, even more boogaloo.
Nostalgia, more nostalgia, even more nostalgia.
Empty chatter, more empty chatter, even more empty chatter.
Phases, more phases, even more phases.
Hurt, more hurt, even more hurt.
Zip, more zip, even more zip.
Moving on, more moving on, even more moving on.
Pollyanna, more pollyanna, even more pollyanna.
Hidden treasure, more hidden treasure, even more hidden treasure.
Yada yada, more yada yada, even more yada yada.
Intensity, more intensity, even more intensity.
Revelations, more revelations, even more revelations.
Preening, more preening, even more preening.
Chaff, more chaff, even more chaff.

Hooey balooey, more hooey balooey, even more hooey balooey.
Tales of woe, more tales of woe, even more tales of woe.
Middlemen, more middlemen, even more middlemen.
Menus, more menus, even more menus.
Puny thinking, more puny thinking, even more puny thinking.
Fluff, more fluff, even more fluff.
Sisyphus, more Sisyphus, even more Sisyphus.
Joyful curmudgeon, more joyful curmudgeon, even more joyful curmudgeon.
Memories, more memories, even more memories.
Wordsmithing, more wordsmithing, even more wordsmithing.
Reflections, more reflections, even more reflections.
Magical thinking, more magical thinking, even more magical thinking.
Gods, more gods, even more gods.
Deities, more deities, even more deities.
Impressions, more impressions, even more impressions.
Th-th-th-that's all folks, more th-th-th-that's all folks, even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Steeping of Wisdom

Wisdom is the distillation of experience,
All must begin in ignorance, and in that innocence,
Wander through every variety of adventure and misadventure,
Slowly steeping into whatever persona, the nature-nurture has designated.
The rare few who articulate into sages, may one day find themselves hailed upon a stage,
Or anonymous in a plaza, a coffee shop, a bar, a taxi, or any given street corner,
Recounting their long and winding journey upon the trail less travelled,
Spinning, whatever wisdom, whatever truths, they have gleaned.
It is not a calling, for which there is all that much demand,
But in retrospect, was there ever really any choice?

Breadcrumbs 2018

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Imagination is the usurper of the perpetual, everlasting, undying eternal life,
It has created time, and contrived mind into every permutation of Self, imaginable.
It has woven light and sound into arbitrary meaning, and deified shimmer and vibration.
It has commandeered truth, and interminably manipulated it into deceit after deceit after deceit.
And nature, alas, poor nature, so many crimes in every way, so many crimes to every end.

Breadcrumbs 2018

What Need?

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?
What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what You are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is You.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind,
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Boggling and Beyond

All the ever-issuing, ever-kaleidoscoping dynamics;
All the beyond-counting causes and effects, effects and causes;
All the influences, all the elements, all the circumstances, all the features;
All the factors, parts, aspects, issues, things, considerations, components, motivations,
That have led to this point in this dreamy mirage of space and time;
Will never be, even by speculation, known.
Boggling and beyond.

Breadcrumbs 2018

A Solitary Inquiry

The truth of awareness, the truth of what You truly are,
Is the ever-present moment, awaiting your untarnished discernment.
Mindsets across this dream world, may point to it, may ascribe many dogmas to it,
But none, in any way, have any ownership of it, or of your direct perception, of its indelible mystery.
You are indeed very much alone, in your inquiry into the essential, immortal nature.
Put behind any who would deny, any who would limit your quest.

Breadcrumbs 2018

So Many, So Many

So many distractions, so many smokescreens, so many mirages, so many reflections.
So many interruptions, diversions, desperations, disruptions, commotions,
Disturbances, interferences, entertainments, hobbies, pastimes,
Amusements, recreations, anxieties, bewilderments,
Confusions, agitations, troubles, upsets,
Cover-ups, concealments,
Covers, camouflages, screens, masks,
Blinds, decoys, red herrings, disguises, likenesses,
Facades, considerations, indications, signs, musings, replications,
Reproductions, thoughts, figments, contemplations, deliberations, echoes, images,
Manifestations, ruminations, suggestions, expressions, evidences, illusions, visions, signals, fantasies.
So many delusions, so many hallucinations, so many phantasms, so many imaginings.
So much anything, so much everything, all of which keep You from seeing,
How empty and meaningless, this dream ultimately truly is.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Story of the Narrative

The narrative begins, the characters appear.
The narrative advances, the characters develop.
The narrative suspends, the characters endure or die.
The narrative resolves, the characters connect or separate.
The narrative ends, the characters bow, the audience applauds.
And then the critics spew, about things, most could never begin to do.

Breadcrumbs 2018

All That Can Never Be Known

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is this ephemeral phenomenon, called will?
Such an intangible, dynamic force, to have emerged from this mystical-magical garden of creation.
How did it all come about in the African jungles of long ago? What will be its reckoning?
So many questions, so many answers, that no one can ever more than speculations.
We may scrape away ceaselessly at the flotsam and jetsam of remains,
Or ponder the tides and ripples, any given now is creating,
But ever come away with little or nothing more,
Than half-baked ironies and paradoxes.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Cotton Candy of Imagination

Every new day begins with the mind's slumbering dream-state, churning into its waking version,
In which it re-conceives, its imaginary perception of its world, of its universe,
Conjured by the conditioning of its nature-nurture mirage.
The dream-state, into which You awoke at age two,
Is not the dream-state, You awoke to, at age ten or fifteen or thirty,
Nor will it, can it, ever be same at any age, before Charon arrives to collect his coin.
You are but a dreamer, dreaming, and that reverie, no matter how real or true You believe it to be,
Is ultimately nothing more, than the momentary cotton candy, of time-bound imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Just Do It

For at least brief stretches of time, every once in a while,
Both within and without – subdue all thought, refrain from all wordplay.
Let the temporal, imaginary self, go, and just be the ever-present awareness, You truly are.
Call it meditation, call it contemplation, call it whatever sound You please.
Sit, stand, recline, walk, sprint, dance; it does not matter.
No need to formalize that which has no form.
Be … here … now … Just do it.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Church of Reason

The Ivory Tower, is not a tower, nor is it made of ivory, and whatever it is,
The Church of Reason is as full of pride and vanity as any other human endeavor.
As Robert Pirsig so powerfully wrote in the Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:
The real University is a state of mind. It is that great heritage of rational thought that has been
Brought down to us through the centuries and which does not exist at any specific location.
It is a state of mind which is regenerated throughout the centuries by a body of people,
Who traditionally carry the title of professor, but even that title is not part of the real University.
The real University is nothing less than the continuing body of reason itself.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Totality of Fitness

Physical fitness is much more than just strength.
Concepts that also apply: stamina, coordination, dexterity, flexibility,
Quickness, swiftness, alertness, agility, nimbleness, reflexes suppleness, balance, energy, acuity,
Resourcefulness, gumption, grit, potency, vigor, liveliness, momentum, drive,
Dynamic, adroitness, grace, poise, will-power, self-assurance,
Vitality, verve, well-being, wit, and spirit.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The One and Only Real You

The imaginary you, is a function of arbitrary consciousness.
Consciousness, is a function of the quantum synergy.
The quantum, is a function of the still awareness.
Awareness, is a function of the ageless eternity.
Eternity, is a function of the inscrutable mystery.
All of which, comes full circle, back to the real You.

Breadcrumbs 2018

A Cosmic Hoax

You are in truth, nothing more than a random,
Arbitrary, insignificant, timeless smidgeon of consciousness,
A happenstance of the awareness, permeating the electromagnetic spectrum.
Your inflated notions, are nothing more than a cosmic hoax,
To which You are, in imagination, tethered.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Insipidity of Vanity and Greed

To all the aristocrats, the plutocrats, the oligarchs, the tyrants, the despots, the oppressors,
No, despite all your power, all your wealth, all your titles, all your vain assertions,
You are not necessarily the best, nor the brightest, nor the most beautiful.
In fact, You might well be mortified, how pathetic You appear,
To those who see You, and your ceaseless self-absorption, for what is truly is.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Indivisible Moment

How quickly everything becomes its memory.
From all beginnings to all ends, from your beginning to your end,
Everything perpetually, everlastingly, enduringly, immutably, immortally, done and undone.
Everything patterned, everything fated, everything destined, everything kismet.
Change, nothing more than imaginary, sensory-inspired notion.
A quantum dreamer, dreaming a quantum design.
Every moment instantaneously, simultaneously indivisible.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Every Once in a While

No need to allow the raucous world into your mind, at least not all the time.
No need for all those piddling footprints, all those this's and that's,
To always be wandering helter-skelter, muddling things up,
Causing all sorts of bother, both within and without.
Give your Self a timeout, a rest, a breather,
At least now and again, in the every once in a while.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Jungle in the Monkey

History is replete with rebels of every shade.
To stand alone is nothing new under this star's steady gaze.
They have provoked many adjustments, set the course many new directions,
But have any, ever fundamentally rewritten the startup source code, of the human paradigm?
Have any, ever even once, managed to get the jungle out of the monkey?
History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

Breadcrumbs 2018

An Unshakable Paradigm

What is perception, what is thought, what is imagination, but lightning storms in the cranium,
Given whatever meaning and purpose, the winds of nature-nurture have determined.
Call it conditioning, call it habituation, call it teaching, call it programming,
Call it patterning, call it imitating, call it copying, call it designing,
Call it indoctrination, call it domestication, call it brainwashing, call it whatever.
It is what it is, and we as a species have played out, and will always play out, the same paradigm.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Interminable Unknown

Any given cosmos is but a quantum weaving, an inexplicable mystery,
To which all minds bent on inquiry, on examination, on investigation, on analysis,
Must ever waggle their pontificating domes in interminable wonder, that all their conclusions,
All their deductions, all their assumptions, all their inferences, all their suppositions,
Are really nothing more than inconsequential, meaningless speculation.
Even the most brilliant, astute minds, must ultimately realize,
There are ever so many things never to be known.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Of Claims and Assertions

Consciousness is ever fabricating one imaginary more-more-more or another.
Whether tangible or intangible, the indivisible quantum space and time matrix-theater,
Can never be more than a kaleidoscoping light and sound show,
No matter the claim, no matter the assertion.

Breadcrumbs 2018

A Brief and Hollow Dream

Be the indelible mystery of your all-but-infinite universe and its immeasurable unknown.
Be all it is, and is not, from its intangible beginning, to its intangible ending,
And from its intangible before, to its intangible after, as well.
This little mind-body and its fabricated identity,
To which You are so vainly attached,
Is but a very brief, a very hollow dream.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Ubiquitous Moment

All creation is really as modern as it is ancient; all creation is really as ancient as it is modern.
The relativity of the dreamtime You are streamlessly witnessing, and believing so real,
Is tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of years, both ago and hence.
Each and every part and particle very much eternally ever-present,
In all the incalculable pasts, all the incalculable futures, that the indelible awareness,
In every way and shape and manner, simultaneously permeates, in this indivisible quantum theater.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Full Monty: Breadcrumbs 2018 Leftovers

(Major Edit – Untitled)

When were You born?
When You exited your mother's womb?
When You were conceived by the union of sperm and egg?
When the etchings of life first began in some long, long ago primordial puddle?
When the quantum mystery first began forming into the universe?
And what makes You so sure You were ever born at all?
What makes You so sure You are anything more,
Than an imaginary dream of mind?

* * * *

Why have You never even once seen your face?
And how many ever-changing faces do You really have,
Across the indivisibility of your quantum infinity?

* * * *

There are consequences to action, or lack of action.
There are consequences to yes, to no, to maybe.
There are consequences to every turn of the card,
To every roll of the dice, to every spin of the wheel.
Every cause becomes effect, every effect becomes cause.
Creation becomes destruction, destruction becomes creation.
There is no end to the kaleidoscoping wheel of quantum persuasion,
But through awareness, that eternity, is but an unending, ephemeral moment.

* * * *

What to do, when meaning and purpose have lost their sheen, their raison d'être?
Examining the countless writings of seers and philosophers ,across all time and space,
It can be discerned, there are myriad arbitrary rhymes and reasons, to the myriad conclusions.
So, the answer is, as is so often the case in the vain ways of the monkey-mind: Whatever amuses You.

* * * *

It can be very challenging to be responsible for your actions,
Without being a puppet of duty, of obligation, of compulsion.

* * * *

The universe without, is confabulated by the machinations of the universe within.
A quantum tapestry, the cotton candy of imagination, spun from practically nothing.

* * * *

Death while living is the end to the incessant becoming,
Born of the intertwining dance between desire and fear.

* * * *

The awareness requires no self-imagery, whatsoever.

All notions of any identity, any self, immortal or otherwise,
Are nothing more than the perpetual ramblings of consciousness,
Of ever-churning imagination, playing, pretending, deluding itself real.
Neuron trails blazing away this way and that, coining illusion out of nothing.

* * * *

Meditation is its own goalless goal.
A tuning into the timelessness of time.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is nothing to take, there is nothing to give.
There is nothing to spend, there is nothing to save.
There is nothing to become, there is nothing to be.

* * * *

There is only one unborn-undying eternal moment,
And it is ever the indivisible prior-to-consciousness awareness,
Of the indelible, ineffable, ephemeral right here, right now.

* * * *

Without desire there is no fear; without fear there is no you.
Fear is the confabulator of all self-imagery, of all self-delusion.

* * * *

Wanting something from the other, wanting something of the other,
Is but fear's endless quest, to fill nothing with everything imaginable.

* * * *

Dead poets and such will undoubtedly influence many a thinker's existence,
But allow them to run it from the grave?
No.

* * * *

Only the rarest few get inexorably drawn down the rabbit hole less traveled.
Most mind their P's and Q's and hold fast as close as possible,
To whatever thoroughfare their minds allow.

* * * *

Any group, any individual,
Wanting everything for nothing,
Eventually find themselves with nothing.

* * * *

What has science become, but the cataloging of unending, mind-numbing minutia.
How far can it go, before all its technologies, finally leave it with nothing to grasp.

* * * *

Imaginary universe.
Imaginary world.
Imaginary You.

* * * *

Even in the inexorable face of complete and unutterable annihilation,
It is more than likely the greater portion of human beings,
Will fervently cling to their idolatrous notions,
Of one imaginary deity or another.

* * * *

Behavior codes, are as whimsical as dress codes.
To be constrained, by any limited mode of thinking,
Is but the conditioning, of a mind imprisoned in time.

* * * *

What was never born never dies, what never dies was never born.
Only consciousness endures the illusion of birth and death, and life between.
Only unborn-undying awareness, is timelessly, immortally changeless.

* * * *

Aging begets an ever-unfolding set of consequences,
For which compromise and adaptation are requisite.

* * * *

The subtlety of truth, is that it can never be grasped in any way imaginable,
Because it is prior to time, prior to space, prior to consciousness.
Utterly, indivisibly, timelessly, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

A dubious assumption.
Another dubious assumption.
Yet another dubious assumption.

* * * *

What are You, but immortal awareness,
Encased, ensnared, in a mind-body container,
Playing out a temporal meme born of imagination.

* * * *

So it goes.
Too bad.
So sorry.
Oh well.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

* * * *

Life goes on, there is no stopping it.
Facades and names change, narratives change,
But is ever the same on and on and on,
As timeless as it is time-bound.

* * * *

Corporal existence is a rolodex of ever-changing perceptions and values.
How any given mind sees, its self, its world, its cosmos,
Is never the same for long, if at all.

* * * *

Regarding human overpopulation,
It is not just an elephant in the room,
It is an elephant totally filling the room.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream.
The dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

Existence is chock-full of possibilities,
Of which any given mind discerns relatively few,
In its relatively brief statistical sampling.

* * * *

The Goldilocks Syndrome.
In winter, You miss summer; in spring, You miss autumn;
In summer, You miss winter; in autumn, You miss spring.
Discontent is a time-bound melancholy of its own making.

* * * *

Behind the illusory mask,
Behind the imaginary character,
A space, an emptiness, ever unknowable.

* * * *

When sensory-mind surrenders to the ever-present awareness,
The world, the universe, as it is imagined, disappears into a timelessness,
And the senses simply function, as the un-translated, un-rendered dreammakers, they are.

* * * *

According to Wikipedia:

Guṇa is a key concept in Hindu philosophy.
Depending on the context, it means "string, thread, strand",
Or "virtue, merit, excellence", or "quality, peculiarity, attribute, property".

According to this worldview, there are three gunas, that have always been,
And continue to be present in all things and beings in the world.

These three gunas are called:

Sattva is goodness, constructive, harmonious.
Rajas is passion, active, confused.
Tamas is darkness, destructive, chaotic.

According to Apple MacBook Pro dictionary:

Sattva is the quality of goodness, positivity, truth, serenity, balance, peacefulness,
and virtuousness that is drawn towards Dharma and Jnana (knowledge).
Rajas is the innate tendency or quality that drives motion, energy and activity.
Tamas is the quality of inertia, inactivity, dullness, or lethargy.

In each and every thing, in each and every being, these forces uniquely blend.

What is your brew?

* * * *

The youthful pursuit of the many pleasures of mind and body,
Eventually leads to continual attempts to avoid its relentless wearing
– Exhausting, trying, tiresome, irksome, taxing, draining, grueling – tortures.

* * * *

Those who contemplate thoughts of this nature,
Are drawn to discerning and exploring the singularity,
In whatever way their nature-nurture dreamtime has in store.

* * * *

History is process, and process repeats its patterns, but never turns around.
Square one, is a long ago, before the ever-after of time, was ever conceived.

* * * *

The greed for more, more, more, and still more,
Is the driving force behind the human paradigm.
To be truly content with one's lot is rare, indeed.

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily give over its delusional dreamtime,
To the quietude of its original nature, of its timeless awareness,
In which it hither-thither, vainly moves like clouds in the sky.

* * * *

Awareness is aware of every point and particle of the manifest dreamtime.
It is aware of every kaleidoscoping quantum-matrix moment, throughout all eternity.
The many creations it omnisciently witnesses, are aware of it only rarely, if ever.

To awaken to the awareness, the indelible mystery within and without,
To wander through the dreaming, conscious of the omniscience,
Is a center stage role, open to all, but ascertained by few.

* * * *

People come and go in your existence, in every imaginable way, from sweet, to tepid, to bitter.
The brew can be intoxicating or depressing, memorable or scarcely remembered,
But all contribute to your frame of reference, your wily bag of tricks.
Your memories, ranging from passionate to indifferent,
From affection to mourning to loathing.
The churning of thoughts in your mind, is but a dream,
But how You perceive it, how You comprehend it, is how You roll with it.

* * * *

Any game of monopoly naturally leads to a level of greed,
That cannot be undone but by starting over,
And that is only rarely allowed,
And then only through great determination,
Often fused with great violence, and even greater suffering.

* * * *

Never too late to expand that self-absorbed horizon,
That frame of reference, that perspective born of limitation,
To which so many so narcissistically, hedonistically, mindlessly cling.

* * * *

Awareness is the unknowable underpinning of all intelligence.
Creation, is but the sequential progression of its eternal quantum potential,
For dreaming, whatever its kaleidoscoping matrix of a no-mind mystery, has in store.

* * * *

That voice in your head, is nothing more than a recording,
Of imagination's response to its nature-nurture conditioning.

* * * *

Those for whom the limelight is never bright enough,
Those whose avarice can never be satiated,
Those driven to rule over others,
Are caught in a web of self-absorption,
A blaze of vain notion, that cannot be quenched,
No matter how inconceivably successful the undertaking.

* * * *

Curious so many believe Jesus is going to save them,
When he could not even manage to save himself as more than a myth.
Besides which, every living thing already has eternal life,
So what is there to save, what is there to lose?

* * * *

To fully perceive, that You are not this manifestation, is an unending challenge.
The manifest theater, is ever an enticing, hypnotic, call of the sirens.
It is not at all easy to meander in unconditional solitude,
Hypnotized as You are, by cultural paradigms,
Founded upon genetic predisposition,
Towards tribal alliances with individuals and groups,
That evolved through natural selection, in the fierce jungles of long ago.

* * * *

What is politics, but someone offering others whatever they want,
In exchange for something tangible or intangible in return.
A win-win game for them, and perhaps even for a great many others.
But for the rest, well, they will just have to sort it out on their own, will they not?

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.
And, however it may unfold,
If You are contemplating thoughts such as these,
Your destiny may well be, to be an unfathomable eye, of this ineffable dream.

* * * *

The irony and paradox of eternal life, is that the living is in the dying.
So obvious, so clear, guileless, as to be unintelligible,
To all but the most astute eye and ear.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, will consume your body, your mind, your dream, as it does everything else.
The real You, however, is eternally immortal, indivisible, untouched, ever aware.
It is That, which is never born; That, which never dies.

* * * *

The cosmos is indifferent to its myriad dreams, yours included.
The truth is that only imagination cares, only imagination bothers.
Your existence is a jest, an absurdity, to which the most sober response,
Is a great dollop of irony and doubt, especially toward your fictional persona.

* * * *

The true believer, no matter the belief, is caught in the web of space and time,
And can never realize that the meme is but a dream.
That freedom is but a word.

* * * *

No one has ever, could ever, see it the way You have.
Your aloneness is very much equal, to all the aloneness,
Every other sentient being, has ever, or will ever, endure.

* * * *

The joy of aging is spending more and more time,
Dealing with all the consequences of whatever You have done,
With your, very time-bound, very timeless, very unfathomable dreamtime.

* * * *

The many God games.
The Jesus games, the Buddha games,
The Krishna games, the Lao Tzu games, the Moses games,
The Mohammed games, the whatever else games.
Games, games, games, nothing more.

* * * *

You want tranquility?
Let go all passion.
Still the mind.

* * * *

Many people who believe themselves deserving would do well to remember,
That many if not most entitlements, are privileges, not rights.
Not something to expect will always be there.

* * * *

Disengage from the patter of mind.
Dive into the still depths of awareness.

* * * *

Every sentient creature,
Each very much timelessly alone,
Suffers existence in its own very unique way.

* * * *

Awareness is not at all concerned, with what part, what capacity, it is allotted, or for how long.
It will perceive, it will witness, without attachment, whatever way the winds of nature-nurture blow.

* * * *

To perceive the human paradigm,
As anything more than a temporal fabrication of vanity,
Is to miss the indivisible, unblemished, immortal awareness, permeating all eternity.
The illusory quantum dreamtime, is but a means to all the endings,
That are harvested from all the beginnings,
None of which ever really-truly,
Even once happened.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, seemingly offers every imaginable distraction,
To seduce hungry minds, away from discerning the mystery permeating all creation.
Perhaps a rare few are not beguiled at all, and others awaken only after long and winding quests,
But most are adrift, in the labyrinth of vanity and greed, for their entire etch of a dream.

Gorging in every conceivable way, to fill the emptiness that cannot be filled.
Racing to their mortal ends, still ravenous for more, more, more.

* * * *

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to Mystery
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit
59 Moments to History
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism
59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy

59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility

59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments to Ad Infinitum
59 Moments to Et Cetera
59 Moments … To Be Continued

* * * *

You are the mystery, eternally infinite, indelible, alone.
All else, all other, all new, all old, all anything, all everything,
Are but imaginary notions, no matter how seemingly real and true.
Time and space, are but illusion, fashioned by the sensory quantum mind.
This ever-present, ever-motionless, unborn-undying moment, is all there truly is.

All experience, all knowledge, all reflection, is ultimately, but an inconsequential dream.

* * * *

Even the most subtle words, the most intricate explanations, cannot encapsulate reality,
For that which is indivisible, is prior to all things born of the imaginary mind.
It is only in the prior-to-consciousness awareness of the no-mind,
In which the earnest seeker of truth, can find solace.

* * * *

The attributes of mental and physical health,
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:
Acuity, adroitness, agility, alertness, athleticism, balance, brawniness, cardio, tone,
Concentration, coordination, core, drive, energy, fitness, dexterity, discipline, durability, dynamism,
Ease, efficiency, effortlessness, élan, endurance, energy, equilibrium, fitness, flexibility, fluidity,
Grit, gumption, hardiness, healthiness, ingenuity, litheness, liveliness, might, muscularity,
Nimbleness, poise, potency, power, proficiency, quality, quickness, reaction, resilience,
Resoluteness, robustness, self-assurance, sharpness, skill, slickness, speed, spryness,
Stability, stamina, staying power, steadiness, strength, sturdiness, suppleness,
Swiftness, toughness, velocity, verve, vigor, vitality, vivacity, willpower.
Best not leave wellbeing to chance, if You wish to live long and well.

* * * *

The ego, the id, the superego, the character, the persona, the self – call it what You will –
Is nothing more, than the sum of imagination's attachments to all the memories, all the perceptions,
All the recordings, in which it harbors the frame of reference, to which it invariably clings.
The echoing, that plays over and over, as identity, as individuality, as exceptional.
The inexplicable saga, born of evolution, the I-am-this-I-am-not-that,
In which the human paradigm, perpetually finds fusion.

* * * *

What You are is a quantum configuration.
What could possibly be real or true about that?
Is a statue carved of marble, the statue, or the marble?
Enjoy the magical mystery tour, as best ye may,
But try to remember, at least occasionally,
A dream is all it is, was, will ever be,
In the indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

How big is big? How small is small?
And when it comes down to it,
How tall are You tall?

* * * *

So, You believe You know what normal is,
And I suppose, You think You are, too, eh?

* * * *

Even at the conclusion of this mortal game, what is left but more of the Seven Deadlies.
Pride and Envy and Gluttony and Lust and Wrath and Greed and Sloth.
More passion, more vanity, more of this, more of that.
And here You are, already so chock-full of the insatiable meaninglessness,
That the appetite for more, has lost all significance, as anything more than monotonous habit.

* * * *

What is the human race, but a cancerous paradigm,
Voraciously bent, both consciously and unconsciously,
On consuming the incredible diversity of this garden world,
In every way, through every means, for every purpose imaginable.

* * * *

If there is truly is no other,
If it truly is naught but a dream,
What part of it, is there to experience?
What part of it, is there to connect?
What part of it, is there to save?

* * * *

The scientists have all their hypotheses and theories.
The mathematicians have all their definitions, axioms, theorems, and proofs.
The philosophers have all their rational arguments, and the meditators have all their zafus and walls,
And all, in the final analysis, find themselves roaming about the same diddly-squat.

* * * *

The no-mind is a state of awareness, a state of perfect detachment,
In which the sensory illusion timelessly kaleidoscopes with nary a trace.
It is a state prior to consciousness, a state prior to all creation, all destruction.

* * * *

Civilizations across all times, all geographies,
Have been established upon every imaginable assumption.
None have long withstood the countless trials, the continuous friction,
With which they have been every moment, berated and battered by consciousness.

* * * *

All this knowledge that humankind has fabricated,
All these words, all these numbers, all these notes, all these whatever;
The challenge is to stir them, mingle them, blend them, into their quantum indivisibility,
And discern the illusionary matrix in which they timelessly dance.

* * * *

That which is prior to consciousness, is also prior to physics.
The quantum theater is but a kaleidoscoping theater of light and sound.
Much ado, weaving through the timeless-spaceless, of the ever-present awareness.

* * * *

People of all ages addictively searching their many screens,
Is akin to watching dogs getting jerked on their choke chains.

* * * *

What is the worship of one deity or another,
But the great dread's attempt to grasp, to contain,
The indivisible, the nothingness, the emptiness, the void,
With the ever-hollow hope for more, more, more.

* * * *

What is thought, what is imagination, what is creativity, what is fear,
But an instinctive response of the given brain to oxygen deprivation.

* * * *

What domino, or combination of dominos, will trigger the collapse?
Will it be natural causes: solar flare, comet, volcanic eruption, climate change?
Will it be human causes: overpopulation and shortages of food, water, and other resources?
Biospheric breakdown, pandemic, economic or technological collapse, nuclear or biological holocaust?
How interesting it would be to have that science-fictional time machine.
Meanwhile, speculation abounds.

* * * *

Greed is core motivation for humankind.
Consciousness's insatiable voraciousness for more,
Will not be tempered by any force, but its inevitable extinction,
Whether by natural cause, or of its own machination.
It is only a question of when and how, not if.

* * * *

Yet another meaningless act: aimless, blank, carrying-no-great-weight,
Empty, futile, having-no-effect, hollow, incoherent, incomprehensible, inconsequential,
Insignificant, insincere, irrelevant, pointless, purposeless, senseless, throwaway,
Trivial, trifling, unimportant, unintelligible, vain, valueless, worthless.

* * * *

Do what You gotta do.
See what You gotta see.
Feel what You gotta feel.
Hear what You gotta hear.
Taste what You gotta taste.
Smell what You gotta smell.
Think what You gotta think.
Be what You gotta be.

* * * *

Be what You gotta be.
Do what You gotta do.
See what You gotta see.

Feel what You gotta feel.
Shit what You gotta shit.
Like what You gotta like.
Love what You gotta love.
Play what You gotta play.
Hate what You gotta hate.
Hear what You gotta hear.
Taste what You gotta taste.
Think what You gotta think.
Sweat what You gotta sweat.
Dream what You gotta dream.
Breathe what You gotta breathe.
Consume what You gotta consume.
Believe what You gotta believe.
Smell what You gotta smell.
Own what You gotta own.
Toss what You gotta toss.
Kill what You gotta kill.
Die what You gotta die.

* * * *

It is rarely a smart idea to plant yourself in any of Mother Nature's many danger zones.
And if You are so imprudent, always be prepared to batten down the hatches,
Or sprint very hard, very quickly, in one right direction or another.

* * * *

Being the moment is effortless awareness.
Imagination ever clings to its own creation, its own illusion.
Let go everything, forget everything, rest alone in the timelessness You truly are.

* * * *

Greedy for status, greedy for fortune, greedy for power, greedy for history.
What is the human paradigm, what is the human archetype,
But a precarious cliff of its own making.

* * * *

Yet another domino a-quivering away,
As the world careens madly towards the wall of dissolution,
And not even the hint of squealing brakes.

* * * *

Is the journey to eternity a long and winding road,
Or merely the right-here-right-now of this ever-present moment?
Imagination or awareness, You every moment choose.

* * * *

What is release, but letting go everything imagined, and merely being.
It is the first and last freedom, it is the one and only freedom.

It is the immaculate awareness prior to consciousness.
Tranquil, limitless, sentient, mindful, absolute.
That which is prior to birth and death,
Prior to space, prior to time.

* * * *

Would our ancestors applaud or kill us,
For what we have done to their garden?

* * * *

Pay very close attention.
Enjoy it, endure it, as ye may.
Time passes very, very immediately,
Always materializing brand spanking new,
In the very right here, very right now.

* * * *

Today is the same as it was yesterday, as it will be tomorrow.
This moment is the same as the last moment, as it will be the next.

* * * *

Do not uncritically believe everything you are told.
Contrary to folklore, lemmings do not mindlessly jump off of cliffs.
The truth is, they tend to drown swimming across rivers.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory.
Pay attention to the ever-kaleidoscoping moment.
Endure and enjoy this brief dreamtime as best ye may.
Time does not exist, but, looking back, passes very quickly.

* * * *

For anyone who runs out of agenda, who runs out of meaning and purpose,
What else is there to do, but return to the sanctity of the timeless beingness,
The solitary awareness, the indivisibility of totality, that is witness within.

* * * *

Let go at least some of the avarice, some of the time.
Give as much as your penny-pinching miserly self allows.

* * * *

The food industry will be only too happy to harm, even kill You,
For their bottom line manifesto, for their bottom line gratification.

* * * *

If You run or stand or sit or lie absolutely present in the here now,
Unattached to, unburdened by, any thoughts, any things,
Breathing in, breathing out, in perfect awareness,

The nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but,
You will realign with the simplicity, the grace, the harmony,
The indivisible, the eternal virtuousness, that nature every moment is.

* * * *

What many do not seem to grasp about the evolution of medicine,
Is that participating in any medical procedures, taking any medications,
Means they are essentially participating as lab rats in the evolution of science.
That the outcome contributes to the never-ending statistical progression of research.
And comprehend it or not, like it or not, not participating in the process,
Is, in its own wayward way, also contributing to the evolution.

* * * *

Counting the moments, how silly is that?
Like tallying grains of sand, or stars in the sky.
A reliable way to keep the mind interminably occupied,
But otherwise pretty darned meaningless in the futility of it all.

* * * *

Every time You awaken from a long night's peaceful slumber, or even a pithy siesta,
Your nature-nurture frame of reference, reimagines its temporal rendering of the cosmos.
A quantum mystery that has churned quite efficiently, quite effortlessly, while You were absent.

* * * *

Vanity, and the ceaseless greed, for more, more, more,
Is the ever-churning, insatiable destiny of the human paradigm.
There is no way to prevent it, no way to mitigate it, no way to avoid it.
How far it will go, or how it will end, is anybody's guess,
But rest assured, it will not be pretty.

* * * *

Nature is permeated with an eternal grace,
That consciousness, through knowing, can never attain.
Only in full awakening and surrender, to the underlying awareness,
Can any ever realign with the ultimate reality, upon which all creation functions.

* * * *

How inevitably absurd, asinine, banal, bizarre, blah, bland, boring, characterless,
Childish, colorless, corruptible, daft, deadly, dry, dreary, dull, dullsville, empty, farcical,
Flat, frustrating, futile, hare-brained, hollow, ho-hum, humdrum, idiotic, illogical, impractical,
Inane, incongruous, insipid, irksome, irrational, juvenile, lackluster, lifeless, ludicrous, meaningless,
Mind-numbing, monochrome, monotonous, mundane, not up to much, pathetic, pointless, puerile,
Purposeless, repetitive, ridiculous, 'same old, same old', senseless, silly, soul-annihilating, stale,
Stodgy, strange, stupid, tame, tedious, tired, tiresome, tiring, trite, trivial, trying, uneventful,
Unexciting, uninspiring, uninteresting, uninvolving, unrelieved, unvaried, vulnerable,
Wearing, and generally wishy-washy, the human paradigm has so often become.

* * * *

Self is awareness, awareness is Self.
Timeless, indivisible, unborn-undying, pristine, absolute.
Entirely indifferent to, completely untouched by, any and all imaginary fabrications.

* * * *

Such is the fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable quantum nature of eternity,
That the senses forever lull all but the most judicious minds,
Into a hypnotic state of unavoidable delusion.
Surely as indelibly binding as the instinctual patterning,
Of any other creature this ineffable garden orb has ever fashioned.

* * * *

How is it that humankind has not clearly embraced,
An infinite vision of that which many call God?
A vision that includes anything, everything.
A holistic vision that includes even You.

* * * *

How clearly You discern Self,
Depends how absolutely You can detach,
How far You can stand back, how deep You can dive.
The heart of awareness is a very still state.

* * * *

Any leadership is a reflection of its electorate,
And that can be exceedingly scary at both ends.

* * * *

The lotus blossoms alone, sovereign, absolute.
Be a lotus.

* * * *

Like You are supposed to be forever,
Or even could be forever absorbed and infatuated,
With endless weavings of absurd chatter and other distractions.

* * * *

Such is the fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable nature of eternity's quantum play,
That the senses ever hypnotize the deluded mind, into believing it all real and true.

* * * *

Wealth is a state of mind.
The richest man in the world resides,
In a refugee camp in a lost corner of the world.

* * * *

Everyone responds to their beginning and middle and endgame in their own unique way.
How could vanity, with all its narcissistic and hedonistic notions, play it any other way?

* * * *

Timeless awareness is ever usurped by time-bound imagination.
Awareness is unborn, awareness is undying, awareness is eternal life.
Imagination is but a reverie of past and future, imagination is eternal death.
Knowledge and identification are artificial, knowledge and identification are dead.
To exist in the present, to exist unequivocally, to exist eternally, one must forget everything.

* * * *

Despite all the zeroes, to which the legions of number crunchers subscribe,
Only illusions that the quantum mystery deigns be measured, are measurable.

* * * *

If You want true civilization, You must behave civilly.
History across the board, across time, again and again,
Shows the alternative much less nice, much less pretty.

* * * *

To leave time on the table,
Or not to leave time on the table.
That may well someday be the question.

* * * *

Nobody can actually more than superficially care about You.
Ultimately, You are very much alone, every moment of existence.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Small talk, large talk, any talk, what difference, really?
The ubiquity of chitter-chatter can indeed be insufferable.

* * * *

The adoration, the veneration, the exaltation, the deification, of vanity and greed,
Is mutating the human paradigm, the human condition, the human affliction, the human debacle,
To the lowest common denominator, that imagination is capable of fostering.

* * * *

What would it be like to be the last human being?
Every other two-legged dead and gone,
As alone, as alone could ever be.

* * * *

You do not exist as anything but a temporal figment of imagination.
You are an invention of a neuron trail evolved of an indivisible mystery,
To which all genesis is nothing more than illusion from quantum square one.

* * * *

It is this moment in which all decisions are made.

It is only subjective patterning that sets any course.

* * * *

Science allows much greater breadth and depth, than any other belief system,
And in its purest methodology, has no creed, no dogma, but never-ending investigation.
To settle for less, is to settle for the ceaseless inanities of endless delusions,
Harbored by those who seek to paint everything black and white,
Those incapable of embracing the gray, the mystery is.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of the perpetual, everlasting, undying eternal life,
It has created time, and contrived mind into every permutation of Self, imaginable.
It has woven light and sound into arbitrary meaning, and deified shimmer and vibration.
It has commandeered truth, and interminably manipulated it into deceit after deceit after deceit.
And nature, alas, poor nature, so many crimes in every way, so many crimes to every end.

* * * *

You can do pretty much anything, get away with pretty much anything, once in a while,
But You cannot do anything all the time, especially when there are fill-in the-blank billion people,
Twenty-four hours a day, three hundred sixty-five days a year, until extinction we do depart.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever fabricating one imaginary more-more-more or another.
Whether tangible or intangible, the indivisible quantum space and time matrix-theater,
Can never be more than a kaleidoscoping light and sound show,
No matter the claim, no matter the assertion.

* * * *

If You must have certainty,
If You must have belief,
If You must have faith,
Let it be in the now,
And try to keep up.

* * * *

The forebrain is a movie screen.
Upon which You play again and again,
The imaginary perceptions You call your life.

* * * *

What else could anything else be but You in yet another form.
Whatever the size and shape of that which is indivisible,
There is, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

Call it worry, call it stress, call it anxiety,
Call it dread, call it fear, call it panic, call it terror, call it horror,
It all comes about because your circumstance is mesmerized, your situation is immobilized,

By the evolutionary nature-nurture context of the given mind-body.
Fear finds no harbor in pure awareness.

* * * *

Every cause becomes effect; every effect becomes cause.
Agony and ecstasy are a spectrum, a gamut, a pendulum of outcomes.
The wider the span, the wider the continuum, the more extreme the pains and pleasures.
The narrower the range, the scope, the more moderate the consequences.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a dream of awareness,
Played out in a mortal-quantum-space-time-sensory-mind-body.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

All the mythical creations born of the human paradigm mean diddly-squat.
All are imagined, all are fictitious, all are delusional, from any get-go.
Nothing more than the quest of consciousness, for a sanctuary that can never be.
To be attentive, unassuming, vulnerable, to the ever-kaleidoscoping moment, is the truest way.

* * * *

Human consciousness is a vast, ever-churning ocean of metaphors and analogies.
All of which, despite all their sound, despite all their fury,
Ultimately mean diddly-squat.

* * * *

You are now.
You are awareness.
You are unborn-undying.
You are That I Am.

* * * *

The entire human drama, is really nothing more than mundane quantum fiction.
A fact that will be proven to no one, as soon as the last human standing departs.

* * * *

We quarrel over this, we quarrel over that.
Self-interest is the primal reality that governs all hearts and minds.
Self-interest is the instinctual force, that sentences us and our world, to purgatory and oblivion.

* * * *

Doing something, doing nothing, what difference, really,
But a brief outburst in the mindscape of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Always a good idea to allow the body to rid itself,
Of its poisonous sewage whenever the urge arises.

* * * *

Politician: Someone who, with or without any qualification, any talent,
Believes s/he can and should lead You, in whatever way corruption deigns.

* * * *

Any belief system that promotes dualistic notion is pure delusion,
And deserves absolutely no consideration, no argument, no regard, whatsoever.
Truth is indivisible, and any division, any boundary, is nothing more than human nonsense.

* * * *

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?
What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what You are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is You.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind,
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

* * * *

Brush away the many artifices of mind, of consciousness,
And what is left but uncontaminated awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Pretty rough being born on either end of any spectrum.
Rich or poor, famous or unknown, powerful or powerless.
All have their variations, their permutations, their gyrations.
There is no existence without trials and tribulations,
But the middle deviations of any bell curve,
Generally, beget fewer consequences.

* * * *

First You must realize, that all that ambition for more, is nothing,
And then perchance, You will realize that all that nothing, is You.

* * * *

In the relentless tug of war between consciousness and awareness,
Sometimes You see clearly, sometimes You do not.
So it goes, dust off, move on.

* * * *

What are groups and hierarchies and middlemen, but tollbooths,

To the freedom, that has ever been yours, from any imaginable get-go.

* * * *

Awareness is the timeless, spaceless, unborn, undying, right here, right now, moment,
Which human consciousness, ever grapples to define and explain and analyze and categorize,
And evaluate and capture and predict and limit and expand and mythologize, in every imaginary way.
You are inexorably drawn into the delusionary morass, of the illusion inspired by the senses.
The indefinable is indefinable; what is not obvious, not unequivocal, about that?

* * * *

Imagination is a passing interloper, a fleeting usurper, of eternity.
Space-time is but the distracting illusion of consciousness.
An evolutionary hiccup in the unwritten chronicles,
Of the quantum mystery's pathless nature.

* * * *

Food is just food, when the tongue is just a tongue.
Whether You live to eat, or eat to live,
Moderation is ever key.

* * * *

There is nothing more to become,
Than what You are, have ever been, will ever be.
All else, all other, is imagined.

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow.
Maybe the day after tomorrow.
Maybe next week, next month, next year, or maybe never.
What matter, really?

* * * *

Imagination.
Nothing more.
Nothing less.
Nothing but.

* * * *

To delve into your cosmos, for all its who-what-where-when-why-hows,
Is absorbing, but in the end, matters not even one hair on a donkey's ass.

* * * *

To allow inner peace to fully spread its wings,
To let go all the cravings, all the fears,
What a precious gift to Self,
And why not?

* * * *

Do not just say yes, do yes.
Do not just say no, do no.
Do not just say maybe, do maybe.

* * * *

Down the Rabbit Hole,
Until there is no Rabbit Hole,
And only a Cheshire Cat's grin remains.

* * * *

Can anyone's world view, anyone's life perception,
Ever really change, really evolve, really modify, past a certain point,
Beyond the scope of nature-nurture's given potential.

* * * *

Say yes, do yes.
Say no, do no.
Say maybe, do maybe.

* * * *

It is the mind no longer enticed by the sensory paradigm,
Done with the dreamtime fabrications of imagination,
That returns to the immaculate eternal awareness,
That it is … has always been … will ever be.

* * * *

To be an explorer of consciousness,
You must be an intrinsic part of the experimental process.
The observer and the observed, the perceiver and the perceived, are one in the same.
There is no other.

* * * *

The Faceless One is the one who looks within,
And unequivocally recognizes the indivisibility of all creation.
The one who pierces through all illusion, through all space, through all time,
And logically, rationally, without doubt, discerns there is no other.

* * * *

What is temporal consciousness but a contraction,
A wrinkle, an oscillation, an ebb-and-flow, a once-in-a-while, a now-and-again,
In the immaculate, immeasurable, ever-present awareness.

* * * *

An unfathomable whodunit, an unfathomable whatdunit,
An unfathomable wheredunit, an unfathomable whendunit,
An unfathomable whydunit, an unfathomable howdunit,
Inexplicably, insolubly, impenetrably, come to life.
An unfathomable nodunit, all the while.

* * * *

What is death but the dissolution of consciousness,
The dissolution of all light, all dark, all pleasure, all pain,
All confabulations of the mind born of imagination.

* * * *

All these seers, mystics, prophets, teachers, call them what You will,
Would whatever they say, have ever occurred to You, on your own?

* * * *

We all gotta be born somewhere.
We all gotta exist somewhere.
We all gotta die somewhere.

* * * *

Hearing that they are far more, far less, than their fictitious little egos,
Is not something, most have either the capacity or interest, in fathoming.

* * * *

The indivisible spaceless-timeless-changeless, is the only eternal reality.
It never happened, if it does not happen every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

The entire cosmos, including this garden world, including You,
Are as insignificant as a particle of dust, on a grain of sand,
On a dry cow paddy, in the middle of a desolate desert,
That no deity worth its brackish, would ever trouble about.

* * * *

There is no point,
There never was a point,
Nor will there ever be a point,
No matter how hard You imagine it so.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, all form, all light, all shadow,
Is but a temporal perception of the mind born of mystery,
In which the quantum ground every moment seamlessly weaves,
An ever-changing timeless tapestry of creation-preservation-destruction.
An eternal play to which You are center-stage witness in every form imaginable.

* * * *

Human beings have five senses dialed into their central processing unit.
Even if there were more or less, it would only expand or lessen the perception,
Of an always spaceless, always timeless, always illusory, holographic dream of time.

* * * *

You woke up again this morning in the same mind-body as yesterday.
Same thoughts, same gender, same language, same surroundings,
Same programming, same self-imagery, same appetites, same endorphins.
Mesmerized, You suited up, put on the game face, and stepped out into your dream.

* * * *

How can a dream, as tangible, as substantial as it may seem, ever be measured?
Even science, incisive as it for all practical purposes appears to be,
Is ultimately little more than another fallacious creed.
The mystery is the mystery is the mystery,
Eternally inscrutable,
No matter how penetrating the mind.

* * * *

What to do in today's offering: Watch, listen, taste, smell, feel,
Whatever lights, whatever sounds, the fairy dust of the mystery may churn.
Try not to get all wrapped up in the mind's hobbling propensity for desire, fear, dread.
Let go all You think You know, just be the pure awareness, You truly are.

* * * *

The mind is a ravenous creature,
And the awareness You truly, timelessly are,
Must discern the wisdom of self-control to reign it well.

* * * *

Imagine if the gladiator contests of Rome had been televised.
Close-ups of men and animals, in savage, bloody, lethal competitions.
With slow-motion replays of indescribably painful moments of extermination.
And the mob – eating hot dogs, drinking beer – roaring for its favorites.
Thumbs up or down, so many circuses born of the human mind.

* * * *

You think, therefore You think You exist.
You think, therefore You think You are real.
You think, therefore You think You will ever be.
Think again.

* * * *

How challenging for the mind to switch off its endless quest for security,
For more of every this and that imaginable, in its temporal sensory theater.

* * * *

What has been, has always been, and not been.
What will be, will always be, and not be.
All nothing more than quantum essence come to life,
Playing out an ever-streaming, temporal dream of space and time.

* * * *

Right now … What are You seeing and hearing and tasting and smelling and feeling?
What are the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the skin, but sensors of the carbon-based kind.
What is real, and what is not real … And need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Shopping, shopping, shopping, shopping.
Buying more than You are well beyond needing.
The never-ending rapaciousness of the insatiable mind.

* * * *

Every human being ever born, has within many potentials.
From fool to sage and every character between, an intricate tapestry is woven.
No one is more or less important than any other, for all are equal in the crest-jewel of consciousness.
The great challenge is to carry on without regret, without remorse, without shame.
And also, without the arrogance of pride and its endless hypocrisies.
Not easy to be so flawed, but it is authentic, it is true.

* * * *

Suicide is about being done with your universe and all the vanities.
All the agonies and ecstasies You have played out in its quantum dreamtime.
The means is merely what You have inclination toward and access to.
However You choose do it, and with whatever quality of mind,
Whether passionate or pragmatic, You choose to do it,
The end, the oblivion, the point and purpose.

* * * *

Few grasp history well enough not to repeat its underlying patterns again and again.
Intelligence and wisdom cannot long prevail over ignorance any more than light can darkness.
Despite all attempts to attain a greater quality of consciousness, to navigate a more enlightened course,
Humankind seems destined to play out its passionate mind until its inescapable extinction.
Between now and then, who knows what agonies and ecstasies will play out.

* * * *

Why would You need the sanction of any other,
To reside peacefully content in your own house?

* * * *

In his quest for enlightenment and inner peace, Siddhartha,
Who could have been a warrior king, chose to be a deadbeat dad,
Abiding homeless in forests and parks, playing God to a court of jesters.
Not a role, for which most have inclination or aptitude, much less aspiration.
And really just another facade, in the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity of it all.

* * * *

Yet another interesting La Mancha Quixote,
Out to save a species, that cannot be saved.
Another interesting book, You need not buy.

Another interesting group, You need not join.

* * * *

What a dream this whole friggin' so-called existence has been.
Nothing more than an ethereal, kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional, touchy-feely,
Subjective, arbitrary, haphazard, space and time matrix,
Quantum mirage of a dream.

* * * *

Call it by whatever moniker slathered in dogma that You will: God, Yahweh, Allah, Brahman, Tao,
Buddha, Akal Purakh, Almighty, Soul, Self, Universe, Mystery, Et Cetera, Whatever.
It fashioned You of its inexplicable, indivisible, beyond-all-pales essence,
That You might one day discover that it is You, and You are it.
It is, therefore You are; You are, therefore it is.
One in the same; the same in one.
There is no duality,
And no dogma is required.

* * * *

Brand it, play it spiritual, if You feel the need,
But the freedom, the liberation, of pure awareness,
Is really just being the timeless here-now, You ever are.
It is prior to all conceptions, all theatrics born of imagination.
You are eternity, eternity is You, enjoy it while You can.

* * * *

How many are truly, deeply interested in You,
If You do not offer the reflection their vanity requires?
And even then, how deep, how true, how long?

* * * *

So many distractions, so many smokescreens, so many mirages, so many reflections.
So many interruptions, diversions, desperations, disruptions, commotions,
Disturbances, interferences, entertainments, hobbies, pastimes,
Amusements, recreations, anxieties, bewilderments,
Confusions, agitations, troubles, upsets,
Cover-ups, concealments,
Covers, camouflages, screens, masks,
Blinds, decoys, red herrings, disguises, likenesses,
Facades, considerations, indications, signs, musings, replications,
Reproductions, thoughts, figments, contemplations, deliberations, echoes, images,
Manifestations, ruminations, suggestions, expressions, evidences, illusions, visions, signals, fantasies.
So many delusions, so many hallucinations, so many phantasms, so many imaginings.
So much anything, so much everything, all of which keep You from seeing,
How empty and meaningless, this dream ultimately truly is.

* * * *

In the ultimate state, You have nothing to do with any of it.

Nothing to do with your temporal reverie of time.
Nothing to do with your illusory little self.
Nothing to do with your corporeal flesh and bones cadaver.
Nothing to do, with what was never You or yours, in any way, any shape, any size.

* * * *

What is truth? What is Self? What is awakening? What is enlightenment? What is liberation?
What is insight? What is illumination? What is satori? What is nirvana? What is moksha?
What is joy? What is bliss? What is ecstasy? What is rapture? What is love? What is heaven?
But conjecture, speculation, hearsay, rumor, theory, until You perchance find your Self here now.

* * * *

All the timepieces,
With their never-ending tick-tick-tick.
Unreal as they have ever been, unreal as they will ever be,
With which the human paradigm surrounds itself, drives itself, measures itself,
Daily unleash, an ever-greater crescendo of absurdity,

* * * *

Within any culture that has ever been or will ever be,
The abiding definition of sanity will always be,
About fitting into the given tribal norm.

* * * *

That gourmet meal will transform into shit.
That glass of wine will transform into piss.
What suffering, what pain, will You endure,
For a few more nibbles, for a few more sips?

* * * *

Be especially circumspect about following anyone who asserts some binding-blinding certainty.
True believers come and go, and one can only hope their delusions,
Journey into obscurity with them.

* * * *

Give all its due, and its do.
There can be no existence without action.
For the manifest dance to play out in the grand indivisibility,
The space-time continuum every moment maintains a meticulous, inflexible reckoning,
Of accounts receivable and accounts payable, across the entire cosmos and beyond.
An accounting that cannot be nullified, no matter how persevering the player.

* * * *

The one is not without the other, the other is not without the one.
It takes two, and who knows how many more, to tango a dreamtime.

* * * *

There are no right or wrong reasons to die.

Death is death; no need to slather it in vanity.

* * * *

All the ever-issuing, ever-kaleidoscoping dynamics;
All the beyond-counting causes and effects, effects and causes;
All the influences, all the elements, all the circumstances, all the features;
All the factors, parts, aspects, issues, things, considerations, components, motivations,
That have led to this point in this dreamy mirage of space and time;
Will never be, even by speculation, known.
Boggling and beyond.

* * * *

With all that ingestion of food and drink and whatever else,
The only things your body really manufacture are piles of shit and pools of piss.
From any beginning to any end, are You really anything more,
Than food for worms and other beasts?

* * * *

Physics is all, and all is physics.
The cosmos is a precise, harmonic, mathematical expression,
Created of an impenetrable, indelible, indivisible mystery, a dynamic prior to consciousness,
That cannot for even one moment be undone by any of its creations.

* * * *

Self is without persona, Self is without attachment.
Without vanity or greed or passion, without timeline or itinerary.
Without meaning or purpose, without like or dislike, without desire or fear or dread.
Without any notion or inkling or concern or perception, whatsoever.

* * * *

The sensory mind-body can be an insatiable beast,
That will almost invariably cause great suffering,
If its occupant lacks the discipline to reign it in.

* * * *

Human emotion is a mammalian evolutionary trait.
Its reality is nothing more than imagination's conditioned responses,
To the given body's ever-changing chemical interactions.
It is a cornerstone of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Yet another factoid, another insight, another harbinger,
Which You will on occasion recollect, until You perchance forget,
Or perish, which for all intents and purposes, is well-nigh the very same thing.

* * * *

Sala-gadoola-menchicka-boo-la bibbidi-bobbidi-boo.
Put 'em together and what have You got?
Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of the agonies and ecstasies of world,
Until the conditioning winds of the given context,
Slowly imprint its reality,
Into the dreamtime of the given mind-body.

* * * *

Someday, when the human species finally goes extinct,
The mutilated world that remains will whirl round and round just the same.
And then someday, in some far different moment, be consumed by the sun, and the cosmos roil on.
We have never even once been as essential as our imaginary vanities,
Have deluded us into believing.

* * * *

The narrative begins, the characters appear.
The narrative advances, the characters develop.
The narrative suspends, the characters endure or die.
The narrative resolves, the characters connect or separate.
The narrative ends, the characters bow, the audience applauds.
And then the critics spew, about things, most could never begin to do.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience,
All must begin in ignorance, and in that innocence,
Wander through every variety of adventure and misadventure,
Slowly steeping into whatever persona, the nature-nurture has designated.
The rare few who articulate into sages, may one day find themselves hailed upon a stage,
Or anonymous in a plaza, a coffee shop, a bar, a taxi, or any given street corner,
Recounting their long and winding journey upon the trail less travelled,
Spinning, whatever wisdom, whatever truths, they have gleaned.
It is not a calling, for which there is all that much demand,
But in retrospect, was there ever really any choice?

* * * *

Believe any who-what-where-when-why-how You will,
There is no supreme divinity out there choreographing your every move.
You are nothing more than eternal awareness, very much alone,
Playing out a temporal, mortal, reverie of consciousness.
Navigating it, free of all claims, is the challenge.

* * * *

What does any mountaintop care for what is beneath it?
What does any seafloor care for what is above it?
Up and down are but illusions of gravity,

Ever whirling in the quantum mass.
The reality of quantum physics.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is, from any far-distant shore, nothing more than noise.
A cauldron of consciousness, of imagination, that has no lasting meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

There is nothing that is separate in this mystery.
If there were to be one deity, or many, somewhere out there,
Rest assured, that it, or they, are ultimately, in no way, different than You.

* * * *

It is what You do, with or without reward, that is your passion.
How fortunate You are, if You are lucky enough to discover it.

* * * *

Are the dreams that stream in sleep, really any more or less real,
Than the three-dimensional one, that kaleidoscopes so exactly, while awake?
How so very quickly, everything the sensory mind-body perceives, becomes its memory.

* * * *

If You were to cease-and-desist your imaginary persona,
What need would there be to justify your being,
To all the other imaginary personas?

* * * *

Every mind's vast cosmos, offers an endless variety of adventures and misadventures.
The choices made every moment, will harvest every variety of consequence,
Which will ever navigate, to new choices, with new consequences.
It is a timeless, relentless kaleidoscoping, until one moment, death arrives,
And the dream merges back into the quantum indivisibility, in which it has ever danced.

* * * *

Seek out there, in any manner, for as long as You please,
You will never discern it, until You look very deeply within.

* * * *

What are so-called good and evil,
But relative states of self-absorption, imaginary all the while.
Different states of consciousness, founded on different values, different frames of reference.
None of which, are in any way lasting or meaningful, in the eye of awareness.

* * * *

If fellow earthlings were to concoct creeds and dogmas and religions about supreme beings,
Would we two-leggeds, who hold fast to the deities we know to be true,
Give them even a scintilla of consideration?

* * * *

The truth of awareness, the truth of what You truly are,
Is the ever-present moment, awaiting your untarnished discernment.
Mindsets across this dream world, may point to it, may ascribe many dogmas to it,
But none, in any way, have any ownership of it, or of your direct perception, of its indelible mystery.
You are indeed very much alone, in your inquiry into the essential, immortal nature.
Put behind any who would deny, any who would limit your quest.

* * * *

Every new day begins with the mind's slumbering dream-state, churning into its waking version,
In which it re-conceives, its imaginary perception of its world, of its universe,
Conjured by the conditioning of its nature-nurture mirage.
The dream-state, into which You awoke at age two,
Is not the dream-state, You awoke to, at age ten or fifteen or thirty,
Nor will it, can it, ever be same at any age, before Charon arrives to collect his coin.
You are but a dreamer, dreaming, and that reverie, no matter how real or true You believe it to be,
Is ultimately nothing more, than the momentary cotton candy, of time-bound imagination.

* * * *

The entirety of human consciousness is potential within all.
How any partake that banquet, that potpourri of natural selection,
Is founded upon the encoding of the given nature-nurture.
You are current issue of all creation come before.

* * * *

What a wretched species we can be.
Absurd beyond all bounds.
Exceedingly tiring.

* * * *

It is in the stillness of the pure awareness within, that You will discern true Self.
The outward show, is but time-bound, sensory-based, illusory distraction,
From the indivisibility, that transcends all beginnings, all endings.

* * * *

The specialist will always trump the generalist in his/her sphere of concentration,
But the generalist will always excel in the pales, where only the untamed survive.

* * * *

There is no time.
No time to be attached, no time to be detached.
The space-time continuum, and all its appearances, are but a kaleidoscoping illusion,
Of which the sensory mind-body partakes but a sliver of its mystery,
And that, only artifice, tainted further by delusion.

* * * *

Vanity accosts every human mind in one way or another,

And if perchance, it does not in the rare spirit,
Few if any will likely ever ponder it,
As anything more than a tad or so eccentric.

* * * *

This manifest quantum stage play is no less an illusory dream, than any nocturnal dream,
Merely because You are seeing it, hearing it, tasting it, smelling it, touching it,
Or perceiving it, in any other way, the sensory-mind might sanction.
It is all a dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

A mind free of false problems,
Is clear and spacious and vigilant awareness.
It is on the You, that You really truly are, to change, to evolve.
Gaia is but a brief distraction, an absorbing illusion.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What is death, but the end of a natured-nurtured manifest dream.
The ending of attachment to consciousness, to imagination,
Which is, in reality, nothing more than a neural thunderstorm,
That mesmerizes awareness, into believing the sensory theater real.

* * * *

What is it to be civilized, and are You?
And what would You be, and what would You do,
If You were not conditioned? If You were not domesticated?

* * * *

How can anyone wander through their existence, not trusting their own mind?
Their own observation, their own inquiry, their own ability to ponder critically?

* * * *

All histories are about perspective; none ever exactly the same.
From whatever vantage any me-myself-and-I is viewing the battlefield,
Every world, every cosmos, is a unique snowflake, entirely born of imagination.

* * * *

We are all broken records, repeating ourselves over and over, the grooves growing deeper, narrower.
Chatting up the same swill to ourselves, our family, our friends, our acquaintances,
And even any wretched strangers, who happen into our paths.
Generally innocuous, sometime annoying,
And shutting up or demise, the only real resolution.

* * * *

Try not to be too attached to labels.
They are not real, nor are they You.

* * * *

Good and evil are but human inventions, fabrications, devices, contrivances,
That could never exist in the ultimate indivisible quantum reality.
Theatrical pretenses of consciousness, at best.

* * * *

For at least brief stretches of time, every once in a while,
Both within and without – subdue all thought, refrain from all wordplay.
Let the temporal, imaginary self, go, and just be the ever-present awareness, You truly are.
Call it meditation, call it contemplation, call it whatever sound You please.
Sit, stand, recline, walk, sprint, dance; it does not matter.
No need to formalize that which has no form.
Be … here … now … Just do it.

* * * *

Words can be tethered to many concepts,
So always best, to, without doubt, define them,
If You would have your meaning and intent unclouded.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is this ephemeral phenomenon, called will?
Such an intangible, dynamic force, to have emerged from this mystical-magical garden of creation.
How did it all come about in the African jungles of long ago? What will be its reckoning?
So many questions, so many answers, that no one can ever more than speculations.
We may scrape away ceaselessly at the flotsam and jetsam of remains,
Or ponder the tides and ripples, any given now is creating,
But ever come away with little or nothing more,
Than half-baked ironies and paradoxes.

* * * *

No one can ever be as absorbed, as captivated, as rivetted, with another's dream,
Anywhere near as much they are, with their own imaginary construction.
How far, how deep, how wide, that narcissistic synergy radiates.
Every kaleidoscoping, quantum-laced, eternal moment,
Weaves the tapestry of humankind's space and time paradigm.

* * * *

How many polarizations the human drama seems able to foster,
Is likely as all but infinite, as the synergy of any given mindscape.

* * * *

What is aging, but enduring a daily growing list of compensations,
For a mind-body, that from the get-go, was a set of mortal limitations.

* * * *

Perhaps, and only just perhaps,
Only the greatest masters are free of vanity.
But only insofar as they do not in mind dwell on the world,

And some temporal imaginary character in it.
The rarest of the rare, indeed.

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune, are inevitably built, inevitably founded, upon the backs of others.
To wander harmlessly in the cauldron of this dream-world, is a rare and noble feat.
Rare to be truly humble, in the churning sea of vanity and greed.
A churning sea, to which the human paradigm is nature-nurture inclined.

* * * *

You are in truth, nothing more than a random,
Arbitrary, insignificant, timeless smidgeon of consciousness,
A happenstance of the awareness, permeating the electromagnetic spectrum.
Your inflated notions, are nothing more than a cosmic hoax,
To which You are, in imagination, tethered.

* * * *

What happened in those deep, dark jungles of long ago,
That shaped our kind into such a cancer upon our Mother?

* * * *

Despite your vanity, your arrogance, ever seeking to convince You otherwise,
It all so very much does not matter even one scintilla of a smidgen of a speck.

* * * *

The space-time continuum,
Weaves along in me, weaves along in You,
So we sing so many songs, and believe them true, so true.
But what is true? What is false? And who decides?
And how true is true? How false is false?
And has any of it ever mattered?

* * * *

What a curious thing, that so many human beings,
Want to believe there surely must be some meaning, some purpose,
Greater than the magical opportunity, to exist for even just a brief time, in the first place.
Where is the humility? The gratitude? The grace? The rapture? The wisdom?
How is it so many, are so deaf and blind, to the wonder of it all?

* * * *

As illusory as any history is in any given fleeting moment,
It is through the flicker of imagination that we direct and gauge actions,
That synergistically shape, sculpt, the dystopian future,
That we cannot, in any way, avert.

* * * *

There is no deity greater or lesser than You.
All are founded of the same eternal mystery.

* * * *

Medals and accolades offer little compensation for arms or legs or minds or lives.
"Thank You for your service" is but a hollow echo to an existence forever altered.

* * * *

Regarding murder and mayhem,
Whether it is a club, or a machete, or a bullet, or a poison, or a bomb,
The result is the same.

* * * *

Extreme cruelty is best reserved for those who genuinely deserve it,
And then, only in as relatively brief and moderate doses,
As the urge for justice (a.k.a., revenge) allows.

* * * *

Be as the newborn in the manger: pure awareness, pure isness, pure nature, pure eternal omnipresence,
Watchfully enduring the winds of nurture, that will shape it, sculpt it, condition it, brainwash it,
Program it, indoctrinate it, persuade it, mold it – into its persona, its will, its destiny.

* * * *

Eternal life, living absolutely, each and every moment, is to waylay all past, to waylay all future.
A free mind, in which nothing has ever happened, nor will ever happen again.
To be so liberated, as to know nothing, is the eternal calling,
To which relatively few feel called.

* * * *

What would a timeline of seers, mystics, and philosophers look like?
What patterns would it make clear of the endless gyrations,
In the shaping, the molding, of the human epoch?

* * * *

Does not the study of physics and all the other sciences,
Make it more than obvious what You truly are, and are not?

* * * *

Existence is but an ever-changing dream,
That is incessantly tagged with every conceivable notion.
But the ephemeral awareness, each and every mind, every moment truly is,
Is most definitely, without doubt, exactly the same.

* * * *

Meditation and contemplation are about real connectiveness.
The garden and cyber varieties are but gray shadows in comparison.
You are the timeless aloneness, and the only need, only want, for connection,
Is but all the imaginary impulses, inspired by desire and fear and dread and whatever.

* * * *

You are that which knows no birth, that which knows no death,
That from which the unborn are born, that from which the born are unborn.
That in which those born, ebb and flow again and again, for as long as mystery deigns.

* * * *

The point and purpose of all labels, should be suspect to any bent on the quest for truth.
To confine anything within a concept, always risks, intentionally or not,
Diminishing, obfuscating, its essential integrity.

* * * *

Abandon all belief that You are a human being,
Or any other imaginable form of conscious design.
You are awareness: timeless, empty, ever alone.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness, is the same in all living creatures.
It is only in the ever-streaming outcomes of nature-nurture,
That all differences are wrought in the dream of time.

* * * *

No culture across this planet, no culture anywhere in time,
Has ever been anything more than a tribal mindset bent on perpetuating itself.
Any prescribed adherence to anything, is nothing more than allowing some other, to rule your mind.
You owe history nothing, but what You freely consent.

* * * *

Creation is the indivisible, sliced and diced in every possible way,
That the omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent awareness,
Might divine its every infinitesimal possibility.

* * * *

Imitation has no truth, no reality, no vibrancy, no joie de vivre, of its own.
It can never be more than a secondhand fabrication of a mind bound in time.

* * * *

The bad news is that your mind-body is most certainly doomed.
The good news is that You are really not this temporal mind-body.
It is merely a vehicle for You to wander, as fate every moment ordains.

* * * *

You are really nothing more than the changeless awareness, performing whatever appearance,
The given mind-body has been conditioned to pretend for the length of the illusion.
The role it has been allotted by natural selection in this ageless mystery.
Enjoy it as best ye may, but try not to take it too personal.

* * * *

The human paradigm is based on collective enterprise,
And all groupthink is steeped in one absurdity or another.

Standing alone, free and clear, with as quiet a mind as possible,
Is the only way to minimize all the capricious delusions,
Of all the assumption churning in the given mind.

* * * *

Only in the complete and utter aloneness of awareness,
Can the freedom of perfect beingness be totally discerned.
All groupthink is founded upon one bogus notion or another.
To stand completely alone is the only liberation from absurdity.

* * * *

The mind born of nature-nurture is a quagmire of endless boundaries.
Endless permutations of consciousness playing out a given set of limitations.
Only in pure the awareness, do all borders dissolve into their quantum indivisibility.
Into the infinity of all potentials, the grand unicity ever has at the ready.

* * * *

Human emotion, human passion, is nothing more,
Than a ravenous concoction of biochemical secretions,
To which consciousness attaches in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Building your tiny little ego up and up,
Has a tendency to put everyone and everything else down.
It is the thermodynamics of vanity thing.

* * * *

Humankind is moving very quickly towards a great lesson,
In the statistical reality, the statistical certainty,
That what goes up must come down.

* * * *

Freedom is a quality of mind.
Get off the trail.
Sculpt your own journey.

* * * *

We are all tedious recordings, that all those around us,
Have likely had to patiently tolerate, more than a few past too many times.
That it would be a tad kinder, to shut up more than occasionally, might well be an understatement.

* * * *

Not everything needs to be experienced over and over.
Sometimes one quick taste is more than enough,
To gain entry into the statistical sample.

* * * *

Despite all your wishing and hoping,

To be somewhere else other than right-here-right now,
It just ain't ever-never going to happen.

* * * *

We are all shaped of the same indivisible quantum clayness.
Each and every one, imagining existence real and true, in their own very unique way.
All nothing more than touchy-feely, three-dimensional dreams,
To which only vain notion can be attached.

* * * *

Creation and preservation and destruction,
Are a simultaneous, every-moment, timeless process,
Played out in the indivisible, unborn-undying quantum matrix.

* * * *

Some are colonizers and settlers.
Some are explorers and discoverers.
Safety and security are not for all.

* * * *

The eternal mystery of awareness,
Beneath an anonymous, ever-kaleidoscoping mask,
Is all You truly are, all You have ever truly been, all You will ever truly be.
If seers keep repeating the same mantra over and over, it is because that is all, it all boils down to,
No matter how many times the vanity and greed of the monkey-mind,
Yearns for more, insists on more, ever seeks more.

* * * *

How many universes might there be on the head of a pin?
And dimensions, well, that is another ditty lost in the mound.

* * * *

Politics and diplomacy are obtuse art forms,
In which directness only rarely finds welcome.

* * * *

Odds are the common sense You assume real and true,
Is only common to You, and those with whom You ally.

* * * *

Civility is the foundation, the keystone, the linchpin, the fulcrum, of civilization.
Morality and ethics, its oft-spouted-oft-ignored stepchildren of the red-headed genus.

* * * *

If your own smidgeon of so-called common sense does not learn ye,
Then pain, master and commander of edification,
Will most surely find a way.

* * * *

To divide eternity by space-time constraints,
Requires mathematical paraxigms, of such scale and proportion,
As to plumb the greatest minds, bound by time as they are, unto their greatest depths.

* * * *

Do You remember back when You were a child,
And knew nothing about yesterday and tomorrow?
Back when You did not have a care in the world?
Back when your mind was pristine stillness?
When You were immaculately absolute?
Exactly.

* * * *

The passions of endless craving, delusional as they are,
Spin a great sense of meaning and purpose to nothing.
It is a cotton candy, great deal of puff, sort of thing.

* * * *

From the great depths of absoluteness,
Great awareness dawns, great vision awakens,
Great thoughts are spoken, great thoughts are written,
And great minds hear, and the light of insight, moves freely on.

* * * *

Whether an audience of just one, or in the millions,
The applause, or the jeering, has the same hollow echo.
To exist for what any other thinks or believes, is to miss out,
On the Self-actualization each and every moment offers.

* * * *

Awareness is about being, consciousness is about becoming.
Those bound to time, are rarely content with its timeless origin.

* * * *

The given mind-body vehicle, is the evolutionary outcome,
Of the natural-selection process, since life's inception.
You are what You are, there is no one to blame.
You must play out, what You must play out.
Call it fate, call it kismet, call it karma,
You have absolutely no say in the matter.

* * * *

An ever-expanding skillset, can be anyone's ticket,
To an assured and beneficial and interesting future.

* * * *

The stream of human consciousness, is the play of stories, ebbing and flowing,

Rounding one corner after another, all its many individual drops, collectively playing out history.
Carrying in it, every narrative, since the first thought of self – of "I am," – came to mind.
How attached are You, to your me-myself-and-I vanity, is the question.

* * * *

Cast loose all binds, that hold You earthbound.
Become a cosmic nomad born anew every moment.

* * * *

The Ivory Tower, is not a tower, nor is it made of ivory, and whatever it is,
The Church of Reason is as full of pride and vanity as any other human endeavor.
As Robert Pirsig so powerfully wrote in the Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:
The real University is a state of mind. It is that great heritage of rational thought that has been
Brought down to us through the centuries and which does not exist at any specific location.
It is a state of mind which is regenerated throughout the centuries by a body of people,
Who traditionally carry the title of professor, but even that title is not part of the real University.
The real University is nothing less than the continuing body of reason itself.

* * * *

Here You are right now, timelessly eternal.
Nothing before or since has ever happened.

* * * *

Much easier to make war than peace.
Much easier to tear down than preserve.
And creation, well, that is just the beginning,
To a dream, with neither beginning, nor ending.

* * * *

Justify your existence?
To who?
To what?
To where?
To when?
To why?
To how?
Pfffft.

* * * *

The known can never attain the unknown.
The mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

As long as You believe, delude, that You are a mind-body, You will abide in space-time.
Only in the pristine clarity, of unblemished awareness, can You discern,
What is not, what never was, what will never be.

* * * *

Is the awakening of satori, one moment, or many?
Is it a one-time experiencing, come and gone?
Or is it a never-beginning-never-ending process,
Of being born anew, each and every unchanging moment.

* * * *

The imaginary you, is a function of arbitrary consciousness.
Consciousness, is a function of the quantum synergy.
The quantum, is a function of the still awareness.
Awareness, is a function of the ageless eternity.
Eternity, is a function of the inscrutable mystery.
All of which, comes full circle, back to the real You.

* * * *

In the existential mind, there is no one to reproach; the eternal moment is all.
Which makes You responsible for everything You choose to do,
As well as everything You choose not to do.
Perhaps an onerous assertion, but as true as any truth is.

* * * *

Each day, the mind-body awakens to a world, a cosmos, it has in imagination built.
Into an immense edifice, confined by the many choices, the given life has woven together.
That in the ultimate, indivisible actuality, are of absolutely no weight, whatsoever.
Atlas holds up an imaginary globe; Sisyphus pushes an imaginary rock.

* * * *

Every mind-body witnesses a unique dreamtime of a cosmos.
Perceptions, perceptions, perceptions, perceptions.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in the untainted, absolute awareness, that You truly are.
The quantum matrix, the play of space and time, is but a finite, temporal means.
Your immortality, your indivisibility, your inexplicability,
Is prior to any and all dreams.

* * * *

The specialist peels away nuance after nuance after nuance.
The generalist, indolent idler that he is, is satisfied with the gist.
As to whether that kernel harbors fact, well, that is a matter of taste.

* * * *

Neither yes nor no,
For nor against,
This nor that,
Tit nor tat,
Good nor evil,
Light nor dark,

Right nor wrong.

* * * *

What are You but a dream of perception,
In a dream of consciousness,
In a dream of mind,
In a dream of time,
In a dream of eternity.

* * * *

If the Grim Reaper were ever to guffaw,
It would surely be longest and loudest,
At those who count themselves great.

* * * *

Beneath the discerning lens of a microscope,
Humankind would be neither as large, nor as exceptional,
As its hollow vanity, every moment imagines.

* * * *

What more are You, than an arbitrary state of perception,
Born into a time-bound, nature-nurtured seed-line,
Within an indivisible evolutionary context.

* * * *

All of history's players, since long before recorded time,
Could never have even begun, to apprehend, how whatever they did,
Has played out in its interminable, indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping emanation.

* * * *

To be still, to resist thought's rising, is the challenge,
Of those who give themselves over to inner quietude.

* * * *

Physical fitness is much more than just strength.
Concepts that also apply: stamina, coordination, dexterity, flexibility,
Quickness, swiftness, alertness, agility, nimbleness, reflexes suppleness, balance, energy, acuity,
Resourcefulness, gumption, grit, potency, vigor, liveliness, momentum, drive,
Dynamic, adroitness, grace, poise, will-power, self-assurance,
Vitality, verve, well-being, wit, and spirit.

* * * *

Return to the primordial awareness,
That You ever are, before all the conditioning of consciousness,
Before the nature-nurture, that shaped You into believing, the quantum illusion, real and true.

* * * *

The assertions, You so vehemently cling to today,

Will likely be forgotten, one tomorrow or another,
Replaced by others, perhaps only just less deceiving.

* * * *

A mystic-philosopher's Sisyphean task, is to wander where only no-mind can go.
To face the aloneness – its angels and demons – without equivocation, without hesitation.
It is a Quixotic Yellow-Brick-Road journey into the timeless fearlessness of boundless awareness.

* * * *

Every culture is a synergistic, miasmic brew of assumptions,
About everything the human mind is hardwired to confabulate.

* * * *

All the little monkeys swarmed out of the deep and dark jungles of Africa,
And dispersed gradually, erratically, relentlessly, savagely, across this great, whirling planet,
Creating, preserving, destroying, anything that obstructed its willful path.
From beginning to end, their own worst enemy.

* * * *

How many more thousands of years will it take,
For all the true believers to finally realize, to finally concede,
That Jesus was only a mortal man, is long dead, and never coming back?
That what is regarded a religion, has never been anything more,
Than a charismatic cult following, from square one.

* * * *

All that is created, must inevitably be destroyed.
But it is that moment of creation, that is the artist's ecstasy.
Its preservation, is but a shadow of that perception.

* * * *

What irrelevant, useless, wretched things –
Beliefs, models, principles, standards, archetypes,
Ideals, values, morals, ethics, exemplars, icons – can be.
As Yoda said, 'Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.'

* * * *

There is only one thing left not to doubt,
And in that, the you that never was,
Becomes the You that ever is.

* * * *

How far can You step back,
Is the question only You can answer,
And that answer may well morph,
Many times, in many ways.

* * * *

Life happens.
Death happens.
So it goes.
Too bad.
So sorry.
Oh well.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

* * * *

Who is anyone to tell another what is true or false,
What is right or wrong, what is sane or insane, what is light or dark.
Each and every one must discern and endure the cosmos,
They very much alone, every moment create.

* * * *

Yesterday and today and tomorrow,
All have their fleeting momentary now,
Across the mystery's kaleidoscoping stage.

* * * *

What are the passions? What are sorrow, anger, lust, love?
What are fervor, ardor, enthusiasm, eagerness, zealousness, vigor,
Fire, fieriness, energy, fervency, animation, spirit, spiritedness, fanaticism,
But temporal-worldly-mundane-secular-mortal concoctions.
Attachments born of the imagined mind-body,
Caught in the dream of time.

* * * *

Discerning how utterly alone You truly are,
Is the only means to the redemption of serenity.

* * * *

Those most likely to endure change, to survive change, even flourish in change.
Are the ones who are most adaptable, flexible, malleable,
And oft times just plain lucky.

* * * *

Christ was not a Christian, why should You be?
Buddha was not a Buddhist, why should You be?
Lao Tzu was not a Taoist, why should You be?
Ist's and Ism's, what are they to the eternal?

* * * *

You can tell those who perceive themselves on the losing end of the culture wars,
By the way they continually refashion their labels and symbols,
And work so hard for recognition and approval.

Only just maybe discerning, that empowerment blooms within.
Assume it so, damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, is the way of the eternal warrior.

* * * *

Most problems get solved to one degree or another, eventually.
What the hey, if it takes a few years, or even a lifetime.
And if You cannot solve it, then sooner or later,
Reaper Dude will kick it back to the Land of So It Goes.

* * * *

The senses, are but mortal devices fashioned by evolution,
That are but streaming smokescreens to the indelible, indivisible reality.
Mirages, imagined by a nature-nurture mind, snared in its dreamy fabrication of time.
Only through doubt, only through detachment, will true Self be discerned.

* * * *

No matter how good it gets for those who strive,
The future is often crumpled in one way or another,
For many if not most, who were stepped on to get there.

* * * *

The quest for truth is about discerning the ultimate true nature.
To fixate on pleasures like love or bliss, or any other emotional notions,
Is nothing more than the mind's never-ending thirst, for mundane gratification.
Serious inquiry is its own singular, disciplined point and purpose.
Poignant sidebars are but time-bound upshots.

* * * *

Look within, and what is there but a stillness, a nothingness, an awareness,
To which imagination fabricates every conceivable meaning and purpose.

* * * *

First billion … 3.8 billion years ago to 1804
2nd billion … 1804 to 1930 … 126 years
3rd billion … 1930 to 1960 … 30 years
4th billion … 1960 to 1974 … 14 years
5th billion … 1974 to 1987 … 13 years
6th billion … 1987 to 1999 … 12 years
7th billion … 1199 to 2011 … 12 years
8th billion … 2011 to 2023 … 12 years
9th billion projected … 2023 to 2037 … 14 years
10th billion projected … 2037 to 2056 … 19 years
11th billion … Let us not get too far ahead of ourselves

* * * *

To all the aristocrats, the plutocrats, the oligarchs, the tyrants, the despots, the oppressors,
No, despite all your power, all your wealth, all your titles, all your vain assertions,
You are not necessarily the best, nor the brightest, nor the most beautiful.

In fact, You might well be mortified, how pathetic You appear,
To those who see You, and your ceaseless self-absorption, for what is truly is.

* * * *

The race to the graveyard is for-sure picking up.
Pardon the dark humor, but it is just a matter of who buries who,
And who is the last bag-of-bones-soon-to-be-cadaver on oxygen in a wheelchair,
Staring blankly, indifferently, at a wall in an Alzheimer's unit.
Realize it or not, like or not, all very Zen.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory.
From all beginnings to all ends, from your beginning to your end,
Everything perpetually, everlastingly, enduringly, immutably, immortally, done and undone.
Everything patterned, everything fated, everything destined, everything kismet.
Change, nothing more than imaginary, sensory-inspired notion.
A quantum dreamer, dreaming a quantum design.
Every moment instantaneously, simultaneously indivisible.

* * * *

In one sooner or later or another,
You may as well stop imputing everyone else,
For what You your Self, have often more than likely created.

* * * *

All of nothing.
All or nothing.
All in nothing.
All and nothing.
All for nothing.
Nothing for all.
Nothing and all.
Nothing in all.
Nothing or all.
Nothing at all.

* * * *

Is the mind-body a function of the cosmos?
Or is the cosmos a function of the mind-body?
Or are they indivisibly, indelibly, one in the same?

* * * *

It is a blend of desire and fear and dread,
That has fashioned You into this imaginary personality,
To which You have yielded, to which You cling, with such ardent resolve.

* * * *

How to forget everything?

Let go everything false, everything imaginary, everything space and time,
Everything not here, everything not now.

* * * *

Even the most well-intentioned two-leggeds, often find despotism hard to resist.
In the Machiavellian-Orwellian horror-ridden melees of statecraft,
It is inevitable, that many, if not most decisions,
Will impact many, and oftentimes cause great suffering, even death.
Better to opt for anonymity and serenity, if craving for power over others is not absorbing.

* * * *

As a horseman uses light reign and balance,
To adroitly, calmly, maneuver a horse, where he wills,
A wise man dwells in Self, to effortlessly shepherd the given mind.

* * * *

The sovereign, indivisible, indelible aloneness, in which You dwell, in which all things dwell,
Cannot be bought or sold or traded or encapsulated, by any word or number or image or symbol.
It is a peerless state, an absolute state – it is the stage, the backdrop, the source, of all dreams of time.

* * * *

The mind is habit.
Habits can be changed.
Attention is required.

* * * *

Eventually, every life form, from smallest to greatest, must face death.
The ultimate, inevitable, unavoidable consequence, of having been born.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

It takes practice to give your imaginary self,
Over to the entirety of the indivisible awareness.
The vanity of the mind-body is not easily discarded.

* * * *

A replete and content existence, may well be less about what is accomplished,
Than the attention, the awareness, that is given to as many fleeting moments as possible.
Time is but the illusion-delusion of sensory-inspired memory, and the imagination it casts future past.
Eternal life is in the perpetual unborn-undying of each and every indivisible instant.

* * * *

The You in you, is the You in all.
And the all in all, is the all in You.

* * * *

Watch … listen … smell … taste … feel … anything, You please.
And know it is nothing more than a sensory-inspired illusion,

That it does not really exist in anything but imagination.
A holographic mirage born within a quantum mind.

* * * *

Who is the who, who asserts claim to anything,
Much less some identity, as ephemeral,
As the ether of light and sound.

* * * *

The flame of the vanities – power, fame, fortune – singes all, and burns many.
Of a quiet, tranquil, trouble-free, unassuming existence,
Little needs be said or done.

* * * *

Peering out through the sensory screen of eyes and ears and tongue and nose and skin,
What do You see? What do You hear? What do You taste? What do You smell? What do You touch?
And what makes You so sure, it is real, has ever been real, will ever be real?

* * * *

Are all those little labels, to which You so zealously cling,
Anything more than patches in a piecemeal raft,
Slowly breaking up in the vast abyss.

* * * *

True wealth has little to do with money or things.
It is a majesty of mind for the truly affluent,
And the curse of mindlessness for those,
For whom enough is never enough.

* * * *

To meander as You please, to stop and examine whatever You please,
In whatever way You please, for as long as You please, to whatever end You please,
Is the way of the maverick, the questioner, the skeptic, the cynic, the doubter, the critical thinker.

* * * *

Memory, evolved in the jungles of Africa,
As a means to survival in the long, oh so long ago,
Has become a means to every trivial pursuit imaginable.

* * * *

The rule of law – defined as the restriction of the arbitrary exercise of power,
By subordinating it to well-defined and established laws – can be a ponderous beast.
A beast whose judgments – everything merciful, everything harsh – are cloaked in precedent.

* * * *

Awareness and health are your only real wealth,
And even they are as ephemeral as any pile of gold.

* * * *

Nature is the only deity.
Its decrees reign supreme for all time.
The laws of men, are but insubstantial, anemic shadows,
Born of one cultural groupthink or another.

* * * *

The serenity a man can know is greatly aided,
When the brain between his legs ceases to work,
Or he discerns the discipline to ignore its call.

* * * *

The smorgasbord of human passions is an endless buffet,
Of every imaginary ecstasy, of every imaginary agony.
How full-to-the-gills of it, will You be, before it is over?

* * * *

The You that is consciousness, and the You that is awareness, are mutually exclusive.
One is born of imagination; the other – prior to life, prior to death – never born at all.

* * * *

In history's breadth and depth,
You are but a shallow, linear, hollow scratch.
Your significance, an imaginary monolith in your mind, is nil.

* * * *

Everyone abides a unique cosmos, each with a variety of sets.
Cultural, political, religious, racial, gender, emotional,
Socio-economic, educational, linguistic, et cetera.
Like snowflakes, all distinct, all true, all false, all the while.

* * * *

This, our modern world, may well be covered, may well be slathered,
With asphalt and cement and steel and glass and plastic,
And every variety of mind-made invention,
But it is ever still a jungle.
Pay attention, You might live longer.

* * * *

It is your mother's sustenance that nurtures You.
When You poison her, ravage her, destroy her,
You poison and ravage and destroy yourself.
That fistful of coin is but paltry compensation.

* * * *

Just because something has not happened,
Does not necessarily mean it cannot, or will not.

* * * *

Politicized science is not bona fide science,
And true science, that is not heeded,
Is but an empty paycheck.

* * * *

No matter how immense, no matter how tiny,
It is a you-eat-You universe, a you-eat-You dream.
Compassion and ethics are but token notions.

* * * *

Do You live to eat, or eat to live?
Constrain You tongue, govern your craving,
Or pay the price, the consequences, in oh so many ways.

* * * *

Observe the mind as You would the sky.
Thoughts as You would clouds and birds and planes.
Disconnected, indifferent, removed, every moment keenly aware.

* * * *

History is replete with rebels of every shade.
To stand alone is nothing new under this star's steady gaze.
They have provoked many adjustments, set the course many new directions,
But have any, ever fundamentally rewritten the startup source code, of the human paradigm?
Have any, ever even once, managed to get the jungle out of the monkey?
History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

* * * *

Doubt, skepticism, cynicism, uncertainty, critical thinking,
Naturally grow in a mind, inordinately bent on unlocking its mystery,
A mind resolved on discerning the reality of consciousness emanating from within.

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness,
Is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

The mind can be heaven, the mind can be purgatory, the mind can be hell … Attitude is all.
Heaven requires a discerning mind, and certain endorphins help, as well.
Oh well and so it goes, if You are unable to manage it,
Or circumstances beyond your control, are running the show.

* * * *

Nothing like finally discerning, finally learning, finally ascertaining, finally realizing,
That assumption, made many years before, was absolutely, off the mark.
Sometimes, so off-kilter, as to be from tip-to-toe opposite,
What You had deluded yourself into believing.

* * * *

You are this set of biological functions; You are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; You are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; You are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; You are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; You are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; You are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; You are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; You are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; You are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; You are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; You are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; You are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; You are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; You are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; You are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; You are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; You are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; You are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; You are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; You are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; You are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

* * * *

What is perception, what is thought, what is imagination, but lightning storms in the cranium,
Given whatever meaning and purpose, the winds of nature-nurture have determined.
Call it conditioning, call it habituation, call it teaching, call it programming,
Call it patterning, call it imitating, call it copying, call it designing,
Call it indoctrination, call it domestication, call it brainwashing, call it whatever.
It is what it is, and we as a species have played out, and will always play out, the same paradigm.

* * * *

The ways and means the vanities dream up, to play out their ceaseless absurdities,
Morph in every conceivable permutation, but are ever the same monkey,
Thinly disguised, by yet another shade-of-gray layer of sparkle.

* * * *

Whittling down the vast muddle of deities to just one,
What a chore, what a power struggle, it has historically proven to be.
And now, what to name this one deity, the wrestling match of these our modern times.
And once that is well-established, what creed, what scripture, what commandments, what dress code,
What, what, what … will ever resolve the ever-expanding arrays of vanity,
We two-leggeds, in every way, portray as truth?

* * * *

Laws, commandments, regulations, rules, decrees, edicts, directives,
Principles, maxims, axioms, dictums, morals, scruples, codes,
Tenets, ethics, mores, values, traditions, beliefs, et cetera,
Are artifices of human invention, as are all the ceaseless deities,
Fabricated to give the carrots of desire, and sticks of fear, greater heft.

* * * *

Becoming and unbecoming, what effort it takes.
Being as nothing is uncomplicated.
Much less quixotic.

* * * *

Any given cosmos is but a quantum weaving, an inexplicable mystery,
To which all minds bent on inquiry, on examination, on investigation, on analysis,
Must ever waggle their pontificating domes in interminable wonder, that all their conclusions,
All their deductions, all their assumptions, all their inferences, all their suppositions,
Are really nothing more than inconsequential, meaningless speculation.
Even the most brilliant, astute minds, must ultimately realize,
There are ever so many things never to be known.

* * * *

The United States of America:
A constitutional republic whose democratic notions about freedom and equality,
Have always been a little more than suspect.

* * * *

You are the clayness, the essence,
The kernal, the substance, the distillation, the chi, the force,
The soul, the spirit, the quantum, the godness,
Call it whatever You will,
Come to life.

* * * *

There are any number of positives and negatives,
To most anything and everything in any decision-making process.
The trick is making pragmatic choices, however any of the variables are weighted,
As often as the given circumstances, the given conditions, allow.

* * * *

Your frame of reference steadily enhances,
With everything You discern, with everything You do.
It is the pulp, the mash, in the still of your ever-bubbling wisdom.
The distillation of the intelligent mind, the distillation of the intelligent design.

* * * *

The one and only mystery, is, has ever been, will ever be,
The immaculate You, that permeates all things small to great.

* * * *

The sage is no greater than any fool or king,
Merely more aware of the awareness,
In which all indivisibly wander.

* * * *

Those who are inspired, who are fated, to delve into this perpetual mystery,
Arrive in every time, in every geography, in every culture, in every size, in every shape.
All are imbued with the same ineffable, immutable, undying awareness.
Quantum is quantum, no matter the smokescreen.

* * * *

Pride, more pride, even more pride.
Envy, more envy, even more envy.
Lust, more lust, even more lust.
Sloth, more sloth, even more sloth.
Greed, more greed, even more greed.
Wrath, more wrath, even more wrath.
Gluttony, more gluttony, even more gluttony.
The Seven Deadly Sins: Monarchs of the human mind.

* * * *

What is the highest high,
But going to the brink of death, riding its edge,
Surviving, but only just barely.

* * * *

What is vanity but a self-absorbed monkey-mind need,
To attain some sort of significance, some sort of meaning, some sort of purpose.
Nothing more than a denial of the inherent aloneness,
The innate anonymity of all.

* * * *

Every moment, a new reckoning, none a continuum,
But for imagination's inclination for time-bound assumptions.
Discern the causeless, discern the effectless, of each and every moment,
And You will be enlightened witness, that the mystery of nature has ever inspired.

* * * *

Science is the investigation of anything and everything,
To whatever degree mind and technology allow.
It is a never-ending process, with an ever-expanding scope.
The challenge for any given scientist, is to keep the pie whole all the while.

* * * *

Leaders should never charge into war,
For once dogs are set loose, once blades are unsheathed,

The long and winding path of destruction and suffering, is harsh and bitter.
Only the one-percenters and their minions prosper unscathed.

* * * *

What can ever truly touch the indivisible emptiness prior to all manifestation,
Prior to all the creation-preservation-destruction of quantum design.
This vast mystery is but a timeless, kaleidoscoping light show,
To which consciousness is but imaginary witness.

* * * *

Titles from the Hopi language used in the Qatsi Trilogy:
Koyaanisqatsi: Unbalanced life.
Powaqqatsi: Parasitic way of life, life in transition.
Naqoyqatsi: Life as war, civilized violence, a life of killing each other.

* * * *

You, in the utter aloneness of pure awareness, are the eternal nowness, the eternal life,
Playing the quantum matrix real, timelessly witnessing the mystery, You are,
The mystery You have ever been, the mystery You will ever be.

* * * *

The mind of mystery,
Is the eye of mystery, the ear of mystery,
The tongue of mystery, the nose of mystery, the touch of mystery.
And all naught but eensy-weensy sensory readers,
Of the grand quantum totality.

* * * *

Sometime the mind imprisons, sometimes the mind frees.
The awareness You are, each and every moment chooses.

* * * *

For all our trifling narcissistic reveries,
All our trifling hedonistic pleasures,
How so very lonely we remain.
Embracing the aloneness,
Is not easy for all.

* * * *

Totally giving your Self over, to the timeless awareness, You truly are,
Is as close as You can ever come, to the indivisible absoluteness,
Of this mystery, that You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

One experiment determines one thing,
Another concludes something entirely different.
Sometimes it takes scientists awhile to fathom the details.
Which causes no end of vexation to those seeking simple answers.

Alas for so many, that the grand mystery is permeated by irony and paradox.

* * * *

From the moment You are conceived,
You begin a long and winding wander.
To one executioner's block or another.
Your fate is etched in the sands of time.

* * * *

Fashioned by consciousness in the ever-kaleidoscoping theater of space and time,
We all together, each in our own unique frame-of-reference way,
Are co-creating, co-preserving, co-destroying.

* * * *

Discern pure awareness,
Prior to all conditioning,
Prior to all said and done,
Prior to all conscious design.

* * * *

Were it not but for all your imaginary, self-absorbed, pleasure-seeking notions,
Would You really be anything more than a vessel filled with crunchy-chewy-gooey?

* * * *

Be the indelible mystery of your all-but-infinite universe and its immeasurable unknown.
Be all it is, and is not, from its intangible beginning, to its intangible ending,
And from its intangible before, to its intangible after, as well.
This little mind-body and its fabricated identity,
To which You are so vainly attached,
Is but a very brief, a very hollow dream.

* * * *

So many concepts describing the same thing,
And the immaculate pie ever whole all the while.

* * * *

Looking back at the long and winding rolodex of perception of your dreamy existence,
Did it ever really happen, is it really happening right now,
And what makes You so sure?

* * * *

The weight of your world, of your cosmos,
Is but a sensory-laden, imaginary one.
Atlas shrugged, and You can, too.

* * * *

All creation is really as modern as it is ancient; all creation is really as ancient as it is modern.
The relativity of the dreamtime You are streamlessly witnessing, and believing so real,

Is tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of years, both ago and hence.
Each and every part and particle very much eternally ever-present,
In all the incalculable pasts, all the incalculable futures, that the indelible awareness,
In every way and shape and manner, simultaneously permeates, in this indivisible quantum theater.

* * * *

Why on earth do You need the sanction of any other?
Be your own law, be your own sovereign, be your own herald,
In your indivisible, ever-present, imaginary kingdom.

* * * *

The mind is swept up by the windy senses,
Into an imaginary existence fashioned by nature-nurture.
To discern the ultimate reality, awareness must release into its eternal abyss.
True nature, true Self, is prior to any and all dimensions,
In this beyond-boggling mystery,
You are.

* * * *

What Now?
What Now!
What Now!?

* * * *

Yet another intellectual device, another outline, another framework, another agenda,
Left to wander alone in the dank, musty, obscure corridors of the Ivory Tower,
Destined never to see the light of any influence, much less fame or fortune.

* * * *

To be at peace, to align with the eternal way,
You must discern the final course, the ultimate tack.
You must leave behind the sphere of imaginary knowing.
You must still the busy mind into its eternal unknown,
Into the awareness prior to little-self consciousness.

* * * *

Heraclitus and Freud wrote of the same smoky truth:
A man's character – the whimsical dance of imagination – is his fate.
Anatomy – the indivisible dance of physics and chemistry and biology – is destiny.

* * * *

One day, on top of the world,
The next, a cocked pistol in the mouth.
The one-breath-at-time of mind can be like that.

* * * *

Just because something does not matter to you,
Does not mean it to be neither true nor important.

* * * *

So many lost in the trees, they never even begin to discern the forest.
And though the trees are endlessly engaging in their own right,
For those who would see, they are ultimately but a means to realize the whole.
As the eyes of age confirm ever again: (The/A) Devil (is) in the detail(s); God is the full monty.

* * * *

We are all very much alone in our own little cosmos.
Peering out from a mask that can never be seen.
A dreamy mystery that can never be known.

* * * *

The definition of success does not in any way, any shape, any size,
Include pride or envy or gluttony or lust or wrath or greed or sloth.

* * * *

The hunger switch – turn it on, turn it off – You choose.
The difference between attachment and detachment,
For anything and everything, is a discerning mind.

* * * *

How will that knack for abiding and thriving in the ecstasies of the digital realms,
Translate into the day-to-day mind, that the mundane nature of adulthood entails?

* * * *

No need to allow the raucous world into your mind, at least not all the time.
No need for all those piddling footprints, all those this's and that's,
To always be wandering helter-skelter, muddling things up,
Causing all sorts of bother, both within and without.
Give your Self a timeout, a rest, a breather,
At least now and again, in the every once in a while.

* * * *

Yes, You may well be quite bright, but rest assured, very few, if any of us,
Is near the wag that the delusions of vanity so inevitably incline.
What the smartest guy in the room could really use,
Is a reality-check slap across the face.

* * * *

The entire ineffable mystery of this cosmos, from big bang to big collapse;
Your entire existence, from conception to last wheezing breath;
Is all happening this very timeless singular moment.
And there is absolutely nothing You can do,
To change even one instant.

* * * *

Awareness moves not.

It is ever-present, ephemeral, eternal.
Only a very still, very composed, very attentive mind,
Can discern it, the singular source of all consciousness, of all dreamtime,
Of all creation, of all preservation, of all destruction.
And from before all beginnings,
To after all endings,
It is all the You, You truly are.

* * * *

What is that which is called God by so many names, but an impersonal all and nothing.
An implausible totality, so absolute, so timeless, as to be everything and nothing all the while.
An eternal quantum mystery so intrinsic, as to be and not be, simultaneously, in every pointless point.
How is it, humankind is not genuinely, beyond all doubt, humbled by its relative insignificance?
How is it, the monkey-mind has been so thoroughly beguiled by narcissism and hedonism?
How is it, we two-leggeds have become such an awful blight, such a rapacious cancer?

* * * *

It matters much less what is going on out there,
Once You discern what is not going on in there.

* * * *

Is it the hardwired, programmed, conditioned consciousness,
That spawns intelligence, that contrives all thoughts and actions?
Or the awareness, that permeates all forms, throughout all creation?

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same jungle, all ultimately equal.
Skin color is nothing more than a matter of latitude,
Of where our more recent ancestors resided.
Cultures are but arbitrary agreements.
We are all enslaved by the chains,
We give harbor in our minds.
Each alone must seek to be free.

* * * *

The now that was then,
And the now that will be when,
Is the one and only now, that has ever been,
In the very right here, very right now.

* * * *

What a mesmerizing, absorbing thing, the sensory mind.
Over and over, it is drawn into the delusion of illusion.
You must be very still, very attentive, very discerning,
To be the timeless, indivisible absoluteness, You truly are.
A courageousness, that transcends birth and death, is required.

* * * *

Breathing in, breathing out, as fully, as deeply, as You can,
Is as much as the mystery of eternity can offer.
It is as present as You can ever be.

* * * *

Living and dying each and every moment, is the way of the mind given over,
To the mysterious, ever-emanating nowness, of eternal awareness.
Space-time is but the illusion of the neuron trail.

* * * *

What is the tongue but a nerve-ridden muscular organ,
That any given mind employs to perceive sweet, salty, sour, bitter, unami.
The same process is true of eyes with light, ears with sound, nose with smell, skin with touch.
Through illusions fostered by flesh, all universes are born into imagination,
And through imagination, every delusion imaginable,
Plays out in the dream of time.

* * * *

Your skeptical, cynical, critical, inquiring mind, as rational as it may seek to be,
Resides within an irrational mystery, that has never embraced rhyme or reason.

* * * *

"Can it get any more stupid?" You ask.
Alas, the short answer is, "Yes, it can."

* * * *

Every living creature has its own point of view, its own cosmos.
Plants, animals, protists, fungi, archaebacteria, eubacteria,
All play out their timeless dreamtime real, in their own unique way,
But what is real, and is any perspective really any more so, than any other?

* * * *

Every game has its rules, and there are so many games.
But what of the eclectic mind, that crosses any and all boundaries,
The awakened mind, that morphs without restraint, any way it may choose.
The god-mind functions in a quality of beingness, that transcends all notions of sanity.
Some speak out from one podium or another, some are crucified, some become garden statues.
Who knows how many amble – freely, anonymously, watchfully – among the harried herd.
And some likely just throw in the towel, and blow their minds back into the oblivion.
Seers wander the dreamtime, untethered to the boundaries of human limitation.

* * * *

What is power? What is fame? What is fortune?
But enticing sirens to vanity's rocky shoals and cliffs.

* * * *

Odds are good, just about everything You really think matters,
Everything involving your niggling, narcissistic, me-myself-and-I paradigm,

In reality, does not ultimately matter even one iota, in the grand schemelessness of it all.
Your significance to the electromagnetic spectrum is null and void diddly-squat.

* * * *

The contest between the tortoise and the hare, is not just a children's parable.
Humble and steady and stoic, often overcome arrogance and passion and indolence.
Best to never underestimate, never disqualify, either opponent or circumstance.

* * * *

The quantum source abides all.
It is indifferent to any and all and every difference.
Black and white, good and evil, yes and no, dualities of any make or model,
Are but the ephemeral whimsies of temporal imagination.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness, peers out equally, through all the creations of its quantum theater,
Interacting in every way imaginable, as the nature-nurtured patterning and scenario dictate.

* * * *

Awareness is the silent om of the universe.
From it, all sentient beings arise and abide.

* * * *

Another Buddha.
Kill it, holmes.

* * * *

To be the immortal essence You truly are and are not, die to it all, let it all go.
Death while living, is to be finished with what is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

Your cosmos is whatever You perceive it to be,
And no one else's will ever, or can ever, be the same.
You are very much alone in the abyss of your awareness,
No matter how zealously You may long for it to be otherwise.

* * * *

In the very spaceless, very timeless, awareness sense,
What might You be doing right here, right now,
That would really be all that different,
Than what You are doing right here, right now?

* * * *

Why would You dread a deity in which You do not believe?
Is it even worth wasting one scintilla of time discussing it?

* * * *

Respect begets respect.

Contempt begets contempt.
Cause begets effect; effect, cause.
Time never dies; the circle is not round.

* * * *

The continual assertion by someone,
That they are strong or beautiful or honest or anything,
Suggests they do not sincerely believe it true.

* * * *

There ain't no dark side, there ain't no light side, there ain't no side at all.
There just be a streaming dreamtime, through the awareness,
That really-truly ain't no dreamtime at all.

* * * *

There is no end to the "what ifs" of any historical contemplation, no matter the scale,
Be it individual, group, world, cosmic, or whatever else any mind might attempt to fathom.

* * * *

Each and every one of us in the human paradigm, is a true believer to one degree or another.
The fact that we collude our identities real, assume space-time real, is the first and last self-deception.
A byzantine complicity, to which our kind is genetically and culturally bound, for the rest of mind.

* * * *

Inside the eyes, inside the ears, inside the nose,
Inside the tongue, inside the skin,
Where are You?
And where does the boundary,
Between inside and outside begin and end?

* * * *

Your perfection is in everything imagined.
Your perfection is not in anything imagined.

* * * *

What are sight and sound and taste and smell and feeling,
But vibration interpreted by the mind steeped in illusion.

* * * *

How is it even remotely possible,
For anyone to be as asleep and undoubting at the end,
As they were in the beginning?

* * * *

It is nothing any day before that.
It is nothing the day before.
It is nothing yesterday.
It is nothing today.

It is nothing tomorrow.
It is nothing the day after.
It is nothing any day after that.

* * * *

How free is the individual in any meme?
How free is the individual in any group?
How free is the individual in any mind?

* * * *

This right-here-right-now is all that matters.
Everything before, everything hence, means nothing.
All is but a passing dream, to which You may subscribe or not.

* * * *

Chances are, that wherever You journey, no matter how far, You will always be You.
With all your assumptions, all your behaviors, all your prejudices, all your boundaries,
All filtered by time-bound imagination, timelessly streaming through pristine awareness.

* * * *

So, You are totally open, totally inclusive, totally loving,
Except all those many times when You are not, eh?
Such a tough show pretending to be so perfect.
What intermittent cronies, heart and mind can be.
We all suffer from one variety of miasma or another.

* * * *

The clear space of awareness is the enigma, the paradox, the irony,
The aloneness, the indivisibility, the absoluteness, the limitless,
The totality, the infinity, the infinitesimalibility, the solace,
The oblivion, You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

In every inclusion, some exclusion.
In every exclusion, some inclusion.

* * * *

Those who believe themselves free of vanity, only delude themselves.
Consciousness has an insatiable proclivity for chasing its own tail round and round.
In pure awareness, the one and only You, is, timelessly, indivisibly free,
But only until consciousness rouses, however slightly.

* * * *

How long before You reach that final exit?
How long before the imaginary you evaporates,
Into the indivisible tranquility of pure awareness?
How long before the last word really-truly-finally is?

* * * *

Surely one must be agnostic,
For if there is a supreme being,
It is far greater than any thought.
Why pretend to know anything?

* * * *

And from what might You hope You can be rescued?
Misfortune? Conflict? Suffering? Pain? Death?
If You truly fathomed what life and death are,
You might well perceive eternity's harmonic ballet,
Playing out before your very eyes, each and every twinkling.
That birth and death are but temporal illusions of mind-body consciousness.
That the you, to which You subscribe, is in reality nothing more than a figment of imagination.
Eternal life is the stillness of the unborn-undying awareness, You every instant are,
Witnessing the reverie of a quantum matrix, born of a quantum mind.

* * * *

Tranquility is an inward state.
An outward sensory reflection may seem the cause,
But it is a mind in sync with the quantum beingness from which it is fostered.
Even in the most chaotic arena imaginable, serenity can reign,
In the fearlessness of unblemished awareness.

* * * *

Can You waylay all the pitter-patter chatter of imaginary identity, and just be?
Can You release your consciousness from all its fictional attachments,
To culture, politics, religion, finance, gender, education,
Emotion, language, race, caste, et cetera.
Can You be just the stillness of pure awareness?

* * * *

Never assume any history to be totally true.
Every witness, every mind, has its own confined perception.
None ever in any way exactly the same, none ever in any way entirely accurate.
Every soldier on a battlefield has his own unique account.
And the dead, the one never known.

* * * *

So many on the lower rungs of any given society, trying so hard to attain equality,
With those they perceive to be in some higher caste, and by doing so ever remain subjugated.
Stand aloof from all cultural reference points, stand free of all imaginary notions.
None need impinge upon the sovereignty of your true essential nature.

* * * *

From the essential quantum perspective,
The so-called evil deed is as indivisible as the good one.
Consciousness is not in any way as important to the infinity of eternity,

As the egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliocentric mind, in its limited visions, assumes.
The temporal individual-tribal mind is to be transcended, not embraced.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination.
Awareness is a function of eternity.

* * * *

You could be anywhere in your world, anywhere in your universe,
And if You close your eyes, and still your thoughts,
Be where You have always been.

* * * *

History is the momentum of forces bent on creation and preservation and destruction,
As intentionally or unintentionally contrived, by individuals and collectives and alliances between.
It is the synergistic rippling of every variety of current, coursing every direction,
Subject only to the whims of time, and the laws of physics.

* * * *

We are one and all the same essence, the same creation, the same source, the same gold, come to life.
With but five senses, we have each fashioned, we have each imagined, immense universes.
Why should we not, all together, celebrate the mystery that has stitched together,
Within and without each of us, a timeless, indivisible quantum matrix,
Through which each, very much alone, abides their given lot.
A singular vision that relatively few, feel called to clearly realize.

* * * *

What is will, but the psychic synergy of desire and fear.
The fear of not being, the fear of not having, the fear of not feeling.
Of craving this or that, and fearing it will not be, or that it will not forever last.
An insatiable hunger for more, that can never be quenched, no matter the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

Dead or alive, what difference but a flurry of imagination,
Which, from the beginning to the end, is in truth, nothing.

* * * *

What torture it can be to exist, to live, to be or not be, in this mortal realm.
And for what, but vain notion, for bits and pieces of the countless pleasures life can offer.
And what from that, but endless variations of pain and suffering,
And motley stews of related bother.

* * * *

Superstitions are the relentless concoctions of ignorance,
And its willy-nilly attempts to placate the great fear,
That evolved in the dark jungles of so long ago.

* * * *

English is the language, the lingua franca, that possesses the flexibility,
The adaptability, the universality, expedient for these our modern times.

* * * *

Communism and socialism are egalitarian ideals,
No human grouping has ever, will ever, be long able to sustain.
There is no self-interest in bee hives and ant hills.
In the human paradigm, nothing but.

* * * *

Yet another addition to the feed lot, another trough for the masses to vent their insatiable hunger.
So many bloated bellies and rears, so many rotund faces and tree-trunk thighs and calves.
People really should start branding themselves with all their happy meal choices.
More than a little frightening; almost like Halloween every day anymore.

* * * *

Life is born of patterns, predispositions, instincts.
But it is imagination that transcends the origins of matter,
And how probable is that, in the farthest reaches of space and time?
There are billions and billions, maybe even trillions and trillions of galaxies,
But the dreamtime of humankind will never discover, never know, anything firsthand,
About the all-but-infinite mysteries playing out in the all-but-infinite shores.
The fictions of paper and screen will be as far as we ever travel.

* * * *

And what is forever, and what is not forever,
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

If You see and hear only words, You see and hear nothing.
It is in the space between them, that meaning is discerned.

* * * *

Has it occurred to You, that You might have total control over the roiling movement of your mind?
Total control over the thunderstorms flashing about, in the synapses of the given brain.
Perfect equanimity may be attainable, if You are able to be detached enough,
To not care about anything, your universe might set before You.
You need not allow the mundane into your sanctum,
But for the desire-fear-dread that have so shaped your dreamtime.
To respond, rather than react, to the given kaleidoscoping, is the challenge for all.

* * * *

In the pure nihilistic mind,
The mind that doubts everything,
The mind that no longer seeks meaning,
The mind that no longer necessitates purpose,
The mind that no longer acknowledges dogma,
The mind that no longer maintains principles,

The mind that no longer asserts knowledge,
The mind that literally believes nothing,
The first and last freedom reigns.

* * * *

Greater and lesser minds always have so many answers,
To so many questions, it would never occur to any child to ask.
How ironic that we all give our tabula rasa, our empty slate, our innocence,
Over to so much absurdity, so much irrationality, so much horror.
So much narcissistic vanity, so much hedonistic greed.

* * * *

Even if there is a supreme being, or even many, so what?
All things small to great are born of the same timeless source.
As an ant is to You, You are to any wave or particle of the mystery.
All else is but vanity born of one imaginary notion or another.

* * * *

What is money? What is gold? What are jewels?
Once You discern time and health, the only wealth,
And that, as fleeting as the sands of time have ever been.

* * * *

What difference, really, between reaching across a table or across a universe?
What difference, really, between a shattering glass or an exploding galaxy?
Physics is physics, quantum is quantum, indivisible, no matter the scale.

* * * *

Mind can run on and on and on like a hamster wheel,
Going round and round and round on a journey nowhere.
Effortless as it is, getting off is rarely easy, much less painless,
But not impossible, for those rare few determined to find their way.

* * * *

To live fully, mindfully, born and perishing, each and every moment,
Is to be attentive, without urgency, breathing fully, regularly, no direction known.
Ever the same, whether thought in abeyance, or moving like a temperate, unobtrusive breeze.

* * * *

You have never really been in control of anything in this ephemeral dreamtime.
Rest assured You will have even less say after You dissolve back into the mystery.

* * * *

I who am, I what am, I where am, I when am, I why am, I how am,
How can any me, any myself, any I, ever be anything but the same mystery,
The same upwelling, the same unknown, the same abyss, the same quantum essence,
Eternally ever-present, timelessly streaming, indivisibly emanating, unremittingly enduring,
Ever witnessing the kaleidoscoping dream of creation and preservation and destruction,

Through the awareness of the given seed, and its passage through the winds of mind.

* * * *

Why would You need to believe in,
To worship, to venerate, to adulate, to idolize,
Some imaginary, iconic, dualistic, on-high Olympian deity,
When You can linger in non-dualistic awareness,
When You can simply be the entirety,
Timelessly transient.

* * * *

What is your persona but a defensive psychic shield, against the harshness of your universe.
An imaginary identity with which You daily manage your world as it has molded You.
Alas, what happened to the innocence, in which You wandered your childhood?

* * * *

It has to be a harmonic orchestration; how else could it seamlessly function?
Duality is but a deception of consciousness, inspired by the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

To care or not to care, You every moment decide.
Choose yes, choose no, consequences ever ripple.

* * * *

Be wary of those who crow their spiritual illumination.
Satori is but a quickly-passed moment along the road less traveled.
A long and winding trail whose every step, every breath, beckons full attention.
There is the awakening, and there is the process of emancipation for whatever time remains.

* * * *

What is any nation-state but an overlarge tribe.
An idea born of mind, conceived of me and myself and I,
Used by the most self-absorbed, to garner power and fame and fortune,
At the expense of all who so earnestly, so simply, so naively, so foolishly, believe.

* * * *

What no one knows is much easier to forget.
If You want a secret kept, best keep it to yourself.

* * * *

You are the indelible mystery come unto life.
Do not be so arrogant, so narcissistic, that You do not discern,
That You are not the only You that is, that has ever been, that will ever be.
The same You abides in every animate and inanimate form that might ever be concocted.
Every part and particle, every chasm between, it is all the same indivisible, singular, unknowable You.
Everything seen, everything heard, everything tasted, everything smelt, everything felt.
Everything created, everything preserved, everything destroyed.
Whether You tread softly, or harshly, or not at all,

Know, without doubt, without disquiet,
That there is not, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

The mystery is whatever it pleases You to believe, and none of it all the while,
Because no thought, no dream of consciousness, can or has ever or will ever, touch it.
And to believe, to assert otherwise, is nothing more than self-absorbed delusion.

* * * *

Prince or pauper, warrior or coward,
Scholar or imbecilic, saint or sinner,
The dream of time passes the same.
What difference but hollow notion.

* * * *

You are the ever-present awareness,
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.
All thoughts about it are but vanity.
Existence is but a hollow shell.

* * * *

If You had but eyes, your universe would be but sight.
If You had but an ear, your universe would be but sound.
If You had but a mouth, your universe would be but taste.
If You had but a nose, your universe would be but smell.
If You had but skin, your universe would be but touch.
And what would your universe be, with but mind?

* * * *

All belief, all tradition, all dogma, all speculation, is nothing more than imaginary confabulation,
Of the mind ever seeking security, ever assuming there must be an answer to the insoluble unknown.

* * * *

Why should there be, how can there be, any who?
Why should there be, how can there be, any what?
Why should there be, how can there be, any where?
Why should there be, how can there be, any when?
Why should there be, how can there be, any why?
Why should there be, how can there be, any how?

* * * *

The mind ever tries to control the what is, but it never can, never has, never will,
Because the space-time born of consciousness is not real,
Never has been, will never be.

* * * *

There is no observer, only observing.
There is no listener, only listening.

There is no taster, only tasting.
There is no feeler, only feeling.
There is no smeller, only smelling,
And those are but senses, feeding into a neural transmitter.
A brain, a mind, whose very existence, is an unverifiable assumption,
That has yet to be proven, more than a mundane illusion, born of imagination.
If any other fellow earthling played our absurdity game, we would snicker and snigger.

* * * *

All religions and cults are but predictable collections of clichés,
Platitudes, banalities, triteness, truisms, formulas, lies,
Sayings, hypocrisies, insincerities, hokum, tokenisms, false pieties,
Deceptions, deceits, pretenses, propagandas, shams, hooeys, humbugs, hogwash,
Nonsenses, claptraps, baloneys, bunkums, codswallops, rubbishes, gibberish, garbage, lip service,
And whatever else it takes to get into your wallet, and eventually your progeny's, as well.

* * * *

You are, have ever been, will ever be, the same eternal, indivisible, sovereign, immortal Self.
It is only the nature-nurture, the spaces and times, the minds and bodies,
The cultures and language, and everything other,
That appear to change.

* * * *

What is so much of any day-to-day, in these our modern times, but thing management.
Buy it, unpack it, use it, manage it, clean it, repair it, insure it, store it, file it,
Give it, lend it, replace it, upgrade it, trade it, sell it, lose it, toss it,
Remember it, forget it, remember it, forget it, on and on.

* * * *

We cannot all sit in an ashram, nor do we all want to.
Most of us, to whatever capacity we are able,
Fit inquiry into our given day-to-day.

* * * *

The world will do everything it can,
To drag You back to its illusion,
Inspired by your delusion.

* * * *

What is an eclipse, but one relatively large piece of orbiting dust,
Getting between another relatively large piece of dust, and a nuclear-powered flashlight.
Yet another relatively inflated example of much ado about nothing,
In the relativity of the human absurdity.

* * * *

We are all sorry we did a lot of things.
We are all sorry we did not do a lot of things.
So it goes, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Humankind's domestication of this garden world,
Is but a relatively temporary reign.
Darwin will rise again.

* * * *

The universe is a quantum matrix – a timeless, indivisible, indelible, vibratory theater.
Every life form has its own unique relationship with its enigmatic mystery.
In humankind, it is through the eyes, that the mind discerns light;
Ears, sound; tongue, taste; nose, smell; flesh, touch.
What would your cosmos, your world, be,
With even one or two or three less, much less all?

* * * *

The jellyfish have survived 650 million years because they are born,
Without any hope or expectation or desire for anything more than just serenely drifting along.
Unlike human beings – who really should be called human becomings –
Just being has always been more than enough.

* * * *

Your sense of significance is highly exaggerated, highly overrated.
As all-important as your path to glory likely theaters out in that temporal head,
It is at best barely a twitch of a vibration on the Richter scale of the electromagnetic matrix.

* * * *

If there is no more carrot, no more stick, no more seeking, no more seeker,
Who is left to hee, who is left to haw, in that infinite liberation?
Existence, and all the illusions and delusions, to which so many, are so attached,
May be very agonizing, but is it better than nothing? … And who is asking? ... Who is answering?

* * * *

Titles on Consciousness

The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Depths of Consciousness
The Cloud of Consciousness
The Conscious Eye
The Parameters of Consciousness
The Nuances of Consciousness
The Miasma of Human Consciousness
The Maelstrom of Human Consciousness
Paradigms of Consciousness
The Conscious Breath
The Conscious Witness
The Matrix of Consciousness
The Sands of Consciousness
The Bounds of Consciousness

The Theater of Consciousness
The Big Bang of Consciousness
The Sphere of Consciousness
Consciousness is Smoke; Awareness, Fire
Self Consciousness
The Spectrum of Consciousness
The Living Death of Consciousness
The Collusion of Consciousness
The Winds of Consciousness
The Relativity of Consciousness
Consciousness or Awareness, Your Choice
Ethereal Awareness, Ephemeral Consciousness
Consciousness Measures, Awareness Streams
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
Faces of Consciousness
Harbors of Consciousness
Windows of Consciousness
Streaming Consciousness
Consciousness is the Flaw
The Fog of Consciousness
The Dance of Consciousness
The Bane of Consciousness
Instinct Slathered with Consciousness
The Absurdity of Consciousness
A Collusion of Consciousness
The Schizophrenia of Consciousness
The Mystery of Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness, Prior to Quantum
The Motley Winds of Consciousness
The Netherworld of Consciousness
The Hubris of Consciousness
The Bravado of Consciousness
Wandering the Relativity of Consciousness
The Narcissist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Web of Consciousness
The Contractions of Consciousness
The Awareness Prior to Consciousness
The Oppression of Consciousness
The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness
Consciousness, the Usurper
The Gordian Knot of Consciousness
Consciousness (a.k.a., Imagination)
The Trilogy of Consciousness
The Whims of Consciousness
The Shallows of Consciousness
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
The Pleasure of Consciousness

The Pain of Consciousness

The Trilogy of Consciousness:
Power, Fame, Fortune

The Ever-Changing Consciousness:
Remembering and Forgetting Its Imaginary Creation.

Titles, Titles & More Titles 2018

* * * *

Effing the ineffable.
More effing the ineffable.
Even more effing the ineffable.

* * * *

Gobbledygook.
More gobbledygook.
Even more gobbledygook.

* * * *

Human drivel.
More human drivel.
Even more human drivel.

* * * *

Mind gorp.
More mind gorp.
Even more mind gorp.

* * * *

Much ado about nothing.
More much ado about nothing.
Even more much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Dogma.
More dogma.
Even more dogma.

* * * *

Glory.
More glory.
Even more glory.

* * * *

Vanity.
More vanity.

Even more vanity.

* * * *

Chaos.
More chaos.
Even more chaos.

* * * *

Absurdity.
More absurdity.
Even more absurdity.

* * * *

Rules.
More rules.
Even more rules.

* * * *

Laws.
More laws.
Even more laws.

* * * *

Power.
More power.
Even more power.

* * * *

Fame.
More fame.
Even more fame.

* * * *

Fortune.
More fortune.
Even more fortune.

* * * *

Concepts.
More concepts.
Even more concepts.

* * * *

Done.
More done.
Even more done.

* * * *

Scourge.
More scourge.
Even more scourge.

* * * *

Mind doodles.
More mind doodles.
Even more mind doodles.

* * * *

Human drivel.
More human drivel.
Even more human drivel.

* * * *

Déjà vu.
More déjà vu.
Even more déjà vu.

* * * *

Metaphors.
More metaphors.
Even more metaphors.

* * * *

Consequences.
More consequences.
Even more consequences.

* * * *

Meaninglessness.
More meaninglessness.
Even more meaninglessness.

* * * *

Purposelessness.
More purposelessness.
Even more purposelessness.

* * * *

Me, myself, and I.
More me, myself, and I.
Even more me, myself, and I.

* * * *

Cute.
More cute.
Even more cute.

* * * *

Entitlement.
More entitlement.
Even more entitlement.

* * * *

Duh.
More duh.
Even more duh.

* * * *

Doh.
More doh.
Even more doh.

* * * *

Future-past.
More future-past.
Even more future-past.

* * * *

Say whaaaat?!!
More say whaaaat?!!
Even more say whaaaat?!!

* * * *

Tool-making.
More tool-making.
Even more tool-making.

* * * *

Home invasion.
More home invasion.
Even more home invasion.

* * * *

Deception.
More deception.
Even more deception.

* * * *

Civilization.
More civilization.
Even more civilization.

* * * *

Savagery.

More savagery.
Even more savagery.

* * * *

Delusion.
More delusion.
Even more delusion.

* * * *

Confusion.
More confusion.
Even more confusion.

* * * *

Revenge.
More revenge.
Even more revenge.

* * * *

Forgiveness.
More forgiveness.
Even more forgiveness.

* * * *

Folderol.
More folderol.
Even more folderol.

* * * *

Be here now.
More be here now.
Even more be here now.

* * * *

Be there now.
More be there now.
Even more be there now.

* * * *

Nowhere now.
More nowhere now.
Even more nowhere now.

* * * *

Life of moi.
More life of moi.
Even more life of moi.

* * * *

End is nigh.
More end is nigh.
Even more end is nigh.

* * * *

Nowhere.
More nowhere.
Even more nowhere.

* * * *

Bragging.
More bragging.
Even more bragging.

* * * *

Dramas.
More dramas.
Even more dramas.

* * * *

Soap operas.
More soap operas.
Even more soap operas.

* * * *

Insoluble problems.
More insoluble problems.
Even more insoluble problems.

* * * *

Empowerment.
More empowerment.
Even more empowerment.

* * * *

Disempowerment.
More disempowerment.
Even more disempowerment.

* * * *

Self-absorption.
More self-absorption.
Even more self-absorption.

* * * *

Self-aggrandizement.
More self-aggrandizement.

Even more self-aggrandizement.

* * * *

Opening game.
More opening game.
Even more opening game.

* * * *

Middle game.
More middle game.
Even more middle game.

* * * *

End game.
More end game.
Even more end game.

* * * *

Projects.
More projects.
Even more projects.

* * * *

Conundrums.
More conundrums.
Even more conundrums.

* * * *

Play the gray.
More play the gray.
Even more play the gray.

* * * *

No-others.
More no-others.
Even more no-others.

* * * *

Intelligencia.
More intelligencia.
Even more intelligencia.

* * * *

Aristocracy.
More aristocracy.
Even more aristocracy.

* * * *

Plutocracy.
More plutocracy.
Even more plutocracy.

* * * *

Oligarchy.
More oligarchy.
Even more oligarchy.

* * * *

Tyranny.
More tyranny.
Even more tyranny.

* * * *

Bourgeois.
More bourgeois.
Even more bourgeois.

* * * *

Proletariat.
More proletariat.
Even more proletariat.

* * * *

Deplorables.
More deplorables.
Even more deplorables.

* * * *

Legalisms.
More legalisms.
Even more legalisms.

* * * *

Number-crunchers.
More number-crunchers.
Even more number-crunchers.

* * * *

Politicians.
More politicians.
Even more politicians.

* * * *

Lawyers.
More lawyers.
Even more legalists.

* * * *

Bureaucrats.
More bureaucrats.
Even more bureaucrats.

* * * *

Technocrats.
More technocrats.
Even more technocrats.

* * * *

Political intrigue.
More political intrigue.
Even more political intrigue.

* * * *

Philosophical babble.
More philosophical babble.
Even more philosophical babble.

* * * *

Lone Ranger.
More Lone Ranger.
Even more Lone Ranger.

* * * *

Pleasure.
More pleasure.
Even more pleasure.

* * * *

Pain.
More pain.
Even more pain.

* * * *

Death.
More death.
Even more death.

* * * *

Killing.
More killing.
Even more killing.

* * * *

Desperation.

More desperation.
Even more desperation.

* * * *

Problems.
More problems.
Even more problems.

* * * *

Solutions.
More solutions.
Even more solutions.

* * * *

Answers.
More answers.
Even more answers.

* * * *

Questions.
More questions.
Even more questions.

* * * *

Punctuation.
More punctuation.
Even more punctuation.

* * * *

Words.
More words.
Even more words.

* * * *

Food.
More food.
Even more food.

* * * *

Sustenance.
More sustenance.
Even more sustenance.

* * * *

Pathos.
More pathos.
Even more pathos.

* * * *

Anguish.
More anguish.
Even more anguish.

* * * *

Tragedy.
More tragedy.
Even more tragedy.

* * * *

Joy.
More joy.
Even more joy.

* * * *

Sorrow.
More sorrow.
Even more sorrow.

* * * *

Misery.
More misery.
Even more misery.

* * * *

Grief.
More grief.
Even more grief.

* * * *

Drugs.
More drugs.
Even more drugs.

* * * *

Sickness.
More sickness.
Even more sickness.

* * * *

Technology.
More technology.
Even more technology.

* * * *

Engineering.
More engineering.

Even more engineering.

* * * *

Science.
More science.
Even more science.

* * * *

Buzz.
More buzz.
Even more buzz.

* * * *

Noise.
More noise.
Even more noise.

* * * *

Knowledge.
More knowledge.
Even more knowledge.

* * * *

Plagiarism.
More plagiarism.
Even more plagiarism.

* * * *

Civility.
More civility.
Even more civility.

* * * *

Vulgarity.
More vulgarity.
Even more vulgarity.

* * * *

Boorishness.
More boorishness.
Even more boorishness.

* * * *

Incivility.
More incivility.
Even more incivility.

* * * *

Coarseness.
More coarseness.
Even more coarseness.

* * * *

Bullying.
More bullying.
Even more bullying.

* * * *

War.
More war.
Even more war.

* * * *

Revolution.
More revolution.
Even more revolution.

* * * *

Unrest.
More unrest.
Even more unrest.

* * * *

Strife.
More strife.
Even more strife.

* * * *

Hunger.
More hunger.
Even more hunger.

* * * *

Hoitytoityville.
More Hoitytoityville.
Even more Hoitytoityville.

* * * *

Craving.
More craving.
Even more craving.

* * * *

Contentment.
More contentment.
Even more contentment.

* * * *

Planet of the Apes.
More Planet of the Apes.
Even More Planet of the Apes.

* * * *

Something happened.
More something happened.
Even more something happened.

* * * *

Serenity.
More serenity.
Even more serenity.

* * * *

Eclectic.
More eclectic.
Even more eclectic.

* * * *

Mystery.
More mystery.
Even more mystery.

* * * *

Birth.
More birth.
Even more birth.

* * * *

Paths to glory.
More paths to glory.
Even more paths to glory.

* * * *

Whining.
More whining.
Even more whining.

* * * *

Pap.
More pap.
Even more pap.

* * * *

Space cadet.

More space cadet.
Even more space cadet.

* * * *

Being.
More being.
Even more being.

* * * *

Becoming.
More becoming.
Even more becoming.

* * * *

Thinking.
More thinking.
Even more thinking.

* * * *

Quietude.
More quietude.
Even more quietude.

* * * *

Desire.
More desire.
Even more desire.

* * * *

Fear.
More fear.
Even more fear.

* * * *

Dread.
More dread.
Even more dread.

* * * *

Abyss.
More abyss.
Even more abyss.

* * * *

Serendipity.
More serendipity.
Even more serendipity.

* * * *

Illusion.
More illusion.
Even more illusion.

* * * *

Non sequitur.
More non sequitur.
Even more non sequitur.

* * * *

Endorphins.
More endorphins.
Even more endorphins.

* * * *

More.
More more.
Even more more.

* * * *

Soma.
More soma.
Even more soma.

* * * *

Babbleon.
More babbleon.
Even more babbleon.

* * * *

Twitteron.
More twitteron.
Even more twitteron.

* * * *

Dittoheads.
More dittoheads.
Even more dittoheads.

* * * *

Twitterheads.
More twitterheads.
Even more twitterheads.

* * * *

So it goes.
More so it goes.

Even more so it goes.

* * * *

Food for words.
More food for words.
Even more food for words.

* * * *

Ineffable.
More ineffable
Even more ineffable.

* * * *

Trees Falling.
More Trees Falling.
Even More Trees Falling.

* * * *

No-mind.
More no-mind.
Even more no-mind.

* * * *

Mindless perception.
More mindless perception.
Even more mindless perception.

* * * *

Wisdom.
More wisdom.
Even more wisdom.

* * * *

Foolishness.
More foolishness.
Even more foolishness.

* * * *

Weariness.
More weariness.
Even more weariness.

* * * *

Game face.
More game face.
Even more game face.

* * * *

Practice.
More practice.
Even more practice.

* * * *

Quackery.
More quackery.
Even more quackery.

* * * *

Bittersweet.
More bittersweet.
Even more bittersweet.

* * * *

Caring.
More caring.
Even more caring.

* * * *

Non-Caring.
More non-caring.
Even more non-caring.

* * * *

Sweet.
More sweet.
Even more sweet.

* * * *

Bitter.
More bitter.
Even more bitter.

* * * *

Sour.
More sour.
Even more sour.

* * * *

Smorgasbord.
More smorgasbord.
Even more smorgasbord.

* * * *

Consumption.
More consumption.
Even more consumption.

* * * *

Parochial.
More parochial.
Even more parochial.

* * * *

Cosmopolitan.
More cosmopolitan.
Even more cosmopolitan.

* * * *

Cruelty.
More cruelty.
Even more cruelty.

* * * *

Kindness.
More kindness.
Even more kindness.

* * * *

Nothing.
More nothing.
Even more nothing.

* * * *

Something.
More something.
Even more something.

* * * *

Meditation.
More meditation.
Even more meditation.

* * * *

Contemplation.
More contemplation.
Even more contemplation.

* * * *

Existence.
More existence.
Even more existence.

* * * *

Creation.

More creation.
Even more creation.

* * * *

Void.
More void.
Even more void.

* * * *

Nil.
More nil.
Even more nil.

* * * *

Naught.
More naught.
Even more naught.

* * * *

Brazen.
More brazen.
Even more brazen.

* * * *

Gold.
More gold.
Even more gold.

* * * *

Real gold.
More real gold.
Even more real gold.

* * * *

False gold.
More false gold.
Even more false gold.

* * * *

Scorn.
More scorn.
Even more scorn.

* * * *

Desolation.
More desolation.
Even more desolation.

* * * *

Things.
More things.
Even more things.

* * * *

Sounds.
More sounds.
Even more sounds.

* * * *

Sights.
More sights.
Even more sights.

* * * *

Flavors.
More flavors.
Even more flavors.

* * * *

Tastes.
More tastes.
Even more tastes.

* * * *

Smells.
More smells.
Even more smells.

* * * *

People.
More people.
Even more people.

* * * *

Nada.
More nada.
Even more nada.

* * * *

Mindful.
More mindful.
Even more mindful.

* * * *

Mindless.
More mindless.

Even more mindless.

* * * *

Wordplay.
More wordplay.
Even more wordplay.

* * * *

Numbers.
More numbers.
Even more numbers.

* * * *

Symbols.
More symbols.
Even more symbols.

* * * *

Images.
More images.
Even more images.

* * * *

Colors.
More colors.
Even more colors.

* * * *

Shades of gray.
More shades of gray.
Even more shades of gray.

* * * *

Forms.
More forms.
Even more forms.

* * * *

Formless.
More formless.
Even more formless.

* * * *

Art.
More art.
Even more art.

* * * *

History.
More history.
Even more history.

* * * *

Ivory Tower.
More Ivory Tower.
Even more Ivory Tower.

* * * *

Creativity.
More creativity.
Even more creativity.

* * * *

Preservation.
More preservation.
Even more preservation.

* * * *

Destruction.
More destruction.
Even more destruction.

* * * *

Anthropological events.
More anthropological events.
Even more anthropological events.

* * * *

Crapola.
More crapola.
Even more crapola.

* * * *

Yoke.
More yoke.
Even more yoke.

* * * *

Conversations.
More conversations.
Even more conversations.

* * * *

Habit.
More habit.
Even more habit.

* * * *

Rut.
More rut.
Even more rut.

* * * *

Patterns.
More patterns.
Even more patterns.

* * * *

Human bullshit.
More human bullshit.
Even more human bullshit.

* * * *

Human babble.
More human babble.
Even more human babble.

* * * *

Definitions.
More definitions.
Even more definitions.

* * * *

Grace.
More grace.
Even more grace.

* * * *

Perfection.
More perfection.
Even more perfection.

* * * *

Quantum consumption.
More quantum consumption.
Even more quantum consumption.

* * * *

Futility.
More futility.
Even more futility.

* * * *

Whodunit.

More whodunit.
Even more whodunit.

* * * *

Beeps.
More beeps.
Even more beeps.

* * * *

Gorging.
More gorging.
Even more gorging.

* * * *

Herd games.
More herd games.
Even more herd games.

* * * *

Berserko.
More berserko.
Even More berserko.

* * * *

Calamity.
More calamity.
Even more calamity.

* * * *

Hobbies.
More hobbies.
Even more hobbies.

* * * *

Whatchamacallits.
More whatchamacallits.
Even more whatchamacallits.

* * * *

Wallahoo.
More wallahoo.
Even more wallahoo.

* * * *

Human chatter.
More human chatter.
Even more human chatter.

* * * *

Digestion.
More digestion.
Even more digestion.

* * * *

Indigestion.
More indigestion.
Even more indigestion.

* * * *

Lies.
More lies.
Even more lies.

* * * *

Extinction.
More extinction.
Even more extinction.

* * * *

Migration.
More migration.
Even more migration.

* * * *

Yabba-dabba-doo!
More yabba-dabba-doo!
Even more yabba-dabba-doo!

* * * *

Cleverness.
More cleverness.
Even more cleverness.

* * * *

Doubt.
More doubt.
Even more doubt.

* * * *

Quibbling.
More quibbling.
Even more quibbling.

* * * *

Contrarianism.
More contrarianism.

Even more contrarianism.

* * * *

Eternity.
More eternity.
Even more eternity.

* * * *

Indivisibility.
More indivisibility.
Even more indivisibility.

* * * *

Silly as it is.
More silly as it is.
Even more silly as it is.

* * * *

Never mind.
More never mind.
Even more never mind.

* * * *

Wandering on empty.
More wandering on empty.
Even more wandering on empty.

* * * *

Obviousness.
More obviousness.
Even more obviousness.

* * * *

Translation.
More translation.
Even more translation.

* * * *

Virtue.
More virtue.
Even more virtue.

* * * *

Excellence.
More excellence.
Even more excellence.

* * * *

Areté.
More areté.
Even more areté.

* * * *

Possibilities.
More possibilities.
Even more possibilities.

* * * *

Similarities.
More similarities.
Even more similarities.

* * * *

Differences.
More differences.
Even more differences.

* * * *

Edifices.
More edifices.
Even more edifices.

* * * *

Corruption.
More corruption.
Even more corruption.

* * * *

Charades.
More charades.
Even more charades.

* * * *

Bonkers.
More bonkers.
Even more bonkers.

* * * *

Trivial pursuit
More trivial pursuit.
Even more trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Wankers.
More wankers.
Even more wankers.

* * * *

Pedal to the metal.
More pedal to the metal.
Even more pedal to the metal.

* * * *

Aphrodisiac.
More aphrodisiac.
Even more aphrodisiac.

* * * *

Compromise.
More compromise.
Even more compromise.

* * * *

Half-baked.
More half-baked.
Even more half-baked.

* * * *

Indifference.
More indifference.
Even more indifference.

* * * *

Like.
More like.
Even more like.

* * * *

Dislike.
More dislike.
Even more dislike.

* * * *

Values.
More values.
Even more values.

* * * *

Quality.
More quality.
Even more quality.

* * * *

Shapes.

More shapes.
Even more shapes.

* * * *

Calculations.
More calculations.
Even more calculations.

* * * *

Manipulations.
More manipulations.
Even more manipulations.

* * * *

Truths.
More truths.
Even more truths.

* * * *

Order.
More order.
Even more order.

* * * *

Formlessness.
More formlessness.
Even more formlessness.

* * * *

Awareness.
More awareness.
Even more awareness.

* * * *

Small talk.
More small talk.
Even more small talk.

* * * *

Idle chatter
More idle chatter.
Even more idle chatter.

* * * *

Great thoughts.
More great thoughts.
Even more great thoughts.

* * * *

Quackery.
More quackery.
Even more quackery.

* * * *

Dangerous toys.
More dangerous toys.
Even more dangerous toys.

* * * *

Contradiction.
More contradiction.
Even more contradiction.

* * * *

Psychosis.
More psychosis.
Even more psychosis.

* * * *

Imaginary friends.
More imaginary friends.
Even more imaginary friends.

* * * *

Decadence.
More decadence.
Even more decadence.

* * * *

Shoulda-coulda-woulda.
More shoulda-coulda-woulda.
Even more shoulda-coulda-woulda.

* * * *

Hogwash.
More hogwash.
Even more hogwash.

* * * *

Shenanigans.
More shenanigans.
Even more shenanigans.

* * * *

Babble-izing.
More babble-izing.

Even more babble-izing.

* * * *

Sentimentalizing.
More sentimentalizing.
Even more sentimentalizing.

* * * *

Gaia disrupted.
More gaia disrupted.
Even more gaia disrupted.

* * * *

Mutuality.
More mutuality.
Even more mutuality.

* * * *

Human ordeal.
More human ordeal.
Even more human ordeal.

* * * *

Figurative love.
More figurative love.
Even more figurative love.

* * * *

Literal love.
More literal love.
Even more literal love.

* * * *

Witnessing.
More witnessing.
Even more witnessing.

* * * *

Gibberish.
More gibberish.
Even more gibberish.

* * * *

Quantum mirage.
More quantum mirage.
Even more quantum mirage.

* * * *

Quantum dust.
More quantumdust.
Even more quantumdust.

* * * *

Quantum dust storm.
More quantum dust storm.
Even more quantum dust storm.

* * * *

Busy, busy, busy.
More busy, busy, busy.
Even more busy, busy, busy.

* * * *

Tangible.
More tangible.
Even more tangible.

* * * *

Intangible.
More intangible.
Even more intangible.

* * * *

Ground.
More ground.
Even more ground.

* * * *

Essence.
More essence.
Even more essence.

* * * *

Reality.
More reality.
Even more reality.

* * * *

Deceit.
More deceit.
Even more deceit.

* * * *

Past.
More past.
Even more past.

* * * *

Future.
More future.
Even more future.

* * * *

Now.
More now.
Even more now.

* * * *

Clutter.
More clutter.
Even more clutter.

* * * *

Afterthoughts.
More afterthoughts.
Even more afterthoughts.

* * * *

Dribble.
More dribble.
Even more dribble.

* * * *

Naysaying.
More naysaying.
Even more naysaying.

* * * *

Stuff.
More stuff.
Even more stuff.

* * * *

Broken.
More broken.
Even more broken.

* * * *

Strange.
More strange.
Even more strange.

* * * *

Future-past.

More future-past.
Even more future-past.

* * * *

Quantum moi.
More quantum moi.
Even more quantum moi.

* * * *

Middlemen bullshit.
More middlemen bullshit.
Even more middlemen bullshit.

* * * *

Yes.
More yes.
Even more yes.

* * * *

No.
More no.
Even more no.

* * * *

Maybe.
More maybe.
Even more maybe.

* * * *

Yes-no-maybe.
More yes-no-maybe.
Even more yes-no-maybe.

* * * *

Jeopardy.
More jeopardy.
Even more jeopardy.

* * * *

Truth or consequences.
More truth or consequences.
Even more truth or consequences.

* * * *

Drivel.
More drivel.
Even more drivel.

* * * *

Consumeracracy.
More consumeracracy.
Even more consumeracracy.

* * * *

Grumpy.
More grumpy.
Even more grumpy.

* * * *

Mayhem.
More mayhem.
Even more mayhem.

* * * *

Domestication.
More domestication.
Even more domestication.

* * * *

Untamable.
More untamable.
Even more untamable.

* * * *

Repentance.
More repentance.
Even more repentance.

* * * *

Et cetera.
More et cetera.
Even more et cetera.

* * * *

Ad infinitum.
More ad infinitum.
Even more ad infinitum.

* * * *

Ibidem.
More ibidem.
Even more ibidem.

* * * *

Holding on.
More holding on.

Even more holding on.

* * * *

Letting go.
More letting go.
Even more letting go.

* * * *

Dreams of glory.
More dreams of glory.
Even more dreams of glory.

* * * *

Choices.
More choices.
Even more choices.

* * * *

Round and round.
More round and round.
Even more round and round.

* * * *

Quantum dreaming.
More quantum dreaming.
Even more quantum dreaming.

* * * *

Negation.
More negation.
Even more negation.

* * * *

Evolution.
More evolution.
Even more evolution.

* * * *

Carved block.
More carved block.
Even more carved block.

* * * *

Uncarved block.
More uncarved block.
Even more uncarved block.

* * * *

Moth and flame.
More moth and flame.
Even more moth and flame.

* * * *

Unmasking.
More unmasking.
Even more unmasking.

* * * *

Zoo.
More zoo.
Even more zoo.

* * * *

Modern daze.
More modern daze.
Even more modern daze.

* * * *

Rhetoric.
More rhetoric.
Even more rhetoric.

* * * *

Attributes.
More attributes.
Even more attributes.

* * * *

Passè.
More passè.
Even more passè.

* * * *

Wear and tear.
More wear and tear.
Even more wear and tear.

* * * *

Pain and suffering.
More pain and suffering.
Even more pain and suffering.

* * * *

Tabula rasa.
More tabula rasa.
Even more tabula rasa.

* * * *

Beauty.
More beauty.
Even more beauty.

* * * *

Plain.
More plain.
Even more plain.

* * * *

Ugly.
More ugly.
Even more ugly.

* * * *

In-spades.
More in-spades.
Even more in-spades.

* * * *

Toying with history.
More toying with history.
Even more toying with history.

* * * *

Change.
More change.
Even more change.

* * * *

Changeless.
More changeless.
Even more changeless.

* * * *

Babblespeak.
More babblespeak.
Even more babblespeak.

* * * *

Nadaville.
More nadaville.
Even more nadaville.

* * * *

Breathless absurdity.

More breathless absurdity.
Even more breathless absurdity.

* * * *

Introspection.
More introspection.
Even more introspection.

* * * *

Extrapolation.
More extrapolation.
Even more extrapolation.

* * * *

Nuances.
More nuances.
Even more nuances.

* * * *

Unborn-undy.
More unborn-undy.
Even more unborn-undying.

* * * *

Endeavor.
More endeavor.
Even more endeavor.

* * * *

Now and then.
More now and then.
Even more now and then.

* * * *

Good news.
More good news.
Even more good news.

* * * *

Bad news.
More bad news.
Even more bad news.

* * * *

Ugly news.
More ugly news.
Even more ugly news.

* * * *

Enough.
More than enough.
Even more than enough.

* * * *

Enough already.
More enough already.
Even more enough already.

* * * *

Undone again.
More undone again.
Even more undone again.

* * * *

Quantum fare.
More quantum fare.
Even more quantum fare.

* * * *

Quantum faire.
More quantum faire.
Even more quantum faire.

* * * *

World weariness.
More world weariness,
Even more world weariness.

* * * *

Cheerleading.
More cheerleading.
Even more cheerleading.

* * * *

Laziness.
More laziness.
Even more laziness.

* * * *

Humility.
More humility.
Even more humility.

* * * *

False humility.
More false humility.

Even more false humility.

* * * *

Life.
More life.
Even more life.

* * * *

Tribalism.
More tribalism.
Even more tribalism.

* * * *

Buddhaspeak.
More buddhaspeak.
Even more buddhaspeak.

* * * *

Passionate mind.
More passionate mind.
Even more passionate mind.

* * * *

Leftovers.
More leftovers.
Even more leftovers.

* * * *

One-liners.
More one-liners.
Even more one-liners.

* * * *

Soundbites.
More soundbites.
Even more soundbites.

* * * *

Assumptions.
More assumptions.
Even more assumptions.

* * * *

Sensations.
More sensations.
Even more sensations.

* * *

Perceptions.
More perceptions.
Even more perceptions.

* * * *

Debacles.
More debacles.
Even more debacles.

* * * *

Connections.
More connections.
Even more connections.

* * * *

Effort.
More effort.
Even more effort.

* * * *

Gerrymandering.
More gerrymandering.
Even more gerrymandering.

* * * *

Accumulation.
More accumulation.
Even more accumulation.

* * * *

Discarding.
More discarding.
Even more discarding.

* * * *

Unintended consequences.
More unintended consequences.
Even more unintended consequences.

* * * *

Dittoheads.
More dittoheads.
Even more dittoheads.

* * * *

Absurdity and horror.
More absurdity and horror.
Even more absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Commentaries on living.
More commentaries on living.
Even more commentaries on living.

* * * *

Might makes right.
More might makes right.
Even more might makes right.

* * * *

Peter Pan.
More Peter Pan.
Even more Peter Pan.

* * * *

Pitter-patter.
More pitter-patter.
Even more pitter-patter.

* * * *

Meaningless chatter.
More meaningless chatter.
Even more meaningless chatter.

* * * *

Complacency.
More complacency.
Even more complacency.

* * * *

Hoarding.
More hoarding.
Even more hoarding.

* * * *

Travels.
More travels.
Even more travels.

* * * *

Adventures.
More adventures.
Even more adventures.

* * * *

Journeys.

More journeys.
Even more journeys.

* * * *

Rumination.
More rumination.
Even more rumination.

* * * *

Samsara.
More samsara.
Even more samsara.

* * * *

Smoke.
More smoke.
Even more smoke.

* * * *

Soundless.
More soundless.
Even more soundless.

* * * *

Other.
More other.
Even more other.

* * * *

Bullshit.
More bullshit.
Even more bullshit.

* * * *

Smoke and mirrors.
More smoke and mirrors.
Even more smoke and mirrors.

* * * *

Double entendre.
More double entendre.
Even more double entendre.

* * * *

Surrender.
More surrender.
Even more surrender.

* * * *

Herd shit.
More herd shit.
Even more herd shit.

* * * *

Dabbling.
More dabbling.
Even more dabbling.

* * * *

Whatthe#$*!
More whatthe#$*!
Even more whatthe#$*!

* * * *

Research needed.
More research needed.
Even more research needed.

* * * *

Squawking.
More squawking.
Even more squawking.

* * * *

Charades.
More charades.
Even more charades.

* * * *

Habitual thinking.
More habitual thinking.
Even more habitual thinking.

* * * *

Games.
More games.
Even more games.

* * * *

Surrender.
More surrender.
Even more surrender.

* * * *

Go.
More go.

Even more go.

* * * *

Hubris.
More hubris.
Even more hubris.

* * * *

Stop.
More stop.
Even more stop.

* * * *

Yield.
More yield.
Even more yield.

* * * *

Social distancing.
More social distancing.
Even more social distancing.

* * * *

Breeding.
More breeding.
Even more breeding.

* * * *

Aimlessness.
More aimlessness.
Even more aimlessness.

* * * *

Diminishment.
More diminishment.
Even more diminishment.

* * * *

Bleak ends.
More bleak ends.
Even more bleak ends.

* * * *

Regurgitation.
More regurgitation.
Even more regurgitation.

* * * *

Grand theater.
More grand theater.
Even more grand theater.

* * * *

Embracing oblivion.
More embracing oblivion.
Even more embracing oblivion.

* * * *

Chatter.
More chatter.
Even more chatter.

* * * *

Lists.
More lists.
Even more lists.

* * * *

Roshambo.
More roshambo.
Even more roshambo.

* * * *

Finicky.
More finicky.
Even more finicky.

* * * *

Names and faces.
More names and faces.
Even more names and faces.

* * * *

Myths and legends.
More myths and legends.
Even more myths and legends.

* * * *

Progress.
More progress.
Even more progress.

* * * *

Bottom-feeders.
More bottom-feeders.
Even more bottom-feeders.

* * * *

Suffering.
More suffering.
Even more suffering.

* * * *

Moronic.
More moronic.
Even more moronic.

* * * *

Natural selection.
More natural selection.
Even more natural selection.

* * * *

Unnatural selection.
More unnatural selection.
Even more unnatural selection.

* * * *

Capitulation.
More capitulation.
Even more capitulation.

* * * *

Inner dialogue.
More inner dialogue.
Even more inner dialogue.

* * * *

Plagiarization.
More plagiarization.
Even more plagiarization.

* * * *

Duplication.
More duplication.
Even more duplication.

* * * *

Observation.
More observation.
Even more observation.

* * * *

Bitter brew.

More bitter brew.
Even more bitter brew.

* * * *

Mumbo-jumbo.
More mumbo-jumbo.
Even more mumbo-jumbo.

* * * *

Foul purpose.
More foul purpose.
Even more foul purpose.

* * * *

Pandora.
More pandora.
Even more pandora.

* * * *

Storytelling.
More storytelling.
Even more storytelling.

* * * *

Human concoction.
More human concoction.
Even more human concoction.

* * * *

Conceptual fray.
More conceptual fray.
Even more conceptual fray.

* * * *

God-eat-god.
More god-eat-god.
Even more god-eat-god.

* * * *

Nothing less.
More nothing less.
Even more nothing less.

* * * *

Nothing more.
More nothing more.
Even more nothing more.

* * * *

Nothing but.
Morenothing but.
Even more nothing but.

* * * *

Splinters.
More splinters.
Even more splinters.

* * * *

Selfie madness.
More selfie madness.
Even more selfie madness.

* * * *

Watching.
More watching.
Even more watching.

* * * *

Hysteria.
More hysteria.
Even more hysteria.

* * * *

Perspectives.
More perspectives.
Even more perspectives.

* * * *

Holy shit.
More holy shit.
Even more holy shit.

* * * *

Trial and error.
More trial and error.
Even more trial and error.

* * * *

Inner narration.
More inner narration.
Even more inner narration.

* * * *

Genomic sequencing.
More genomic sequencing.

Even more genomic sequencing.

* * * *

Human poppycock.
More human poppycock.
Even more human poppycock.

* * * *

Subtlety.
More subtlety.
Even more subtlety.

* * * *

Titles.
More titles.
Even more titles.

* * * *

Travesty.
More travesty.
Even more travesty.

* * * *

Irrationality.
More irrationality.
Even more irrationality.

* * * *

Banality.
More banality.
Even more banality.

* * * *

Naps.
More naps.
Even more naps.

* * * *

Processing.
More processing.
Even more processing.

* * * *

Dittyfesting.
More dittyfesting.
Even more dittyfesting.

* * * *

Mirages.
More mirages.
Even more mirages.

* * * *

Dreamtime.
\more dreamtime.
Even more dreamtime.

* * * *

Discord.
More discord.
Even more discord.

* * * *

Dissipation.
More dissipation.
Even more dissipation.

* * * *

Distrust.
More distrust.
Even more distrust.

* * * *

Disgust.
More disgust.
Even more disgust.

* * * *

Development.
More development.
Even more development.

* * * *

Distraction.
More distraction.
Even more distraction.

* * * *

Terror.
More terror.
Even more terror.

* * * *

Gossip.
More gossip.
Even more gossip.

* * * *

Nagging.
More nagging.
Even more nagging.

* * * *

Already forgotten.
More already forgotten.
Even more already forgotten.

* * * *

Torture.
More torture.
Even more torture.

* * * *

Just being.
More just being.
Even more just being.

* * * *

Doofus.
More doofus.
Even more doofus.

* * * *

Stepping back.
More stepping back.
Even more stepping back.

* * * *

Sweet surrender.
More sweet surrender.
Even more sweet surrender.

* * * *

Celebration.
More celebration.
Even more celebration.

* * * *

Boogaloo.
More boogaloo.
Even more boogaloo.

* * * *

Nostalgia.

More nostalgia.
Even more nostalgia.

* * * *

Empty chatter.
More empty chatter.
Even more empty chatter.

* * * *

Phases.
More phases.
Even more phases.

* * * *

Hurt.
More hurt.
Even more hurt.

* * * *

Zip.
More zip.
Even more zip.

* * * *

Moving on.
More moving on.
Even more moving on.

* * * *

Pollyanna.
More pollyanna.
Even more pollyanna.

* * * *

Hidden treasure.
More hidden treasure.
Even more hidden treasure.

* * * *

Yada yada.
More yada yada.
Even more yada yada.

* * * *

Intensity.
More intensity.
Even more intensity.

* * * *

Revelations.
More revelations.
\even more revelations.

* * * *

Preening.
More preening.
Even more preening.

* * * *

Chaff.
More chaff.
Even more chaff.

* * * *

Hooey balooey.
More hooey balooey.
Even more hooey balooey.

* * * *

Tales of woe.
More tales of woe.
Even more tales of woe.

* * * *

Middlemen.
More middlemen.
Even more middlemen.

* * * *

Menus.
More Menus.
Even More Menus.

* * * *

Puny Thinking.
More Puny Thinking.
Even More Puny Thinking.

* * * *

Fluff.
More Fluff.
Even More Fluff.

* * * *

Sisyphus.
More Sisyphus.

Even More Sisyphus.

* * * *

Joyful Curmudgeon.
More Joyful Curmudgeon.
Even More Joyful Curmudgeon.

* * * *

Memories.
More Memories.
Even More Memories.

* * * *

Wordsmithing.
More Wordsmithing.
Even More Wordsmithing.

* * * *

Reflections.
More Reflections.
Even More Reflections.

* * * *

Magical Thinking.
More Magical Thinking.
Even More Magical Thinking.

* * * *

Gods.
MoreGods.
Even More Gods.

* * * *

Deities.
MoreDeities.
Even More Deities.

* * * *

Impressions.
More Impressions.
Even More Impressions.

* * * *

Th-th-th-that's all folks.
More th-th-th-that's all folks.
Even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

* * * *

Effing the ineffable, more effing the ineffable, even more effing the ineffable.
Gobbledygook, more gobbledygook, even more gobbledygook.
Human drivel, more human drivel, even more human drivel.
Mind gorp, more mind gorp, even more mind gorp.
Much ado about nothing, more much ado about nothing, even more much ado about nothing.
Dogma, more dogma, even more dogma.
Glory, more glory, even more glory.
Vanity, more vanity, even more vanity.
Chaos, more chaos, even more chaos.
Absurdity, more absurdity, even more absurdity.
Rules, more rules, even more rules.
Laws, more laws, even more laws.
Power, more power, even more power.
Fame, more fame, even more fame.
Fortune, more fortune, even more fortune.
Concepts, more concepts, even more concepts.
Done, more done, even more done.
Scourge, more scourge, even more scourge.
Mind doodles, more mind doodles, even more mind doodles.
Déjà vu, more déjà vu, even more déjà vu.
Metaphors, more metaphors, even more metaphors.
Consequences, more consequences, even more consequences.
Meaninglessness, more meaninglessness, even more meaninglessness.
Purposelessness, more purposelessness, even more purposelessness.
Me, myself, and I, more me, myself, and I, even more me, myself, and I.
Cute, more cute, even more cute.
Entitlement, more entitlement, even more entitlement.
Duh, more duh, even more duh.
Doh, more doh, even more doh.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Say whaaaat?!!, more say whaaaat?!!, even more say whaaaat?!!
Tool-making, more tool-making, even more tool-making.
Home invasion, more home invasion, even more home invasion.
Deception, more deception, even more deception.
Civilization, more civilization, even more civilization.
Savagery, more savagery, even more savagery.
Delusion, more delusion, even more delusion.
Confusion, more confusion, even more confusion.
Revenge, more revenge, even more revenge.
Forgiveness, more forgiveness, even more forgiveness.
Folderol, more folderol, even more folderol.
Be here now, more be here now, even more be here now.
Be there now, more be there now, even more be there now.
Nowhere now, more nowhere now, even more nowhere now.
Life of moi, more life of moi, even more life of moi.
End is nigh, more end is nigh, even more end is nigh.
Nowhere, more nowhere, even more nowhere.
Bragging, more bragging, even more bragging.

Dramas, more dramas, even more dramas.
Soap operas, more soap operas, even more soap operas.
Insoluble problems, more insoluble problems, even more insoluble problems.
Empowerment, more empowerment, even more empowerment.
Disempowerment, more disempowerment, even more disempowerment.
Self-absorption, more self-absorption, even more self-absorption.
Self-aggrandizement, more self-aggrandizement, even more self-aggrandizement.
Opening game, more opening game, even more opening game.
Middle game, more middle game, even more middle game.
End game, more end game, even more end game.
Projects, more projects, even more projects.
Conundrums, more conundrums, even more conundrums.
Play the gray, more play the gray, even more play the gray.
No-others, more no-others, even more no-others.
Intelligencia, more intelligencia, even more intelligencia.
Aristocracy, more aristocracy, even more aristocracy.
Plutocracy, more plutocracy, even more plutocracy.
Oligarchy, more oligarchy, even more oligarchy.
Tyranny, more tyranny, even more tyranny.
Bourgeois, more bourgeois, even more bourgeois.
Proletariat, more proletariat, even more proletariat.
Deplorables, more deplorables, even more deplorables.
Legalisms, more legalisms, even more legalisms.
Number-crunchers, more number-crunchers, even more number-crunchers.
Politicians, more politicians, even more politicians.
Lawyers, more lawyers, even more legalists.
Bureaucrats, more bureaucrats, even more bureaucrats.
Technocrats, more technocrats, even more technocrats.
Political intrigue, more political intrigue, even more political intrigue.
Philosophical babble, more philosophical babble, even more philosophical babble.
Lone ranger, more lone ranger, even more lone ranger.
Pleasure, more pleasure, even more pleasure.
Pain, more pain, even more pain.
Death, more death, even more death.
Killing, more killing, even more killing.
Desperation, more desperation, even more desperation.
Problems, more problems, even more problems.
Solutions, more solutions, even more solutions.
Answers, more answers, even more answers.
Questions, more questions, even more questions.
Punctuation, more punctuation, even more punctuation.
Words, more words, even more words.
Food, more food, even more food.
Sustenance, more sustenance, even more sustenance.
Pathos, more pathos, even more pathos.
Anguish, more anguish, even more anguish.
Tragedy, more tragedy, even more tragedy.
Joy, more joy, even more joy.

Sorrow, more sorrow, even more sorrow.
Misery, more misery, even more misery.
Grief, more grief, even more grief.
Drugs, more drugs, even more drugs.
Sickness, more sickness, even more sickness.
Technology, more technology, even more technology.
Engineering, more engineering, even more engineering.
Science, more science, even more science.
Buzz, more buzz, even more buzz.
Noise, more noise, even more noise.
Knowledge, more knowledge, even more knowledge.
Plagiarism, more plagiarism, even more plagiarism.
Civility, more civility, even more civility.
Vulgarity, more vulgarity, even more vulgarity.
Boorishness, more boorishness, even more boorishness.
Incivility, more incivility, even more incivility.
Coarseness, more coarseness, even more coarseness.
Bullying, more bullying, even more bullying.
War, more war, even more war.
Revolution, more revolution, even more revolution.
Unrest, more unrest, even more unrest.
Strife, more strife, even more strife.
Hunger, more hunger, even more hunger.
Hoitytoityville, more Hoitytoityville, even more Hoitytoityville.
Craving, more craving, even more craving.
Contentment, more contentment, even more contentment.
Planet of the Apes, more Planet of the Apes, even More Planet of the Apes.
Something happened, more something happened, even more something happened.
Serenity, more serenity, even more serenity.
Human balderdash, more human balderdash, even more human balderdash.
Eclectic, more eclectic, even more eclectic.
Mystery, more mystery, even more mystery.
Birth, more birth, even more birth.
Paths to glory, more paths to glory, even more paths to glory.
Whining, more whining, even more whining.
Pap, more pap, even more pap.
Space cadet, more space cadet, even more space cadet.
Being, more being, even more being.
Becoming, more becoming, even more becoming.
Thinking, more thinking, even more thinking.
Quietude, more quietude, even more quietude.
Desire, ore desire, even more desire.
Fear, more fear, even more fear.
Dread, more dread, even more dread.
Abyss, more abyss, even more abyss.
Serendipity, more serendipity, even more serendipity.
Illusion, more illusion, even more illusion.
Non sequitur, more non sequitur, even more non sequitur.

Endorphins, more endorphins, even more endorphins.
More, more more, even more more.
Soma, more soma, even more soma.
Babbleon, more babbleon, even more babbleon.
Twitteron, more twitteron, even more twitteron.
Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
Twitterheads, more twitterheads, even more twitterheads.
So it goes, more so it goes, even more so it goes.
Food for words, more food for words, even more food for words.
Ineffable, more ineffable, even more ineffable.
Trees falling, more trees falling, even more trees falling.
No-mind, more no-mind, even more no-mind.
Mindless perception, more mindless perception, even more mindless perception.
Wisdom, more wisdom, even more wisdom.
Foolishness, more foolishness, even more foolishness.
Weariness, more weariness, even more weariness.
Game face, more game face, even more game face.
Practice, more practice, even more practice.
Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
Bittersweet, more bittersweet, even more bittersweet.
Caring, more caring, even more caring.
Non-Caring, more non-caring, even more non-caring.
Sweet, more sweet, even more sweet.
Bitter, more bitter, even more bitter.
Sour, more sour, even more sour.
Smorgasbord, more smorgasbord, even more smorgasbord.
Consumption, more consumption, even more consumption.
Parochial, more parochial, even more parochial.
Cosmopolitan, more cosmopolitan, even more cosmopolitan.
Cruelty, more cruelty, even more cruelty.
Kindness, more kindness, even more kindness.
Nothing, more nothing, even more nothing.
Something, more something, even more something.
Meditation, more meditation, even more meditation.
Contemplation, more contemplation, even more contemplation.
Existence, more existence, even more existence.
Creation, more creation, even more creation.
Void, more void, even more void.
Nil, more nil, even more nil.
Naught, more naught, even more naught.
Brazen, more brazen, even more brazen.
Gold, more gold, even more gold.
Real gold, more real gold, even more real gold.
False gold, more false gold, even more false gold.
Scorn, more scorn, even more scorn.
Desolation, more desolation, even more desolation.
Things, more things, even more things.
Sounds, more sounds, even more sounds.

Sights, more sights, even more sights.
Flavors, more flavors, even more flavors.
Tastes, more tastes, even more tastes.
Smells, more smells, even more smells.
People, more people, even more people.
Nada, more nada, even more nada.
Mindful, more mindful, even more mindful.
Mindless, more mindless, even more mindless.
Wordplay, more wordplay, even more wordplay.
Numbers, more numbers, even more numbers.
Symbols, more symbols, even more symbols.
Images, more images, even more images.
Colors, more colors, even more colors.
Shades of gray, more shades of gray, even more shades of gray.
Forms, more forms, even more forms.
Formless, more formless, even more formless.
Art, more art, even more art.
History, more history, even more history.
Ivory Tower, more Ivory Tower, even more Ivory Tower.
Creativity, more creativity, even more creativity.
Preservation, more preservation, even more preservation.
Destruction, more destruction, even more destruction.
Anthropological events, more anthropological events, even more anthropological events.
Crapola, more crapola, even more crapola.
Yoke, more yoke, even more yoke.
Conversations, more conversations, even more conversations.
Habit, more habit, even more habit.
Rut, more rut, even more rut.
Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.
Human bullshit, more human bullshit, even more human bullshit.
Human babble, more human babble, even more human babble.
Definitions, more definitions, even more definitions.
Grace, more grace, even more grace.
Perfection, more perfection, even more perfection.
Quantum consumption, more quantum consumption, even more quantum consumption.
Futility, more futility, even more futility.
Whodunit, more whodunit, even more whodunit.
Beeps, more beeps, even more beeps.
Gorging, more gorging, even more gorging.
Herd games, more herd games, even more herd games.
Berserko, more berserko, even more berserko.
Calamity, more calamity, even more calamity.
Hobbies, more hobbies, even more hobbies.
Whatchamacallits, more whatchamacallits, even more whatchamacallits.
Wallahoo, more wallahoo, even more wallahoo.
Human chatter, more human chatter, even more human chatter.
Digestion, more digestion, even more digestion.
Indigestion, more indigestion, even more indigestion.

Lies, more lies, even more lies.
Extinction, more extinction, even more extinction.
Migration, more migration, even more migration.
Yabba-dabba-doo, more Yabba-dabba-doo, even more yabba-dabba-doo.
Cleverness, more cleverness, even more cleverness.
Doubt, more doubt, even more doubt.
Quibbling, more quibbling, even more quibbling.
Contrarianism, more contrarianism, even more contrarianism.
Eternity, more eternity, even more eternity.
Indivisibility, more indivisibility, even more indivisibility.
Silly as it is, more silly as it is, even more silly as it is.
Never mind, more never mind, even more never mind.
Wandering on empty, more wandering on empty, even more wandering on empty.
Obviousness, more obviousness, even more obviousness.
Translation, more translation, even more translation.
Virtue, more virtue, even more virtue.
Excellence, more excellence, even more excellence.
Areté, more arête, even more areté.
Possibilities, more possibilities, even more possibilities.
Similarities, more similarities, even more similarities.
Differences, more differences, even more differences.
Edifices, more edifices, even more edifices.
Corruption, more corruption, even more corruption.
Charades, more charades, even more charades.
Bonkers, more bonkers, even more bonkers.
Trivial pursuit, more trivial pursuit, even more trivial pursuit.
Wankers, more wankers, even more wankers.
Pedal to the metal, more pedal to the metal, even more pedal to the metal.
Aphrodisiac, more aphrodisiac, even more aphrodisiac.
Compromise, more compromise, even more compromise.
Half-baked, more half-baked, even more half-baked.
Indifference, more indifference, even more indifference.
Like, more like, even more like.
Dislike, more dislike, even more dislike.
Values, more values, even more values.
Quality, more quality, even more quality.
Shapes, more shapes, even more shapes.
Calculations, more calculations, even more calculations.
Manipulations, more manipulations, even more manipulations.
Truths, more truths, even more truths.
Order, more order, even more order.
Formlessness, more formlessness, even more formlessness.
Awareness, more awareness, even more awareness.
Small talk, more small talk, even more small talk.
Idle chatter, more idle chatter, even more idle chatter.
Great thoughts, more great thoughts, even more great thoughts.
Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
Dangerous toys, more dangerous toys, even more dangerous toys.

Contradiction, more contradiction, even more contradiction.
Psychosis, more psychosis, even more psychosis.
Imaginary friends, more imaginary friends, even more imaginary friends.
Decadence, more decadence, even more decadence.
Hogwash, more hogwash, even more hogwash.
Shenanigans, more shenanigans, even more shenanigans.
Babble-izing, more babble-izing, even more babble-izing.
Sentimentalizing, more sentimentalizing, even more sentimentalizing.
Gaia disrupted, more gaia disrupted, even more gaia disrupted.
Mutuality, more mutuality, even more mutuality.
Human ordeal, more human ordeal, even more human ordeal.
Figurative love, more figurative love, even more figurative love.
Literal love, more literal love, even more literal love.
Witnessing, more witnessing, even more witnessing.
Gibberish, more gibberish, even more gibberish.
Quantum mirage, more quantum mirage, even more quantum mirage.
Quantum dust, more quantum dust, even more quantum dust.
Quantum dust storm, more quantum dust storm, even more quantum dust storm.
Busy, busy, busy; more busy, busy, busy; even more busy, busy, busy.
Tangible, more tangible, even more tangible.
Intangible, more intangible, even more intangible.
Ground, more ground, even more ground.
Essence, more essence, even more essence.
Reality, more reality, even more reality.
Deceit, more deceit, even more deceit.
Past, more past, even more past.
Future, more future, even more future.
Now, more now, even more now.
Clutter, more clutter, even more clutter.
Afterthoughts, more afterthoughts, even more afterthoughts.
Dribble, more dribble, even more dribble.
Naysaying, more naysaying, even more naysaying.
Stuff, more stuff, even more stuff.
Broken, more broken, even more broken.
Strange, more strange, even more strange.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Quantum moi, more quantum moi, even more quantum moi.
Middlemen bullshit, more middlemen bullshit, even more middlemen bullshit.
Yes, more yes, even more yes.
No, more no, even more no.
Maybe, more maybe, even more maybe.
Yes-no-maybe, more yes-no-maybe, even more yes-no-maybe.
Jeopardy, more jeopardy, even more jeopardy.
Drivel, more drivel, even more drivel.
Consumeracracy, more consumeracracy, even more consumeracracy.
Grumpy, more grumpy, even more grumpy.
Mayhem, more mayhem, even more mayhem.
Domestication, more domestication, even more domestication.

Untamable, more untamable, even more untamable.
Repentance, more repentance, even more repentance.
Et cetera, more et cetera, even more et cetera.
Ad infinitum, more ad infinitum, even more ad infinitum.
Ibidem, more ibidem, even more ibidem.
Holding on, more holding on, even more holding on.
Letting go, more letting go, even more letting go.
Dreams of glory, more dreams of glory, even more dreams of glory.
Choices, more choices, even more choices.
Round and round, more round and round, even more round and round.
Quantum dreaming, more quantum dreaming, even more quantum dreaming.
Negation, more negation, even more negation.
Evolution, more evolution, even more evolution.
Carved block, more carved block, even more carved block.
Uncarved block, more uncarved block, even more uncarved block.
Moth and flame, more moth and flame, even more moth and flame.
Unmasking, more unmasking, even more unmasking,
Zoo, more zoo, even more zoo.
Modern daze, more modern daze, even more modern daze.
Rhetoric, more rhetoric, even more rhetoric.
Attributes, more attributes, even more attributes.
Passè, more passé, even more passé.
Wear and tear, more wear and tear, even more wear and tear.
Pain and suffering, more pain and suffering, even more pain and suffering.
Tabula rasa, more tabula rasa, even more tabula rasa.
Beauty, more beauty, even more beauty.
Plain, more plain, even more plain.
Ugly, more ugly, even more ugly.
In-spades, more in-spades, even more in-spades.
Toying with history, more toying with history, even more toying with history.
Change, more change, even more change.
Changeless, more changeless, even more changeless.
Babblespeak, more babblespeak, even more babblespeak.
Nadaville, more nadaville, even more nadaville.
Breathless absurdity, more breathless absurdity, even more breathless absurdity.
Introspection, more introspection, even more introspection.
Extrapolation, more extrapolation, even more extrapolation.
Nuances, more nuances, even more nuances.
Unborn-undy, more unborn-undy, even more unborn-undying.
Endeavor, more endeavor, even more endeavor.
Now and then, more now and then, even more now and then.
Good news, more good news, even more good news.
Bad news, more bad news, even more bad news.
Ugly news, more ugly news, even more ugly news.
Enough, more than enough, even more than enough.
Enough already, more enough already, even more enough already.
Undone again, more undone again, even more undone again.
Quantum fare, more quantum fare, even more quantum fare.

Quantum faire, more quantum faire, even more quantum faire.
World weariness, more world weariness, even more world weariness.
Cheerleading, more cheerleading, even more cheerleading.
Laziness, more laziness, even more laziness.
Humility, more humility, even more humility.
False humility, more false humility, even more false humility.
Life, more life, even more life.
Tribalism, more tribalism, even more tribalism.
Buddhaspeak, more buddhaspeak, even more buddhaspeak.
Passionate mind, more passionate mind, even more passionate mind.
Leftovers, more leftovers, even more leftovers.
One-liners, more one-liners, even more one-liners.
Soundbites, more soundbites, even more soundbites.
Assumptions, more assumptions, even more assumptions.
Sensations, more sensations, even more sensations.
Perceptions, more perceptions, even more perceptions.
Debacles, more debacles, even more debacles.
Connections, more connections, even more connections.
Effort, more effort, even more effort.
Gerrymandering, more gerrymandering, even more gerrymandering.
Accumulation, more accumulation, even more accumulation.
Discarding, more discarding, even more discarding.
Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
Absurdity and horror, more absurdity and horror, even more absurdity and horror.
Might makes right, more might makes right, even more might makes right.
Peter Pan, more Peter Pan, even more Peter Pan.
Pitter-patter, more pitter-patter, even more pitter-patter.
Meaningless chatter, more meaningless chatter, even more meaningless chatter.
Complacency, more complacency, even more complacency.
Hoarding, more hoarding, even more hoarding.
Travels, more travels, even more travels.
Adventures, more adventures, even more adventures.
Journeys, more journeys, even more journeys.
Rumination, more rumination, even more rumination.
Samsara, more samsara, even more samsara.
Smoke, more smoke, even more smoke.
Soundless, more soundless, even more soundless.
Other, more other, even more other.
Bullshit, more bullshit, even more bullshit.
Smoke and mirrors, more smoke and mirrors, even more smoke and mirrors.
Double entendre, more double entendre, even more double entendre.
Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
Herd shit, more herd shit, even more herd shit.
Dabbling, more dabbling, even more dabbling.
Whatthe#$*!, more whatthe#$*!, even more whatthe#$*!
Research needed, more research needed, even more research needed.
Squawking, more squawking, even more squawking.
Charades, more charades, even more charades.

Habitual thinking, more habitual thinking, even more habitual thinking.
Games, more games, even more games.
Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
Go, more go, even more go.
Hubris, more hubris, even more hubris.
Stop, more stop, even more stop.
Yield, more yield, even more yield.
Social distancing, more social distancing, even more social distancing.
Breeding, more breeding, even more breeding.
Aimlessness, more aimlessness, even more aimlessness.
Diminishment, more diminishment, even more diminishment.
Bleak ends, more bleak ends, even more bleak ends.
Regurgitation, more regurgitation, even more regurgitation.
Grand theater, more grand theater, even more grand theater.
Embracing oblivion, more embracing oblivion, even more embracing oblivion.
Chatter, more chatter, even more chatter.
Lists, more lists, even more lists.
Roshambo, more roshambo, even more roshambo.
Finicky, more finicky, even more finicky.
Names and faces, more names and faces, even more names and faces.
Myths and legends, more myths and legends, even more myths and legends.
Progress, more progress, even more progress.
Bottom-feeders, more bottom-feeders, even more bottom-feeders.
Suffering, more suffering, even more suffering.
Moronic, more moronic, even more moronic.
Natural selection, more natural selection, even more natural selection.
Unnatural selection, more unnatural selection, even more unnatural selection.
Capitulation, more capitulation, even more capitulation.
Inner dialogue, more inner dialogue, even more inner dialogue.
Plagiarization, more plagiarization, even more plagiarization.
Duplication, more duplication, even more duplication.
Observation, more observation, even more observation.
Bitter brew, more bitter brew, even more bitter brew.
Mumbo-jumbo, more mumbo-jumbo, even more mumbo-jumbo.
Foul purpose, more foul purpose, even more foul purpose.
Pandora, more pandora, even more pandora.
Storytelling, more storytelling, even more storytelling.
Human concoction, more human concoction, even more human concoction.
Conceptual fray, more conceptual fray, even more conceptual fray.
God-eat-god, more god-eat-god, even more god-eat-god.
Nothing less, more nothing less, even more nothing less.
Nothing more, more nothing more, even more nothing more.
Nothing but, more nothing but, even more nothing but.
Splinters, more splinters, even more splinters.
Selfie madness, more selfie madness, even more selfie madness.
Watching, more watching, even more watching.
Hysteria, more hysteria, even more hysteria.
Perspectives, more perspectives, even more perspectives.

Holy shit, more holy shit, even more holy shit.
Trial and error, more trial and error, even more trial and error.
Inner narration, more inner narration, even more inner narration.
Genomic sequencing, more genomic sequencing, even more genomic sequencing.
Human poppycock, more human poppycock, even more human poppycock.
Subtlety, more subtlety, even more subtlety.
Titles, more titles, even more titles.
Travesty, more travesty, even more travesty.
Irrationality, more irrationality, even more irrationality.
Banality, more banality, even more banality.
Naps, more naps, even more naps.
Processing, more processing, even more processing.
Dittyfesting, more dittyfesting, even more dittyfesting.
Mirages, more mirages, even more mirages.
Dreamtime, more dreamtime, even more dreamtime.
Discord, more discord, even more discord.
Dissipation, more dissipation, even more dissipation.
Distrust, more distrust, even more distrust.
Disgust, more disgust, even more disgust.
Development, more development, even more development.
Distraction, more distraction, even more distraction.
Terror, more terror, even more terror.
Gossip, more gossip, even more gossip.
Nagging, more nagging, even more nagging.
Already forgotten, more already forgotten, even more already forgotten.
Torture, more torture, even more torture.
Just being, more just being, even more just being.
Doofus, more doofus, even more doofus.
Stepping back, more stepping back, even more stepping back.
Sweet surrender, more sweet surrender, even more sweet surrender.
Celebration, more celebration, even more celebration.
Boogaloo, more boogaloo, even more boogaloo.
Nostalgia, more nostalgia, even more nostalgia.
Empty chatter, more empty chatter, even more empty chatter.
Phases, more phases, even more phases.
Hurt, more hurt, even more hurt.
Zip, more zip, even more zip.
Moving on, more moving on, even more moving on.
Pollyanna, more pollyanna, even more pollyanna.
Hidden treasure, more hidden treasure, even more hidden treasure.
Yada yada, more yada yada, even more yada yada.
Intensity, more intensity, even more intensity.
Revelations, more revelations, even more revelations.
Preening, more preening, even more preening.
Chaff, more chaff, even more chaff.
Hooey balooey, more hooey balooey, even more hooey balooey.
Tales of woe, more tales of woe, even more tales of woe.
Middlemen, more middlemen, even more middlemen.

Menus, more menus, even more menus.
Puny thinking, more puny thinking, even more puny thinking.
Fluff, more fluff, even more fluff.
Sisyphus, more Sisyphus, even more Sisyphus.
Joyful curmudgeon, more joyful curmudgeon, even more joyful curmudgeon.
Memories, more memories, even more memories.
Wordsmithing, more wordsmithing, even more wordsmithing.
Reflections, more reflections, even more reflections.
Magical thinking, more magical thinking, even more magical thinking.
Gods, more gods, even more gods.
Deities, more deities, even more deities.
Impressions, more impressions, even more impressions.
Th-th-th-that's all folks, more th-th-th-that's all folks, even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

An Ineffable Intelligence

Awareness is the ineffable intelligence intrinsic to all life.
The quantum clayness is but the means to the given nature-nurture context,
And evolution's natural selection the sculptor timelessly fashioning the space-time creation.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Nature of the Critical Thinker

To convince any critical thinker of anything, You must use reason.
Not assertion, not sentiment, not superstition, not hope,
Nor any other variety of gobbledygook.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Masked Theater

Everyone seeing your mask but You.
Everyone seeing everyone else's mask but their own.
What a friggin' mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Socrates, Where Art Thou?

The Socratic method is a form of cooperative argumentative dialogue between individuals,
Based on asking and answering questions to stimulate critical thinking,
And to draw out ideas and underlying presuppositions.
Socrates, where art thou now?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Nature of Consciousness

Why is knowledge, why is anything born of the Ivory Tower
– Science, mathematics, history, et cetera ad infinitum –
Any less imaginary than Alice in Wonderland?
All consciousness is but the thunder and lightning of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Habitual Mind

All thought is habit, the conditioned outcome of the given nature-nurture.
Genome, geography, culture, gender, language, intelligence,
What choice does any have in their foundation?
And how can that original programming ever be overridden?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Arbitrary Underbelly

Even at its best, science has a great deal of arbitrariness in its process.
Who asked the question? Who designed the experiment? What was its hypothesis?
Who funded the experiment? Who did the experiment? What equipment and technology were used?
Who interpreted the results? Who published the results? Who duplicated the experiment?
And whatever on-and-on and in-between in the theater of rational exploration.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Finite Nature of Identification

Identity is a finite creation of consciousness, of imagination.
In the ultimate, indivisibly, timelessly infinite reality, You are pure awareness.
The imaginary you, materializes whenever the sensory-mind believes the manifest dream real,
Whenever it identifies with, whenever it attaches to, the finite body,
And its finite world, its finite cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Filament of Consciousness

Consciousness is neither life nor death, existence nor oblivion.
An imaginary quantum dream-state make-believing time and space real and true,
Created by the evolutionary happenchance of the sensory mind-body,
Playing out the theater inspired by a collective collusion.
A genomic paradigm spun of mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Grit and Gumption Required

The forces of the world are strong and unrelenting.
It takes great fortitude, great heart and mind, to withstand them.
Strength, courage, resilience, guts, staying power, grit, stamina, determination,
Endurance, sense, shrewdness, practicality, initiative, resourcefulness,
Gumption, get-up-and-go, common sense, presence of mind,
Are pragmatic concepts for any spirit to cultivate.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Whose Version Are We Talking About?

Whose version of Schopenhauer are we talking about?
Whose version of Wittgenstein are we talking about?
Whose version of Lao Tzu are we talking about?
Whose version of Buddha are we talking about?
Whose version of Comte are we talking about?
Whose version of Bacon are we talking about?
Whose version of Heraclitus are we talking about?
Whose version of Kafka are we talking about?
Whose version of Hume are we talking about?
Whose version of Ikkyū are we talking about?
Whose version of Rousseau are we talking about?
Whose version of Russell are we talking about?
Whose version of Hobbes are we talking about?
Whose version of Machiavelli are we talking about?
Whose version of Foucault are we talking about?
Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
Whose version of Kierkegaard are we talking about?
Whose version of Krishna are we talking about?
Whose version of Mill are we talking about?
Whose version of de Beauvoir are we talking about?
Whose version of Hess are we talking about?
Whose version of Aquinas are we talking about?
Whose version of Carneades are we talking about?
Whose version of Diogenes are we talking about?
Whose version of Smith are we talking about?
Whose version of Confucius are we talking about?
Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
Whose version of James are we talking about?
Whose version of Parmenides are we talking about?
Whose version of Pascal are we talking about?
Whose version of Chomsky are we talking about?
Whose version of Thales are we talking about?
Whose version of Sina are we talking about?

Whose version of Patanjali are we talking about?
Whose version of Watts are we talking about?
Whose version of Ram Dass are we talking about?
Whose version of Osho are we talking about?
Whose version of Derrida are we talking about?
Whose version of Marx are we talking about?
Whose version of Vonnegut are we talking about?
Whose version of Wollstonecraft are we talking about?
Whose version of Descartes are we talking about?
Whose version of Sartre are we talking about?
Whose version of Muhammad are we talking about?
Whose version of Locke are we talking about?
Whose version of Emerson are we talking about?
Whose version of Nietzsche are we talking about?
Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
Whose version of Dewey are we talking about?
Whose version of Zoroaster are we talking about?
Whose version of Whitman are we talking about?
Whose version of Kant are we talking about?
Whose version of Shankara are we talking about?
Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
Whose version of Epicurus are we talking about?
Whose version of Ashtavakra are we talking about?
Whose version of Aurelius are we talking about?
Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
Whose version of Jesus are we talking about?
Whose version of Yogananda are we talking about?
Whose version of Aristotle are we talking about?
Whose version of Camus are we talking about?
Whose version of Voltaire are we talking about?
Whose version of Spinoza are we talking about?
Whose version of Thoreau are we talking about?
Whose version of Hegel are we talking about?
Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
Whose version of Heidegger are we talking about?
Whose version of Krishnamurti are we talking about?
Whose version of (fill in the blank) are we talking about?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Sky of Awareness

Awareness can never be owned, nor can it be acted upon.
It is the ethereal ever-present, within which, without which,
All things quantum kaleidoscope, all times imagined, play.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Poppycock v. Reality

Assertions mean nothing, opinions mean nothing,
Sentiments mean nothing, wishful thinking means nothing.
What overriding evidence is out there anywhere,
That will prove these thoughts wrong?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Sky of Awareness

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It is the ethereal ever-present, within which, without which,
All things quantum kaleidoscope, all times imagined, play.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Poofs of Imagination

All the deities on high, including Jesus,
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka,
Are as real as that stairway to heaven.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Aptitude for Delusion

Nationalism is tribalism too sizeable to call it a tribe.
Conquest is home invasion to the beat of drums.
Religions are cults too large to call them cults.
One of the more peculiar things about humankind,
Is its adeptness at deluding itself about almost anything.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Kool-Aid of Groupthink

To be a part of any group, You must believe, or pretend to believe,
In whatever it is the group does and does not subscribe.
You must drink the Kool-Aid, so to speak.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Permeating Nature of the Eternal Mystery

The unborn-undying indelibility of this unknowable eternal mystery,
Is that the awareness, the You-ness, within and without,
Indivisibly, timelessly, permeates everything,
And nothingness, all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Hold Fast to the Awareness

Sweep away the cobwebs of space and time in the quantum mind.
Be the awareness You are, ever timeless, ever indelible, ever mysterious, within and without.
The indivisible source that is witness to this illusory manifest creation.
Omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Definition of Cancer

We are carrying out the definition, the actuality, of any cancer.
It is the innate potential of all biology when there are no checks and balances.
A delusional species that long ago began assuming itself more important than it can ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2019

What Difference, Really?

Fantasy is considered fiction. Reality is considered nonfiction.
Both are of consciousness, both are imaginary.
So, what difference, really?

Breadcrumbs 2019

We Are Not Our Creations

Wishing You were a machine or computer is just never ever going to happen.
The meat-machine mind may be able to create them, but they can never become them.
Rationality, rapidity, efficiency, consistency, detachment, are but imaginary ideals,
Not destined to materialize in this or any other paradigm of the two-legged sort.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Collusion of the Human Paradigm

Awareness is the razor's edge of alleged existence.
Consciousness is merely imagination imagining itself alive,
But in truth, is naught but a shadow harbored in a corporeal container,
Pretending, make-believing, the sensory-inspired illusion of time and space real.
The human paradigm is nothing more than a collusion of a genetic line,
Locked in a patterned dream, born in the jungles of long ago.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Plowing the Mystery

Cultivate the unknown.
Cultivate wonder.
Cultivate bliss.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Known v. Unknown

Consciousness is change, consciousness is known.
Awareness is serene, awareness is unknown.
Which is time-bound, which is timeless?
Which is insatiable, which is content?
Which is imaginary, which is real?
Which is fiction, which is true?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Beware All Agendas

One of the big lessons in history,
Is that its best to be cautious about trusting anybody with an agenda,
That is not necessarily in your best interest.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Pronouns of Dualistic Notion

What are the pronouns – I, me, You, he, she, they, them, we, us –
But linguistic inventions that sanction and magnify dualistic notion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Naught But a Temporal Vehicle

What is male, what is female, but evolutionary currents of natural selection,
Come into being too many moons ago, to even begin to fully fathom the mystery of it.
Vain notion has absolutely nothing to do with the prior-to-consciousness process that got You here.
The body You inhabit is ultimately nothing more than a temporal vehicle,
For the awareness You are to witness its mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Current Witnessing

From their creation so long ago, your vast tree of naturally-selected seed lines,
Passed on their genome who knows how many times, how many places, how many ways,
Until, there You are, present in this timeless right-here-right-now, translating this,
Discerning the magical-mystery of existence, as relatively few ever have.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Embracing the Aloneness

There is no resolution to the loneliness fashioned by consciousness,
But to immerse in the unadulterated aloneness of awareness,
That is the eternal source of its thought-created torment.
To seek respite in conscious schemes is but a transient salve.

Breadcrumbs 2019

From Tabula Rasa to Destiny

The infant, in its all but tabula rasa state,
Its immaculate innocence, its watchful awareness,
Has yet to learn to act the imaginary role that is its destiny.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Insatiable Beast

The tiger does not hate You; it is just hungry, and You are available.
One of your human neighbors just a short distance away, however, may truly hate You.
May covet everything You are, everything You have, and You are available.
Which predator, which hunter, which beast, to fear most?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The "Me" and "Myself" and "I"

The "Me" and "Myself" and "I" is nothing more,
Than an imaginary confabulation of consciousness,
Assuming, pretending, colluding, time and space real.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Real is Discovering

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.

The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.
The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real You is discovering there is no You.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Illuminating the Inexplicable

How can the immaculate awareness be mine or yours or theirs or any others?
How can You be anything but keenly attentive to the indelible mystery You are?
How has imagination so usurped your wonder that You are blind to your true nature?
How is it You accept any fictions concocted by vain notion to illuminate the inexplicable?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The End of Identification

What can You be once You stop identifying with the mind-body and the universe it has created?
Once You stop imagining the dream the senses every moment, hypnotize You into believing is real.
Once You discern that pure awareness is the one and only reality there is, has ever been, will ever be.
Once You realize your true nature is the ever-present here-now, the absolute totality, of all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Magical World Undone

This magical world is birthing ground, home, garden, playground, graveyard.
Alas that we have abused it, neglected it, tortured it, maimed it, so very wrongly.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Old School v. These Modern Times

The most pragmatic truth about regular Old School books and such,
Is that they do not require charging, do not require wireless networks,
And may well last thousands of years, and still be available to read.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Snowflake Alike

How can I see anything your way? How can You see anything my way?
Our frames of reference are entirely unique; we are very much all alone together.
At best we choose to imagine each other's worlds through intuitive extrapolation of our own.
No sure bet even with the most expansive of minds with the best of intentions.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Getting Back to Where You Belong

Once upon a time You were so naturally You,
And then You glimpsed your reflection in the pond,
And gradually succumbed to the delusion of vain notion.
How to get back to where You have been all along,
Is ever the challenge of the discerning mind.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Beingness Prior to Imagination

The Supreme Being is not some divinity-entity on some cloudy on-high.
It is the supreme, being; the totality, being; the absolute, being.
It is the quantum, being; it is the everything, being, it is the nothingness; being.
It is being on the supreme level, prior to and beyond all constraints born of imaginary notion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

That Is the Question

The immaculate awareness You truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
Your illusory universe will distract the mind You occupy in every way imaginable.
Fashion every possible hook to every moment, draw You out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.
And in every moment, You do acquiesce, in every moment, You do sip the quantum elixir,
You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Big Yoga

Yoga is a Hindu spiritual and ascetic discipline, the ultimate aim of which,
Is purification and self-understanding leading to union with the impenetrable mystery.
Karma Yoga is action, Bhakti is Yoga devotion, Jnana Yoga is knowledge, Raja Yoga is meditation.
Despite sounding like different processes, they are really one in the same,
Each with its time, each with its place.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The First Tribe

The concept of family, the first tribe, can be such a peculiar thing.
People about which You might otherwise never even give a second thought,
You spend so much of your existence around, through every imaginable thick and thin.
Every imaginable passion, from heartfelt to heartache, from agape to odium.
Blood may be thicker than water, but it ain't that much thicker.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Collateral Damage

Assholes and volcanoes have a great deal in common.
Sometime diarrhea, sometimes explosive maelstroms.
Always a reasonable possibility of collateral damage.

Breadcrumbs 2019

One in the Same

Awareness is all.
A moment ago, is forever expired,
And the next more ungraspable than the farthest star.
Space and time are the weavers of an inexplicable, imaginary dream,
Given illusionary reality by the temporal sensory-mind.
Creation and creator are one in the same.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Judge, Jury, Executioner

No arguing with physics.
Mass and velocity and vectors, are the judge and jury and executioner,
Of this temporal quantum dream.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Way of the Way

Inhale-exhale,
Full-empty,
Come-go,
Ebb-flow,
Birth-death,
Everything-nothing.
It is the way.

Breadcrumbs 2019

One Cannot Be Without the Other

Without the cosmos, there is no perception.
Without perception, there is no cosmos.
One cannot be without the other.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Creator and Creation

Without imagination, there are no gods, no heavens, no hells.
Imagination is the creator, imagination is the creation.
Source of all illusions, source of all delusions.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Say It, Write It, Do It

If You can say it better, say it.
If You can write it better, write it.
If You can do it better, do it.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Reclaiming the Mystery of Awareness

The sciences have obliquely, without intention, pointed out, over and over, in many ways, in many times,
That the senses are but evolutionary, neurological creations; weavers of the mind's theater.
What would it take for the transcendental to become clear beyond doubt,
And awareness reclaim its mystery-given sovereignty,
Over the conditioned usurper fashioned by imaginary design?

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Blame, No Guilt, No Regret

Why feel blame or guilt or regret for being cast by the genetic lottery
Into a quantum dream for which You bear no responsibility, whatsoever?

Breadcrumbs 2019

More or Less

You may be more intellectual than someone else, or they may be more intellectual than You.
You may be more attractive than someone else, or they may be more attractive than You.
You may be more powerful than someone else, or they may be more powerful than You.
You may be more affluent than someone else, or they may be more affluent than You.
You may be more famous than someone else, or they may be more famous than You.
What does it matter, really, all the superficial differences, all the superficial judgments,
The human mind inexorably, with only rare respite, contrives in this absurd little dreamtime?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Sleep-Walking the Dreamtime

Each and every morning, from the very first moments of awakening,
The conditioned recording begins playing its mind-numbing assumptions,
And another day of inevitability, another day of sleep-walking, begins.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Petri Dish Reality

It is the finite nature of everything biological in this manifest theater,
That sooner or later there is a boundary, a limit, a border, a perimeter, a wall.
It is a Petri dish thing, and the faster one rushes towards that edge, the sooner it comes.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Drop in the Mystery

Whether or not You ever give it your attention, whether or not You ever awaken to its ultimate reality,
Awareness is ever the same omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, immutable absoluteness.
Unaligned to any attribute contrived by the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum dream.
You are a drop of that dream playing out a time-bound, illusory existence.
A finite witness, peering out for a fleeting while, into an immeasurable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Unborn-Undying Eye

That which is immortal, that which is without attributes, that which is unrestricted in any way.
Is the unmoving, immaculate awareness permeating all creation.
The eye that discerns all, knows all.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Priceless Moment

Right here, right now, this very spaceless-timeless moment.
The simplest, most real, most true, most priceless place You can ever be.
Awareness is the driver; only a modicum of imagination required.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Impenetrable Moment

What passion? What desire? What rage? What fervor?
What pleasure? What pain? What joy? What sorrow? What anything?
Can reside in the timeless instantaneousness of awareness?

Breadcrumbs 2019

A One-Time Impromptu Touchy-Feely Show

The destiny, the fate, the kismet, the providence, the fortune, the chance, the karma,
Of any given time, of any given moment, will never ever happen again.
All dreamtimes are a one-time parade, a one-time spectacle,
A one-time theater of imaginary consequence.
All played impromptu by You.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Teflon Théâtre de L'Absurde Mystery

Call this touchy-feely, three-dimensional mystery by whatever sound You or others contrive
– God, Yahweh, Allah, Brahman, Tao, Quantum, Great Pumpkin, Whatever –
It is indifferent to all things, all attributes, including You.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Discerning the Tabula Rasa of Eternal Life

Gods and demons are all the whimsical notions of imagination,
And it is the mind's eye that must persevere unsullied,
Be renewed in the tabula rasa of eternal life,
If You earnestly seek to be free.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Surviving the New Balance

The climate in many geographies is becoming more uncomfortable, more forbidding by the year,
But where to run, where to hide, that will not be suffering its own deterioration?
The equilibrium we once knew, is still in absolute balance,
But will humankind survive it?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Quantum Dreamtime

Quantum mist.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum dream.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Centricity of Our Kind

It is the nature of our species to spend every day and every night, believing it is all about us.
Egocentric, ethnocentric, chronocentric, geocentric, heliocentric, cosmoscentric.
Exceptions only, over-and-over, again-and-again, prove the rule.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Quantum Medley

Another instant, another moment, another twinkling,
Another second, another minute, another hour, another day, another night,
Another week, another month, another year, another decade, another century, another millennium,
Another period, another era, another span, another epoch, another age, another eon,
A quantum medley, all kaleidoscoping in the very same eternal now.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Sentient Ephemerality of Imagination

Yet another pleasurable or painful or monotonous experience.
Yet another memory, another perception, another insight, another fragment,
Churning in the momentary wake of an inexplicable quantum dream.
All wrought by this sentient ephemerality we call imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Hollow Notion of All Religion

All religion is absolute absurdity; there is no need to worship anything or anyone.
The universe is an unfathomable mystery, an inseparable quantum reverie, pure and simple.
And we are all the same mystery, and the same mystery is all of us; all ultimately equals in every way.
No need to make it any more or less than that; all else is but vain hollow notion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Inscrutable Awareness

Now is the only moment, in which the enigmatic awareness, You think, You, exists.
There is no before, there is no after, there is no past, there is no future.
There is naught but the awareness, right here, right now,
An unknowable, timeless sentience, witness to a quantum dream.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Imagination's Storytellers

There is no such thing as history; there are only historians.
Storytellers, who persuade You to imagine their stories real.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Indelible Intrinsic Corruption

For corruption to end, the corrupt must look within, to discern, to rectify, their ravenous minds.
And that, dear friends, as anyone paying attention will have noted,
Is not going to happen anytime ever.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Everyone Their Own Normal

You are your own rendition of normal.
It may be batshit crazy to everyone else, but it is what it is.
And it be more than a little likely there ain't nothing You can ever really do to change it.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Neither Faster Nor Slower

Rushing, rushing, always rushing, as though You have the clout to compel eternity,
That mysterious presence that is neither time nor space, somehow move any faster.
Or slower, if You believe digging in your heels will have some effect that direction.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Secular v. The Eternal

Consciousness born of mind, born of the illusion inspired by the senses,
Ever conspires to usurp the awareness, that facilitates its imaginary dreamtime,
But cannot, because fallacy can never reign, when smoke and mirrors is its only hand.
That which is but time and space, can never encase, even for a moment, that which is eternal,
That which is unborn, that which is undying, that which is neither space nor time,
That which is indivisible, prior to all that is temporal and mundane.

Breadcrumbs 2019

From the Mariana Trench to Mount Everest

The Mariana Trench is 36,037 feet deep, Mount Everest is 29,029 feet tall, a total of 65066 feet.
A mile is 5,280 feet, so the distance from the deepest to the tallest points on earth, is just over 12 miles.
The gap between the California municipalities of Turlock and Modesto, is plus-or-minus 14 miles.
What would ever lead anyone to truly believe, all the horrors the human species has inflicted,
Would not have at least a teensy-weensy impact, on the magical garden that birthed it?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Untouchable You

Living for what others think of You can be a very long, very winding journey,
Through an endless labyrinth of netherworlds born of imaginary notion.
The mind-body suffers, consciousness suffers, imagination suffers.
The eternal awareness You truly are – and are not – is ever untouched.

Breadcrumbs 2019

There Ain't No More

This is it, this is all there is.
Despite all the hope, despite all the speculation, there ain't no more.
Try not to lose any sleep over it.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Pablum & Pacifiers

Organized religions offer mouthwatering pablum and soothing pacifiers,
To those afraid to stand alone and investigate the mystery for themselves.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Hell of Imaginary Notion

Make endless assumptions, take everything personally,
Hell is awash with boundaries of every imaginable notion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

You Imagine

You imagine You were born.
You imagine You were a child.
You imagine You were an adolescent.
You imagine You spent life as an adult.
You imagine so many things along the way,
Including the mortal end yet to come.
Has any of it really been real?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Free Will v. Determinism

Does anyone really aspire to do anything with their finite existence?
Or is it all merely the compulsion of the inherent nature-nurture?
Nothing more than the destined momentum of the given patterning.
An inescapable reverie playing out the delusion of meaning and purpose.
An inexplicable quantum cosmos, ticking away with neither rhyme nor reason.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Return to Tabula Rasa

All that experience, all that knowledge, all that accumulation,
The entire frame of reference from which You draw your cosmos,
What is its real purpose but to get You to this very right-here-right-now,
The most You can be, the most You have ever been, the most You will ever be.
There is no more but what the endless cravings of imagination concoct.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Existential Quest

How this mystery came to be, how consciousness came to be,
Neither You nor anyone else will ever more than speculate.
It is only in the eternal stillness of the ever-present awareness,
That You will ever realize any tranquility in your existential quest.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Limits of Artificial Intelligence

Artificial intelligence may be programmed to learn, to achieve great heights,
But will it not always be learning through the human mind that devised the code?
As with space travel blasting across galaxy after galaxy, exploring and battling aliens,
It is hard to believe its rise to sentience, will ever be more than musings of science fiction.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Quantum Cosmos, Quantum Mind

How can all the appearances of the quantum cosmos,
Be anything more than made-up states of mind,
Molded by collective assumption, collective collusion,
Evolved through natural selection in the jungles of long ago.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Indifference v. the Churning

The awareness does not care one whit whether You are good or bad,
Right or wrong, happy or sad, smart or stupid, sage or fool,
Kind or cruel, rich or poor, black or white, or any other this or that.
It is only the imaginary notions of consciousness that bother about anything.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Insecurity of the Moment

The mind is always seeking security,
But the mesmerizing draw of the insoluble,
The consuming anxiety born of desire and dread,
Leaves it in all-consuming turbulence again and again.
To attain at least a smidgen of serenity, of modicum of peace,
Give your Self over to the insecurity of the ever-transient moment,
Let go the imaginary universe in your weary head, at least once in a while.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All You Need

Real religion is without dogma.
The Golden Rule is all You need.
Everything else is redundant.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The True Nature of Beginnings and Endings

It is all instantaneously, simultaneously, come and gone as it happens.
Beginnings and endings are but imagination make-believing time real.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Attending the Immaculate Awareness

Outside-the-box thinking first requires perception of the box.
If there is to be any possibility of free will, any perception beyond the given state,
The boundaries of the nature-nurture conditioning must be discerned,
By the ever-present attention of immaculate awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Peering Out, Peering In

You are not the mind-body, You are not the imagination.
You are the timeless motionlessness of the unborn-undying awareness,
Peering out in whatever way the quantum indivisibility has without effort contrived.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Stillness Before Mind

How far will science explore from the smallest small to the largest large,
Before it becomes glaringly apparent that it is all ultimately nothing at all.
That all that measuring, all that nomenclature, all that scholarly pursuit,
Has really never been more than the mind's reluctance to remain still.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Miasma of the Busy-Busy

For those forever pursuing the ultimate answer, here it is: There is no ultimate answer.
Imagination will never find any truth that is not imaginary.
A busy mind is its own miasma.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Critical Thinking v. Ignorance

Ignorance is self-sustaining; always has been, always will be.
Critical thinkers are forever doomed in its ebb and flow,
No matter their countless attempts to raise the bar.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Where Responsibility Truly Dwells

It is not some deity's will; it is our will, our vanity, our greed,
Our insatiable ravenousness for more-more-more,
That has fashioned this fine mess.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Imaginary Fare

What a thing to have squandered so much of one's existence,
Justifying, rationalizing, quarreling, over the endless absurdities,
Of ethnicity and gender and other given nature-nurture persuasions.
What is any tribal mindset but imaginary fare from any and every get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Process to Which Intelligence is Called

Scientific method is the most exact means humankind has yet devised,
To measure, to examine, the parameters of this manifest quantum dimension.
If there are other dimensions in this intrepid electromagnetic spectrum,
No doubt any intelligence is exploring it as precisely as possible,
Through whatever ways and means circumstance allows.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Wind of Vanity

You may be at the top of some mountain today, victor of every skirmish,
But one day You, too, will succumb to incapacity and death,
And all your vanity, nothing more than wind.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Unadorned State

The newborn is but the tabula rasa of awareness, until consciousness is gradually conditioned,
By the winds of time, by the agony and ecstasy of the given nature-nurture.
Awakening is to be reborn into that unadorned state.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Ultimate Point, Really

No ultimate point to anything at all, really; existence is but a sensory-mind dream.
And the dream is nothing more than quantum mist born of an impenetrable mystery.
Pure, unadulterated illusion, witnessed by an awareness without beginning, without end.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Truth of All Belief Systems

Reality is not as concrete as thought would have it.
In fact, it is not concrete, not tangible, not palpable, at all.
Dubbing it a quantum dream is as close to truth as truth allows.
No need to create, no point in creating, any belief system, whatsoever.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Ever-Wandering Mind

The mind is a willy-nilly wanderer.
Only the most focused attention tames it,
And likely very few attain that level of intrigue,
For any great length of timelessness.

Breadcrumbs 2019

You Do Not Know

The actuality is, You do not know who, You do not know what, You do not know when,
You do not know where, You do not know why, You do not know how.
You do not know anything but right-here-right-now.
And even that ain't no sure bet.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Rules of the Game

That myth, that saga, that chronicle, that fable, that folktale, that legend,
Is most certainly not vaguely true, or remotely possible,
By any law of physics ever written.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Truth of Tribal Thinking

Nationalism is nothing more than tribalism on a substantial scale,
And tribalism is nothing more than the collective me-and-myself-and-I,
That is all about the imaginary you peering out into a sensory dream.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The So It Goes of Solitude

No one is ever going to see, to perceive, anything the way You do.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Five W's and One H of Happens

Who happens.
What happens.
Where happens.
When happens.
Why happens.
How happens.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Sirens of Quantum

The sensory mind, mesmerized by the sirens of quantum to wander the vibrations of light and sound,
Cast all creation into an impromptu theater that ceaselessly kaleidoscopes on in its metered way,
Carrying all organic life forms though a dream of awareness made apparent through time.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Lila of Mystery

Time is but a memory, a perception, a vision, an insight, a timeless flicker of imagination,
Sparked of the electromagnetic spectrum generating the invention of existence.
Upon a more esoteric scaffold, it has been called the Lila of Brahman.
The means by which the mystery may be eternally distracted,
With but a relative few stimulated by stubborn doubt,
To quest, to wander, prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2019

As Blank as Blank Can Be

Given the nature of the human genome,
The newborn may not be full-on-free-and-clear tabula rasa,
But for all practical purposes the awareness is without a cloud in its windless sky.
Its untrammeled mind is as blank a slate as it ever will be again.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Process Is All

All existence is process.
No beginnings, no endings, just process.
Cause and effect streaming seamlessly, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Ever dreaming on until death takes center stage,
And the curtain forever falls.

Breadcrumbs 2019

What Do You Do?

Do You give? Do You take?
Do You heal? Do You injure?
Do You create? Do You destroy?
Do You nourish? Do You consume?
Do You think? Do You regurgitate?
Do You dance? Do You march?
Do You live? Do You die?
Were You ever born?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Indivisible Essence

Like air filling up a balloon, unconcerned its size or shape or color,
Who-what-where-when-why-how it will wander, when it will pop or deflate.
The same indivisible essence, equally filling all things small to great, for all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Reality of the Senses

Without sight … hearing, taste, smell, feeling, would craft a different universe.
Without hearing … taste, smell, feeling, sight, would craft a different universe.
Without taste … smell, feeling, sight, hearing, would craft a different universe.
Without smell … feeling, sight, hearing, taste, would craft a different universe.
Without feeling … sight, hearing, taste, smell, would craft a different universe.
Without two or more of the above, the ones left would craft a different universe.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All Right, All Wrong

Across this garden world, across all time, every culture has contrived folklore and wisdom,
To rationalize the mystery from which all have come into being.
They are all right; they are all wrong.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Diddly-Squat of Knowing

You do not know who, You do not know what,
You do not know where, You do not know when,
You do not know why, You do not know how,
Nor do You know any other diddly-squat.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Who-What-Where-When-Why-How

Who-what-where-when-why-how is who?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is what?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is where?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is when?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is why?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is who?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Faceless You

You assume the crunchy-chewy-gooey flesh and bones, out of which You peer, is your body,
And yet, You are able to observe it only partially, and in a most peculiar way.
Why is it that You have never ever seen your own mortal face,
Nor has anyone or anything else seen theirs,
Is indeed a koan for all.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Choosing Contentment

There is no real need to believe in anyone or anything.
All belief is born of imagination's ceaseless craving for more.
When what it is, is what it is, from any get-go, from any beginning,
The challenge is choosing contentment in whatever existence has offered.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Relativity Spectrum

Who can even begin to guess all the perceptions out there, about You.
Some of which may be true, some of which may be false,
All of which fall into the relativity spectrum.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Hard to Imagine

Hard to imagine that by the end of this century
The human genome will not be either pruned back dramatically,
Or entirely extinct because of a blend of climate change and environmental collapse,
Or, given our kind's inability to get along for more than brief bits of time,
A beyond-the-pale biological or chemical or nuclear holocaust.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Untouched by the Senses

Awareness sees nothing.
Awareness hears nothing.
Awareness smells nothing.
Awareness tastes nothing.
Awareness feels nothing.
Awareness thinks nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Five W's and One H of Happening

Who is happening?
What is happening?
Where is happening?
When is happening?
Why is happening?
How is happening?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Source of History

The human paradigm is about interacting with others.
Sometimes for a few moments, sometimes for an entire lifetime.
Sometimes beneficial, sometime harmful, sometimes trifling.
It is a dynamic from which all history is written, or not.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Undoing the Instinctual Mind

Human consciousness is entrenched in the instinctual mind,
Naturally selected in the fierce, remorseless jungles of long ago.
It cannot be undone but through the most discerning attention.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Chart Your Own Course

You need not inwardly participate in the ever-careening dreamtime world,
Established, prescribed, ordained, predestined, decreed, designed, determined, commanded,
By any given culture, any given groupthink, any given karass, any given anything.
Assume the sovereignty to forge your own path, to chart your own course.
It is your narrative, your chronicle, to do with what destiny calls.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Here and Gone

Sounds are here and gone, ever-changing.
Visions are here and gone, ever-changing.
Tastes are here and gone, ever-changing.
Smells are here and gone, ever-changing.
Touching is here and gone, ever-changing.
All things are here and gone, ever-changing.
Only in indivisible awareness does change still.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Trap of Identification

Do not mix up who-what-where-when-why-how You are,
With who-what-where-why-when-why-how You do.
All identification is a trap of your own making.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Just Another Organism

Humankind is really no different than any other organism.
We just have more ways and means in our cancerous onslaught.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Hypocrisy, the Real Sin

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least You are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The True Supreme Being

Supreme being is not an entity; it is not a dualistic notion.
It is the awareness, the indivisibility, the timelessness, the quintessence,
Within all creations great to small in the omnipresence, omnipotent, omniscient sense.
It is the beingness, the nowness, that reigns unconditional.
It is the absolute, it is eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Simplicity of Eternity

In awareness, the seeker distinguishes Self.
In imagination, the seeker seeks and seeks, on and on.
Breathe in, breathe out, to discern how eternity is far too simple,
For the busy-busy of imagination to long endure.

Breadcrumbs 2019

You Cannot Hide

You believe your power, your fame, your wealth,
Your houses, your clothes, your jewelry, your things,
Your titles, your degrees, or any other hollow airs,
Mean anything to those who see You as You are?

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Other Known

How can anyone ever more than speculate,
How any other creature, any other earthling,
Discerns its kaleidoscoping quantum universe.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Nothing to Spend, Nothing to Save

To believe there is a soul that needs saving, or can be saved,
Is a notion, an assumption, that has no merit, whatsoever.
The indivisible, ineffable mystery requires no saving.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Sands of Eternity

Your genetic past is the foundation of the patterning You are right here, right now.
Everything You say, everything You do, was written in your sands,
Long before eternity bloomed into consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Attributes of Duality

In a dualistic universe, there is no light without dark, no good without evil,
Right without wrong, pleasure without pain, flow without ebb, yes without no.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Mindful and Mindless Pursuit of Trivia

What a thing the evolution of the brain, of mind, of cognition.
From a naturally-selected instinctual apparatus, to one delineated by the given culture,
Teeming to the nth degree with every sort of detail, every sort of trivia,
Every variety of mindful and mindless pursuit.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Yes, Jesus Is Coming for You

Santa Claus was real, until You finally figured out, he was not.
The same with the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka.
But Jesus? No, Jesus is real. Jesus is not a lie. Jesus died for your sins, that You might exist forever.
Jesus is going return someday to take You up to heaven, no matter what evils You have done.
All You need do is believe, and hand over ten percent-ish to your chosen middleman.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Usual Suspects

Any cult (a.k.a., religion) likely has these usual suspects in common:
Charismatic leader,
Supreme deity with supporting troupe,
Mythology, idols, dogma, rituals, symbols, dress code, hierarchy,
And most importantly, a collection of true believers tithing to support the prescribed mission.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Always the Same Right-Here-Right-Now

A most earnest determination is required to truthfully inquire into this inexplicable dream of time.
Any agenda concocted by any other offers nothing more than a long-and-winding labyrinth,
Replete with every imaginable smoke-and-mirror-illusory-deflection-of-a-distraction.
Whenever You are of a mind to every moment be the timeless state of awareness,
It will ever be the same right-here-right-now it has ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Conditioned Responses

Endorphins are central to human behavior patterns.
How any respond to any given scenario, to any given moment,
Depends on the endorphins that are released into the given mind-body.
No one need give themselves over to any conditioned response,
But through the subjective stratums of attachment,
That rule their version of the cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Tussle Between the Mundane and the Eternal

You need not react, need not respond, need not answer, to anything, but through your own volition.
It requires only your becoming extremely aware of the chemistries blended of desire and fear.
It requires observing closely, every moment, the feelings any given combination ordains,
Rather than simply giving awareness over to the conditioned mind-body responses.
The endorphin meter is set by the level of attachment to any given scenario.
To be as free as humanly possible is to function at a level of awareness,
Challenging to manifest for any great duration of so-called time.
In other words, the indivisible now, the timeless moment,
The awareness You truly are in this reverie of time,
Is, far more often than not, being interminably shanghaied,
By the time-bound imagination You are not, were not, will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Temporal Nature of Love

Love is nothing more than an imaginary human concoction.
An evolutionary consequence of the mammalian nervous system,
That has no reality whatsoever in the awareness prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Zeros to the Right, Zeros to the Left

Lots and lots of zeros, way out there in the great beyond,
And bunches more on the wee side of the decimal point, too.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Truth of the Five Agreements

Where does not practicing Don Miguel Ruiz's five agreements get You?
What happens when You are not impeccable with your word?
What happens when You take everything personally?
What happens when You make assumptions?
What happens when You do not always do your best?
What happens when You do not listen well with a skeptical ear?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Cultivating the Audacity to Stand Alone

All your life You have followed some so-called religious archetype,
Deceiving your Self in one way or another with the ashes of a cultish tradition.
Yet here You are with that gnawing hunger to finally discover the truth behind the charade.
To finally apprehend, to finally yield, to the immaculate awareness You truly are,
And have only lacked the audacity to fully own, to fully stand alone.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Avoid Deceiving Your Self

To without doubt realize this inexplicable, impenetrable, inscrutable, incomprehensible,
Indecipherable, inseparable, indelible, mystical-magical mystery of awareness,
As indivisibly fearless and desireless and guileless as it absolutely is,
The earnest, resolute seeker, can lie to anyone but himself.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Imagination's Insatiable Craving

Closely observe the insatiable craving for more of anything and everything,
And realize its intoxicating dynamic is entirely born of imagination,
That is itself risen of the instinctual origin of the species.
Our kind is but a brief handiwork in this magical-mystery tour.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Limitation of Awareness

Pure awareness is incapable of doing anything on its own.
It is permitted entrée to the dreamtime world, to the dreamtime universe,
Through sentient proficiency at spinning the quantum ground in so many nimble ways.
Ways regulated only by any given creature's naturally-selected, nature-nurtured, frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2019

What Is Thought v. What Is Done

You can imagine doing just about anything You please.
Playing out in your mind whatever good, whatever evil You will.
But what You actually do, is your worldly mark in the dusty sands of time.

Breadcrumbs 2019

This Is What You Do

This is what You do.
No need to explain, justify, defend,
Absolve, prove, validate, rationalize, analyze, assert,
Vindicate, support, exonerate, uphold, modify, add to, or detract from.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Mystery's Means to Self-Discovery

The mystery gave its Self a magical garden world,
With an abundant diversity of psychotropic and other substances,
That it might, in a temporal setting, discern its timeless prior-to-quantum presence.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Solitary Fantasy v. Theatrical Reality

When it comes to pleasing yourself, as all worthy narcissistic hedonists so often do,
Why would solitary fantasy rather than theatrical reality ever be a rancid thing?
What hypocrites play out in their pejorative noggins need not be a concern.

Breadcrumbs 2019

How Can the Unknown Ever Be Known?

How has this awareness come to be? And can its indelible nature ever be known?
Can its ever-present reality ever be truly discerned as more than a conception of consciousness?
How can that which is timeless, that which is indivisible, that which is unborn-undying,
That which is prior to all that is quantum, ever be confined, or even touched,
By the time-bound-sensory-mind cosmos fashioned of imagination?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Alone for All Eternity

There are a variety of remarkable substances,
That will aid your discerning the truth of this mystery of existence.
That this quantum dream of time and space, of agony and ecstasy, of all dualistic notion,
Is ultimately nothing more than an imaginary light and sound show.
That You are absolutely alone for all eternity,
And cannot do a friggin' thing about it,
Except succumb to one diversion after another,
Until You perchance wake up and stop smelling the roses.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Means to Change

Speaking truth to power generally only brings about change,
If there is some sort of means, some sort of tool, some sort of weapon,
To influence, to leverage, to manipulate, to force, its attention.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Art of Political Expediency

All judgments, opinions, conclusions, assessments, beliefs, prejudices, stereotypes, and the like,
Are ultimately meaningless, yet largely unavoidable, given the dualistic nature of the sensory mind.
Best keep as many to yourself as possible, if You aspire to the tranquility of political expediency.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Limits of Consciousness

In any given sensory theater across the cosmos, across all creation,
Is it at all possible for consciousness to inspire anything but dualistic perception,
In all but those rare few gifted with eyes that see and ears that hear.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Assumptions of Consciousness

What is this awareness?
What is this perceiving we call soul?
Is it truly something distinct, something definite?
Or merely yet another resonant assumption of consciousness?
If awareness is soul, You are soul; if awareness is not soul, You are not soul.
How any prefer to see it is their own affair, and theirs alone,
As it is for every other, under any sun.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Impartial Creator-Destroyer

Mother Nature is an absolutely impartial creator-destroyer.
She will raise You up and grind You down with the same equanimity.
It is up to You, and You alone, to survive, to persist, the dream of time between.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Quantum Spark

The singular, indivisible, ever-present now is the only point,
At which the quantum spark of consciousness is touched by the senses,
The memory of which generates the illusion of time and space.
What is called reality is but a kaleidoscoping dream.

Breadcrumbs 2019

For the Rest of Time

Whether Jesus ever really existed or not,
Humankind is 99.9999% likely stuck
With Catholic and Christian and Mormon,
And other cultish absurdity for the rest of time.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Unknowable Awareness

How can the awareness, in which there is no trace of space and time,
Ever be known by the mystery that is the architect of space and time?

Breadcrumbs 2019

What is Success? What is Failure?

What are success and failure to those who seek, those who discern,
Those whose calling is the indelible, indivisible, immortal awakening?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Temporary Passengers in the Sea of Oblivion

Resisting the ever-present, indivisible nature of awareness, is futile.
Consciousness is but a very temporary passenger of a very finite dream.
And must inevitably relinquish its imaginary reverie at one point or another.
It is the fate of all forms small to great, to drown in the sea of timeless oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Equilibrium, Disruption, Equilibrium

What is any story, any narrative, but an array of scenarios moving through a series of stages:
Beginning to blossoming to thickening to darkening to blackening to resolving to ending.
Or as thinker Tzvetan Todorov put it: From equilibrium to disruption to equilibrium.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Statistical Certitude? Or Science Fiction?

Statistically improbable as it well may be in the grand immensity of the ever-expanding cosmic adventure,
It is always possible that we are the one and only civilization that this vast universe as ever spawned.
To assume other worlds were, or will be, the right size in the right sun with the right chemistry,
With an evolutionary track that fostered forests with mammalian life, opposable thumbs,
Larynxes, lungs, arms, legs, tool-making brains – or something equally capable –
Might well be dubious, despite the near-infinity of star-crossed possibilities.
And even if some alien intelligence does perchance exist, how likely is it, seriously,
Other than in science fiction, in all the books and movies, upon which we insatiably gorge,
That we or they would ever cross the vast expanses, and somehow connect in any meaningful way?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Ever and Ever

Whoever.
Whatever.
Wherever.
Whenever.
Whyever.
However.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Would You Just Get It Over With!

What on earth leads human beings to believe any deity worth its salt,
Would be at all interested in, at all concerned about, their pathetic tripe?
Imagine listening to all that wretched whining, day after day, for all eternity.
That deity must surely every moment wish our species would just get it over with.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Tune In, Drop Out

Is it as much religion or spirituality, as it is being in touch,
With the timeless legitimacy of pure, undifferentiated awareness,
Without all the missteps and mishaps and absurdities of consciousness,
And the ceaselessly insufferable array of temporal vanities,
Born of desire's intoxication with imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Inherit the Earth v. Win Heaven

It is the selfish and stupid and vain who will inherit the earth,
Because it takes great humility and intelligence to win heaven.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Pearls to Swine

Although often a temptation, giving can have its drawbacks.
Benevolence toward those who lack gratitude, those who feel entitled,
Can end up being little more than hollow gesture that changes absolutely nothing.
Pearls to swine, so to speak.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Heavens and Hells of Imagination

Heaven, hell, purgatory, call them what You will, are but conceptual perceptions.
Attitudes, insights, experiences, beliefs, realities, dreamscapes, notions, impressions.
Equally witnessed by the indelibly indivisible, eternal awareness of any given moment.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Remembering and Forgetting

You keep trying to remember, You keep trying to forget.
Holding on, letting go, so incompatible, so paradoxical, so ironical.
The Sisyphean fate of the conditioned mind entangled in the theater of time.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Petri Dishes Come in All Sizes

And why again is the human species in way different, in any way superior,
To any bacteria racing towards the indifferent edge of a laboratory Petri dish?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Begetting Life v. Begetting Death

Egalitarianism begets convergence begets peace begets creation begets life.
Extremism begets polarization begets conflict begets destruction begets death.
It is the ebb and flow of the human paradigm; it is the ebb and flow of all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2019

As Often and Quickly As Possible

Generally, fairly wise to assume all your fussy persnicketiness about any this or any that,
Means pretty much diddly-squat to anyone anywhere else in this or any other dream of time.
Getting over yourself as often and quickly as possible is always judicious personal policy.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Killing Time, Until It Kills You

Time is not your best friend, but for way-never-enough moments,
And will again and again betray You, whittle You down,
At every irrevocable turn, unto the bitter end.

Breadcrumbs 2019

In the Absence Of

Pleasure is the absence of pain.
Happiness, the absence of sorrow.
Wisdom, the absence of delusion.
Serenity, the absence of dread.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Imagination, the Usurper

The Me, the Myself, the I, are nothing more,
Than the ineffable, unfathomable, indelible awareness,
Usurped by the dualistic notions of consciousness, of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Imaginary Concoction

You are but timeless awareness peering through a quantum veil.
The You that You believe You are, is but an imaginary concoction.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Mystery of Quantum Design

How does mountain become a plain but by flowing into it.
How does a plain become a mountain but by upwelling into it.
In every greater there is a lesser; in every lesser there is a greater.
There is no stasis in this indivisible mystery of quantum design.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Shard-Filled Mystery

Call it God, call it Soul, call it Whatever, there is only one mystery,
And it splinters into as many shards as any given universe will allow.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Older Than the Stars, Younger Than the Moment

The awareness You are, is immortal, unborn-undying.
Only the temporal, mundane, corporeal, imaginary mind-body dies.
You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Wired for Tribalism

I am better than You, and my tribe is better than yours.
Same old me-myself-and-I narrative spun across the human paradigm,
Since imagination took root in the jungle-born mind, that evolved in the time before time.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Behind the Veil

Whenever thought attaches to any sort of attribute,
Imagination usurps reality, death raises its conditional mind,
And the indivisible awareness seamlessly dissipates from center stage,
Serenely witnessing the eternal dream from behind the veil of consciousness,
The cloak that flutters amok in every rational and irrational way imagination allows.

Breadcrumbs 2019

You Decide

'The' stillness before time? Or 'a' stillness before time?
'The' awareness before time? Or 'an' awareness before time?
Definitive or tentative, absolute or transitory, You decide.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Highest Calling

If there is any calling in this ineffable mystery,
Surely the highest is discerning the unknown.

Breadcrumbs 2019

It Just Doesn't Matter

You can sit in ashrams staring at walls,
Or freely meander the dream doing whatever You will.
From any beginning to any ending, it matters nary a speck nor an iota.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Which Was First?

Which was first, the chicken or the egg?
Which was first, the breath or the thought?

Breadcrumbs 2019

For Your Eyes Only

It is the eyes that create the greatest sense of separation within and without.
None of the other senses enhance dualistic notion in anywhere near the same way.
This grand theater matrix, this quantum dreamtime, would not be without them.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All the Same, None the Same

In this ever-changing quantum matrix,
No matter how many times anything is observed,
Neither it nor the mind's eye of the beholder,
Are ever even for a moment the same.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Truths Are Truths, Lies Are Lies

If something is true, it is true rain or shine, forever and daze beyond,
And many if not most assumptions, little more than fallacious notions.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Discernable Reality

It is a reality all can easily distinguish, if they have the wit to give such attention to their mind-body,
That it dissolves into the quantum indivisibly, from which all manifestation small to great materializes.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Stops

There appear to be no stops in the senseless ways,
To play out what appear to be an infinite array of insanities,
Available in this manifest theater of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2019

I Am You, You Are Me

Whether You discern it or not,
I know that I am You, and You are me,
And we, no matter the discourse, no matter the fate,
Are ultimately born of the same mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2019

To Speak Up, or Not to Speak Up

Time for mystics to stand up and be counted,
To stand up to the innumerable insufferable tyrannies,
Of so-called religions and other fabrications across the board.
That, of course, always runs risks of being stoned or burnt at the stake,
Or some other time-honored practice of doing away with witches and heretics.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No 'Me', No 'Myself', No 'I'

There is no 'Me', no 'Myself', no 'I', in the indivisibility of awareness; how can there be?
The given mind that asserts its dream real and true, is but a conditioned illusion,
An ever-changing, temporal, quantum phantom born of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A One-Time Dreamtime

It is the immortal awareness we all equally are that carries on,
In whatever seedlings are available in this grand manifest theater.
Your particular notion of individuality is but a one-time dreamtime.
There is no heaven, there is no hell, but whatever imagination imagines.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Unbothered Lives

You have gone to all your bother, so that others do not have to,
And others have gone to all their bother, so You do not have to.

Breadcrumbs 2019

You Are That, That You Are

So That is who.
So That is what.
So That is where.
So That is when.
So That is why.
So That is how.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Imaginary Self, True Self

Imagination is but a streaming quantum dream,
Usurping awareness to fabricate an imaginary self.
It is only in a very still mind that You will be true Self.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Destiny of the True Believer

Anyone can fabricate a story,
But to believe it true requires a gullible mind,
Lacking any shadow of doubt, and prepared to pay any cost.
Such is the destiny of the true believer.
Let the buyer beware.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Garden, Not a Museum

When it comes to the instinct to propagate,
Human beings have no more restraint than any other critter.
Rabbits, cockroaches, any creature You might name, is compelled by its biology,
But only for as long as its environment, its habitat, its milieu, its niche, its nook, its cranny, allows.
Which, on the whole, is not very long, when You consider that more than 99 percent,
Of all species that ever lived on Earth, amounting to over five billion,
Are estimated to have been snuffed out by the winds of time.
Guesstimates of the living range from 10 to 14 million,
And their extinction is assured down the pike, too.
This whirling orb is a garden, not a museum.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Most Balanced Adaptation

A rational, lucid, cynical, skeptical, absurd, asymmetrical mind,
May be the most balanced adaptation consciousness can concoct.

Breadcrumbs 2019

If It Truly Calls You

If You truly yearn to be the totality,
Ascertain the right-here-right-now awareness,
As much as the given mind-body, in space and time allows.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Evaporating Moment

What was, can never be again,
And whatever will be, will evaporate, too.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Cast off Into the Indivisible Solitude

The many attachments to which all are bound,
Are subjective concoctions of our own individual imagination.
To be unbound, one must cast off into the indivisible solitude of pure awareness,
From which all quantum creations in this mystery,
Are every moment spun.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Of the Human Muddle

The human muddle is a slow-motion trainwreck working its way off the tracks.
It will only be remedied by a massive die-off; it will only be solved by extinction.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Ethereal Bubble

You are but an ethereal bubble of awareness,
Rambling about the conditioned concoction,
Of a sensory-mind dream of space and time.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Answer Me This, Pilgrim

Answer me this, Pilgrim: When have You ever even once not been,
The timeless, indivisible, undying, enduring, right-here-right-now?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Immense Emptiness

If You were lost at sea, bobbing in the immense emptiness, totally alone, with no hope of survival,
It would really be no different, than if You were sitting in your living room, doing the boob-tube shuffle.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Of Hierarchical Covenants

Religion as it is practiced by many if not most,
Is nothing more than a hierarchical covenant,
Inspired by one feudal paradigm or another.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Ever-Changing Quantum Illusion-Delusion

The You that You dream You are, is but a set of perceptions,
A collection of memories, a frame of reference, a grab bag of attributes,
Imagining your character real, your mind-body real, your world real, your universe real.
Real being nothing more than an ever-changing quantum illusion-delusion,
Deftly mesmerizing the awareness equally permeating all.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Reality in the Natural Order

Geometric forms have absolutely no reality in the natural order.
Lines, circles, triangles, squares, pentagons, and all the many other shapes,
Are but conceptual creations by minds imagining perfect order,
In an indivisible mirage born of quantum chaos.

Breadcrumbs 2019

If You Must Believe in Something

If You must believe in something, believe in nature,
And draw on science to explore its rhyme and reason.
Or, be very, very still, and know all there is to know.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Isness You Are

Is it what You want to be, when You grow up? Or what You want to do?
The reality is, that the isness You are as a newborn,
Is what You will be at life's conclusion, and every moment between.
Do not identify with any attribute that locks You into what You are not, into what will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Party On, Pilgrim

You are the perfect, most indivisible You.
You are not flawed in any way or shape or form.
Imperfect minds formulate archetypes that can never be,
Like geometric shapes which have absolutely no reality in nature.
Leave behind all who would limit your dream of time.
Party on as You are, Pilgrim, party on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

So Little in the So Much

No matter how much You think You know, how large your frame of reference,
There is so-to-the-power-of-n much more that You do not, never will, never can.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Immeasurable Detachment

The philosophers scrutinize with their language.
The scientists and mathematicians with their facts and figures.
All dispatching imperative thoughts and conclusion upon every this, every that,
To the awareness, the anonymity, the obscurity, the spaciousness, the timelessness, the stillness,
The wakefulness that witnesses all eternity with equally immeasurable detachment.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Mystery of Now

If You believe that any words, any numbers, mean anything to the mystery of now,
You must also imagine that wind and clouds mean something to the spacious sky.
Awareness is all, and the motley shards are but players wafting across the stage.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Consequences! The Consequences!

The pleasures the Fates offer, are balanced, if not dominated,
By the myriad consequences that will inevitably be endured.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Ever Blowing on and On

What meaning, what purpose,
Mean anything to the quantum sands of time,
Ever blowing, ever blowing, ever blowing, on and on and on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Give Ear to Sages

Nature is the teacher.
Pain and death her instruments.
Live or die, You choose.
Give ear to sages.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Imaginary Nature of Space and Time

It might have happened ten seconds ago, ten years ago, or ten thousand years ago.
What is space, what is time, but the quantum-made concoction of imagination?

Breadcrumbs 2019

So Many Beyond-Knowing Questions

What does it mean to exist? What does it mean to be alive?
What does it mean for the quantum mystery to be conscious of itself?
What does it mean for the all but immeasurable electromagnetic spectrum,
To be able explore even an infinitesimal sliver of its boggling potential?
What does it mean for You to be pondering this thought right now?

Breadcrumbs 2019

What is Space? What is Time?

Memories from ten-twenty-thirty-forty-fifty-sixty-plus years ago,
Are as real as one even just a moment ago.
Imagination is all.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The One and Only Real Law

Natural law supersedes any and all monkey-mind constructs.
Too obvious to need a supporting witness, or bang of a gavel.

Breadcrumbs 2019

What is the Eternal Mind?

What is the eternal mind?
A mind that is awareness.
A mind that is perpetual.
A mind that is quantum.
A mind that is timeless.
A mind that is infinite.
A mind that is unborn.
A mind that is undying.
A mind that is absolute.
A mind that is immortal.
A mind that is indivisible.
A mind that is ever-present.
A mind that is ever-tranquil.
A mind that knows nothing.
A mind that is immaculate.
A mind that is everlasting.
A mind that is unbound.
A mind that is at rest.
A mind that is clear.
A mind that is solitary.
A mind that is sovereign.
A mind that is no mind at all.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Moderation! Moderation!

The consequences of the Seven Deadly Sins:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
Are eternities of universes well beyond counting.
Moderation is the challenge.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Roots of All Things Human

All this was set in motion millions of years ago back in the jungles of Africa.
We are all born of a natural selection process that runs through the core of our DNA.
No point getting upset about the fact that men do what men do, and women do what women do.
The contemporary world may make the tango of our species absurdly complex,
But the fundamental patterning is ever very much the same.

Breadcrumbs 2019

More! More! More!

The mind is an insatiable beast, ever hungry for more.
More food, more sex, more things, more power, more fame, more fortune.
Tamp down the ceaseless more-more-more of consciousness
If You wish to wander about free and clear.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Without Judgment?

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?
Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,
Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All Alone Together

We are very much all alone together,
In this beyond all pales, magical mystery quantum matrix theater.
Everyone has their own vision, their own insight, their own conclusion, their own frame of reference.
No one can possibly see anything the same, so why should anyone be all that concerned,
What anyone else thinks or says or writes, or how they spend their time?
All the gossip is just imagination galloping its merry way.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Awareness, Always the Same

No matter how far You wander, how long You wander, where You wander, how You wander,
You will ever be abiding in the very same eternal prior-to-consciousness awareness.
You will ever be enduring in the very same perpetual right-here-right-now.

Breadcrumbs 2019

When You Are All Alone

What do You do when You are alone?
What do You do when there is no other about?
When there is no expectation, no reward, no punishment.
When there is no applause, no sanction, no rejection, no confinement.
What do You do when all bounds are entirely your own?

Breadcrumbs 2019

How Full Do You Need to Be?

What point to knowing it all, having it all, being it all, seeing it all, winning it all?
No matter the genetic role allotted, You are forever the same awareness,
You are ever the same essence, the same undying ever-present.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Every Life Form

Every life form ever born is of the same source.
Biological organisms sculpted of the same quantum essence.
No matter how large, no matter how small, none are really different at all.
For humankind to assert itself distinct or superior in any way, in any shape, in any form,
Is nothing more than consciousness imagining a collusion of delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Ensnared in a Quantum Mirage

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is eternal, timeless, boundless.
Consciousness is temporal, time-bound, limited.
A dream and dreamer ensnared in a quantum mirage.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Oblivion Awaits

Believing your little blip of existence
Will make any significant impact is laughable.
Historical archives are chock-full of the all-but-forgotten.
Oblivion awaits your surrender.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Enduring Cultural Expectations

How interested are You really in digging graves and attending wakes and funerals?
Do family and friends and acquaintances really carry that much emotional significance?
Or is it all nothing more than a who-buries-who obligation, You bear with a sigh of resignation?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Yet Another Cautionary Tale

To believe yourself wise,
To believe yourself an astute sage,
Can be yet another road through purgatory,
Yet another cautionary tale.

Breadcrumbs 2019

What It Always Boils Down To

So many words, so many concepts, so many philosophies, so many dogmas.
All artificial, all just to describe, to explain, to illustrate, to capture, what always boils down,
To the same timeless, unborn, undying, ungraspable mystery of awareness.
The eternal source that requires absolutely none of it.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Best Wander Alone

Dependence on tradition is a stupor that dulls the blade of discernment.
To stay free, to stay alert, to awaken to the greatest vision, best wander alone.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Dubious Nature of Imagination

Why should it take any effort to be what You are?
It most certainly did not when You were very young.
If there is struggle, imagination is ever the usual suspect.
If consciousness is but a dream, why give it credence?

Breadcrumbs 2019

You Are Your Own Imaginary Protagonist

No matter how immense or minute, how bright or dim, any given mind –
Musical-rhythmically, visual-spatially, verbal-linguistically, logical-mathematically,
Bodily-kinesthetically, interpersonally, intrapersonally, naturalistically, existentially, morally –
That given mind is ever bound in the limits of space-time by its imaginary protagonist.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Same Common Denominator

All creation is devised of the same common denominator,
The same essence, the same ground, the same matrix, the same quantum.
Conservation of energy, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Indomitable Mystery

So many tribal mindsets arguing and battling and shunning and destroying,
Over assumptions about a mystery they can never dominate.
A mystery to which all have equal access,
But none can ever own.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Point and Purpose of Organized Religion

What is organized religion but never-ending waves of covetous middlemen,
Fabricating new ways to bedazzle and betray and bilk the unwitting sheeples.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Need for Any Religion

Why fill your immaculate, indelible, eternal mind,
With any religious labels, with any religious dogmas,
To which our kind is so needlessly, pointlessly addicted?
Awareness is all there is, and there ain't no more.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Pendulum of Love and Hate

What so many call love so often seems such a shallow, selfish thing.
It generates an endless assortment of pleasurable endorphins,
But is easily traded when opportunity raises its head,
And often morphs into hate in that process.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Eternal Equanimity of Awareness

Awareness will ever remain exactly the same, no matter how it is branded.
It is impossible to burden its stillness, its serenity, its silence,
With any twist or turn of conscious design.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All Existence, the Same Mystery

Evolution has sculpted life into many patterns, many forms, many ways and means,
But it is ever the same soupy essence bubbling away beneath each and every surface.
All separation, all difference, all uniqueness, is nothing more than imaginary notion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

There Will Be Consequences

Treat the corporeal container wisely, with respect and care,
Or it will have its revenge, my friend, it will have its revenge.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Inscrutable Mystery

Call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it Buddha, call it God, call it Yahweh, call it Allah,
Call it Great Spirit, call it Soul, call it Quantum, call it You, call it whatever You please,
It is far too great, far too inscrutable a mystery to be limited in any way, any shape, any form.

Breadcrumbs 2019

An Insatiable Beast

The human mind, human consciousness, is an insatiable beast,
Ravenously consuming everything it can, seeking experience at every level,
Including attempting to grasp, to know, the immeasurable unknown,
Whose indelible mystery is eternally, indivisibly unbreachable.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Trivial Pursuit

There is a very wearing danger in attaching too much relevance,
To the academics and their endless round-and-round,
In the Ivory Tower Trivial Pursuit Game.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Inscrutable Moment

At the end of any given day, at the end of any given existence,
You will be the same awareness, the same right-hereness-right-nowness,
That You were on the first day of your immaculate entry into this mystery theater.
The inscrutable moment – omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent –
Is incapable of being anything other than now.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Human Obsession

What is this human hunger, this obsession, for there to be a point to it all?
What is so challenging for so many, about not having an explanation for something,
That every stratagem from superstition to science, is used to engineer one account or another.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The True Gold

Are the one-percenters and their minions ever truly loyal,
To anything but gold and the things it buys, the trinkets it owns?
Only too late do the Midases discern the immeasurable they have missed.
Only too late do they comprehend the true gold, they have never in mind, mined.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A One-Time Show

The relatively negligible persona You play in that mortal container, is a one-time show.
An extemporaneous fabrication of imagination, that has no fundamental reality, whatsoever.
What You truly are, is indivisibly more, and there is nothing individual, nothing personal about it.

Breadcrumbs 2019

That Which is Unborn-Undying

It is religions that are dead, not God.
That which is perpetual source, is very much present.
Very much eternally, indivisibly, permanently, right here, right now.
Very much the unborn-undying, unfathomable awareness, the witness, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Will of the People

However small or large the group, whether twosome or family or tribe or culture,
Or organization or country, or the entire species worldwide, across all time,
What is the will of the people, but a continually surging me-me-me.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Quantum Tool

The given brain is a quantum tool in which You abide for a fated time,
And with awareness and gumption and grit, and a pinch of good fortune,
You will perchance learn to maneuver it well, and without too much fallout.

Breadcrumbs 2019

This One and Only Moment

There is … just … this moment.
There has always been … just … this moment.
There will always be … just … this moment.
No matter how deeply You yearn for more,
There are no manifest points to connect.
Space and time are but an illusion,
Kaleiedoscoping through it.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Stay Free

A surer way to autonomy,
Is to neither borrower nor lender be.
To neither owe, nor be owed,
Allows a freer wander.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Only Reality

All histories are but piecemeal fabrications of illusory perceptions,
Born of sensory mind-bodies wandering a quantum playhouse.
Space is unreal, time is unreal, light is unreal, sound is unreal.
All is but imaginary notion, make-believe narratives from any get-go.
Only the immaculate awareness through which consciousness streams is real.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Self-Absorbed Dream

What is this me … what is this myself … what is this I … but a time-bound dream of self-absorption.
… egocentric … ethnocentric … chronocentric … geocentric … heliocentric … cosmoscentric …
It is all about an imaginary me-me-me … projecting in every way, in every shape, in every form.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Ground of Awareness

All the gusting flurries of the mind-body, are of absolutely no consequence to the eternal awareness.
The myriad concoctions of imagination, are but time-bound fabrications,
Of an ever-changing make-believe reality.
If You yearn for tranquility, if You yearn for true Self,
Abide the cosmos kaleidoscoping about You in the ground of awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Through Which It Blows

The motley winds of consciousness with all its attributes, all its dualities:
Black and white hot and cold, full and empty, good and evil, life and death,
Has absolutely nothing to do with the still awareness through which it blows.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Rewind, No Excuses

Coulda, shoulda, woulda.
Coulda, woulda, shoulda.
Shoulda, coulda, woulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda.
Woulda, shoulda, coulda.
Woulda, coulda, shoulda.
However You might choose to say it,
Essentially the same no-rewind-no-excuses meaning.
Essentially the same oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Seven Deadly Sins

The Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth;
Each triggers its own unique gratification, its own distinct hormonal stimulation.
Look around and witness the countless extremes so many across the board,
Are in their nature-nurture frame of reference inspired to experience.
Tales told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All Across the World

All across the world, the same conversations.
No matter the geography, no matter the time, no matter the culture,
No matter the tradition, no matter the politic, no matter the economics, no matter the technology,
No matter the religion, no matter the philosophy, no matter the language, no matter the dress,
No matter the gender, no matter the family, no matter the education, no matter the work,
No matter the war, no matter the sport, no matter the pastimes, no matter anything;
Each and every human being, males and females of all ages and persuasions,
Are in every way imaginable, essentially having the same conversations.

Breadcrumbs 2019

As if It Really Matters

Bookstores, libraries, museums, thrift shops, garage sales, dusty collections, landfills, fiery pyres.
Selling, giving, burying, burning, books of every imaginable title written across the world, across time.
Billions and billions, likely even trillions of thoughts, set down again and again, forever again.
As if it really matters.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Nothing All the While

Mother Nature is immortal creator and destroyer.
Every moment simultaneously making and unmaking.
An ever-changing quantum apparition playing at existence.
Ever streaming, kaleidoscoping, appearing, dissolving.
Unconditionally, indivisibly, nothing all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2019

How Sure Are You?

Who is your tribe?
Who are your parents, your siblings?
What is You gender, your race, your religion, your culture?
What are all your attachments to this dreamtime world, or some rumored next one?
And what, by the way, makes You so sure any of it is truly real,
Or that You were ever even born?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Nothing More, Nothing Less, Nothing But

The challenge is to not confuse the witness You are with what is witnessed.
To not attach in any way, in any shape, in any form, the awareness You truly are,
With the sensory-inspired illusion-delusion of time and space kaleidoscoping about You.
You are pure awareness cloaked in a quantum reverie; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2019

This Moment, This Awareness

This moment, this awareness, is what You have always been.
This moment, this awareness, is what You will always be.
There is no more to it; there is no less to it.
All else is naught but vain notion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Every Sentient Being a Unique Translation

Ponder, if You will, every life form from small to great, sentient to insentient,
All born of the same indivisible mystery, all born with the same immutable awareness.
Each and every one, very much alone, crafting its own unique translation of the quantum play,
Each and every one simultaneously dreaming an existence, a world, a universe, in its own distinct way.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All the More, More, More You Will Never Do

More food You shall never eat, more liquor You shall never drink.
More books You shall never read, more music You shall never hear,
More movies You shall never watch, more places You shall never see,
More clothes You shall never wear, more furniture You shall never use.
So many things You can never do, so many things You will never do.
In the endless, ceaseless, perpetual, more of more, more, more.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Ever Gone as Quickly as It Came

Timeless awareness is what You are, is all You are.
The quantum theater and all its countlessly boggling attributes,
Is but an imaginary, touchy-feely, three-dimensional light and sound show.
A dream of time and space, ever gone as quickly as it came.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Collapse of Entitlement

The future is fucked in just about every way imaginable.
What will happen to all the young folk when their entitlement collapses?
Hopefully, the aliens will have a time machine, when they show up in a few million years.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Ceaseless Circus

The vanity of the human drama is a ceaseless, absurdity-laden circus.
Buddha did it his way, Hitler did it his, your mother did it hers.
What difference in the indivisible quantum reality, really?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Stiff Upper Lip

So many things You can never do, so many things You will never do.
There is no point letting your panties get all bunched up about anything, really.
Much better give it the stiff-upper-lip "oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on."

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Ever-Hungry Mind

So much gluttony, and for what, but frivolous gratification,
And momentary, futile distraction, from loneliness and self-pity.
Governing the ever-hungry mind, requires a discipline so many lack.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Solitary Walkabout to Freedom

All human beings are shaped by the nature-nurture, into which they are involuntarily cast.
All are conditioned, trained, programmed, indoctrinated, disciplined, humbled, tamed, cultivated,
Domesticated, subjugated, suppressed, conquered, curbed, pacified, repressed, brainwashed.
To unshackle one's true Self, to un-wash the mind, requires a great deal of discernment.
Each, very much alone, must choose, must grapple, to be free of all the absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Unsullied Mind

Enduring this existence, surviving this existence,
Need not make You guilty in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Heavens, hells, reincarnation, karma, whatever beliefs have been set before You,
Are nothing more than concoctions, speculations, assumptions,
Of the those who would own your mind.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All There Is, All There Is Not

Awareness is all there is, awareness is all there is not.
Ever-present, indivisible, immortal, unborn, undying, boundless.
The time and space continuum, is but a fleeting illusion of the quantum mind.

Breadcrumbs 2019

From the Jungles of Long Ago

Nationalism, patriotism, jingoism, chauvinism, prejudice, xenophobia,
Are really nothing more than humankind's seemingly genetic predisposition,
Towards the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric groupthink dynamic.
As narrow-minded, closed-minded, insular, provincial, parochial, as imagination deigns.

Breadcrumbs 2019

A Solitary Dreamtime

Likely little or nothing of your dreamtime matters to anyone but You.
All your experiences, all your insights, all your sentiments, all your passions,
Mean squat to any other, in comparison to the attachment, You bear towards them.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Problems! The Problems!

There are always problems that need resolution.
The trick is to meet them directly, clearly, pragmatically,
With a mind that is open to the best solution in the given moment.
The less bother, the less drama, the better for all concerned.

Breadcrumbs 2019

More Than Likely

It is more than likely every other life form in this quantum garden,
Lives in the ever-present, unborn-undying awareness,
More than the most awakened sage.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Art of Grace

Winning and losing are but states of mind, adjustments in attitude.
Play any competition hard and well; always give it your best.
Winning gracefully, losing gracefully, is an art of its own.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Delusion Unending

Regarding the genomic commonalities, the inherent behaviors of the human psyche:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
It is delusion for any individual, any group, any culture,
To believe itself in any way grander or superior to any other.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Solitary Existence

Why would it really matter whether anyone ever thinks about You, whether anyone cares about You?
The reality, harsh as it may seem, is that You are timelessly, indivisibly alone.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Reigning in the Seven Deadlies

No matter the culture, the geography, the time,
Every human being is subject to the same Seven Deadly Sins.
Pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth, are all potential in any mind.
To have the insight, the discipline, to keep them reigned in, to hold them in check, to keep them at bay,
To play them out as rationally, as temperately, as soberly, as judiciously, as ascetically,
As moderately as possible, is an every-moment challenge for all.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Naught But Stories

No history is ever exactly, what we imagine, what we translate, it to be,
And certainly not close to anything, even the most well-intentioned screenwriter,
Can bundle into a two-hour movie, a ten-hour documentary,
Or even a long-running mini-series.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Bypassing the Mind-Gorp

Life is a convoluted dream: Why should You not be convoluted dreamer?
Why should You be bound by any precept or principle, any theory or formula,
Any rule or law, any decree or edict, any order or directive, any concept or notion?
Why should You be obligated to any human-made mind-gorp, whatsoever?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Fates Will Not Be Denied

No one can change their fate, their destiny, their kismet, their luck, their doom.
All attempts are naught but what it is, kaleidoscoping into what it will be.
What it was, has ever been, will ever be, since the dawn of Creation.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Same Jungle, Same Monkeys

Alas to all the migrants and refugees and homeless and countless other disenfranchise souls.
Tough being on the short end of the stick in this so-called civilized, road-to-perdition madhouse.
The one-percenters and their underlings have never given a rat's derrière for the tormented underclass.
They have always manipulated and enslaved the less potent folk to their own ends, and always will.
Revolutions and civil wars and assassinations, only put new masks on the same underlying greed.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Subjectivity of All Histories

What makes anyone so beyond-an-iota-of-doubt-sure,
That anything ever really happened the way they arbitrarily perceived it?
And if perchance there is an objective, impartial truth, who or what can ever be witness to it?
Is it even the slightest bit possible for there to be an unbiased, impartial observer,
Without one relative, subjective, judgmental rendition or another?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Ever-Churning Angst of Consciousness

What is this great fear, this great dread,
That harbors ever-humming in this mammalian frame,
But the genomic pulse, the instinctive craving, the conscious obsession,
The ceaseless quest, the endless pursuit of unfeasible-unreachable-unattainable security,
That is never long-satisfied, never long at ease, no matter how we feed it?
Consciousness ever-tormented to churn on and on and on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Intuitive Source of Rational Thinking

Science is intuition, supported by experiments, by measurements, that can be duplicated.
Intuition alone, well, that is the matter of mystics, sitting in ashrams, staring at walls,
And unassuming observers, singing around campfires, drinking whisky and wine.
And occasionally, scientists, on wanders, musing with nary a gadget in hand.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Wings of Perception

What curious things, sensory-inspired perceptions are.
Given so much credence, despite being entirely born up the wings of imagination.
Stories all, to whatever end, only imagination cares.

Breadcrumbs 2019

All Niches Are Ultimately Equal

Why would You ever presume that your awareness, your operating system, your source code,
Is any different, any greater, any lesser, than that of any other living life form small to great?
You are not superior or inferior to anything in this inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Your First and Foremost Every Day Passion

What is your calling, your vocation, your passion,
But whatever, given every thinkable, every possible option,
You would first and foremost, at least part of every day, choose to do.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Hunger That Never Sleeps

Ambition, naked or well-cloaked, can be more savage than the most ferocious beast.
At least the beast stops until its corporeal hunger gives rise to the next chase.
Human hunger, the insatiable craving of consciousness, never sleeps.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Dance of Duality

Without life, is there death?
Without good, is there evil?
Without light, is there dark?
Without white, is there black?
Without ecstasy, is there agony?
Without right, is there wrong?
Without love, is there hate?
Without yes, is there no?
Without either, is there or?
What is duality but a menagerie,
Of an all but infinite array of possibilities,
In which all dreams of consciousness dance their dance.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Dubious Assumptions

Your body, if it is your body, why is it always changing?
Where was it before You were born? Where will it be after You die?
And while in it, have You ever really been anything more than solitary witness,
To a boggling, sensory-inspired, ever-present, quickly-passing dream?
We call it space, we call it time, we call it real, we call it true,
But is it all any more than a dubious assumption?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Madness Across the Board

We are all mad, each in our own unique way.
Any given normal is but capricious collusion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Scratching Away at the Unknown in Every Way

The electromagnetic spectrum is a mighty huge, relatively unknowable mystery,
Despite all scientific and mathematical and religious and philosophical and mystical,
And every other subjective and piecemeal investigation and assumption, to the contrary.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Everyone an Observer

Everyone, everywhere, to whatever degree they can muster,
Investigates physics and chemistry and biology in their own unique way.
Some may well be more perceptive, more accurate, in their observations than others,
But all, right or wrong or indifferent, have their conclusions,
And play out their existence accordingly.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Just a Distraction

How long can You shop and gorge your way,
Out of depression and dissatisfaction and boredom?
Consumption is a distraction, not a solution.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Those Who Would Be at Peace Endure Those Incapable of It

This spinning orb has been usurped by psychopaths, sociopaths, narcissists, and sundry miscreants.
The more innocuous, less invasive folk, abide the heart-breaking absurdities as best as they can,
Growing gardens, taking long walks, and staring at walls in coffee shops, bars, and ashrams.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Duality's Menagerie

Duality's menagerie is required for this dream,
To play its play, dance its dance, sing its song.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Crowded Centerstage

What is this need, this monkey-mind drive, so many have,
To be on stage, to have others moving and swaying to their narcissism?
This deep longing for others to applaud them, to follow them, to mimic their delusion.
Why should, why would, how could, anyone travel the same direction, in the same manner as You?

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Dead Reign the Living

History is woven into every language.
The dead reign from the graves of mind.
From the dusty realms at imagination's end.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Friends Without Borders

Friends in low places.
Friends in high places.
Friends in the between.
What difference, really?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Destiny, a Pfft in All Eternity

Destiny is all, all is destiny.
Naught but a blink, a blip, a flash, a pfft, in all eternity.
Whatever that is, or is not.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Differences in the Timeless Clarity

Knowing and unknowing, what difference to the timeless clarity of pure awareness?
Whether cloudy or clear, the skies are ever untouched by the trammels of consciousness.
Yes, your apparatus is perhaps more complex, your consciousness, your mind, more adroit,
But the essential awareness can be no different across any and all universes,
Or even the inexplicable dimensions beyond all beyonds.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Shadows of Relativity

No doubt that You are brilliant in the light of your own singularity.
Alas that others cast so many shadows of relativity upon your vanity.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Gift of Time

Retirement is a don't-worry-be-happy state of mind.
How many who manage to depart the working world,
Do it well, even if they have all the money in the world?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Consciousness Got No Game

Ultimate truth, ultimate reality, whatever it is, whatever it is not,
Can never be ascertained through any means by the dream of consciousness.
All the perceptions, all the assumptions, that have ever played out in this quantum theater,
Are naught but an ever-momentary, ever-intangible, ever-relative, burst of imagination in awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Dream Ahead

All those now living, now abiding this desecrated world, will relatively soon be dead and forever gone.
What we all thought and did, about and to each other, what we all assumed real and true,
Will not matter even one scintilla to anyone but a relatively few academics,
And other accumulators of all things absurd and monotonous.
Assuming, of course, anyone manages to survive,
The dream we are bequeathing.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Vague Perceptions of Existence

Any given life is filled with so many adventures, so many misadventures.
All vague perceptions that never happened the way they are remembered.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Explore and Discern

No one can teach You what is true.
You must explore it alone, discern it alone.
Awareness is all, and timelessly awaits your presence.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Nothing More-Less-But of Imagination

There are indeed many classes, many grades, many calibers, of imagination,
But all are nonetheless imagination, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Whose Hand is Better Suited?

Why wait for the Fates to decide your end by some other foul hand?
Whose hand is better suited for your own departure than your own?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Going to Be v. What They Might Do

Rather than asking children what they are going to be when they grow up,
Would it not be more accurate to ask them what they think they might do?

Breadcrumbs 2020

All Things Imaginable

Time is a creation of the human mind.
The timeless moment is all there is.
All meaning and purpose is illusion.
Only the mind moves the clock's hands.
Only the mind travels the calendar's pages.
Only the mind measures all things imaginable.
Only the mind imagines its world, its universe, real.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Need for Dogma?

Espousing any religion only proves again and again,
How far humankind has drifted from its origin.
What need does nature have for dogma?

Breadcrumbs 2020

One Exit

If there is an original sin, a dubious concept from the get-go,
It is the choiceless happenstance, the cosmic spin of the quantum roulette wheel, of being born.
You did not ask to be here; You are not required to stay here.
There is only one exit.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Darwinian Purity

The natural world operates at a level of Darwinian purity,
That the human species long ago stopped giving exclusive attention.
A garden still very much present, to which only the relative few discern access.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Drivel of Meaning and Purpose

All religion, all spirituality, all philosophy, is nothing more than the drivel,
That individuals and groups incessantly drone on and on and on about,
To give their tawdry existence meaning and purpose where there is none.
Massive pillars of hooey-balooey absurdity to occupy otherwise empty minds.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Already Forgotten

Chances are, You are already all but forgotten by most everybody,
You have ever called lover, friend, acquaintance, stranger, or foe.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Naught But Imagination

Imagination is the creator of everything.
The cosmic universe, the world.
All things sentient, all things inanimate.
All cultures, all languages, all deities, all dogmas.
All histories, all sciences, all mathematics, all music, all art.
All industries, all technologies, all measurements, all space, all time.
Every illusion, every vanity, every everything, under any and every given sun.
All nothing more than the ceaseless vagaries and variations of no-stone-unturn imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2020

One Anchorage v. Many

In the ever-evolving human paradigm,
With its thus-far ever-snowballing population,
And seemingly interminable propensity for tool-making,
There has been a steady shift from generalization to specialization,
From individuals who are capable in every diversity of field and activity.
With robust arrays of knowledge and ability on a variety of subjects, useful or not,
To one where industry and expertise are ever divvied up for efficiency's exalted objectives.
The specialist narrows down his worldview to fulfill his work, his calling, his genius.
The generalist, the jack-of-all-trades, sails many oceans, wanders many ports,
Witnessing and appreciating the talents of those tied to one anchorage.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Buddhism v. Buddhahood

Buddhism can be shared, taught, practiced,
But Buddhahood, that is altogether another matter.
Something no mind bound to time can grasp.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Muddle of Genetic Heritage

Large brain, imagination, sense of self,
Opposable thumbs, arms, legs, larynx, lungs, cooling system,
Ability to manipulate the environment and fabricate tools, tribalism, superstition,
Has made us what we are, keeps us what we are.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Ever Grappling

There is no God, no deity on-high, only awareness.
All deities are the imaginary creations of human consciousness,
Ever fruitlessly, absurdly grappling with the unknowable.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Unleashed Eye

The inner eye of awareness witnesses indivisibly,
Allowing consciousness to wander willy-nilly,
And the illusion gyrate into the anarchy and absurdity,
Of every variety of narcissism and hedonism, vanity and avarice,
And the seemingly countless irrevocable, often harsh judgments, they inspire.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Divisive Stew

Political persuasions are formed in the black-and-white-versus-gray of the given wiring.
Spawned by nature, given wind by nurture, they play out in every way across the board.
‘Tis the double-double-toil-and-trouble of opposing dynamics cooking the stew divisive.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The No-Mind Walkabout

The agonies and ecstasies of the human epoch are beyond counting,
And the tranquil mind has little to offer in the way of repair,
But to meander about with impassive steadfastness,
Giving it no mind as time and mood allow.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Nature of Old Age

What is old age, but another day of reviewing one's dream,
With all its aches and pains and woes, and worldly travails.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nature's Immaculate Nature

Chances are, if You scratch deeply enough,
There will be a rational explanation for everything.
The immaculate nature of Nature is incapable of anything else.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Watchtower of Science

Science is the never-ending exploration of nature in all its grandeur.
Any conclusion that is not open to question sullies the primary directive.
Despite the fact that existence is but illusion, that it is naught but a dream,
Science offers the most reliable, accurate watchtower, imagination can offer.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Carrots and Sticks of Religion

Heavens and hells, of all religions, across all times and geographies,
Are nothing more than carrot and stick manipulation,
Of ignorance, in all its susceptibility.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What is History?

What is history?
My story, your story, his story. her story, their story, our story, the story.
All nothing more than imagination larking about in each and every mind.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What a Mystery!

The quantum cosmos within.
The quantum cosmos without.
All the same, what a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Absurdity of Duality

Positing a god or gods, a creation, a cosmos, a mystery,
That does not include the You, that You truly are,
Is absurdity beyond all notions of absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Fiction of History

History has never existed as more than a fiction of imagination.
It is but a shadow given reality in the vanity of human consciousness,
Ever since its evolutionary ascension in the primal jungles long before time.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Mirage in the Ethereal Abyss

Awareness is the ethereal abyss of the eternal moment,
In which quantum earth, quantum water, quantum fire, quantum wind,
Play out the mirage of existence in every imaginable form.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nature: Creator, Destroyer

Nature, whether You love it or hate it or ignore it, is always there,
Timelessly creating and destroying your world, your cosmos, and You.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Why Pretend?

Why pretend, why make-believe, why fantasize, why feign, You know,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, all this is happening,
When You do not, when You cannot.
It is a mystery.
Leave it, weave it, at that.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Contrails of Imagination

So much suffering, and for what, really,
But the unwavering mirages of vanity and avarice,
The delusions of narcissism and hedonism.
The contrails of imaginary notion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

To Which Are You Predisposed?

There is the rational response.
There is the passionate response.
To which are You predisposed?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Domestication! The Domestication!

No matter how wild You are, if You are hungry, cold, lonely, weak, sick,
You will likely capitulate, You will likely tame yourself, to a giving hand.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Nature of Every Culture

Every culture has a history, every culture has a narrative.
Every culture makes every conceivable-feasible effort,
To manipulate the future into its enduring likeness.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Lighten Up! Lighten Up!

Take a good inward look at how seriously You take yourself and your world.
It is not at all unlikely You need to both figuratively and literally lighten up.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Awareness v. Imagination

You cannot distinguish this awareness, You cannot be this awareness,
If/when You are attached to anything born of imagination.
It is a very timeless realization of the sentience,
That permeates the all and none.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Genesis of Choice

There are no teachers, no coaches, no masters.
It is You who chooses to school yourself.
It is You who chooses to learn, or not to learn.
It is You who chooses to study, to observe, to realize.
It is You who chooses to put together an imaginary cosmos.
It is You who creates the frame of reference in which You will abide.

Breadcrumbs 2020

An Imaginary Prison

You are in an imaginary prison of your own making,
Until You clearly perceive the relativity of consciousness,
And the absoluteness of the awareness, through which it wanders.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Carrots and Sticks

Many if not all, do not easily tolerate things with which they disagree,
Or do things for which they have little disposition.
Ergo, carrots and sticks.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Imperfection in a Sea of Perfection

You are as perfect as quantum's indivisible mystery,
And as imperfect as humankind's divisible mundane.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Endpoint

The endpoint of the philosophical quest,
Is the realization that there is no meaning and purpose,
Other than what the moment offers, other than what the moment calls for.
It is the futile therapy of fools seeking a greater that is not.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Secular Notions of Imagination

Detach the timeless awareness from the time-bound mind-body consciousness,
And who are You, what are You, where are You, why are You, how are You?
The You, the world, the cosmos, are but secular notions born of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Imagination's Evolutionary Context

All sense of self is but imaginary notion born of an evolutionary context.
Awareness, ever-present, without frames or boundaries, is the only reality.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Decline! The Decline!

Growing old so often becomes more about decrying declining health,
And reminiscing the wonders of that youthful vigor,
Than anything deemed present.

Breadcrumbs 2020

In the Ever-Present Awareness

In the ever-present awareness:
Who is the me, the myself, the I?
What is the me, the myself, the I?
Where is the me, the myself, the I?
When is the me, the myself, the I?
Why is the me, the myself, the I?
How is the me, the myself, the I?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Best Not Be Too Attached

Best not be too attached to that finite body-mind.
It is ever-changing and eventually falls away,
No matter what You do to keep it going.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Discerning the Timeless Insecurity

The challenge is renouncing the sorrow of consciousness, for the quietude of awareness.
In transcending attachment to the mundane-secular-time-bound world,
For the timeless insecurity of immaculate awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Blueprint Seed

The mind-body is the result of a seed, a blueprint, ever-changing since life's creation.
The You that You really are, the You that You really are not,
Has never been what You think.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Golden Rule is All You Need

Matters of conscience generally so vary with circumstance,
That it may well be more than rarely worth giving great credence.
The karmic undertone of the Golden Rule is surely enough:
Do unto others as You would have them do unto You.
Mindfulness is the means to a serene existence.

Breadcrumbs 2020

On Being Open to Change

Never hesitate to change the way You habitually do something.
Amazing how often a different approach, a different strategy, a different tactic,
Can attain better results, or at least validate the one in play.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Common Fabrication

Every culture that has ever existed has had its deities and demons,
All nothing more than the fabrications of imagination,
None more-or-less real than any other.

Breadcrumbs 2020

History's Invention

History is the invention of whatever mind deems rumored events worth remembering,
And wielding the narrative it discerns, into an amalgamation that never really happened.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Mind-Body Identity

The identity You pretend, is only as capable of functioning,
As the given mind-body, the awareness You truly are, inhabits.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of Beginnings and Ends, Causes and Effects

It is the essence of the one and only spaceless-timeless moment,
That the beginnings of all ends, are the ends of all beginnings.
That all causes become all effects, and all effects become all causes.
That what is called reality, is but an ever-kaleidoscoping sensory illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Life, Awareness, Consciousness, Imagination

You are the mystery come unto life.
You are the mystery come unto awareness.
You are the mystery come unto consciousness.
You are the mystery come unto imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Filling the Abyss

There You so many narcissistic, hedonistic moments are,
Still trying to fill the abyss, still trying to become something.
Things that imagination can never more than pretend to achieve.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Negating the Concoctions

Negation is simply clearly realizing the pure awareness that You actually are,
Is none of the many concoctions of the wily imagination born of mind,
And letting them all go, and becoming inwardly, very, very still.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Fiction of Imagination

The ephemeral dream of consciousness is without tangibility,
Without meaning or purpose, without beginning or conclusion.
Any given existence is nothing more than a fiction of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2020

This Singular Moment

You did not exist a moment ago, nor will You a moment hence.
This singular moment is the one and only spaceless-timeless now.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Every Moment Appearing and Disappearing

Rest easy in the forebrain, where all dreaming appears and disappears, each-and-every moment.
Where, from nothingness, imagination weaves its reverie of space and time,
In the thunder and lightning of the neuron trails.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Witness to the Mystery

You appear but a smidgeon of the cosmos,
Yet without You to witness it, it would not, could not be.
It is an inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery, born of imagination,
In which observer and observed are interminably intertwined,
In the all-pervading, unborn-undying awareness,
Prior to all plays of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

Chances are, once You sell or trade something, or give or throw it away,
That You will rarely, at best, ever think upon it again.
Out of sight, out of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Spectrum of Human Vanity

What is human existence, but a spectrum of love and hate,
With an array of different shades of like and dislike between.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Compensation of Existence

What is it, persuades such longing for a lengthy existence, full of pain and suffering,
When so many monotonous and marginal and pitiless moments, are the compensation?
What is ecstasy, but the absence of the myriad agonies, the mind-body so easily bestows?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Inventions of the Imaginary Mind

Language, mathematics, music, are all inventions of the imaginary mind born of illusion.
They sashay through eternity's ether like the smoke of all things earth, water, air, fire.
They persevere for only as long as imagination maintains its holographic universe.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Why is Heaven on Earth Not Enough?

How is it that the eternal moment is not enough for You?
How is it that You always want more than heaven can offer?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of the Oligarchy, by the Oligarchy, for the Oligarchy

In any of history's free-for-alls for democracy,
When has government of the people, by the people, for the people,
Really ever not been government of the oligarchy, by the oligarchy, for the oligarchy?

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Need for Identity?

What is this need to delineate an identity?
Words cannot even begin to approach the sovereignty,
Of the eternal awareness You every moment truly are, and are not.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Ascetic Life

The more You know, the more You must forget.
The more You possess, the more You must abandon.
The ascetic existence is inclined to simplicity and freedom.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Limits of an Analog Creation

How can that which is but a temporal fabrication of analog creation,
Ever fully comprehend, fully surrender, to that timelessness which is prior?
A maddening and pointless exercise, to which only doubters are drawn.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Standing Alone, Standing Sovereign

What is sanity, what is insanity,
But all the standards of any given culture,
Asserting this or that, is or is not acceptable behavior.
Standing alone, standing sovereign, is not for the meek of spirit.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Transcendent Awareness

Through all agonies, through all ecstasies,
The awareness is ever the same.
It chooses no sides, it chooses no modes.
All states of consciousness are equally transcended.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Unimaginable Self

For the awareness, that is the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent witness, to stand alone,
The consciousness of imagined little self, must surrender to the stillness which is absolute.

Breadcrumbs 2020

An Ocean of All

How can You, who are the unborn-undying awareness,
Not be the witness within and without every seed ever born,
Across the vast ever-and-ever of all quantum creation?
Not a string of separate lives, but an ocean of all.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Always the Same

No matter how many ways,
You add or subtract or multiply or divide or whatever the moment,
It is always the same.

Breadcrumbs 2020

You Are Source, Source Is You

Awareness, consciousness, perception, memory, imagination, are one in the same, the same in one.
The cosmos is nothing more than the happenchance of quantum selection since the mystery's origin.
To suppose some separate creator creating it all, is to misconstrue the fact that it is all very much You.
Not a point to be taken in some proud, vainglorious, narcissistic way, but one to be discerned,
As the way it truly is, the way it has always truly been, the way will ever truly be.
You are source, source is You, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Given Moment

The given second, the given minute, the given hour,
The given day, the given week, the given month, the given year,
The given decade, the given century, the given millennium, the given epoch,
All played out, in the same given awareness, of the same given moment.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Dilemma of Stuff

The dilemma of stuff, is how much time and effort and resources it can take,
To purchase it, use it, maintain it, clean it, dust it, repair it, organize it, store it,
Protect it, insure it, use it, sell it, give it away, throw it away, and whatever else it.
Generally enjoyable for a time, but sooner or later, something of an albatross.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Narratives of Time

There is no history, only historians.
There is no translation, only translators.
There are no Christs, there are no Buddhas,
Only middlemen and followers and circus tents.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of Ethics in Warfare

Ethics in warfare is rooted in complete and utter absurdity.
If You are steadfastly resolved on annihilating an individual or group,
Why should-could-would it possibly matter how You do it?
Dead is dead, no matter the ways and means.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Limitations of Speculation

Knowledge is perception recalling.
All futures are but hollow speculation.
Speculation does not count as knowledge.
It utilizes knowledge to predict possibilities,
But it can never transcend the timeless moment.
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Breadcrumbs 2020

The Hallowed Fact

To say it is all You, is not some vain reckoning, but a most hallowed fact,
To which only the most discerning, the most immaculate minds, are privy.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Dreams Are Dreams Are Dreams

Waking dreams, sleeping dreams, what difference, really?
Both are fictions of consciousness, of imagination,
Of minds born of illusory quantum theater.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Idolatry of Imaginary Notion

Any god or gods born of imaginary notion are false, meaningless idols,
Whose chief function is to feed the narcissism of the individual,
And the collective in which the individual participates.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Creator, Preserver, Destroyer

The ever-changing eternal moment.
Sometimes it creates, sometimes it preserves, sometimes it destroys.
There is no knowing what will come next.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Ebb and Flow

A good day is washed away by a bad one.
A bad day is washed away by a good one.
Ebbing and flowing, always ebbing, flowing.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Bene Gesserit Playbook

How many women are only interested in a man's youthful wildness,
For as long as it takes to reign him in for their own domestic purpose?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Pigeonhole Persona

How many people pigeonhole everyone and everything,
Rather than view it all as freshly as the moment allows?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Original Moment

Are You sure what You think happened, actually happened?
And then are You sure what actually happened, actually happened?
What story, what narrative, what description, what account, what chronicle,
Can ever be as real, can ever be as true, as the original moment?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Only Real Meaning and Purpose

The drive of life to sustain itself is the only real meaning and purpose.
Without it, nothing: zero, nil, zilch, void, extinction, annihilation, oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Illusion of Continuity

Every moment is in quantum reality entirely unrelated to any other,
But through the time-bound dream of consciousness.
All continuity is but imaginary notion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

No Creator, No Destroyer

There is no creator, only creating; there is no destroyer, only destroying.
And they are both one in the same each and every never-changing moment.

Breadcrumbs 2020

When the Harvest Comes

The Witness manifests many different ways.
Try not to get caught up in the greater or lesser game.
None of it will matter when the Reaper shows up for the harvest.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Yet Another Unhinged Mind

Yet another mind grossly unhinged by industry, technology,
And all the other wayward contrivances born of the human mind.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Questioning Identity

Who is the identity?
What is the identity?
Where is the identity?
When is the identity?
Why is the identity?
How is the identity?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Imaginary Reality

It is imagination that clings to all its imaginary notions.
Reality is ever-changing, in its ever-same, indivisible way.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Last Story

The last human …will it be a man? A woman? A boy? A girl?
Who will it be? What will happen? Where will it happen?
When will it happen? Why will it happen? How will it happen?
What will be the last story of the final spark of human consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The God Bundle

God, as so many dualistic creeds of these modern times would have it,
Is Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, and the Great Pumpkin,
All bundled up nice-and-tidy-and-a-tad-more-than-all-perfect into one Judge Judy.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Where the Wheel Hits the Road

What happened a moment ago, what will happen a moment hence,
Is not the wheel that is hitting the road right now.
It is only imagination that clings.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Quite Another Matter

Every seed is a one-time adventure.
The deep-rooted, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
That witnesses the given sensory theater, is, however, quite another matter.

Breadcrumbs 2020

New Beginning, New Ending

Each and every moment is a new beginning, a new ending.
Why believe, why imagine, You can ever hold on to anything?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Shades of Lipstick

What is all philosophy but different shades of lipstick on the same mystery.
For each and every observer who might ponder it deeply, it is equally new.

Breadcrumbs 2020

There is But One Moment

… there is but one moment …

… this moment …

… is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment …

… the one and only eternal reality …

… whatever the theater …

Breadcrumbs 2020

As Real and True as It Gets

Every life form is the same quantum mystery, the same awareness, indivisibly alone,
Each peering out into a completely unique, completely sovereign creation.
If You are questing an omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent God,
That grand vision of totality, which ever includes You,
Is as real, is as true, as ever can ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Connecting Dots

Did something happen for a reason? Or did something just happen to happen?
Fallacies are mistaken beliefs, especially ones based on unsound argument.
Piecing together things to give meaning and purpose where none exist.
Mind is adept at connecting dots, but often into great absurdities.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Try Not to Believe

You are indelible awareness.
Try not to believe what You see.
Try not to believe what You hear.
Try not to believe what You taste.
Try not to believe what You smell.
Try not to believe what You feel.
And most of all …
Try not to believe what You think.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Every Dream, Its Own First and Last

We are all first and last in our own little dream.
Every window of time offers its own articulation.
None are greater or lesser, despite all assertions.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Gradations of Vanity

From family to tribal bands to the greatest civilizations,
What has any cultural grouping ever been,
But notions born of vanity.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Habituation of Meaning

All values, all standards, all morals, all ethics, all ideals, all principles, all tenets, all beliefs,
Are subjective, arbitrary, fallacious, sentimental, distorted, idiosyncratic,
Skewed, prejudiced, colored, slanted, biased, personal.
Meaningful only to minds conditioned, habituated to believe them.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Where is the Knowledge in Oblivion?

Existence becomes a preoccupation, an obligation, a predictable routine,
A commitment to enduring endless rounds of monotony and suffering,
Between relatively brief respites of what is considered exiting or pleasurable,
To what end only death (perhaps) knows, if knowledge is at all important in oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Clinging to the Ever-Changing

It is imagination that clings to its countless imaginary notions,
Founded upon the sensory mind-body quantum matrix.
Reality is ever-changing in its ever-same way.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Center Stage Rendition

Neither up nor down, right nor left, forward nor backward,
Nor any other symmetrical or asymmetrical orientation, either.
You are the one and only center stage awareness peering out,
Into your mind-body's rendition of the quantum theater.

Breadcrumbs 2020

With and Without

What would the cosmos be without You?
What would You be without the cosmos?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Destined to Continue

The human experience is remarkably painful, yet we endure,
And continue breeding, so that the future will get its due, as well.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Moment That Cannot Be Imagined

Take an hour, split it in half.
Take that half and divide it in half,
And then half that half into yet another half,
And half and half and half, again and again and again,
Until there is but the half-est half that half can consciously be,
And that splinter will still be more half than the one and only twinkling,
In which all time born of the human mind imagines its measured passing to be.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Truth of Aging

What are all old sickly folks doing but just hanging on and on and on,
Taking up space, breathing and imbibing, and otherwise devouring,
The future's air and water, and other ways and means au naturel.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Conspiracies? Or Mission Statements?

Every group has its raison d'etre.
Group actions are less about conspiracy,
Than they are mission statements set in motion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Makes You So Sure?

Who are You?
What are You?
Where are You?
When are You?
Why are You?
How are You?
And …
Who-what-where-when-why-how,
Makes You so goll-darned-friggin'-beyond-all-doubt sure?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Just How Sure Can You Be?

Who are You? What are You? Where are You? When are You? Why are You? How are You?
And who-what-where-when-why-how, makes You so goll-darned-friggin'-beyond-all-doubt sure?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Everyone, Everything, as Indivisible as You

Glance over at the weary old woman sitting very alone at the thieving slot machine three stools away.
Chain-smoking cigarette after cigarette, downing as many gin-and-tonics as the waitress will allow.
Though she does not even begin to fathom it, she is just as much the indivisible mystery as You.
So do not get all pride-filled and judgmental, believing You are special for discerning the obvious.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Aloofness of Self

Become a stranger to the mind-body that the timeless awareness You truly are inhabits.
Be as aloof toward your passing dream of consciousness as You would be to any other's.

Breadcrumbs 2020

And God Sighed, “Meh”

And lo and behold, the whirling garden orb, the pale blue dot of the seven days, was no more.
Ripped asunder, slathered by asphalt, cement, glass, and plastic, it had lost its way,
Forever scarred by the monkey-mind evolved in forests of so long ago.
And though blades of grass labored through the many cracks,
God gazed down and forlornly sighed, “Meh.”

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Self-Absorption of Passion

What is to feel happy for? What is to feel sorrow about? What is to feel angry at?
What is any passion but the self-absorption of desire and rage and fervor,
A dream that is not real, has never been real, will never be real.

Breadcrumbs 2020

All Centerstage in Their Own Dream

I am centerstage in my dream; You, centerstage in yours.
What is to be done but play on however the mystery calls.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nothing Less, Nothing More, Nothing But

Awareness, You are, You are.
The eternal, ever-present moment.
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Questions of a Thousand Dreams

Who is the who?
What is the what?
Where is the where?
When is the when?
Why is the why?
How is the how?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Unsolvable Mystery, Ceaseless Speculations

Cultures across every time and geography have always added imagery and idolatry
– gratuitous, frivolous, meaningless usurpations, ever born of imagination –
To their ceaseless speculations regarding this unsolvable mystery,
All of which are utterly pointless when it comes to the quest for truth.

Breadcrumbs 2020

An Eye for an I

Who is I?
What is I?
Where is I?
When is I?
Why is I?
How is I?

Breadcrumbs 2020

All Alone, Centerstage

All are alone, centerstage in their universe,
And all others are but ever-kaleidoscoping reflections,
Born of the sensory theater that nature-nurture hath wrought.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Sun Tzu 101

Sun Tzu said, “The art of war recognizes nine varieties of ground.”

1) Dispersive Ground:
When a chieftain is fighting in his own territory, it is dispersive ground.

2) Facile Ground:
When he has penetrated into hostile territory, but to no great distance, it is facile ground.

3) Contentious Ground:
Ground the possession of which imports great advantage to either side, is contentious ground.

4) Open Ground:
Ground on which each side has liberty of movement is open ground.

5) Ground of Intersecting Highways:
Ground which forms the key to three contiguous states,
so that he who occupies it first has most of the Empire at his command,
is a ground of intersecting highways.

6) Serious Ground:
When an army has penetrated into the heart of a hostile country,
leaving a number of fortified cities in its rear, it is serious ground.

7) Difficult Ground:
Mountain forests, rugged steeps, marshes and fens,
all country that is hard to traverse, this is difficult ground.

8) Hemmed-In Ground:
Ground which is reached through narrow gorges,
and from which we can only retire by tortuous paths,
so that a small number of the enemy would suffice to crush a large body of our men,
this is hemmed in ground.

9) Desperate Ground:
Ground on which we can only be saved from destruction
by fighting without delay, is desperate ground.

Always be aware of the ground on which You stand,
The ground through which You pass,
The ground through which You intend to stand or pass,
The ground in which You have stood, or through which You have passed,
And the quantum nature of which all are equally fashioned,
Ever-indivisible beneath your indivisible feet.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Seven C's of Effective Communication

Always a sound and rational idea to hold fast with the Seven C's of effective communication:

Clarity
Ensure your message is easy to understand and leaves no room for ambiguity.
Use clear and concise language, avoiding jargon or technical terms
that your audience may not understand.

Conciseness
Get straight to the point and avoid unnecessary words or information.
A concise message is more likely to be retained and acted upon.

Correctness
Ensure your message is accurate, factual, and free of errors.
Double-check your figures, facts, and grammar before sending or delivering your message.

Completeness
Include all necessary information to ensure the recipient has a full understanding of the message.
Consider your audience's perspective and provide relevant details.

Concreteness
Support your message with specific details, examples, or illustrations.
Avoid abstract or generalized statements.

Consideration
Show respect for your audience's time, knowledge, and emotions.
Be mindful of their feelings and perspectives.

Courtesy
Be polite and respectful in your communication.
Use appropriate language and tone, and be mindful of non-verbal cues.

Breadcrumbs 2020

This Ever-Present Moment

There is only awareness.
There is only this one ever-present moment in which awareness is.
You are the awareness, You are the moment.
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Only Ignorance Imagines Knowing

Awareness equally, spacelessly, timelessly, indivisibly, permeates all dimensions,
In the one-and-only everlasting, ever-present moment, as the mystery ordains.
What minds perceive is a cosmos, is an ever-mutating theater of quantum design.
How it came to this or that, how it continues on, only ignorance imagines knowing.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Here You Are

This is the one and only here, the one and only now,
The one and only awareness, the one and only moment.

Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are right here, right now.
Here You are …

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Destiny of Speculation

No, not that.
And not that, either.
And throw out that one, too.
Such is the destiny of all speculation.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nothing to Feed

Always wanting it to be what it can never be, has no need to be.
How can You be so gluttonous, when there is truly nothing to feed?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The So Hard of It

Hard to start, hard to continue, hard to finish,
Hard to not wish You could do it all over again.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Impossible Questions

Who? Who cares anyway?
What? What does it matter?
Where? Where do You think?
When? When do You please?
Why? Why does it matter?
How? How do You know?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Why Would Awareness Ever Care?

Why would what others think of You, why would what You think of yourself,
Ever matter at all to the awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be?

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Is There to Transcend?

What is there to achieve, what is there to transcend,
When the moment from which awareness peers,
Is every figment You could ever yearn to be.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Point All the Speculations?

So many speculations, absolutely none any more or less true than any other.
What point, all the delusions, pretending to know what can never be known?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Damn the Torpedoes

All sorts of things that make a life weave and bob.
No rewind button, so tally ho, damn the torpedoes.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Complete and Utter Indifference

The pain and suffering of mortal existence, is insurmountable,
But through the complete and utter indifference of pure awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Just Another Story

Spin that narrative however You will, it is just a story.
Imagined, fabricated, temporal, bounded,
Destined to be forgotten.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Oh Where, Oh Where

Where does the cosmos go when You close your eyes?
What is the universe doing behind the back of your head?
Not blinking, or turning around, will not provide the answer.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Not All That Different

That man You slayed, was not so different than You.
He had a mother, he had a father, he had sisters, he had brothers.
He had girlfriends, wives, children, grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts, uncles.
He had friends, acquaintances, partners, co-workers, adversaries.
The only difference was he belonged to a different tribe.
A difference your tribe would not tolerate.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Detachment of Awareness

Pain and suffering are aided and abetted by imagination's flight in the illusory winds of time and space.
To be still in the awareness that is the source, is to detach from the mind-body and the cosmos it creates.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Final Plague

All the plagues, geographies throughout time have witnessed,
Are Mother Nature's resolute attempts to put an end to her two-legged creation.
Perhaps, one of these fine daze, if we do not beat her to the punch, she will finally get it right.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Why So Serious?

Would You ever be as concerned,
What any other creature thought of You,
As You are some stranger, passing on a sidewalk?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Agape Love

Self-interest is the underlying context for all human interaction.
Love is bullshit unless one truly transcends into the agape rendition.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Dubious Assumption

How can You be sure it was not your nature-nurture conditioning,
The patterned interplay of your genetic inheritance and other biological factors,
And the countless influences of external factors after conception,
That tacked You left, not right, or right, not left?
Free will is a dubious assumption.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Dearth of Wisdom

The dearth of wise and trustworthy leadership in this our modern world,
Is not going to get any better any time ever in the human paradigm.
Any and all revolutions will only replace what is with the same.
The little folk who might yearn for more are on their own.
Power and fame and fortune do not tend to seduce the selfless.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Forgive Your Self

If You sincerely regret something You did or did not do,
It probably means You would do it differently,
Or at least attempt to do it differently,
Were there a rewind button.
Meanwhile, try to forgive yourself.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Questions of Attachment

Who is attached to who?
What is attached to what?
Where is attached to where?
When is attached to when?
Why is attached to why?
How is attached to how?

Breadcrumbs 2020

In Every Breath, the Cosmos

Each and every moment takes up a mighty big swath,
When You ponder the breadth and depth,
Of the cosmos it contains.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Who Thinks Who?

Who sees who?
Who tastes who?
Who smells who?
Who hears who?
Who feels who?
Who thinks who?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Time Traveler

You have been a time traveler ever since your mortal body was conceived.
And You will return to – oblivion, obscurity, nothingness, void, nada – when it perishes.
Such is the nature of the dreamtime, which all sentient creatures small to great must stoically endure.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Evolutionary Happenstance

The human paradigm is an outcome of memory cells, created through evolutionary happenstance,
Through natural selection, in such a way as to conjure up an imaginary self,
And the rest is the make-believe we call history.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Everyone a Storyteller

No matter that it be alleged fact or fantastical fiction, all thinkers, all writers, all actors,
All historians, all scientists, all mathematicians, all engineers, all electricians,
All architects, all carpenters, all chefs, all tailors, all cobblers,
All inventors, all producers, all originators,
All creators of every variety, every scope, are storytellers.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Real History

History changes every time a page is added or torn out.
History is unchanged even when a page is added or torn out.

Breadcrumbs 2020

From the Get-Go

The entire human paradigm has never been about free will.
It was ordained, predetermined, destined, fated,
Genetically sequenced, from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Story of Toll Booths

Someone creates a story.
Someone else believes it true.
Someone else builds a toll booth.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Such is the Dream of Time

You have been a time traveler ever since You were conceived,
And will come to a complete standstill when You depart.
Such is the dream of time for all sentient creatures.

Breadcrumbs 2020

All the Pain, All the Suffering

How can there ever be a health care system that can keep up,
With all the pain and suffering this manifest dreamtime compels?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Hypocrisy of Conquest

One tribe or another rapes and pillages and destroys the garden and neighborhood,
And then gets all out of sorts and twisted up, when nature and the neighbors strike back.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Inevitability of Decline

Any given system tends to eventually grow too large, too unwieldy, too stale,
And is usurped by more adaptable systems, not yet bound by the inevitable constraints.
It is the nature of the manifest garden, the manifest universe, since its creation.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Irrationality of Trivial Pursuit

The mystery is an endless source of knowledge and nonsense.
How rational is it to endlessly fill You head with so much of it?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Nature of Awareness

It is impossible for the pure awareness to exist.
It is but timeless witness to a kaleidoscoping quantum dream,
Over which it has no influence, about which it has no concern, whatsoever.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Old Monkey's-Fist-In-The-Coconut Narrative

The indelible voraciousness of humanoid consciousness,
Traps the genomic paradigm in an endless vortex,
Of every conceivable narcissism, of every achievable hedonism.
The same old monkey's-fist-in-the-coconut narrative, played out forever again.

Breadcrumbs 2020

When It Began

From non-living matter to organic compounds to slimy blobs to crawlers to tree-swingers,
When the two-legged genome became the human beings we today play, is anybody's guess.

Breadcrumbs 2020

No Denying It

One of the first things to admit to yourself every morning,
Is that You are absolutely bonkers, just like everyone else.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Dream in a Nutshell

Awareness is witness.
Imagination, the dreamer.
Quantum, the theater.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Build-Up-Tear-Down Game

Is there anything the willy-nilly mob savors more,
Than setting their champions and idols on golden pedestals,
And then righteously wrenching them down at the slightest provocation.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Tyranny! The Tyranny!

The tyranny that desire and fear, power and fame and fortune,
Have over the human mind, is an unending theater of absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Always! Always! Always!

You are what You have always been, will always be.
You have always been what You will always be, always are,
You will always be what You are, have always been.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Mesmerized by Illusion

So hypnotized by our genomic patterning and cultural conditioning,
That we cannot simply discern, simply transcend,
All the imagined differences.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Dominions of Imagination

The moment is timeless.
It harbors no beginnings, no endings, nor anything before or between or after.
Those are the dominions of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Great Challenge

To be as still as the awareness that perceives it all,
To be free of all desire and fear, all musings, all conclusions, all speculations,
All the weavings of the ever-kaleidoscoping senses,
That is the challenge.

Breadcrumbs 2020

All the Same Moment

Some universes are very large
Some universes are very small.
All universes begin the same.
All universes end the same.
All, the same moment.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Does the Mystery Care?

Infinite or infinitesimal, what does the mystery care?
Spiritual or agnostic, what does the mystery care?
Clean or dirty, what does the mystery care?
Live or die, what does the mystery care?
Wealthy or poor, what does the mystery care?
Alive or dead, what does the mystery care?
Believer or atheist, what does the mystery care?
Subtle or blatant, what does the mystery care?
Kind or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Sane or insane, what does the mystery care?
Straight or gay, what does the mystery care?
Sage or fool, what does the mystery care?
Fast or slow, what does the mystery care?
Do or do not, what does the mystery care?
Long or short, what does the mystery care?
Succeed or fail, what does the mystery care?
Love or hate, what does the mystery care?
Still or moving, what does the mystery care?
Real or unreal, what does the mystery care?
Tit or tat, what does the mystery care?
For or against, what does the mystery care?
Up or down, what does the mystery care?
Around or through, what does the mystery care?
Clear or unclear, what does the mystery care?
Fat or thin, what does the mystery care?
Strong or weak, what does the mystery care?
Gratis or priceless, what does the mystery care?
Hard or soft, what does the mystery care?
Give or take, what does the mystery care?
To or from, what does the mystery care?
Wise or foolish, what does the mystery care?
Beautiful or ugly, what does the mystery care?
Big or small, what does the mystery care?
Known or unknown, what does the mystery care?
Fore or aft, what does the mystery care?
Awake or asleep, what does the mystery care?
Heavy or light, what does the mystery care?
Rich or poor, what does the mystery care?
Awake or asleep, what does the mystery care?
True or false, what does the mystery care?
Ecstasy or agony, what does the mystery care?
First or last, what does the mystery care?
Creative or destructive, what does the mystery care?
Full or empty, what does the mystery care?
Sweet or bitter, what does the mystery care?
Loud or quiet, what does the mystery care?

Straight or rounded, what does the mystery care?
Bright or dim, what does the mystery care?
Well or unwell, what does the mystery care?
Astute or obtuse, what does the mystery care?
Like or unlike, what does the mystery care?
Appealing or revolting, what does the mystery care?
Clear or opaque, what does the mystery care?
Thick or thin, what does the mystery care?
Brave or cowardly, what does the mystery care?
Sweet or sour, what does the mystery care?
Equal or lopsided, what does the mystery care?
King or slave, what does the mystery care?
Queen or whore, what does the mystery care?
Expansive or contractive, what does the mystery care?
Soft or harsh, what does the mystery care?
Young or old, what does the mystery care?
Male or female, what does the mystery care?
Honest or dishonest, what does the mystery care?
Wild or tame, what does the mystery care?
Early or late, what does the mystery care?
Pure or foul, what does the mystery care?
Cautious or reckless, what does the mystery care?
Hit or miss, what does the mystery care?
Lead or follow, what does the mystery care?
High or low, what does the mystery care?
Naive or cynical, what does the mystery care?
Truth or lie, what does the mystery care?
Deep or shallow, what does the mystery care?
Open or closed, what does the mystery care?
Rational or absurd, what does the mystery care?
Near or far, what does the mystery care?
Singular or dual, what does the mystery care?
In or out, what does the mystery care?
Free or imprisoned, what does the mystery care?
Yes or no, what does the mystery care?
Attached or detached, what does the mystery care?
Course or fine, what does the mystery care?
All or none, what does the mystery care?
Shiny or dull, what does the mystery care?
Smart or stupid, what does the mystery care?
Tall or short, what does the mystery care?
Forward or backward, what does the mystery care?
Before or after, what does the mystery care?
Selfless or selfish, what does the mystery care?
One or two, what does the mystery care?
Within or without, what does the mystery care?
Yay or nay, what does the mystery care?
Close or distant, what does the mystery care?

Normal or weird, what does the mystery care?
Wet or dry, what does the mystery care?
Hot or cold, what does the mystery care?
Constant or fickle, what does the mystery care?
Positive or negative, what does the mystery care?
Happy or sad, what does the mystery care?
Fair or unfair, what does the mystery care?
Over or under, what does the mystery care?
Similar or different, what does the mystery care?
Loose or tight, what does the mystery care?
Plus or minus, what does the mystery care?
Above or below, what does the mystery care?
Inside or outside, what does the mystery care?
Simple or complex, what does the mystery care?
Black or white, what does the mystery care?
Smooth or coarse, what does the mystery care?
Wide or narrow, what does the mystery care?
Gentle or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Humble or vain, what does the mystery care?
On or off, what does the mystery care?
Here or there, what does the mystery care?
Have or have not, what does the mystery care?
Sharp or dull, what does the mystery care?
Good or bad, what does the mystery care?
Right or wrong, what does the mystery care?
Everything or nothing, what does the mystery care?
Something or nothing, what does the mystery care?
White or black, what does the mystery care?
Light or dark, what does the mystery care?
This or that, what does the mystery care?

Breadcrumbs 2020

When a Wave Strikes

A wave is coming toward You.
Dive into it.
Flow with it.
Let it slam You.
Your choice.

Breadcrumbs 2020

To Care, or Not to Care

Who is the I, who cares, or cares not?
What is the I, what cares, or cares not?
Where is the I, where cares, or cares not?
When is the I, when cares, or cares not?
Why is the I, why cares, or cares not?
How is the I, how cares, or cares not?

Breadcrumbs 2020

All Duality is Imaginary

The only duality, the only dichotomy, with all its blacks and whites,
Nears and fars, larges and smalls, heres and theres, rights and wrongs, loves and hates,
Pluses and minuses, goods and evils, creations and destructions,
Is fabricated entirely of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Theater of Unmitigated Absurdity

Plug five senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Into a neurotransmitter capable of higher consciousness,
Capable of imagining a sense of self journeying space and time.
Add memory, larynx, opposable thumbs, two legs, lungs, cooling system,
And an inherent predisposition for tool-making and intricate social interactions.
Sprinkle into that biological stew a few dashes of desire and fear,
And, poof, a theater of unmitigated absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2020

In Every Mind, Both Lock and Key

Pain and suffering have a way of drawing one's attention,
More easily, more readily, than pleasure and joy.
Within each mind, both lock and key.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Are You Sure?

Are You sure You really want to open that door?
Are You sure You really want to close that door?

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Choice Between Heaven and Hell?

Hell is surely much more interesting, much more entertaining, much more pleasurable,
Than playing a golden harp, at the feet of some deity, in an ethereal paradise, could ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2020

To Know God

If You want to call anything God, it would be awareness.
That which is kinetic or potential, in all things, in all times.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nectar of the Gods, or Hollow Ideal?

Forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, truth.
Be they the nectar of the gods, or merely hollow ideals?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Suffer No Idols

There is only awareness, immaculate and ingenuous, indivisible and absolute.
It is not Brahman, nor Tao, nor God, nor Allah, nor Jehovah, nor Zeus, nor Jesus, nor Buddha,
Nor any other graven image on high, born of consciousness, man-made or otherwise.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Wee Slice

Every creature plays a sensory cosmos.
Every creature taps into a wee slice of the quantum pie.
An itsy-bitsy sliver of the web of life sponsored by the electromagnetic spectrum.
Finite is finite, no matter the perspective.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Be Wary of All Propaganda

Be exceedingly wary of those who truly believe their own propaganda.
Regarding your own self-deceptions, your own fallacies,
Do your best to keep them to a minimum.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nothing

There is nothing more.
Nothing to achieve.
Nothing to grasp.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
All but a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Thespians, All

We are all thespians upon the quantum stage.
Most believing their parts real and true.
Some more believable than others,
But all dreams, nonetheless.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Only in Pure Awareness

Only in pure awareness, free of all pasts, free of all futures,
All movement of the clouds of consciousness,
Are You free in the dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2020

All Questions Answered

So, that is who.
So, that is what.
So, that is where.
So, that is when.
So, that is why.
So, that is how.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Advent of Knowledge

The articulation, the formulation, of anything,
Is always many steps beyond the moment, to even bother trying,
But the mind is ever absorbed in the endeavor,
And calls it knowing.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Pay Attention, You Might Live Longer

You do not need technology to tell You which way the wind blows,
Or that it is hot or cold or humid or raining or snowing,
Or whatever else Mother Nature has in store.
Pay attention, You might live longer.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Why Pretend?

Why bother pretending to know what can never be known?
Only delusion and greed assert anything beyond comprehension.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Another Day Underway

Peering out through the quantum mind,
At a shard of the electromagnetic spectrum,
Another day in the quantum mystery underway.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Timeless Moment

You are the timeless moment between life and death,
Reverie and oblivion, known and unknown, dust and dust.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Beyond Box Thinking

If You are one that endeavors to think outside your box,
The box gradually grows bigger and bigger and bigger,
Until perchance one indivisible day, no edges remain.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Awareness is Indifferent to All Attributes

Only imagination desires and fears, likes and loves and hates, creates and preserves and destroys.
Only imagination wallows in pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth.
Only imagination determines all things separate and unequal.
Awareness is indifferent to all attributes.

Breadcrumbs 2020

No Time Like the Present

Awareness has no space, no time, to create or preserve or destroy,
Live or die, give or take, stay or go, happy or sad, love or hate, good or bad,
Right or wrong, smart or stupid, kind or cruel, rich or poor,
Sage or fool, black or white, this or that.
Duality is not its purview.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of Timelessness and Namelessness

That which can be perceived, is not the timeless quantum.
That which can be named, is not the nameless awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Delusions of Fictions

The me-myself-and-I is an absurd delusion born of imagination.
It but a fictional player in the spaceless-timeless eye of awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Obscurity of the Agnostic

Better to be agnostic, better to allow all the befores, all the afters,
To melt back into the obscurity, in which they have always resided.

Breadcrumbs 2020

All the Same Moment

… this moment leads to the next …
… leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next …
… leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next … leads to the next …
… all the same moment … ever present … ever here … ever now … ever eternal …

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Pain and Suffering of Dreamtime

Amazing how much pain and suffering we all put up with in this sensory-mind inspired,
Three-dimensional, touchy-feely, extremely finite, extremely illusory, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Tangibly intangible, ethereal, electromagnetic spectrum quantum matrix of a dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Ever the Same Modern Times

All modern times – past modern times, current modern times, future modern times –
All transpire … all progress … all kaleidoscope … in the same spaceless-timeless now.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Nothingness in Every Breath

Breathe in nothing, breath out nothing.
Repeat, until the last unborn-undying moment,
Consciousness is capable of sustaining.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Reside in the Serenity

Reside in the timeless, effortless, indivisible serenity,
Of the mystery You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Truth of Sin

The cosmic garden is an indivisibly immaculate creation.
Imagination is the creator of original sin, the last sin,
And all the incalculable ones betwixt and between.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Haven in Every Moment

The ephemeral moment offers haven to neither joy nor sorrow.
That is the dominion of the temporal mind imagining all things so.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Wheel of Perpetual Delusion

The three vanities – power, fame, fortune – are the ways and means of greed,
And greed, of pride, and pride of an indefatigable capacity for perpetual delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Attraction to Distraction

You are attached to anything tangible or intangible,
That distracts You from the pure beingness of awareness,
Anything that draws You into the endless web of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Greatest Freedom

What serenity to let go all the wanting, all the dread,
To inhale and exhale without concern, without doubt.
To see it all, and want it not, is the greatest freedom.

Breadcrumbs 2020

An Expression of Nature

Have You really ever seen anything but expressions of nature?
Have You really ever been anything but an expression of nature?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Awareness is Awareness

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize?
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatrize?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?
What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?
What is to traditionalize?
What is to anything?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of Purpose and Meaning

… There must be a purpose … It was meant to be …
What do those stale fallacies mean, anyway?
Here You are, right here, right now.
What need for it to be more than that?

Breadcrumbs 2020

So Many! So Many!

So many victories, so many losses, so many delights, so many regrets.
So many friends, so many acquaintances, so many antagonists.
So many memories of this and that, and that and this.
The mind can be heaven, the mind can be hell,
And all the purgatories weaving the gray between.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Carbs In, Carbs Out

Consuming only what your metabolism requires is the challenge.
Carbs in, carbs out; far easier not to gain it, than it is to lose it.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Dubious Assumption

Forever is a function of time,
And given that time does not actually exist,
Is therefore of questionable meaning.
A dubious assumption, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Imagination Hath Wrought

What creature has not been the transcendent timeless serenity its entire existence?
Only the human species has fabricated a hellish enterprise of this magical garden world.
The gods and demons it has mythologized, are but the vanity of imagination's divisive nature.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Truest Church

Attend the moment, in this right-here-right now.
That is the church, 24/7/365, for the rest of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Take Nothing for Granted

Sometimes You look at things one way, sometimes another.
Irony and paradox, take nothing, leave nothing, for granted.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Helter-Skelter of Illusion

Helter-skeltering, in the to and fro, of the ebb and flow,
Until perchance You get back to where You started from.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Quantum Paradox

Sight and sound and taste and smell and touch,
Are but the Darwinian alchemy of the sensory mind-body,
Inexplicably founded upon the emptiness of the quantum paradox.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nobody Teaches Anyone Anything

Nobody has ever taught You anything.
You may have gleaned something spoken or written,
But it was You who had to study it, learn it, practice it, until it stuck.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Through the Reflecting Glass

Observer, seer, visionary, soothsayer, oracle, prophet, prognosticator,
Diviner, fortune teller, augur, crystal gazer, clairvoyant,
Psychic, medium, sibyl, forecaster, scientist.
All witnesses to the same mystery of their own persuasion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Rise and Fall of Everything

No doubt a fair-to-middling portion of the world is always churning away,
On every ways and means to bring any Rome's little production to its knees.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Actuality of All Creation

That You are co-creator, co-creating, is not an ego thing.
It is an actuality thing, every moment, of every existence.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of Strategies and Tactics

Damning the torpedoes, burning the bridges and boats,
Going for broke, running the gauntlet, throwing caution to the wind,
Are generally extreme, no-other-option tactics; only rarely safe 'n sound strategies.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Truth of Philosophical Prattle

Truth is so much simpler, so much more austere, than all the multiple-syllable wordplay,
That I and others of the same ilk, so methodically, so legalistically use,
In our relatively pointless philosophical prattle.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of the Solitary Meander

Many if not most are fully absorbed in their own existential adventure,
And make little time to deeply ponder the large and small of it in any meaningful way.
The solitary meander of the philosopher is very alonely ground.
And does it matter? Not one whit.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Difference Between Science and Superstition

The origin of any scientific experiment is chock-full of speculative possibilities.
The difference between it and superstition, is every attempt to weed out the fallacies.

Breadcrumbs 2020

No Need for Aliens or Deities

This garden world is plenty capable of fashioning anything,
The physics of the quantum mystery might allow,
Without the aid of aliens or deities.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Illusion and Delusion

From nothingness, awareness.
From awareness, quantum.
From quantum, chemistry.
From chemistry, biology.
From biology, medium.
From medium, consciousness,
From consciousness, imagination.
From imagination, Me and Myself and I.
From Me and Myself and I, illusion and delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

What Point Judgment?

What is the point of anyone judging any another?
All sensory mind-bodies experience very different worlds, very different universes,
That cannot be altered in any way, in any size, in any shape.
Be and allow, are the highest law.

Breadcrumbs 2020

From Birth to Death

We are born alone, we exist alone, we die alone.
Nothing to assert, nothing to emote, nothing to avoid.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of the Quantum Tempest

Every other moment of your relatively brief existence,
No matter the quantum tempest whooshing around and about,
Has always been very much steeped in the same awareness as this one.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Fate of Stagnation

Any individual, any group, any organization, any nation state,
That does not revitalize its dynamic, is destined to decline and fall.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Truth of Oblivion

When all is said and done, all is said and done.
When all is come and gone, all is come and gone.
Oblivion is the natural state of all befores, all afters.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Awareness in All Dreams

Awareness is the clarity, the simplicity, the transparency, the eternity,
In which the thunder and lightning of consciousness,
Equally plays any and all dreams.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Same in All Things

The same awareness is in all life,
It is neither mine nor yours nor theirs.
It is without attachment to any configuration,
And equally plays any and all dreams.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Reality of Nothing

Nothing to get.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Indivisible Reality

There is just this one indelible, indivisible reality,
So easily forgotten in any given moment:
That all are You, and You are all.
Simple to utter; challenging to every instant realize.
How quickly the distractible mind can misplace any coherent insight,
In the murky fog, the mucky bog, the gummy quagmire, of the everyday-divisive grind.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Of Fallacious Proclamations

How is it all the folks who so convincingly proclaim their presence,
Are never able to offer verifiable scientific proof of all their deities and aliens,
Much less anything more than folklore about how they came to exist in the first place.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Convenience of Wage Slavery

The convenient thing about the wage slaves of this modern world,
Is that the overseers no longer have to house and clothe and feed them.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Rationalizing the Mystery

All deities and other mythological creations are un-provable assumptions,
Born of the inexplicable human need to rationalize their inexplicability.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Speculations of Imagination

Regarding the infinity of the mystery into which we have been cast,
No one can ever know more than the speculations of imagination allow.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Always the Same

It is the same today,
As it was yesterday,
As it will be tomorrow.

Breadcrumbs 2020

All You, No Matter Anything

No matter the time, no matter the space,
No matter the form, no matter the formless,
It is all You, and You alone, indivisible, eternal.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The One and Only Instant

There has never been even one instant in all eternity,
When You are not the unborn-undying changeless nature.
All perceptions, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructs.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Some Unanswerable Questions

Who is the universe You cannot see?
What is the universe You cannot see?
Where is the universe You cannot see?
When is the universe You cannot see?
Why is the universe You cannot see?
How is the universe You cannot see?

Who is the universe You cannot hear?
What is the universe You cannot hear?
Where is the universe You cannot hear?
When is the universe You cannot hear?
Why is the universe You cannot hear?
How is the universe You cannot hear?

Who is the universe You cannot taste?
What is the universe You cannot taste?
Where is the universe You cannot taste?
When is the universe You cannot taste?
Why is the universe You cannot taste?
How is the universe You cannot taste?

Who is the universe You cannot smell?
What is the universe You cannot smell?
Where is the universe You cannot smell?
When is the universe You cannot smell?
Why is the universe You cannot smell?
How is the universe You cannot smell?

Who is the universe You cannot touch?
What is the universe You cannot touch?
Where is the universe You cannot touch?
When is the universe You cannot touch?
Why is the universe You cannot touch?
How is the universe You cannot touch?

Who is the universe You cannot know?
What is the universe You cannot know?
Where is the universe You cannot know?
When is the universe You cannot know?
Why is the universe You cannot know?
How is the universe You cannot know?

Breadcrumbs 2020

Some Unanswerable Questions Remixed

Who is the universe You cannot see?
Who is the universe You cannot hear?
Who is the universe You cannot taste?
Who is the universe You cannot smell?
Who is the universe You cannot touch?
Who is the universe You cannot know?

What is the universe You cannot see?
What is the universe You cannot hear?
What is the universe You cannot taste?
What is the universe You cannot smell?
What is the universe You cannot touch?
What is the universe You cannot know?

Where is the universe You cannot see?
Where is the universe You cannot hear?
Where is the universe You cannot taste?
Where is the universe You cannot smell?
Where is the universe You cannot touch?
Where is the universe You cannot know?

When is the universe You cannot see?
When is the universe You cannot hear?
When is the universe You cannot taste?
When is the universe You cannot smell?
When is the universe You cannot touch?
When is the universe You cannot know?

Why is the universe You cannot see?
Why is the universe You cannot hear?
Why is the universe You cannot taste?
Why is the universe You cannot smell?
Why is the universe You cannot touch?
Why is the universe You cannot know?

How is the universe You cannot see?
How is the universe You cannot hear?
How is the universe You cannot taste?
How is the universe You cannot smell?
How is the universe You cannot touch?
How is the universe You cannot know?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The End to Doubt

In the Bhagavad Gita, in Lord Krishna's discourse with the warrior, Arjuna,
He states the manifest aspect consists of eight material energies:
Earth, water, fire, air, ether, mind, intellect, and ego.
And that the higher nature is the life force,
That permeates all things and sustains the Cosmos.
This two-fold nature is the womb of all beings and things.
It is the source of all Creation, and that into which it dissolves.
That there is nothing higher than the Self that clearly discerns this,
That "All That Is" hangs upon this Self like "pearls threaded on string."
And that those few who absolutely, without doubt, see this, become That I Am.

Breadcrumbs 2020

You the Unborn Indivisible

There has never been even one instant, when You are not the unborn indivisible nature.
All perceptions, all causes, all effects, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructions.

Breadcrumbs 2020

No Matter Anything

No matter the dice-and-slice of the quantum electromagnetic spectrum being occupied,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the sensory theater,
No matter the dimension,
No matter any dichotomy, any contrast, any gulf, whatsoever,
The awareness peering out, the mystery peering out, the You peering out, is ever eternally the same.

Breadcrumbs 2020

A Spaceless, Timeless Beginning

Imagine yourself back to the moment You were conceived,
And re-examine, re-witness, from that spaceless, timeless beginning,
The womb, the world, the cosmos, You have in mind traveled, in mind created.

Breadcrumbs 2020

That Which Cannot Be Taught

Truth is not something that can be taught, nor can it be learned.
It is about fully attending the moment, not the triviality of memory.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Great What Is

The great what is, is so prior to and well beyond any mind-made human concoction,
That vanity can never achieve anything more than all but meaningless confabulation.

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Nothingness of Quantum Play

Observing, contemplating, the imaginary expanses of the mind's kaleidoscoping theater,
All seen, all heard, all tasted, all smelled, all touched, all anything,
Is the nothingness of quantum play.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Duality: An Imaginary Notion

You are the immaculate awareness, the immeasurable witness,
Through which nature every moment creates, every moment destroys.
It is a timeless dance, a timeless dream, in which duality is but imaginary notion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Limit of All Conceptions

Whatever metaphor, whatever analogy, whatever idiom,
Whatever allegory, whatever simile, whatever image, You might use …
Be it truth, divinity, reality, universe, cosmos, sky, ocean, river, ether, infinity, mystery …
No concept can ever be whatever it is, no concept can ever be whatever it is not.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Pretense of Idolatry

There is nothing in the right here, right now of the timeless moment,
To hold up or bolster the idolatry of anything or anybody in the mirage of time.
False gods are a pretense to those intent on freeing themselves from imaginary constraints.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Fluidity of Imagination

Imagination can create and destroy, give and take, ebb and flow, receive and impart,
Learn and ignore, listen and speak, walk and run, retreat and attack, maneuver and fire,
Block and strike, caress and maim, resign and resist, still and wander, yin and yang,
In every conceivable way, at any moment, with equal and unadorned abandon.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Hold That Breath

How much of the universe can You possess,
When You cannot even hold on to one breath?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unbounded Awareness

What space, what time, what theater, what dream,
Could ever contact, ever confine, ever control,
The awareness You truly are, and are not.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Your Own Mind, Your Own Voice

The challenge is to become your own mind, to become your own voice.
Follow no one, lead no one, discern what is real for your Self, stay humble.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Walking the Walk, Talking the Talk

If for some ungodly reason there is a Dante-esque hell,
You will likely endure it the same as You have this one.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Like You Thought It Would?

Does it look like You thought it would?
Does it sound like You thought it would?
Does it taste like You thought it would?
Does it smell like You thought it would?
Does it feel like You thought it would?
Or did You even think about it at all?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Absurdity of Mortal Perfection

Stop, already, with the perfection-conception archetype.
None who play mortality, are that with which perfection would ever align.
All are flawed, imperfect, faulty, defective, damaged, blemished, inconsistent, unsound, weak.
Better to embrace the ultimate reality of this mundane touchy-feely dream,
Than to contort to yet another vain imaginary absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Witnessing the Usurpation

To keenly perceive the limitations of imagination's usurpation of awareness,
Is the inevitable burden of all who awaken to the illusion of space and time.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Dance of Imaginary Universes

All those likes, all those dislikes, are really nothing more,
Than imaginary universes ever embracing and colliding.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Would Your World Be?

What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the eyes to see?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the ears to hear?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the nose to smell?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the tongue to taste?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the body to touch?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the mind to think?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without all of the above?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The One and Only Existence

Right here, right now, this very timeless moment,
Is where the one and only existence begins and ends.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Autodidactic Reality

No matter how many classrooms or lecture halls or laboratories or whatever one attends,
It is always up to the individual to make the effort to learn what there is to learn.
It is always up to the individual to distill what any experience has to offer.
Ultimately, every human being, every creature, is an autodidact.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Disdain for Doubt

Belief, faith, hope, certainty, conviction,
And other notions of a whimsical nature,
Do not long dwell in the arena of doubt.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Sailing the Winds of Doubt

Great doubt, whether through hesitation or disbelief,
Is the motivation, the momentum, the impetus, the stimulus,
That sets canvas and rudder to whatever parts known and unknown,
Any given wanderer, any given rambler, any given gypsy, any given sailor,
From harbor to harbor, from adventure to adventure, from birth to death, may tack.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How Not to Waste Time

Worshipping false idols, whether in form or concept,
Is not an intelligent use of one's brief window of time.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Free Offering

If someone is soliciting your wallet for these freely given words,
Or pretending to represent some spiritual groupthink, that hopefully will never spawn,
Put them behind You as quickly as them running shoes allow.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Un-Dotted Line

Do You remember signing up for this?
Or were You just too drunk to remember?

So Many Lifetimes in Just One

You have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes You could have ever imagined.
If You signed up for this mortal playhouse, You were too stoned to remember.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Walking the Trail of Irony and Paradox

If You think these all nothing more than mad opinions,
You are not yet walking the trail of irony and paradox.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All the Same Mind

Consciousness, judgment, belief, imagery, measurement, inventiveness,
Imagination, visualization, fantasy, hallucination, meditation, contemplation, revelation,
Perception, thought, reflection, deliberation, observation, conception, prescience,
Creativity, understanding, planning, problem-solving, problem-making,
Dreaming, opinion, notion, theory, philosophy, theory, design …
All very much the same time-bound movement of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Who Was the First?

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the savanna?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?
Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?
Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?
Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?
Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?

Who was the first to make music?
Who was the first to make a flute?
Who was the first to make a drum?
Who was the first to make a harp?
Who was the first to make a harpoon?
Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
Who was the first to build a shield?
Who was the first to devise a currency?
Who was the first to make a bed?
Who was the first to enter a cave?
Who was the first to build a hut?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to make a sling?
Who was the first to make a bow?
Who was the first to ride a horse?
Who was the first to form a hunting party?
Who was the first to make a mirror?
Who was the first to make a comb?
Who was the first to make a brush?
Who was the first to use build a home?
Who was the first to build a boat?
Who was the first to name a star?
Who was the first to make first painting?
Who was the first to design first symbol?
Who was the first to create a deity?
Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
Who was the first to create paint?
Who was the first to use a stylus?
Who was the first to make pottery?
Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
Who was the first to conceive numbers?
Who was the first to conceive letters?
Who was the first to conceive language?
Who was the first to awaken to Self?
Who was the first to conceive love?
Who was the first to conceive romance?
Who was the first to kill a beast?
Who was the first to wear clothes?
Who was the first to make a wheel?
Who was the first to make a cart?
Who was the first to make a boat?
Who was the first to make a sail?
Who was the first to barter?
Who was the first to create money?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to create a business?
Who was the first to chip a stone?
Who was the first to make an awl?

Who was the first to wear jewelry?
Who was the first to dig for metal?
Who was the first to make a forge?
Who was the first to create an explosive?
Who was the first to make a shield?
Who was the first to make a rope?
Who was the first to sew?
Who was the first to make clothes?
Who was the first to write graffiti?
Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
Who was the first to bury a body?
Who was the first to eat fruit?
Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
Who was the first to make alcohol?
Who was the first to create a currency?
Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
Who was the first to kill another?
Who was the first to use a pillow?
Who was the first to float on a log?
Who was the first to swim across a river?
Who was the first to make sugar?
Who was the first to harvest honey?
Who was the first to kill a tiger?
Who was the first to ride an elephant?
Who was the first to make a saddle?
Who was the first to make a stirrup?
Who was the first to milk a goat?
Who was the first to sow a seed?
Who was the first to create a herd?
Who was the first to make a blanket?
Who was the first to make a coat?
Who was the first to dig a well?
Who were the first to hunt as a band?
Who was the first to dam a river?
Who was the first to discover gold?
Who was the first to walk a beach?
Who was the first to milk a cow?
Who was the first to climb a mountain?
Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
Who was the first to wear a dress?
Who was the first to wear pants?
Who was the first to make a belt?
Who was the first to make glass?
Who was the first to wear underwear?
Who was the first to milk a horse?
Who was the first to make a candle?

Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?
Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?
Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?
Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

Breadcrumbs 2021

That Which Is Prior to All Attributes

That reflection in the mirror or window,
That photograph on the mantle or album or screen,
Is not You … it never was, it never will be.
You are prior to all attributes,
No matter the dream.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Intangibility of Existence

In the grand theater of all and none,
Nothing You do or say, or do not do or say,
Is going to make any tangible difference, whatsoever.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unattached Source

It is all this imaginary becoming that wreaks all the many passions,
That generate so much sorrow and suffering in existence.
Awareness is, without concern for any moment,
The human paradigm could ever spin.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Entirety Reality Is

Why would anyone even begin to believe, to imagine,
The indelible mystery could ever not be whole,
That it could ever separate in any way from its awareness.
You are the mystery, You are the awareness, witness to all and none.

Breadcrumbs 2021

An Imaginary Darkness

Cults and religions come and go, because the multitudes,
Fear suffering and oblivion, fear the unknowable,
And seek salvation from the fires of damnation,
For nothing more than darkness born of imagination.
That which plays all parts, plays all roles, angelic to demonic.
Imagination is solitary usurper of awareness, in all its mind-bound forms.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Un-Imagine

Un-imagine You are this mind-body.
Un-imagine You are this existence.
Un-imagine You are this world.
Un-imagine You are this cosmos.
Un-imagine You are this dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Reality of Space Travel

Even if an intrepid crew of lost-in-spacers managed to reach a reasonably hospitable world,
It would likely turn into a stone-age aboriginal existence more than a little quickly.
Planet Earth would be hard-pressed to ever see or hear from them again.
Odds are the entire troop would be dead within the first year.
And that is assuming they even survived the journey to get there.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Frame of Reference Alike

Where this nomadic mind wanders, I can only say, I can only write,
And You can only discern to the reaches of your frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Limits of All Concepts

What metaphor, what analogy, what allegory, what simile,
What word, what number, what note, what symbol,
Has ever transcended its conceptual origin?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Flight of the Inattentive Mind

Imagination will, more than likely,
Very quickly, without warning, without fanfare,
Take flight in the inattentive mind.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Fate of Democracy

One of our bigger errors, was thinking, believing, expecting, it would be any different.
Giving power to the masses has generally been frowned upon by the bigger club-carriers.
To in any way hope, that might change in these our modern times, was naive from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Home, Sweet Home

Home, sweet home.
Peace, sweet peace.
Silence, sweet silence.
Solitude, sweet solitude.
Obscurity, sweet obscurity.
Awareness, sweet awareness.
Anonymity, sweet anonymity.
Realization, sweet realization.
Emptiness, sweet emptiness.
Rightness, sweet rightness.
Serenity, sweet serenity.
Home, sweet home.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Truth of Water

What is water? What it is when it is not ice or vapor.
What is ice? What it is when it is not water or vapor.
What is vapor? What it is when it is not water or ice.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Reality of Being the Unborn-Undying

What You were before You were born? What have You been while alive? What will You be after death?
The unborn-undying before the story is the same unborn-undying after its end,
And during the long and winding tale, as well.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Escaping the Nature-Nurture

Is humankind really all that different from the panda,
Whose daily-without-fail regimen is ninety-nine percent bamboo?
How probable is it, that any creature can sidestep its nature-nurture patterning,
No matter how apparently complex evolution has sculpted it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Dying to the Narrative

To die before You die, You must die to the story.
To the narrative, the chronicle, the tale, the fable, the myth, the legend,
You have manufactured and projected unto your universe,
For this relatively brief play of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Vanity is the Narrative

Vanity plays out the narrative to which You are so attached,
So conditioned by nature-nurture to every moment play out.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Resisting the Vulnerability

Fear and dread are the mind's resistance,
To the vulnerability required to surrender to the mystery,
And its bottomless bag of ineffable intrigues.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Plight of the Sheeples

Charismatics, charlatans, magicians, quacks,
Boogeymen, and innumerable others,
Make for a careening world.
Sheeples abound.
Look in the mirror.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Only Place to Be

No place to lead You, nothing to teach You,
Except that right-here-right-now, is the only place to be,
And for that, You are most truly on your own.

Breadcrumbs 2021

History: Snapshots of Perception

Birth is the beginning of any given story; death, its end.
History books are but subjective, loquacious snapshots.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Reality's True Sheen

You have never not been the mystery.
Duality is the polarizing inclination of imagination.
The unblemished indivisibility of nonduality is reality's true sheen.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Evil? Or Twisted Me-Myself-And-I?

Are great brutality and voraciousness truly the actions of some great evil force?
Or merely the predictable me-myself-and-I, playing out extreme tribal notions?

Breadcrumbs 2021

No More, No Less

But for vanity's countless self-absorbed assertions,
You cannot be more than You already are,
Nor less than You already are not.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Those Were the Daze

Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end, we'd sing and dance forever and a day.
We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and never lose, for we were young, and sure to have our way.
… La la la la la la … La la la la la la … La la la la … La la la la la la …

(Mary Hopkin)

Breadcrumbs 2021

Every Culture a Narrative of Perception

Those who control the narrative, shape history's perception,
Down whatever future-past its tenuous nature lays claim.
The routine of tradition is a strong force in the human psyche,
So there is a loyal penchant to cling to whatever story is provided.
How many cultures have played out in humanity's relatively brief epoch,
Is but one of the beyond-countless things that can never be more than speculated.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Illusions of Perception

All dreams, all worlds, all universes, all dimensions,
Are but illusions You play over and over with your Self,
In every imaginable way, times and spaces beyond counting.

Breadcrumbs 2021

To Be, or Not to Be

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.
To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.
To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.
To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.
To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.
To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.
To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.
To repose, or not to repose.

To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.
To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.
To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.
To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.
To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or not to discern.
To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.
To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.
To lead, or not to lead.

To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.
To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.
To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.
To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.
To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.
To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.
To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.
To participate, or not to participate.

To allow, or not to allow.
To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
To analyze, or not to analyze.
To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
To passion, or not to passion.
To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
To throw, or not to throw.
To desire, or not to desire.
To drudge, or not to drudge.
To berate, or not to berate.
To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
To tribe, or not to tribe.
To teach, or not to teach.
To true, or not to true.
To achieve, or not to achieve.
To drift, or not to drift.
To maintain, or not to maintain.
To toss, or not to toss.
To start, or not to start.
To rant, or not to rant.
To disdain, or not to disdain.
To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
To quit, or not to quit.
To criticize, or not to criticize.
To spend, or not to spend.
To buy, or not to buy.
To rise, or not to rise.
To sermon, or not to sermon.
To infinite, or not to infinite.
To care, or not to care.
To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
To heal, or not to heal.
To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
To address, or not to address.
To quantum, or not to quantum.
To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
To rage, or not to rage.
To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.
To react, or not to react.

To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.
To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.
To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.
To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.
To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.
To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.
To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To remember, or not to remember.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.

To comment, or not to comment.
To kneel, or not to kneel.
To nest, or not to nest.
To assist, or not to assist.
To oppose, or not to oppose.
To perceive, or not to perceive.
To defend, or not to defend.
To witness, or not to witness.
To thirst, or not to thirst.
To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
To shield, or not to shield.
To harvest, or not to harvest.
To delve, or not to delve.
To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
To fathom, or not to fathom.
To delight, or not to delight.
To dig, or not to dig.
To partner, or not to partner.
To sally, or not to sally.
To recall, or not to recall.
To adapt, or not to adapt.
To attack, or not to attack.
To venture, or not to venture.
To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
To have, or not to have.
To pretend, or not to pretend.
To struggle, or not to struggle.
To endure, or not to endure.
To wonder, or not to wonder.
To question, or not to question.
To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Giving Over to the Serenity of the Eternal Moment

Why is it so enticing, so beguiling, for You to know that which can never be known?
Why is it necessary for You to continue believing whatever imaginary stories your culture has spun?
Or for You to continue believing whatever imaginary narratives You have yourself spun?
Why is it so arduous to be in concord, in harmony, with the mystery You are?
To just serenely be the moment to which awareness is witness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Is God? What Is Not God?

God is never born. God never dies.
God is the timelessness prior to all time-bound creations.
God is awareness, unborn, undying, untouched by the vagaries of consciousness.
God is much more, God is much less, than any word.
There is no God but You.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Perceptions of Manifestation

How can awareness see without eyes?
How can awareness hear without ears?
How can awareness smell without a nose?
How can awareness taste without a tongue?
How can awareness touch without a receptacle?
How can awareness perceive without a mind?
Manifestation is necessary for the mystery,
To perceive, to discover, to experience,
Whatever dreams existence offers.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awakening to the Moment

One moment You are the dreamer, the conditioned part imagination routinely plays.
And the next, You are the awareness, the one and only You, dreaming.
Dreamer and dreaming, back and forth, forth and back.
Not at all an easy thing to stay awake.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Discerning the Mystery of Awareness

It is consciousness, imagination, that moves, not awareness.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is simply awareness.
Forever a mystery – inexplicable, unfathomable, ineffable, indelible, immeasurable.
Only in the timeless present, only in the unborn-undying, immutable moment, can it be discerned.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Discerning True Self

Every sentient being has its own dream, its own world, its own universe.
There is no creator judging; there is only the creation experiencing.
The concoctions of priesthood middlemen are nothing more,
Than means to manipulate masses to their own ends.
The only thing personal about the dream is You,
And You are nothing more than an invention of imagination.
It is in the awareness of the moment that You will discern the true Self.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Timelessness Prior to All Narratives

Let go all the narratives, even your own, and what is left,
But the pure awareness of a very still, very timeless moment.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Kaleidoscoping Through the Eternal Moment

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) starts and stops, ebbs and flows, creaks and groans.
The awareness of the eternal moment, ever is, as the dreamtime kaleidoscopes on and on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Discerning the Implacable Doubt

There is no imaginary creator on high judging its creation.
There is only the spontaneous creation equally experiencing all dreamtimes.
Heavens and hells and purgatories are the delusional fabrications,
Of those who allow imagination to get the better of them.
Implacable doubt is the means to awakening,
To the awareness witnessing all.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Cancerous Force

How many fellow earthlings, given the capacity, would not do everything we have?
All organisms small to great, have an opportunistic impetus to survive however they can.
It is the sense of self, and the insatiability of imagination, bodily hunger morphed into avarice,
That has taken instinct, the drive to persevere, to a cancerous level, no web of life can forever endure.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Fate

The fate of the universe is the fate of the universe.
The fate of the world is the fate of the world.
The fate of all life is the fate of all life.
The fate of You is the fate of You.
All just aspects of the same mystery
No need to make anything more than it is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Key Ingredient

Doubt is the key ingredient.
Believing anything, assuming anything,
Is the sure road to any and every imaginable delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Grand Epic

The quantum mystery is a grand epic unto its Self,
Every moment infused by the same timeless awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Mysterious Dream

Kudos and boos to all those who weave the lie to their own ends.
It is a mysterious dream, well-suited to sociopaths and psychopaths.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Mystery of the Mystery

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.

It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.

It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.

It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.

It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Entitlements of History

Everything human-made is born of an idea, an insight, an impression, a sense, a gist.
In all times, in all geographies, who were the firsts to come up with all these astonishing innovations?
Who were the firsts to conceive all those inventions, all those shards of mystery,
To which You are so attached, to which You feel so entitled,
That You likely so take for granted.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Truth of Self-Importance

As important as You make yourself out to be,
Neither the universe nor the world even know You exist.
Count yourself lucky if your mother still cares.

Breadcrumbs 2021

As Actual as the Given Moment

Imagine whatever You will, as often as You will,
It has never been more actual than the given moment,
Which is a vague reality, a dubious awareness, in its Self.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Quantum Construct

Your sensory mind-body, your world, your cosmos, is a quantum construct of imagination.
Since birth, You have been conditioned, mesmerized, brainwashed, compelled,
By the given nature-nurture, to play a part that partakes it all real.
Few see it for what it is; fewer still live it for what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Breathe, Atlas, Breathe

How many breaths until You pick the world up again?
And how many more to let it go for a little Shiva time?

Breadcrumbs 2021

And Before You Were a Monkey …

Your genomic lineage goes back four billion plus-or-minus years.
Your ancestors were goo and sludge long before they were monkeys.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Rarest of Feats

Yes, it more than likely You will wake up tomorrow morning
Just as mesmerized as You have been all those yesterdaze.
Awakening to the illusion of it all, is the rarest of feats.

Breadcrumbs 2021

God's Planless Plan

"God's Plan" appears to be for the human species to play out, to witness,
Every conceivable, every achievable, every nook and cranny absurdity,
That vanity and greed, narcissism and hedonism, can possibly muster.
What a jester that Santa Claus is; he make us laugh plenty ha-ha hard.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Great Commonality

Everyone imagines, everyone breathes, everyone consumes,
Everyone desires, everyone fears, everyone suffers, everyone dies.
You are very much alone, very much not alone, each and every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unreality of Reality

Everyone has their own cosmos kaleidoscoping in the same timeless awareness.
All are as equally real as yours, all are as equally unreal as yours.
It is the ineffable mystery of one in all, all in one.

Breadcrumbs 2021

An Unstoppable Feeding Frenzy

The global economy of these our modern times is abundantly superfluous.
All grounded on the feeding frenzy of far too much affluence,
And an unrivaled and monotonous consumerism.
The hunter-gatherer thing gone awry.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Dissolving into Eternity

Without sun or moon or stars,
Without clocks or watches or calendars,
Without memories of this or that, or that or this,
Who-what-where-when-why-how is there such a thing as time?
This timeless awareness, this timeless moment, this timeless right here, right now.
Is all there is, all there ever was, all there will ever be.
Dissolve the sensory mind-body.
Be eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unborn-Undying Presence

No perception … no sight, no sound, no taste, no smell, no touch,
Ever lasts more than the ever-present, timeless moment.
Only imagination ties the sensory illusion together.
Awareness is the unborn-undying presence,
Through which all dreams persevere.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Irrational v. The Rational

Irrational ignorance has so many venues, so many platforms, so many stages, so many screens,
From which to wreak havoc, turmoil, confusion, chaos, anarchy, and destruction,
On those drawn to rational, pragmatic, sensible, civil discourse.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How Broad? How Wide? How Deep?

You may have heard what someone was saying,
But how closely were You really listening?
How closely were You really engaging?
How accurately were You really interpreting?
How broad, how wide, how deep, your frame of reference?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Across the Board, Same Mystery

Cultures across all times, all geographies, have all fashioned mythologies,
Legends, folklores, traditions, fables, sagas, fairytales, parables,
Allegories, beliefs, creeds, convictions, and dogmas.
All founded on imaginary underpinnings,
Stemming from the same inexplicable, unnamable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

To Which Fake News Does History Subscribe?

Truth, as far as the day-to-day world goes, depends on to which fake news You subscribe.
History shows that 'truth' tends to favor the agenda of whoever is doing the investigating.

Breadcrumbs 2021

That From Which the Eye Gazes

Of sunrises, does the sun, the star. come up? Or the earth, the horizon, down?
Of sunsets, does the sun, the star, go down? Or the earth, the horizon, up?
All points of view, all perspectives, all measures, all outlooks, all stances,
Are relative to the given eye, and the frame of reference from which it gazes.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Had You Gone Left Instead of Right …

Would a different decision, would a different direction,
Have really made for a better, happier, more pleasant existence?
All lives are harbor to any number of ecstasies, to any number of agonies.
To wander a different path, a different way, might well have been a far worse fate.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What a Fucking Loser

If some supreme deity created You to exist a torturous existence capped off with death,
Only to cause an endless array of further agonies by casting You next into purgatory or hell,
For whatever faults, whatever misdeeds, whatever crimes, You may have committed,
All that can really be said by anyone at all rational, is, "What a fucking loser."

Breadcrumbs 2021

All Humans Very Much the Same

As diverse as they may seem, human beings are very much the same across all times, all geographies.
They work, they play; they laugh, they cry; they love, they hate; they cooperate, they secede and battle.
They act out every sensation, every emotion, every passion, for which the genomic algorithm is equipped.
How free can any spirit be in the churning of evolution's timeless wheel of creation and destruction?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Wandering, Watching, Waiting, Wondering

You know that You do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And You do not believe nor trust nor hope, that anyone else truly does, either.
And thus, You wander all alone, through any and all camps, watching, waiting, wondering.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Seriously?

What a truly bizarre thing to supposedly be created by some supreme being,
Only to be cast forever into hell or purgatory for not falling into line,
With a controversial collection of desert-dweller commandments,
Or an implausible messiah and his frothing cult of true-believers.
Even if there is some sort of Santa Claus rendering of a deity on high,
Have You really lived such a contemptible existence to be all that apprehensive,
About being eternally damned in a byzantine labyrinth, an abyss of some Dante-esque inferno?
I mean, seriously?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Insatiable Lizard-Brainers

A vast horde of conglomerate empires, voracious dinosaurs, insatiable lizard-brains,
Daily, bit by bit, greedily devastating this garden planet and all its creations.
What hope can there be in the face of such overwhelming synergy?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Creation and Destruction, One in the Same

Close your eyes and closely watch what happens when You are chewing.
Creation is destruction, destruction is creation, they are one in the same.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Your Own Merit? Or a Cheating Hand?

Did You ride the tide to victory by your own skill, your own merit?
Or did some deity on high lend a cheating hand with a tip of the scale?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Who Knows?

Who knows who?
Who knows what?
Who knows where?
Who knows when?
Who knows why?
Who knows how?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Intertwining Nature of History and Language

All languages evolve from their history.
All histories are imbedded in their language,
For as long as the given culture endures.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Graven Images of Imagination

Jesus was more than likely not your rendering of Jesus, nor was Buddha,
Nor were any other graven mirages history has in imagination ever devised.

Breadcrumbs 2021

One Life to Live

Will that thought, that memory, that perception, ever go away?
Probably, but maybe with Magic Eight Ball glimpses here and there.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Nothing Before, Nothing After

What is prior to consciousness? Awareness.
What is prior to awareness? Nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Marination of Attitude

If You want something marinaded with quality, with excellence,
Then You must unleash with your whole mind, with your whole character.
Few things of great caliber, of great value, of great merit, begin without right attitude.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Feast of Storytelling

Books wait patiently detached for any minds seeking to feast on whatever it is they offer.
A book without plot, without goal, without purpose, without meaning, what is that about?

Breadcrumbs 2021

No One Really Knows Any More Than You

You know that You do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And You do not believe, do not trust, that anyone else really does, either.
But for the greater part of the human mass, and its paradigm of vanity and greed,
The belief, the faith, the assumption, the conviction, the confidence, that someone else does,
Has directed the human absurdity into the deafening crescendo it has become in these modern times.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Dualities Born of Mind

How can timeless awareness and the so-called soul not be one in the same?
All divisions, all dualities, all gulfs, all rifts, are the concoctions of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Mystery Oblivious to All Vanities

How can something be either ‘meant’ to happen or ‘not meant’ to happen?
It simply does or does not; there is no higher power moving You about some chessboard.
Only vanity contrives deities to give meaning and purpose to a mystery that is oblivious to any and all.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Red Pill v. Blue Pill

How can You possibly let go of it, until You every moment discern it all illusion?
And is it truly worth all the exertion? All the effort? And for what, really?
When it does not at all ultimately matter in any way-shape-form.
So … Red Pill? … Or Blue? … You choose, as destiny (i.e., vanity) calls.

Breadcrumbs 2021

One Reef or Another

No one is at the helm of your illusory fate but You.
Calm or stormy, You will sail on and on,
To one sorry end or another,
This brief existence being what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Whole Heap of Life

It is a god-eat-god world,
And a whole heap of life has died,
For You to be sitting there perusing this.
And someday it will be your turn.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Another Ghost of Future-Past

No matter how powerful, no matter how famous, no matter how wealthy,
You will not be long-remembered, long-missed, after You depart.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Only the Moment

There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow, there is no today.
There is only the moment, there is only the right here, right now,
And the timeless awareness, unborn-undying witness to it all.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Why Would Anything Possibly Matter?

Each and every one is on their own, is the ultimate reality.
There are no trophies, no medals, no ribbons, no laurels, no brass rings.
There is no gold at the end of the rainbow, nor a seat at the foot of some deity on high.
All who quest truth, scrape away at their illusions, their delusions, their fallacies, their desires, their fears,
To whatever degree seems most authentic to the imagination of the given nature-nurture.
Right, wrong, or somewhere between, why would it possibly matter?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Darwinian Happenstance of Evolution

The quantum theater, time and space, are ultimately not real,
So, beginnings and endings are little more than moot assertions.
Illusory fabrications of the senses feeding into the neural transmitter.
A biological matrix founded on the Darwinian happenstance of evolution.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Wandering It Takes

Those destined to discern, to fathom, they are the mystery,
Arrive at that moment through every manner of wandering.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All the Deities, All the Demons

The number of deities and demons that humankind has imagined
Throughout its perpetual migration across the world,
Would make for a very long list, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Even Just One?

Has there ever been even just one human culture across all times, all geographies,
That has not contrived a belief system of one sort or another?
Is a question that can never be answered.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Joie de Vivre of the Critical Thinker

Knowledge, dogma, superstition, trivia, can be passed on,
But critical thinking, common sense, discernment, insight, wisdom,
Are well beyond the compass of any classroom or catechism or indoctrination,
For that is in the dynamic, the joie de vivre, of any given nature-nurture to fathom, or not.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Illusion of Space and Time

If space and time do not ultimately exist,
How is any here, how is any there, how is any where,
How is any before, any beginning, any during, any ending, any after,
Even possible as more than a momentary illusion?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Time Traveler

It is absolutely impossible for the awareness that You are and are not,
To be anywhere else but this moment, this instant, right here, right now.
Only imagination travels the three-dimensional illusion of time and space,
Through which the quantum mind-body plays out its mortal sensory dream.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Most Obvious Illusion

Watch the senses reach out into the world, the cosmos, that awareness every moment attends.
Watch the eyes see, the ears hear, the tongue taste, the nose smell, the flesh feel, the mind reflect.
How is it not obvious that this entire universe, this entire dream, is but an illusion You have created?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Be the Motionless Abyss

If You are of a contemplative, reflective, pondering, meditative nature,
Cease hunting for meaning and purpose, knowledge and wisdom, in this world or any other.
It is nothing but the constant distraction of a quantum dream.
Be the motionless abyss.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Syncing With Total Beingness

Where is the boundary between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
But in minds unwilling, minds unable, to distinguish whimsey from reality.
If You are in accord with nature, with the rubrics of the quantum dream,
How can You not ramble unburdened by the limitations of delusion?
How can You not be in tune, in sync, with your total beingness?

Breadcrumbs 2021

An Ephemeral Tenet

The Rule of Law is a concord that should be treasured.
One that can only stand as long as those in power,
Agree to tolerate and enforce its just tenets.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Do You Feed?

The five basic tastes,
Sweet, sour, bitter, salty, umami (savory),
Seven if You include pungency(spiciness) andoleogustus (fattiness),
All have their ummy-yum moments; the everyday challenge,
Is not allowing them to override the body's needs.
Do You feed your tongue, or your body?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Reality of the Eternal Life

Not all are destined, are fated, to discern eternal life.
No point in getting argumentative or militant about it.
Others either see it, or they do not, end of discussion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Anonymous Reality

Consciousness will not long remember You,
And the starry-starry cosmos will not even for a moment miss You.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Flickers of Existence

No pyramid, or any other repository for the departed,
Has ever been a means to carry on after death.
When the Grim Reaper comes to harvest payment due,
There will no longer be a mind-body for awareness to occupy,
Much less a vault-in-tow, filled to the brim with treasure and memory.
We are but flickers of existence here, all occupying very temporal containers.
All fashioned by nature-nurture into programmed destinies that can never long endure.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Denying the Evolution of Any Creation

Whether painting or sculpture or tune or essay or universe,
All creation requires some sort of fashioning evolution.
No form, no world, no cosmos, just appears out of the blue.
All assertions to the contrary are but delusions yammering away.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Dualistic Notion

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are You separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

On and on and On, It Goes

Another day in the dream ends; another night in the dream begins.
Another night in the dream ends; another day in the dream begins.
And so on, and so forth, and so on, and so forth … Try not to yawn.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Abyss of Mind

Those who inquire into the farthest reaches,
Learn to observe their illusory dreamtime,
Learn to step back into the abyss of mind,
With a serene detachment, only seers know.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Already Forgotten

For all practical purposes, You are as anonymous to the universe as it is to You.
Even the most powerful, even the most wealthy, even the most known,
Are already forgotten in the timeless expanses of eternity.
As if all that vanity ever even had a foothold.

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Are Not

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.

You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; You are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How It Began Matters Not

The origin, the roots, the tentacles, of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA),
Extend back in the illusion, to its most primordial conception.
We are all the sons and daughters of life's first etchings.
We are all the sons and daughters of genesis.
How it began, does not matter, at all.
Right here, right now, You are.
Breathe in, breathe out.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Stillness You Are

The mystery is awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
There is really no ‘you’ but the stillness before time.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Frolic of Memory Cells

Spacetime is the creation of consciousness, of imagination.
It is the dream, the dance, the frolic, the bane, of memory cells.
It was the means for imagination’s very gradual usurpation of instinct,
Into the make-believe of self, and the endless pretense of free will unleashed.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Mortal Slime

The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
A mystery born of mortal slime.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Easier

Easier to glimpse it than it is to see it.
Easier to listen to it than it is to hear it.
Easier to devour it than it is to taste it.
Easier to whiff it than it is to smell it.
Easier to touch it than it is to feel it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Rise and Fall of Any and All Bell Curves

The first … the initiator, the designer, the motivator, the inventor, the architect, the creator …
Shows others that something is worth doing, worth considering, worth changing.
The second … the third … the fourth … and others who follow …
Slowly but surely craft some sort of paradigm shift,
Until another trailblazer comes along with a newer, better idea.
Such is the rise and fall, the creation and destruction, of any and all bell curves.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Embracing Total Surrender

To really go all the way,
To really surrender all the way,
To really be totally awake in awareness,
Is the eternal harmony, the unborn-undying reality,
Of the great nothingness through which all appearances spin.
The challenge is to embrace the mystery of awareness,
Without the imaginary limits of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Dance of Life to Death

Observe a garden, and watch it dance back and forth between life and death.
Put a beautiful flower in a vase in the middle of a table, and watch it slowly wilt.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Owning the Mystery

There is no authority in the inquiry into this inscrutable, this ineffable mystery.
No writings, no personalities, no groups, no deities high, nor deities low,
Are more than imaginary anchors in the unborn-undying dreamtime.
There is no owning the mystery, never has been, never will be.
You are first, You are last, in whatever way You discern.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Middleman in Every Head

The middleman in your head is no different than any other out there in the wide world,
Seeking to profit from all your desires and fears and dreads and passions and ignorance.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Of Makers and Builders and Spinners

Who is the one that is making so much effort?
Who is building mountains out of molehills?
Who is spinning problems out of nothing?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Of Black and White and Grays Between

Are You master? Or are You slave? Or both? Or neither?
Or all of the above, and the ebb and flow of grays between?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Fog of Translation

What translation can ever fully grasp any scribe's vision,
And the frame of reference from which it was articulated?

Breadcrumbs 2021

How to Avoid Followers and Sycophants

The trick to not collecting followers is to become somewhat unappealing in one way or another.
It is enough for any who cross your path to have gleaned your message.
Far better they wander on under their own steam,
To do with their nature-nurture dream, whatever the Fates deign.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How Can What Does Not Exist Be Wasted?

How can time be wasted if there is truly no such thing?
Only vanity contrives the illusion of meaning and purpose.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Tribeless Wanderers

Truly, the seers, the mystics, the sages across all geographies, all times,
Are the most earnest, the most devout, the most real, wandering tribeless.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Every Direction Known, Every Direction Unknown

The mystery, the unknowable, the unfathomable,
Is both in front of You, and around-the-world behind You.
Or perhaps, right behind You, around-the-world in front of You.
Or perhaps, every direction, every directionless, nothingless can muster.

Breadcrumbs 2021

There Are Times

There are times for war, there are times for peace.
There are times for strategy, there are times for tactics.
There are times for argument, there are times for diplomacy.
There are times for replenishment, there are times for scarcity.
There are times for maneuver, there are times for extermination.
There are times to press forward, there are times to withdraw.
There are times to lay siege, there are times to move around.
There are times for order, there are times for mayhem.
There are times for victory, there are times for loss.
There are times to die, there are times to renew.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Quantum Mystery

Asleep or drowsy or indolent or awake,
It is all the same quantum pointlessness,
It is all the same quantum unfathomability.
It is all the same quantum unborn-undying.
It is all the same quantum unknowability.
It is all the same quantum indivisibility.
It is all the same quantum dreamtime.
It is all the same quantum mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

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Breadcrumbs 2021

Imbedding in the Moment

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.
The only way to be free of it is to imbed in the moment,
Ever motionless, ever aware, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn, ever undying.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Happenstance-Happenchance of Imagination

A frame of reference is a stew, a blend, a fusion, a union, a brew, a mélange,
A double-double-toil-and-trouble-fire-burn-and-caldron-bubble,
That the fate, the destiny, the kismet, the nature-nurture,
Has through happenstance-happenchance,
In imagination played.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Racing Down a Dead-End Road

We are well beyond turning back from the precipice we have created.
Too many problems to even attempt changing course in any meaningful way.
The species is as captive to its narcissistic-hedonistic self-absorption as it has ever been.
And all accelerating exponentially in every way, every shape, every form, imagination has to offer.
The hungry monkey is not letting go of that tasty bait in the coconut snare anytime ever.
In Darwinian reckoning, greed may not always be the best survival strategy.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Cosmic Prison

What is a prison?
A small locked room with bars?
A mass of mind and body and sensory intrigue?
Or a cosmos of stars too far to ever more than imagine grasping?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Awareness of Awareness

It is in the awareness of awareness,
Not the ownership of awareness,
Not the doctrine of awareness,
Not the space of awareness,
Not the time of awareness,
That You will find truth.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Exceptions! The Exceptions!

There will likely always be exceptions to any rule,
Any law, any instruction, any regulation, any decree, any imperative,
Any statute, any canon, any tenet, any ruling, any directive.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Darwin and the Art of War

What is any modification of strategies and tactics,
But Darwinian adaptation to changing circumstance.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Nature of Experts

The expert is someone who has studied something so much,
That s/he really truly believes they actually know something.

Breadcrumbs 2021

… creation … preservation … destruction …

… creation … preservation … destruction …
… creation … preservation … destruction … creation … preservation … destruction …
… creation … preservation … destruction …

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Siren of Age

So many years You have spent giving into every sort of calculation and impulse this way and that.
So many things You thought You needed, so many things You thought You wanted.
And now, finally, little if any interest in such dilettantish pursuits.
A contemplative, anonymous endgame, serenely beckons from the shoals.

Breadcrumbs 2021

… awareness …

… the namelsss name …
… the worldless world …
… the lightless light …
… the soundless sound …
… the cosmicless cosmos …
… the quantumless quantum …
… the nothingless nothing …

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Scar Tissue of Mind

Erasing the scars from the traces of existence is not an easy undertaking.
Even the most persevering can tumble back into their imaginary cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Is That What You Really Are?

Senses, organs, glands, bones, muscles, nerves, tissue, skin, hair,
Blood, saliva, snot, sweat, piss, shit, gas, and other fluids.
Is that really You? Is that really what You truly are?
Or is the mind-body just the only practical way,
The mystery could manifest a touchy-feely dream?

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Long and Winding Wander Ahead

Down one road or trail or another, You will long and winding wander,
Partaking whatever the dreamtime offers, as the nature-nurture allows.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Odds Are

Odds are the awareness before You were born or after You die,
Is very much the same alertness, the same watchfulness,
As the awareness You are right here, right now.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Satisfaction of the No Answer

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the past?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is the future?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is the moment?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is anything?
Will any answer ever entirely satisfy You?

Breadcrumbs 2021

God is the No Other

God is all the creation, all the preservation, all the destruction.
God is all the You's there are, have ever been, will ever be.
There is not, has never been, will never be, any other.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Through Your Eyes

How would You suppose any supreme being worth its brackish salt,
Would, could, witness your world, your cosmos,
But through your eyes?

Breadcrumbs 2021

All You Imagine Your Self to Be, and Not to Be

All self-imagery is based on the blend, on the fusion, on the synergy,
Of all the patterning, all the molding, all the conditioning, of the given nature-nurture,
Including all the cultural, political, religious, racial, linguistic, educational,
Gender, socio-economic, emotional, et cetera, influences.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No More, No Less

As much as You might believe it to be more,
As much as You might achingly yearn for it to be more,
It is not more, nor has it ever been more, nor will it ever be more.
Nor is it less, nor has it ever been less, nor will it ever be less.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Exact Same Difference

Did some sculptor sculpt the sculpture?
Or did the sculpture sculpt itself?
Who knows? Who cares?
Exact same difference, anyway.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Vanity of Jesus

The vanity of Jesus was witnessed by the same awareness,
Witnessing yours and every other critter's across critterdom.

Breadcrumbs 2021

True Generosity

Giving to receive is not giving.
Giving out of fear is not giving.
Giving out of guilt is not giving,
Giving out of shame is not giving.
Giving out of obligation is not giving.
Giving out of capitulation is not giving.
True generosity is the most virtuous heart.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Only Issue

Regarding Covid-19,
Or any other pandemic,
It is not a political issue.
It is not an economic issue.
It is not a religious issue.
It is not a macho issue.
It is a health issue.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Real War

Gameboards and such are just the start of strategic and tactical thinking.
Real war is only limited by rules of engagement, if there is such a thing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Consequence of Being Born

You may not have lived by a sword in the literal sense,
But You most assuredly will perish by the synergistic consequences
Of the whoever-whatever-wherever-whenever-whyever-however You have lived.
It is not a metaphorical, allegorical, figurative, symbolic, abstract, emblematical, rhetorical issue.

Breadcrumbs 2021

When Were You Born?

Did You begin growing old, did You start dying, the moment You were conceived?
Did You begin growing old, did You start dying, the moment You departed the womb?
Or did You begin growing old, did You start dying, when all life kicked off,
In that long, long, long ago, unborn-undying, puddle of origin?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Relativity of Mind's Perception

If You could travel back in space-time to a variety of life events, would You see them the same?
Would they seem fairly similar to your vague memories, or be almost entirely rewritten?
And how different would they be if You were to re-watch them every decade or so?
Memory being what it is, frame of reference being what it is, chances are good,
That your perspective, your assessment, might well be different each and every time.

Breadcrumbs 2021

When the Insatiable Becomes Satiable

What happens to the insatiable mind when the more-more-more,
Dissipates, downgrades, devolves, disperses, diminishes, diffuses, dissolves, disappears,
Into the contentment, the satisfaction, the serenity, of need-only?

Breadcrumbs 2021

When You Truly No Longer Care

Perhaps someday You will really, no longer care about this world or any other,
When it finally-finally-finally does not even occur to You, does not even cross your mind,
That You no longer sincerely, repeatedly, all too often, tell yourself that You do not.
Like an injury, like an insult, that You have entirely forgotten to remember.

Breadcrumbs 2021

When the Garden Was a Finely Tuned Continuum

Before the advent of humankind, this garden pearl was akin to a finely-tuned continuum.
As eternally precise as its Darwinian nature could possibly be.
And then humankind learned of fire,
And history streamed into absurdity beyond all pales.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How Will History Grade This Era?

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities,
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Conductors of Minds

Speakers and writers are conductors of the minds,
Of those who listen, of those who read, with total openness,
In ways that no orchestra, nor any other artistic congregation, ever can.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Love v. Agape

The only love worth its salt is the agape sort,
And that is for the most part absolutely unattainable,
Unless You are truly dead in the figurative sense.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Any Given Middleman

Despite all assertions, all contentions, all declarations, all proclamations to the contrary,
Rest assured that any given middlemen, even the so-called 'spiritual' ones,
Are really only interested in what your treasury has in store.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Person, No Place, No Thing

If You make it about any person or place or thing,
Then You have missed the whole point and purpose.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Reality of You

You are what You are, You do what You do, You give what You give, You take what You take,
Others will just have to … oh well … so it goes … deal with it … get over it … stay or move on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Repetition! The Repetition!

What reason, what point, what advantage, is more absurd mind gorp,
When You likely already know many or most things far much more than necessary.
After all, how many times does the same recording need be uploaded?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Irony! The Paradox!

How big You are, how tiny You are.
How wise You are, how foolish You are.
How everything You are, how nothing You are.
The irony, the paradox, home turf for the student of life.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Huff ‘N Puff of Imagination

The so much that You believe You know, is infinitely dwarfed by all that You do not.
And what, pray tell, do You really know of anything, but the huff ‘n puff of imagination?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness, Ever Aloof, Untouched

Good and evil, like and dislike, love and hate, great and small, black and white.
All conceptions of manifest consciousness, of imagination.
Awareness, ever aloof, untouched.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Doubting All Other Contenders

You may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty, that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Collective Miasma

This secular response to how all religion is sustained, is akin to The Emperor's New Clothes folktale.
A story about vanity, and how others play along, for fear of embarrassment, being found out.
It is a collective narrative, a miasma, seemingly built into humankind's genetic coding.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Do Not Fuck With Mother Nature

Do not fuck with Mother Nature.
Mother Nature does not take prisoners,
And is not shy about every torture imaginable.
Not a good brain fart to place bets against her, either.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Astute Mind's Eye

To understand what is actually being spoken or written in most any context,
Requires an astute mind's eye capable of nuanced, critical thinking,
And a wide-ranging, nature-nurtured frame of reference,
All marinated in a wholesome fusion of absurdism infinitum.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Tempering Curiosity

Like any other pleasure, curiosity should be tempered.
The quest for truth is not an exercise in trivial pursuit.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Regarding the Pulpit Hypocrite

Is there anything more vile,
Than a foul-mouthed, yellow-bellied, shady-laced,
Two-faced, plagiarizing, double-dealing, double-crossing, back-stabbing,
Lyin', thievin', cheatin', molestin', murderin', play-acting, sanctimonious-on-Sundays, hypocrite?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Very Much All Alone Together

No one can ever know what anybody or anything else,
Sees or hears or tastes or smells or feels, or any other sensory feed.
Perception is a nature-nurture quantum phenomenon, boggling to the nth degree.
All things great to small, are very much all alone together.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Bailiwick of Ineffectual Thinking

The human species is a creation of this quantum garden world.
It evolved simultaneously alongside all the other life forms,
Each and every one developing its own sensory reality,
In unmitigated harmony with its given environment.
Naturally selected or intelligently designed, what matter?
Speculation is the irrefutable bailiwick of ineffectual thinking.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Speculating the Somehow

Somehow this universe was created.
Somehow this world was created.
Somehow sentient forms were created.
Somehow the human species was created.
All speculation about the somehow is pointless.
Here You are, here we are, creating our future-past.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Unimagine Everything

Unimagine, You are this mind-body.
Unimagine, You are this existence.
Unimagine, You are this world.
Unimagine, You are this cosmos.
Unimagine, You are this dreamtime.
Unimagine, that You are this moment.
Unimagine even, that You are this awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Genetic Design

The incessant recording the inner voice plays over and over in your mind,
Is the conditioning of your frame of reference, your nature-nurture programming.
Naught but an algorithm born of genetic design … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Matters?

Does any who really matter?
Does any what really matter?
Does any where really matter?
Does any when really matter?
Does any why really matter?
Does any how really matter?
Does anything really matter?

Breadcrumbs 2021

More, More, More

More creation, oh boy.
More waking, oh boy.
More laundry, oh boy.
More cleaning, oh boy.
More preening, oh boy.
More car washing, oh boy.
More exercising, oh boy.
More working, oh boy.
More errands, oh boy.
More chores, oh boy.
More sleeping, oh boy.
More shopping, oh boy.
More pleasure, oh boy.
More reading, oh boy.
More movies, oh boy.
More games, oh boy.
More wine, oh boy.
More song, oh boy.
More sex, oh boy.
More eating, oh boy.
More drinking, oh boy.
More wandering, oh boy.
More mindfulness, oh boy.
More preservation, oh boy.
More destruction, oh boy.
More breathing, oh boy.
More bother, oh boy.
More pain, oh boy.
More bills, oh boy.
More taxes, oh boy.
More peeing, oh boy.
More pooping, oh boy.
More indigestion, oh boy.
More Hallmark Holidaze, oh boy.
More anthropological events, oh boy.
More, more, more, more, more, more, more …

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Stillness of Awareness

The cosmos is an ever-changing perception; motionlessness is not even possible.
Naught but an abstract construct, never to discern light of day, nor dark of night.
Only in the stillness of awareness, can this manifest theater be seen for what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Nothingness of Awareness

Consciousness is ever-changing; awareness, ever-changeless.
In every moment, You are as close to nothing as the awareness is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Always the Beginner

The mystery, the indelible, the absolute, the unborn-undying,
Spontaneously plays every form, every part, for the very first time.
Always an ingenuous beginner, performing every blueprint, the best it can.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Never the Same, Aways the Same

Stop imagining You are the same character You were yesterday,
And all the unborn-undying yesterdaze before that.
Infinity hath no bounds, including You.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Burning Marshmallow Reality

Imagine your body in flames like a marshmallow over a campfire.
The eternal awareness observing, thoroughly detached, thoroughly indifferent,
As the body screams and writhes, until there is nothing left about which to scream or writhe.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness

For those who seek that beyond all doubt, the world, the universe,
Gradually loses its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Unconditional Surrender

As long as You believe You are the sensory body,
You will suffer its perpetual potpourri of agonies and ecstasies,
As You meander all the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and touches,
That the mind's cosmos has to offer in its nature-nurture realm.
To be liberated is to surrender without reservation,
To the awareness prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Et Cetera, Ad Infinitum

Hallmark holidays, birthday parties, graduations, weddings, anniversaries, parades,
Street festivals, county fairs, church services, bar mitzvahs, social gatherings, soap operas …
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum … Booooooring.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Age and Time's Perspectives

The very young have little or no sense of time's passing.
For the aged, it becomes a calendar-watching countdown.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Cosmos?

What cosmos does any creature perceive?
What cosmos does an aardvark perceive?
What cosmos does a cockroach perceive?
What cosmos does an octopus perceive?
What cosmos does a sparrow perceive?
What cosmos does a buffalo perceive?
What cosmos does a giraffe perceive?
What cosmos does a turtle perceive?
What cosmos does a trout perceive?
What cosmos does a tiger perceive?
What cosmos does a dog perceive?
What cosmos does a tree perceive?
What cosmos does a frog perceive?
What cosmos does a seal perceive?
What cosmos does a clam perceive?
What cosmos does an ant perceive?
What cosmos does a bush perceive?
What cosmos does a hawk perceive?
What cosmos does a whale perceive?
What cosmos does a shark perceive?
What cosmos does bacteria perceive?
What cosmos does a human perceive?
What cosmos does a lobster perceive?
What cosmos does an oyster perceive?
What cosmos does a dolphin perceive?
What cosmos does a penguin perceive?
What cosmos does a scorpion perceive?
What cosmos does a kangaroo perceive?
What cosmos does any creature perceive?
Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.
All things great to small, very much alone together.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Root of That Called Evil

Money is not the root of all evil, any more than guns or other weapons are the root of death.
It is the greed, the vanity, the self-absorption, the narcissism, that is the root of that dubbed evil.
And it is the quantum mind … it is consciousness … it is imagination … that is its neural playground.
Ecclesiastes 1:2 … "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Questions! The Questions!

The only way anyone can ever know everything, can ever have all their questions answered,
Is to become God, and that, of course, assumes God has all the answers.
It is also possible that he/she/it is as clueless as You.
Or that he/she/it has no need for all our endless trivial pursuits.
Or that he/she/it has no questions need answering, nor problems need solving.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Agony! The Agony!

Agony is the teacher, agony is the lesson.
And some have more than a few teachers, more than a few lessons.
Some learn from observing others, some from a thrashing, but more than a few endure the rack.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Enabler

Existence is only as viable as the neuron matrix,
Which enables consciousness (a.k.a., imagination),
To dance away, to whirl and twirl in eternal awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Quantum Swirl

The quantum holodeck in the quantum holomind,
Is always ready and waiting for the quantum holobody,
To come wandering through the quantum holoether,
All witnessed by the unborn-undying awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Hypnotizing Algorithm

For human consciousness to evolve, and survive, and thrive,
Required naturally-selected delusion, fostered by quantum illusion.
A hypnotizing algorithm, a sculpting of mind and body,
In the puddles and jungles of Eden long ago.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Contorting! The Distorting!

Love and friendship, hate and animosity, such tenuous intrigues,
About which the human paradigm ceaselessly contorts and distorts.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Challenge of the Path Less Traveled

How challenging it is to be in this garden, and not of it.
To be with family, friends, co-workers, adversaries,
Or merely wandering through the day-to-day,
Acutely aware that You are the awareness,
While consciousness frolics about the mind,
Has never been easy for any of the myriad seers,
Who in all future-pasts, have discerned it but illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Mind's Much Ado About Nothing

Writers write, pundits speculate, scientists inquire,
Every conceivably possible much ado about nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Mother Nature's Final Solution

There is little denying humankind is a species that deserves extinction.
Alas for Mother Nature that she has not come up with the final solution quickly enough,
To preserve all the other life forms her mystery has in dreamtime spawned.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Assumptions! The Assumptions!

All anyone can know about the mystery, about the awareness,
Is all the speculations that traditions around the world have contrived.
Stories, stories, and more stories, none more valid than any other.
Not authentic knowing, in any way, any shape, any form.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Vanity of All Narratives

You pee what You drink, You shit what You eat.
Just another organism adapting its way from dust to dust.
Only magnificent in your own, very subjective, very vain, narrative.
Chances are, You are already forgotten by practically all.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Sooner or Later

What is won is lost.
What is created is lost.
What is learned is lost.
What is built is lost.
Sooner or later.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Witness to All the Ecstasies, All the Agonies

The genetic lottery spins a matrix, in which the dreaming You imagine real and true,
Will witness the ecstasy and agony, of each and every moment, destiny has in store.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All Befores, All Betweens, All Afters

The mystery is all, the mystery is one, including You,
In the creation of all beginnings, in the destruction of all endings,
And the process in all the befores, in all the betweens, in all the afters, as well.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Health Is the Real Wealth

What good is power, if You have not the health to exercise it?
What good is fame, if You have not the health to glory in it?
What good is fortune, if You have not the health to spend it?
What good is existence, if You have not the health to enjoy it?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Irony, Paradox, Absurdity

Have You ever beheld even one moment of awareness,
Where ethics or any other imaginary notion or sentiment,
Had any say, any validity, any reality, any truth, whatsoever?
The eternal mystery does not give a flying hooey about anything.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.
Practice detachment.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Less is More

Eyeless eyes.
Earless ears.
Noseless nose.
Tongueless tongue.
Touchless touch.
Maskless mask.
Mindless mind.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Outside, Inside, Everywhere

Awareness on the outside, awareness on the inside, makes for awareness everywhere.
Quantum on the outside, quantum on the inside, makes for quantum everywhere.
Mystery on the outside, mystery on the inside, makes for mystery everywhere.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Undo the Math

Infinite and infinitesimal.
Both imply space and time, neither of which are ultimately real.
So, neither are infinite nor infinitesimal.
Undo the math.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Boggling Mystery

We call it space, we call it time, we call it so many things.
But in actuality, it is but awareness, witnessing a quantum dream.
A friggin' boggling mystery … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Timeless Perception

It is in the timeless perception of awareness in the given moment,
That the true kingdom, the true heaven, the true singularity, is discerned.
It is not, it has never been, it will never be, anything articulated by consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Subjective Assumption

It is only in the given moment, it is only in the awareness, that You exist.
Everything else is but a dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Nothing more than a kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
And the nature of that so-called existence,
Is but a subjective assumption.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Every Life Form a Witness

How could awareness witness its quantum creation,
In omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent fashion,
But through the eye of every sentient being,
All equally born of the same indelible mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Standing Alone Against the Winds of Mind

Social animals that human beings are genetically programmed to be,
Plumbing the immeasurable depths of the great aloneness, is an arduous task.
It requires great fortitude to stand alone against the winds of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How Could There Be Any Other?

What can the so-called soul be but pure, unadulterated awareness?
The same awareness that is equally in all things infinitely great to infinitesimally small.
All absolute, all unfathomable, all indivisible, all inexplicable, all indelible,
All unborn, all undying, all impenetrable, all mysterious.
There is no other; how could there be?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The One and Only Soul

The soul You quest, is your awareness.
The same awareness that is equally in all things, across all creation.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is not our awareness; it is simply awareness.
There is only one soul, some call it god, and it is one and all … including You.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Void That Can Never Be Filled

What are the gluttonous? What are the narcissistic? What are the hedonistic?
If not insatiably rapacious in their efforts to fill the void that can never be filled.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Great Swath of Human History

It was not some deity who created man and woman in his or hers or its image.
It was man and woman who invented deities in their imagination,
And the result is a great swath of the human story.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Bastion of Serenity

Awareness is the bastion of serenity.
Vanity is the source of all hells, of all purgatories.
Eternity has been right here, right now, every moment, all along.
Time and space are but quantum illusions choregraphed by the sensory mind.
It is through the self-absorption of consciousness, of imagination,
That we have become blind to the timeless presence.
Still the mind-body, abide in awareness,
Discern the mystery You are.

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Did Not Choose

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.
You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.
You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.
Have You ever really had any choice,
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness is All

Awareness is all: indelible, unsullied, indivisible, unfathomable.
Practically any way consciousness plays it, is laced with vanity.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Who is Satan?

The essential Biblical narrative
Is that Satan separated from God and left the Garden.
Wait, is that not what humankind has done?
Is that not what You have done?
So, who is Satan?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Walking the Same Stage in Different Universes

Just like snowflakes and fingerprints and chromosomes,
We will always be different; we will always be limited editions.
We will always perceive the world, the cosmos, in our own unique ways.
We will always be one of a kind, no matter how much we pretend to be the same.
We are all walking the same stage in very different universes.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Undoing the Patterning of Mind and Body

The only way to undo the patterning of mind and body, is to become very still in every way.
Only in pure, unadulterated, absolute awareness, can You be free of all claims.
And then, alas, only for as long as You manage to remain there.

Breadcrumbs 2021

So It Goes and Oh Well

No matter how You meditate or breath or practice asanas or whatever else,
If it is not your destiny to wake up, then so it goes and oh well,
To all the revelry and whoring You missed out on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All the Choices Along the Timeline

The choices You every cause-and-effect, yes-no-maybe moment make,
Will impact every tomorrow your timeline has yet to celebrate or lament.
Being as mindful, as attentive, as possible, is rarely a bad part of those choices.
No one gets out of this dream without at least a notion of the price of consequences.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Just You, Witnessing the Ever-Present Moment

There is no yoke, no millstone, no chains, no shackles, in seeing, in being, the mystery You ever are.
No idolatries, no tribes, no traditions, no dogmas, no symbols, no rituals, no rewards, no punishments.
Just You, pristine awareness, the eternal eye, the mystery itself, witnessing the ever-present moment.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Timeless Residence

The unborn-undying moment is where awareness timelessly resides.
Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) is anything else, is everything else.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Probability of Every Bell Curve

Guaranteed, somewhere along any given bell curve,
Any given probability, any given possibility, any given whatever,
Will happen in one standard deviation or another.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Roaring Falls Ahead

The human paradigm,
Fueled by imagination,
Snared in space and time,
The roaring falls ahead.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Same Mystery Across the Board

Living or non-living, organic or inorganic, animate or inanimate,
It is ever the same unborn-undying, indivisible quantum mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Remembering, Forgetting

… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget … remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …… remember … forget …
… remember … forget … remember … forget …
… remember … forget …

… remember …

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Certainty of Statistics

What goes up, must come down.
What rises, falls; what flows, ebbs; what starts, ends; what lightens, darkens.
Statistics has a certainty about it, which cannot be denied.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Keystone of the Human Paradigm

Tribe, family, clan, kin, community,
Society, culture, tradition, faction, company, congress,
Council, assembly, convention, conference, meeting, circle, crew, force, corps,
Troop, unit, troupe, party, bloc, team, band, set, clique, cadre, coterie, herd, flock, drove, pack, group.
All signifying the highly social, uniquely cooperative keystone of the human paradigm.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Missed Their Chance

Ze-Dong Mao, Adolf Hitler,
Leopold II, Jozef Stalin, Hideki Tojo, Ismail Enver,
Pol Pot, Yakubu Gowon, Leonid Brezhnev, Jean Kambanda, Saddam Hussein,
Tito, Suharto, Fumimaro Konoe, Menghistu, Kim Il Sung,
Jonas Savimbi, Mullah Omar, Idi Amin,
And any other mass killer,
Were all the same mystery as You.
The difference is, they missed their chance.
Nature-nurture is a wonder, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Too Late

… too late …
… too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late … too late …
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… too late … too late … too late …
… too late … too late …
… too late …

Breadcrumbs 2021

Clouds Drifting Through the Sky

A neural network of memories, of perceptions,
Is all you are, have ever been, will ever be.
Space-time is but a quantum illusion.
Consciousness, but temporal theater.
Clouds drifting in the eternal awareness.
Unborn, undying, indivisible, unfathomable.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Chosen People

Every other tribe, every other group, every other culture,
Is barbaric, brutish, bestial, savage, inhuman,
And yours, the same to them.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The End of Vanity

What is there to be egocentric about, once You are truly detached,
Once You are truly naught but the awareness prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Ever and Ever

Whoever.
Whatever.
Wherever.
Whenever.
Whyever.
However.
Forever.
Ifever.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Of Remembering and Forgetting

What is remembered is forgotten.
What is remembered is remembered.
What is forgotten is remembered.
What is forgotten is forgotten.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The False Continuity of Imagination

Awareness is ever untouched, indifferent, uncorrupted, untainted, unblemished, immaculate, flawless.
Awareness is indelible, changeless, indivisible, unfathomable, absolute, unborn, undying.
Whatever happened any moment ago, whatever happens any moment hence,
Have absolutely no relationship with any right here, right now,
But through the imaginary, illusory, time-bound notions of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Different Jesus in Every Mind

If there was a Jesus, it is not at all likely he was the one You imagine.
Same with Buddha, Lao Tzu, or any other brigands your mind harbors.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Great Perhaps

Perhaps it will be your fate, your destiny, that words such as these,
Will foster unlocking your mind into the freedom of the unknown.

Breadcrumbs 2021

As if It Is About Time at All

When referring to the relationship between awareness and consciousness,
How to articulate it? … prior to consciousness? … or … beyond consciousness?
Both have been equally used in these many thoughts, as suits the aphoristic construction.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Truth of All Fates

The mind-body has its fate, the imaginary persona has its fate,
But the real You, the awareness, the moment, Self, itself,
What destiny can there possibly be, but all and none.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Aliens Required

This garden world is quite capable of creating it all on its own.
It is a quantum algorithm, no aliens required, only imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Always Lagging Behind

By the time any given mind realizes something happened,
Awareness has already moved on any number of instants.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Mystery of Eternal Awareness

All expressions, all narratives, all illustrations, all constructs of consciousness,
Become inconsequential in the hereness, the nowness, of pure, timeless awareness.
That which is totality – often called by one deific name or another -- in all its mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Traveling the Road Less Traveled

Groupthink has often proven to be a two-way street.
History is chock-full of followers who have pressured those they follow,
To do and say things they otherwise would not do or say, were they left to their own device.
The road less traveled may well best be wandered in solitary fashion,
As anonymously as time and circumstances allow.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All That Is Required

For those who seek truth, awareness of awareness,
Awareness of the eternal moment, is all that it is required.
You are the truth, the life, the way; the challenge is just to be it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

In the Stillness of Awareness

In the stillness of awareness, there is no self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no birth.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no death.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no vanity.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no duality.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only here.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only now.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only Self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only You.

Breadcrumbs 2021

From First Moment to Last

From birth to death, from first breath to last, from first moment to last,
The mystery of awareness is sovereign witness to the play of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Nothing Required

Awareness does not require faith.
Awareness does not require belief.
Awareness does not require dogma.
Awareness does not require anything.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Nature of Dogma

For those not inquiring deeply, for those with misguided intent,
The destiny of any teachings, any writings, risk becoming dogma.

Breadcrumbs 2021

An Anonymous Mystery

The mystery, the moment, the awareness, can never know itself,
But through the reflections of consciousness, the reflections of the illusory other.
Therefore, creation and preservation and destruction,
Rife with agony and ecstasy.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Seeing Is Not Believing

If it is belief, it is false.
Nothing more than an invention born of consciousness.
Seeing is not believing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The One and Only True Eye

Awareness is the one and only true eye of the mystery.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, unborn-undying.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Long and Winding Road Less Traveled

Roads less traveled often start out many shades of gray,
Until they become rainbows of light and opuses of sound.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Anonymous Wanderer

Neither lead nor follow, wander quietly, anonymously.
Listening and speaking as moment and circumstances call.
And then wander on, with as little display or fanfare as possible.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Nuanced Mind Required

True believers lack the wit to grasp the subtleties of irony and paradox,
And the nuances required for deep refection in the earnest quest for truth.

Breadcrumbs 2021

On Wallowing in Self-Pity

Submerging the mind in self-pity can be a long and troublesome trial.
Try not allow little self to wallow in superfluous misery.
Awareness does not break or bleed or burn.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Permutations of Historical Thinking

So many ways to view history:
First that come to mind: politics, economics,
Science, culture, language, art, music, architecture, war …
But one onscreen academic source has come up with twelve branches:
Military history, history of religion, social history, cultural history, diplomatic history,
Economic history, environmental history, world history, universal history,
Intellectual history, gender history, and public history.
The steepings of imagination are many,
And not far between.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Eternity's Spacious Moment

The eternal moment is the nexus, the ether, the heaven, the oblivion,
Through which all creation, through which all destruction, all that is unborn, all that is undying,
Kaleidoscope in the immeasurable, indivisible, indelible awareness,
Witness to all that is, witness to all that is not.

Breadcrumbs 2021

On Returning to the Cave of Origin

Can any ever really more than visit as guest, as outsider, as stranger, as recluse,
Once they have wandered outside their cave of origin, and its wall of shadows.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Of Trees Falling in the Forest

If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?
But for consciousness, would space, would time, would light, would sound, exist?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Great Divider

Consciousness is the great divider.
The source of all dualistic perception.
The source of all dualistic misconception.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Begetting of Human Consciousness

Awareness is the ether of consciousness.
Consciousness is the engine of will.
Will is the engine of vanity.
Vanity is the engine of greed.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Vaporous Dream

An imaginary universe, an imaginary world, an imaginary self.
How can that which has never been more than the vapor of consciousness,
That which has never been real, has never been tangible, ever be more than a dream?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Way of the Middleman

The motivations of any middleman between You and truth can be more than a little dubious.
Speculation is not truth, and many if not most who consider themselves religious-slash-spiritual,
Are spellbound by, ensnared by, blinded by, the time-bound catechisms of their cultural assumptions.
Add to that the three vanities of power and fame and fortune, fueled by greed,
And truth becomes but a usurped ways and means.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Wherefore Art How?

How can time ever touch the timeless?
How can space ever touch the spaceless?
How can imagination ever possess reality?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Mortality's Rainbow

The reality of mortality.
The quantum of mortality.
The awareness of mortality.
The absurdity of mortality.
The paradox of mortality.
The irony of mortality.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Beyond-The-Pale Astounding

Absolutely beyond-the-pale astounding,
How so many cling, to the ignorance, to the misconceptions,
To the superstitions, to the fantasies, to the falsehoods, to the fallacies, to the delusions,
Conceived thousands of cycles of sun and moon so long ago.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Seekers of Earthly Rewards

Only the impoverished seek wealth.
Only the powerless seek control.
Only the desolate seek fame.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Big You v. Little you

If Big You has discerned,
Who-what-where-when-why-how You are, and are not,
Then why is little you still here?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Give It Up

Give up on trying to figure out how all this is happening.
Even the primal source, the absolute, the ultimate, can never know how it came to be.
It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will ever be a mystery.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Nowhere to Run, Nowhere to Hide

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, from the ever-present moment.
From the unborn-undying, immeasurable, indivisible, indelible, interminable awareness.
The one and only inexplicable witness, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Barest Squeal of Brakes

Regarding the fate of the human paradigm, is there really any point in saying anything,
When the species is careening full bore towards the edge of the Petri dish,
And not more than the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.
All hopeful endeavors are destined to fail.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Agony and the Ecstasy

If You see your Self as the mind-body, if You are attached to the world,
Imagination will take You through every possible agony.
Ecstasy is the plight of the detached.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Keep Things in Their Place

A political issue is a political issue.
An economic issue is an economic issue.
A religious issue is a religious issue.
A health issue is a health issue.
Try not to confuse them.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Most Fatal Reality

Being born has proven to be fatal in every case thus far known,
Except for vampires, and other characters of a fictional nature.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Keep It Simple

So many names for it.
Source or mystery are simplest.
Deities and dogma only muddy the water.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Hare or Tortoise?

Are You, arrogant hare? Or humble tortoise?
Or both or neither, depending on circumstance?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Remembering! The Forgetting!

Whether it is just a case of not remembering to remember,
Or forgetting to remember, is easy to say, but hard to do.
Or is it hard for some to say, and easy for others to do?
Forgetting, remembering, it really all seems the same.
Or is it really not the same, and only seems the same?
Or is it really all the same, and we only just think it different?
Or maybe we just should perchance simply just cease thinking so much,
Even though there seem to be a goodly number of things about which to cogitate,
If You spend an unwarranted amount of time and effort cogitating so many things, that is.
It is especially expedient because it gives You something inconsequential to do,
If You do not have much else of even less consequence to do, that is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Worm's Meat in the Making

You may have more power, You may have more fame, You may have more fortune,
Be we will all be equally worm's meat in a relatively short instant.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, over and over again.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Human Paradigm v. Mother Nature

When it comes to all the quantum dynamics,
That Mother Nature is arraying against human arrogance,
Will we deal with it, or it deal with us? Will we survive it, or it survive us?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Solitary Witness

Whether in agony or ecstasy or equilibrium, awareness is always still witness.
But who-what-where-when-why-how does the mind-body go,
When awareness becomes witness unto its Self?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Dimensional Mind

One-dimensional.
Two-dimensional.
Three-dimensional.
Four-dimensional.
No-dimensional.
All and none.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Challenge of Awakening

You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the unfathomable, You are the mystery.
The challenge is not allowing the mind to take it any further into the imaginary realm.
There is no need for more irrationality, more absurdity, than there already is.
Just be, right here, right now, free of all the limitations spawned by imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Mustering Stillness

Stilling the ever-churning mind requires an alertness, an attentiveness, a vigilance,
That few mortal spirits have the inclination, the resolve, the diligence, to muster.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Cautionary Tale

Neither need nor want.
Labor hard enough to provide the essential needs,
But not to such a degree that the rapacious ‘more’ dominates the given existence.
Midas and the Golden Touch is an ancient cautionary tale,
Well worth remembering in any time.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Shield of Mindfulness

The world will find many ways to beat You back into dust.
Mindfulness is your only defense, and that only for so long.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Heavens and Hells of Speculation

This garden world is a most excellent purgatory.
Whether it gets better or worse after demise,
Only the dilettantes of speculation know.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Mind Gorp of Consciousness

All mythologies, all legends, all folklores, all traditions, all customs,
Are nothing more than human-created, fear-based, greed-laced,
Egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric mind gorp.
When they are not imparting pearls of wisdom, that is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Immaculate in All

No matter how tainted, no matter how corrupt, no matter how vile, no matter how despicable,
The imaginary, the make-believe, the fictitious, the pretend, the illusory role You play,
The You that is real, the You that is true, the You that is eternal, is immaculate.
Free of all that the ever-ebbing-ever-flowing currents of consciousness are capable.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What to Wear Today?

So many roles to choose from in imagination's infinity.
Creator or destroyer, saint or sinner, sage or fool.
Which mask, which costume, to wear today?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Back and Forth, Forth and Back

Water, source of life.
… vapor … liquid … solid …
Back and forth with indivisible ease.
Too boggling for words.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Ever All the Same

That now, now.
That now, then.
That now, when.
Ever all the same.

Breadcrumbs 2021

From Dust to Dust

From dust to dust.
From null to null.
From void to void.
From sleep to sleep.
From abyss to abyss.
From silence to silence.
From stillness to stillness.
From nonbeing to nonbeing.
From extinction to extinction.
From nothingness to nothingness.
From nonexistence to nonexistence.
From insignificant to insignificant.
From indivisibility to indivisibility.
From annihilation to annihilation.
From detachment to detachment.
From insentience to insentience.
From unconcern to unconcern.
From emptiness to emptiness.
From obscurity to obscurity.
From quantum to quantum.
From inertness to inertness.
From oblivion to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Stone Unturned

There appears to be no inanity, no absurdity,
That will not be explored to its fullest potential.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Candle in the Abyss

How is it possible to prove existence or nonexistence?
Perception is the invention of imagination; knowledge its deception.
From all beginnings to all ends, the intuition of awareness is the candle in the abyss.

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Are

As huge as huge is, as small as small is, You are.
As strong as strong is, as weak as weak is, You are.
As kind as kind is, as merciless as merciless is, You are.
As virtuous as virtuous is, as corrupt as corrupt is, You are.
As illustrious as illustrious is, as ordinary as ordinary is, You are.
As something as something is, as nothing as nothing is, You are.
As abundant as abundant is, as scarce as scarce is, You are.
As aware as aware is, as ignorant as ignorant is, You are.
As infinite as infinite is, as finite as finite is, You are.
As true as true is, as untrue as untrue is, You are.
As real as real is, as unreal as unreal is, You are.
As all things are, as all things are not, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Dying While Living

What happens when your imaginary universe ceases?
When family, friends, work, events, things, memories, no longer rolodex through your thoughts.
When the busy-busy mind stills, when timeless awareness reigns.
Some call it dying while living.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All Imagined

Imaginary universe.
Imaginary world.
Imaginary you.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Relativity of Greatness

What is so much, what was so much, what will ever be so much, of the human architype,
But dreadfully orchestrated theater played out in boorishly repetitive minds.
Exceptions that prove the rule are too few and too far between.
Greatness is relative when fueled by mindlessness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Abiding in a World of Discontent

Human beings abide in a world of discontent.
Power and fame and fortune are all that matter.

Too much is not enough.
Live for what others think.
Nothing is ever satisfactory.
Success is ever out of reach.
Contentment is failure.

Breadcrumbs 2021

In the Quest for Truth

Any narrative has many facets.
What is real and true is all that is relevant.
Dispel all creations, all forgeries, all fictions, all stories,
That are mythical, legendary, contrived, fictional, whimsical, symbolic,
Theatrical, melodramatic, allegorical, figurative, metaphoric, rhetorical, characteristic,
Emblematic, fabulous, unreal, hyperbolic, inflated, exaggerated,
Abstract, invented, illusory, and imaginary,
In the quest for truth.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Hungry Cry for More, More, More

What is ambition but vanity's hungry cry for more, more, more.
For imagination's insatiable craving to be renowned, celebrated, notorious,
Through whatever combination of power and fame and fortune the Fates condescend.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Contrary Assertions

The mind is drawn to silence, to stillness, to eternity, but churns on and on.
Despite all assertions to the contrary, consciousness does not really want to let go,
Of its imaginary, of its illusory, of its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum space-time creation.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Imagination v. The Ultimate Aloneness

Challenging not to make mountains out of molehills, with all this seeking and finding.
The question always boils down on whether to be, or not to be.
We are all ultimately on our own,
And that aloneliness is not an easy place,
For the hurly-burly of imagination to long abide.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Very Mortal Time Machine

No one can travel any faster than the dreamtime of momentary awareness allows
In their touchy-feely, three-dimensional, very mortal, quantum space-time machine.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Similarities v. Dissimilarities

Do You really believe every group, every culture, across the human experience
Was not, is not, very much the same in their own very unique, very distinct way?
How much all humans have in common is far more defining than all the differences.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Round and Round It Goes

The sun spins round and round this spinning orb,
The cosmos about so huge as to make the head spin, too.
What a boggling thing it is to exist, even for the shortest while.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Knack for War-Making

A very long, long moment ago, one of our ancestors picked up a rock …
And now it is every conceivable bludgeon, and more daily, launching every which way.
It is likely going be far more lethal, in very mortal ways, being a target of any category, before it is over.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Creation of a Meat Machine

The quantum mirage of time and space is but a biological-neurological phenomenon.
Nothing more than the mind-body's imaginary perceptions wafting along neuron trails.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Twinkle in the Abyss

Imagination swells larger and larger in the matrix of space and time,
But the moment, the awareness in which it transpires, is ever the same.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Rippling Through the Continuum

Actions have consequences, actions ripple.
Cause becomes effect becomes cause becomes effect … on down the line.
Be mindful, if You are lucky enough to be so wise.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Eternity's Never-Ending Story

… and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? …

… in eternity's never-beginning-never-ending story …

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Fate of the Carved Block

What to do with the uncarved block once it is sculpted.
No rewind button once the tabula rasa has been ravished.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness

Awareness is totality.
Awareness is indelible.
Awareness is sovereign.
Awareness is enigmatic.
Awareness is indivisible.
Awareness is inscrutable.
Awareness is inexplicable.
Awareness is unknowable.
Awareness is unfathomable.
Awareness is incomprehensible.
Awareness is indecipherable.
Awareness is unexplainable.
Awareness is inconceivable.
Awareness is immeasurable.
Awareness is impenetrable.
Awareness is indescribable.
Awareness is interminable.
Awareness is immaculate.
Awareness is everything.
Awareness is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unreal Playing Real

If timeless awareness is all that is, and is not,
Then how can it hold on to anything, or anything hold on to it?
How would reincarnation, heavens or hells or purgatories, or any other afterlives,
Be even remotely possible as anything more than imaginary, illusory, fictional, make-believe identities,
As unreal as all to which humankind has so steadfastly clung through all its history?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Challenge of Dreamtime

Eternity is the timeless, spaceless, right-here, right-now, every-where,
For every ever that has ever been, for every ever that will ever be.
That all this is happening, that this world and cosmos transpire,
Is as mysterious a mystery as any mystery could ever chance to be.
The challenge is not attempting to name it; the challenge is just being it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Mother Nature's Existential Threat

The human species is a cancer, and the only curiosity remaining
Is whether Mother Nature will put us down before we destroy her.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Discerning That Which Is Real and True

Ruling out what is not real and true, requires a steadfast inner eye.
It is through your own vanity and corruption, through all your narrowing limitations,
That You perchance discern a tad more clearly that which is authentic,
That which is indisputable, that which is real and true.

Breadcrumbs 2021

As God as God Can Be

There is no god but awareness: inexplicable, indivisible, indelible.
All else is but the dream; the illusion born of consciousness.
Clouds drifting across the sky are as real and lasting.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Boxes! The Boxes!

Boxes within boxes within boxes within boxes.
Such is the predicament of human consciousness within all.
Only in pure awareness do all evaporate into the oblivion of true nature.

Breadcrumbs 2021

History's Game of Thrones

Those playing the vast, intricate chess game of these our modern times,
Have roots in all times and geographies hundreds to thousands of years long past.
Call yourself worker, servant, or slave, your subservient role in the hierarchy is ever the same.
The one-percenters are in charge, always have been, always will be.
The other ninety-nine find their place.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Matchless State of Existence

Why feel obligated to believe in, to idolize, to fear, any deity or deities,
Or any other so-called spiritual notions formulated by imagination, human or otherwise?
Being the awareness, being the moment, is the matchless state of existence.
No need for faith, no need for prayer, no need for doctrine.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What More Can There Be?

Being awareness, being the moment, is eternal life.
To want more is to be ensnared in the maze of imagination,
The dreamtime of the sensory mind given over to quantum illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Quantum Wind of Vanity

Heavens and hells and purgatories and reincarnation,
How can the quantum wind of vanity possibly be carried on,
Through the timeless awareness of the unborn-undying moment?
It is the game of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unworldly Mind

To inquire into truth … without goal, without effort, is the challenge.
To have in mind what You are seeking only impedes the quest.
As Yoda said, “Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.”
Stay true, stay sharp, stay open, stay unknowing.
It is far more unworldly than the mind can ever know.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Distractions! The Distractions!

Aloneness is without vanity … without point, without purpose, without meaning,
But the voyage into the unfathomable enigma begets every distraction imaginable.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Upclimb, Downclimb

It was likely ‘Upstairs, Downstairs’,
Or more accurately, ‘Upclimb, Downclimb’,
Long before our ancestors left the jungles of long ago.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Call It Mystery

Mystery is a far more suitable word for that which is ultimate, that which is true,
That which the human species has all too often corrupted into one idol or many.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Magic Carpet of Your Genetic Lottery

Your degree of intrigue in the human paradigm,
Depends on where You landed in the genetic lottery,
And on how invested You are in your vanity and appetite.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Basking in the Moment

To bask in the awareness of eternal unborn-undying moment,
Some call it nirvana, some satori, some rapture, some joy, some harmony, some ecstasy,
Some paradise, some heaven, some bliss, some contentment.
This mind calls it home, sweet home.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Lie Can Never Transcend Truth

Asserting a lie over and over again never makes it true,
No matter how many sheeple follow the marching band.

Breadcrumbs 2021

To Discern That

You must look very closely, to discern that which cannot be seen.
You must listen very closely, to discern that which cannot be heard.
You must smell very closely, to discern that which cannot be smelled.
You must taste very closely, to discern that which cannot be tasted.
You must feel very closely, to discern that which cannot be felt.
Reason very closely, to discern that which cannot be known.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Untarnishable Awareness

And through all creation, no matter how many there may have been,
With every quantum point and particle churning this way, that way,
The awareness, the ever-present moment, untarnished by any of it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Hasn't Been Done Times Beyond Counting?

Hard to imagine something that has never played out,
Sometime, somewhere, somehow, in the human theater.

Breadcrumbs 2021

… that led to this …

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Cause and effect, timeless as it is, is the road down which all dreams journey.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What is Meaning? What is Purpose?

How can there be any more meaning and purpose to existence,
Than giving complete attention and right response,
To the passing moment, ever the same?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Journey of the Rare Seeker

Awareness is eternal witness to the omnipresent, kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
All identity, all personality, is but the conditioned response of imagination,
To all the causes, to all the effects, played out in each and every dream.
The You, You suppose You are, the You, You imagine You are,
Is but an electromagnetically-induced chemical perception.
An illusion, a delusion, a deception, born of a mystery,
Whose immeasurable truth can never be known,
But by those rare seekers who become it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A One-Ride-Only Space-Time Machine

Regarding reincarnation, which so many belief systems endlessly speculate,
What exactly is it that can be reborn other than an imaginary notion?
How can spaceless awareness, how can timeless awareness,
Ever be blemished by any imaginary attribute?
Any given seed is but a one-ride-only space-time machine,
Playing out the nature-nurture patterning, into which it is spawned.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness and the Moment, One in the Same

The moment is awareness; awareness, the moment.
An inextricable, indelible, indivisible, perpetual fact.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Indelible Witness

There is no time in awareness, there is no space in awareness.
There is no cause in awareness, there is no effect in awareness.
There is no beginning in awareness, there is no end in awareness.
There is no purpose in awareness, there is no meaning in awareness.
There is only the indelible moment, to which awareness is witness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Different Words, Same Play

Consciousness, cognizance, knowledge, memory, deliberation,
Thinking, recollection, recall, remembrance, retention, reminiscence, rumination,
Contemplation, reflection, meditation, pondering, musing, dreaming,
Merely different words for the same play of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Never No More, Never No Less

Push that button, flip that switch, as many times as You want,
It will never do more or less, than what it was programmed to do.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Dynamic Stews

What is any culture but a dynamic stew of agreements and disagreements,
All playing out their groupthink over their given duration of time and space.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Of Cause and Effect

There are no consequences in awareness.
The relationship between cause and effect,
Does not in any way encumber awareness,
Does not in any way disturb awareness,
Does not in any way taint awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What You Are

It is a quantum theater.
You are not the quantum theater.
You are the unborn-undying eternal moment.
You are the awareness infusing the quantum theater.
You are the awareness perceiving the quantum theater.
You are the awareness witnessing the quantum theater.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Binds of Tradition

Tradition inevitably binds a culture to such a degree,
That it becomes terminally inflexible to the ever-changing moment.
The world is strewn with the carcasses of peoples and civilizations come and gone,
Because they could not discard the history, the mindset, that bore them.
They could not surrender to the changes required for survival.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unborn-Undying Awareness

Awareness is the eternal moment.
It is without time, without space.
It is without cause, without effect.
It is without beginning, without end.
It is without purpose, without meaning.
It is absolute aloneness, unborn, undying.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Trekking the Long and Winding Road Less Traveled

Everyone has a conditioned mindset,
A worldview that can, only with great discrimination,
Be only partially undone, redirected into something just as habitual,
But perhaps more enlightened, and a tad freer to carry on the long and arduous trek,
Down the long and winding road less traveled.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Amorphous Perceptions

We are really nothing more than etchings,
Of memories of an existence, we imagine we have lived.
Key moments, that we visualize and re-visualize, over and over again.
Amorphous perceptions, forever unborn, forever undying,
Each and every moment, in the sands of time.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Tacking and Jibing the Future

In each and every single moment of awareness,
Every decision, every choice, every cause, every effect,
Tacks and jibes the future its inescapable direction.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Vying for Vanity's Imaginary Cuisines

What is the human paradigm but individuals and groups,
Vying for supremacy in all of vanity's imaginary cuisines.

Breadcrumbs 2021

None Owns It

Awareness is the indivisible, impenetrable moment.
Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.
It is the inexplicable, immutable, indelible, omnipresent, faceless witness of eternity.
Label it, whatever sound or symbol mind deigns, no paradigm can ever own its unborn-undying nature.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Swag of Imagination

All religions are just a way for middlemen to control the masses.
The gold lining the streets of heaven is as enticing as the worldly variety.
All nothing more than vanity clutching at the swag of imagination.
The sheeple so many human beings are, are so easily herded.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All in a Dream, Naught but a Dream

The imaginary you, believes you exist, that you were born, that you will one day die.
That time, that space, are real, that the mind and senses distinguish the universe.
That the rise of humankind and all its civilizations, all its countless creations,
Is somehow ordained by deities on high, machinating with demons below.
And if not that, perhaps some grand, all-encompassing, scientific theory.
Or perhaps the guileless nature of the fool too oblivious to even question.
Wake up, wake up, wherever You are, ‘tis all but illusion; You, its mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Abiding the Sands of Time

Why be at all concerned about heavens or hells or purgatories?
Or reincarnation, or any other mind-made, time-bound conception?
Of past lives, You have no memory; of future lives, You have no certainty.
All that is relevant, is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever created.
Be in this very singular moment, wherever, whenever, You are,
And all theaters will play out as the sands of time prescribe.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Is, Is! What Is, Is!

What is, is the only moment that counts.
What will someday be, will have its moment.
What was, has already disappeared into the sands.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Just Stop

… Stop believing …
… Stop believing all You know …
… Stop believing in the world …
… Stop believing in the universe …
… Stop believing in deities and demons …
… Stop believing You are a human being …
… Stop believing You are alive …
… Stop believing You will die …
… Stop believing You were ever born …
… Stop believing You are more than awareness …
… Stop believing You are even awareness …
… Just stop …

Breadcrumbs 2021

An Adaptive Knack

Human beings are extremely adaptive,
And can even get used to inordinate torture,
If it does not manage to kill them first.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The One and Only Indelible Moment

Despite imagination's interminable penchant for make-believe,
There is no other time, there is no other space, that You can possibly be,
But this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, eternally absolute moment.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All are Complicit

Some women blame men for the state of the world,
But the choices in their wombs have incubated it all.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Sculptures of Storytellers

No matter the migratory path across the globe,
The human paradigm is about stories in all their many different forms.
Call them whatever You will: histories, accounts, chronicles, parables, narratives, folklores, legends,
Myths, sagas, fables, fairytales, tall tales, fish stories, jokes, puns, yarns, anecdotes, witticisms,
Memoirs, journals, diaries, records, annuls, aphorisms, descriptions, maxims, proverbs.
Whether fictional or non-fictional, whether prose, poetry, drama, or some hybrid.
No matter the genre: literary fiction, historical, mystery, magical realism,
Thriller, fantasy, horror, romance, science fiction, bildungsroman,
Dystopian, western, speculative fiction, or realist literature,
Or some other slice and dice of the mind-built pie,
The storytellers sculpt our world, our epoch,
Into whatever form imagination allows.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Long and Arduous Dynamic of Natural Selection

For all real-world purpose, vanity is hardwired into the human genome.
Some religious folk like to call it original sin, for their own pious reasonings,
But it is really nothing more, than the long and arduous path of natural selection.
The morphing evolution of breeding choices, in the brewing stews of cultural theaters,
As the species gradually migrated every direction, out of the African jungles of so long ago.
It is much less about sin, than the inevitable outcome of all the dynamics this mystery has coined.
And awareness, the eternal, indivisible, unborn-undying witness in every sentient creation.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Keep It Simple

The challenge is not making such a challenge of it.
Learn to endure the rises and falls, the ebbs and flows, of the given mind.
As much as imagination would like to believe, nothing You do really ultimately matters even one iota.
Look for yourself; let go all the propaganda endlessly contrived for selfish purpose,
By all the parasitic middlemen throughout the human epoch.
You are it, it is You, it is that simple.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Washing Away the Cravings

When it comes to eliminating all the cravings born of mind,
One way to do it is to eat all the chocolate You can until You puke.
So much that the yearning just drops away of its own accord.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Ego of Little Self

What is ego but little self's identification with, little self's attachment to,
All the assumptions, all the habituation, that consciousness has imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What's to Be Vain About?

Another meal, another drink, another shit, another piss.
On and on, over and over, again and again.
What's to be vain about?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Witness to It All

All the histories, all the sciences, all the mathematics,
All the liberal studies, all the arts, all the music, all the whatever,
Are naught but the living-dying of imagination imagining.
Awareness is the unborn-undying witness to all.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Naught but Quantum Illusion

Awareness is prior to consciousness, and all the dimensions it imagines.
All are but temporal creations, time-based perceptions, of one theater or another.
No matter how vast or small, how complex or simple, all are naught but quantum illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unattainable More

The deities, singular or plural, were all fabricated by the mind of humankind.
They are vanity's narcissistic-hedonistic need for meaning and purpose.
For some raison d'etre, for this often banal, often painful existence.
For validation of the unquenchable craving, for the unattainable more.

Breadcrumbs 2021

True Humility

A scarcity of self-importance is not necessarily a great weakness.
It can be a judicious realization of the nature of reality,
And the indivisible equality of all creation.
True humility is the ultimate state of beingness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Consciousness and Creation

The awareness is neither alive nor dead.
Only consciousness conceives existence.
Only consciousness imagines itself real.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Good Day to Die

It is a good day to die.
Tomorrow would be better.
A day or so after that, even better.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Malthus Will Out

We have only put off the Darwinian nature of this garden for a brief while.
Malthus was not wrong, just unaware of the many changes on the road ahead.
How long can the tool-making genius of humankind shore up the leaking seawall,
Before it shatters, and natural selection resumes, and the fittest again reign supreme.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Maybe

Lesson learned, maybe.
Lesson unlearned, maybe.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Untouchable Moment

The ethereal, sensory dream of quantum existence,
Is nothing more than time-bound memory, even as it is happening.
The unborn-undying nature of awareness is not touched,
By the willy-nilly of any imaginary construct.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Of Ethics and Aesthetics

Ethics and aesthetics are so vainly subjective in any given mind,
As to warrant little more than a token sidebar of serious discussion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Humankind v. Mother Nature

The human species is a cancer, and the only question,
Is whether or not we will destroy our Mother,

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Root of Collusion

Calling it a life, implies something much more than it is, and can ever be.
Calling it a dream, fits the narrative much more accurately.
Imagination being the root of the collusion,
To which the human species is so inherently attached.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Punctuation is King

Punctuation is the means, by which an author's intent, is further clarified,
For the reader wandering through, whatever handiwork has been set down.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Was Anyone?

Was Jesus really the Jesus, You think he was?
Was Moses really the Moses, You think he was?
Was Lao Tzu really the Lao Tzu, You think he was?
Was Shankara really the Shankara, You think he was?
Was Muhammed really the Muhammed, You think he was?
Was Zoroaster really the Zoroaster, You think he was?
Was Krishna really the Krishna, You think he was?
Was Buddha really the Buddha, You think he was?
Was anyone really the anyone, You think he was?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Cling to Nothing

Everything comes and goes, ebbs and flows, rises and falls, appears and disappears.
Everything is ever-changing in every possible way.
Cling to nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What You Really Are, What You Really Are Not

What is the mindful state given over to absolute awareness of the unborn-undying nature?
That which is prior to all imaginary notions evolved of the mind's quantum dream.
That which is eternally right here, right now, without past, without future.
That which is all You really are; that which is all You really are not.
That which is the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotence, that is truly God.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Existential State

To abide in the eternal awareness is to live in an existential state,
Ever anew, flawless, pristine, impeccable, untarnished, immaculate.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Metaphorical Sea

Where does inner begin and the outer end?
Where does the inner end and the outer begin?
All boundaries are the handiwork of imagination;
A sea of metaphors born of linguistic aptitude.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Shell Games of All Religion

Religion is a shell game,
In which truth is veiled from the masses,
Who are mindlessly satisfied with titillating make-believe.
The endlessly absurd bunk of all their deities and dogmas and superstitions,
Would, were it possible, be chucked into the trash heap of history, and forever more forgotten.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Will You Do With Your Moment?

An 80-year existence as a human being, not including 20-ish leap years, is:
960 months; 4160 weeks; 29,200 days; 700,800 hours; 42,049,000 minutes; 2,522,880,000 seconds.
What have You done with you moment in your preordained eternal dream?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Ultimate Solution

The ultimate solution to the human malignance is extinction.
Meanwhile, more of the same, inevitable, cancerous mundane.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Irrationality v. Rationality

What will your existence manifest if You are irrational?
Unwise, silly, senseless, wild, cracked, stupid, outrageous, unrealistic,
Outlandish, ridiculous, bizarre, peculiar, useless, eccentric, odd, zany, daft, hollow,
Passionate, fanatical, mad, extreme, preposterous, absurd, unreasonable, incredible, nonsensical,
Crazy, zealous, foolish, nutty, dippy, rash, reckless, foolhardy, lacking, wacky, screwy, futile,
Unconventional, preposterous, vain, futile, meaningless, fantastical, eccentric, illogical,
Capricious, implausible, farfetched, empty, unlikely, unbelievable, preposterous,
Strange, weird, whimsical, incongruous, ludicrous, pointless, offbeat, odd,
Farcical, idiotic, purposeless, fanciful, wacked out, off your head.
Generally, just jam-packed with every assortment of magical thinking?
What will it manifest, what will it convey, if You are at least reasonably rational?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Lucid Mind

How can You discern the eternal but by observing very lucidly,
By observing beneath the shallows of consciousness at the timeless awareness,
The moment in which the world, the universe, all creation, kaleidoscopes unborn-undying.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness of the Eternal Moment

The awareness of the eternal moment neither creates nor destroys.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither favors nor opposes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither leads nor follows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither covets nor limits.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither moves nor stills.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither gives nor takes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ebbs nor flows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither rises nor sinks.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither wins nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither loves nor hates.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither comes nor goes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither thinks nor acts.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither begins nor ends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither profits nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grasps nor frees.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither lives nor perishes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither succeeds nor fails.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither accepts nor denies.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grows nor shrinks,
The awareness of the eternal moment neither attacks nor defends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither reveals nor conceals.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither obsesses nor ignores.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither harshens nor softens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither indulges nor abstains.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither brightens nor darkens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither increases nor decreases.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither appears nor disappears.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither conquers nor surrenders.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither consumes nor preserves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither condemns nor absolves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ascends nor descends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither hopes nor despairs.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither seeks nor finds.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Knowable v. Unknowable

Humankind venerates what it sees, what it feels, what it conceives,
Rather than the timeless indivisibility that can never be known.
Rather than the eternal moment that is ever unfathomable.
Rather than the timeless here now, ever unborn, ever undying.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Most Certain Conclusion

The existence, the world, the universe, that your sensory mind daily perceives,
Will be forever undone at the imaginary mind-body's most guaranteed demise.

Breadcrumbs 2021

This Very Moment

Only this very moment is true, and awareness, its witness.
All else is the huff and puff of consciousness,
And all its imaginary fictions.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Only Consciousness

Only consciousness conceives.
Only consciousness believes.
Only consciousness judges.
Only consciousness cares.
Only consciousness loves.
Only consciousness hates.
Only consciousness wants.
Only consciousness creates.
Only consciousness preserves.
Only consciousness destroys.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The More, More, More That Is Never Enough

Consciousness is a clingy thing, always wanting more, and more never enough.
Contentment is ever just out of grasp, and even if it could be grasped,
More would sooner than later raise its dissatisfied head.
Only the rarest of the rare can gaze mindfully joyful at a wall.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Perpetual Seeker

Seek and You shall find, is not true for all who doubt.
The perpetual seekers crisscross every mountain pathless,
Never discerning that there is no mountain, there is no seeker.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Awareness Prior to Consciousness

All ideas, all theories, all beliefs, all opinions,
Are conceptual frameworks concocted by imagination.
Awareness is the moment prior to all movements of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

When the Great Boredom Strikes

The only thing worse than being bored, is being more bored.
And the only thing worse than being more bored,
Is being even more bored.

Breadcrumbs 2021

… who … what … where … when … why … how … are you? …

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… how are you? … how are you? … how are you? … how are you? … how are you? …
… are you? … are you? … are you? … are you? … are you? … are you? …

Breadcrumbs 2021

Fathoming Total Detachment

Whether total detachment is even possible for more than brief moments,
Is one of those ‘needs research’ questions every mind must itself fathom.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Who?

Who who’s?
Who what’s?
Who where’s?
Who when’s?
Who why’s?
Who how’s?
Who exists?
Who dies?
Who sees?
Who hears?
Who smells?
Who tastes?
Who feels?
Who sleeps?
Who wakes?
Who sits?
Who walks?
Who runs?
Who longs?
Who mates?
Who cares?
Who likes?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who dreams?
Who works?
Who owns?
Who saves?
Who spends?
Who consumes?
Who pays?
Who knows?
Who wonders?
Who, who, who, are You?

Breadcrumbs 2021

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Breadcrumbs 2021

A Mirage of the Sensory Mind

The kaleidoscoping quantum theater, is but a mirage of the sensory mind.
And no mirage, no concept, no dream, no matter how real and true it may seem,
Is ever ultimately more than an assumption, an invention, a falsehood, a hoax, a lie.
It is all but a reverie to be taken only as seriously as the given witness is inclined.
Laugh if You can, cry if You must, what are joy and sorrow but secular states.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Every Moment Unborn-Undying

Every moment, You, unborn; every moment, You, undying.
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why hold fast to anything?
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why be troubled about anything?
Unborn-undying each and every moment, why believe in anything?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Limitations of the Naked Mindscape

The deities, most fabricate and worship, are of a limited mindscape.
What God truly is, is so beyond the naked eye, that the naked mind,
Cannot even begin to comprehend the infinitesimal infinity of it all.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Here Now of All Heavens and Hells

What we call heaven and hell, and everything between,
Are what You concoct, what You endure, in the here now.
State of mind, attitude, outlook, stance, bearing, is all.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All There Truly Is, and Is Not

All things – animate or inanimate – are always in the quantum here now.
All forms small to great are but notions given reality by the sensory mind.
The eternal moment, the timeless awareness, is all there truly is, and is not.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Aloneness of the Moment

Space-time is a quantum illusion, an unfathomable theater,
Created by the magic of evolution, playing out in the mystery of awareness.
There is really only the inexplicable, intangible, immeasurable, unknowable, timeless moment,
Through which dreamtime streams, unfolds, unfurls, displays, kaleidoscopes,
In the mind-body patterning of each and every sentient being,
All extemporaneously interacting together,
All very much alone.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How to Say It?

How to say it?

There is only the moment, and the awareness in which it resides.
or
There is only the awareness, and the moment in which it resides.

Can there be the awareness without the moment?
Can there be the moment without the awareness?

Is their separation, severance, partition, divorce, duality,
In any way or shape or form, even remotely possible?

And why would You even bother asking?

Move on, Pilgrim.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How Fortunate You Are

"How astounding so many across all times, all geographies,
Have been born in the land of the one true religion,"
He said in a voice laden with ironic mockery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Naught But an Imaginary Creation

In the immaculate awareness of the timeless unborn-undying moment, You do not exist.
Only in consciousness, only in the time-bound notions of imagination,
Does the me and myself and I, come into being.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Harsh Reality of Manifest Existence

What is to get ecstatic or concerned or depressed about?
You have been doing this since the beginning of all beginnings,
And will be, until the end of all endings, and before and after that, too.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Not Even a Gnat's Ass

Awareness does not give a gnat's ass about your vanity.
All your narcissistic-hedonistic gamesmanship.
It will carry on with or without You.
Always has, always will.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Order of Chaos

Mind-bodies too dynamic to keep still, have concocted everything imaginable under the human sun.
Culture, religion, commerce, industry, art, music, writing, architecture, war …
Even the most still, rarely hold fast for all that long.
The order of chaos rules.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Pointlessness of It All

If this moment of immaculate awareness is all there is, how can any measurement,
Any assumption, any play of consciousness, whatsoever, ultimately mean anything?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The False Flag of Mortality

You are You, I am I, and we are all but limited mortal elements in this quantum dreamtime,
All together playing out every ecstasy, every agony, every narcissistic-hedonistic spin of the dice,
And not the remotest chance, not the vaguest possibility, of surviving all that long in the relative sense.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Yet Another Moment in the Moment

Another moment slips seamlessly into another,
Into another and another and another and another, forever another.
All one in the same.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Same You, Same Timeless Mystery

Look behind those eyes, You think that awareness peering out, is really not You?
We are all the same timeless mystery, in every form quantum can spin into being.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Arbitrary Inventions of Consciousness

Science, philosophy, religion, spirituality, belief, superstition,
Dogma, worship, exaltation, glorification, adulation, conviction, respect,
Idolization, praise, veneration, reverence, devotion, ceremony, sacrament, adoration,
Commandment, law, creed, canon, doctrine, principle, theory, code, rule, ritual, formula, model,
Speculation, conjecture, estimation, inference, intuition, fantasy, guess, notion …
What use does awareness have, what use does the moment have,
For any arbitrary invention of consciousness?

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Magician's Trick

Space-time is a quantum illusion,
A three-dimensional dream of consciousness,
An evolutionary collusion, an ever-kaleidoscoping mirage,
An inexplicable magician's trick extraordinaire.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Seeing Through the Make-Believe

Whether many deities or just one, all religions, all mythologies,
Are nothing more than human vanity's superstitious, delusional need,
To pretend it is of first and foremost relevance to the inexplicable unknown.
Only path-less-followed minds see through the make-believe,
And stand alone, clear and unknowing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Peering Through the Mirage

If it is a story, a myth, a legend, a tale, a chronicle,
A narrative, an anecdote, a description,
An account, a yarn, a fairytale,
Then it is not real.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unraveling

What we call reality starts unraveling pretty quickly,
Once You start really looking with a detached eye.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Why Come Back?

How long will imagination allow You to reside in the immaculate serenity of awareness,
Totally alone, unbound by the tethers of the world and all its hullaballoo?
Why come back ever again to that which is not at all real,
In any way or shape or form, whatsoever?

Breadcrumbs 2021

All the Problems

All the problems, the mistakes, the bungles, the panics, the boo-boos, the miscalculations,
The complications, the faults, the errors, the catches, the slip-ups, the bruises, the oversights,
The inaccuracies, the disquiets, the bloopers, the gaffes, the muddles, the obstacles, the dilemmas,
The cuts, the lapses, the tears, the rips, the strains, the riddles, the missteps, the pains, the questions,
The dreads, the delays, the hitches, the lengths, the tortures, the glitches, the strivings, the nightmares,
The struggles, the stings, the distresses, the cruelties, the twinges, the anguishes, the slips, the concerns,
The inconveniences, the setbacks, the drawbacks, the stains, the hiccups, the stoppages, the intricacies,
The exertions, the adversities, the indiscretions, the horrors, the fears, the fretfulnesses, the nuisances,
The conundrums, the challenges, the posers, the enigmas, the cautions, the sufferings, the calamities,
The errors, the bloomers, the misprints, the faux pas, the howlers, the hurts, the aches, the sweats,
The worries, the anxieties, the strains, the griefs, the predicaments, the quandaries, the frights,
The phobias, the toils, the alarms, the brainteasers, the angsts, the troubles, the tribulations,
The apprehensions, the punishments, the afflictions, the snags, the troubles, the blights,
The obstructions, the difficulties, the blindsides, the bottlenecks, the hindrances,
The anomalies, the efforts, the trips, the oopsies, the oh-my-gods, the boobs,
The snafus, the blunders, the botch-ups, the cockups, the fuckups …
You just have to wrap your head around living with them.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Answering the Call

To cease cloaking awareness with time and space and its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum attributes,
Is a conceptual awakening that humanity is having considerable difficulty achieving.
Even in light of the vast amount of scientific evidence to the contrary,
Lethargic minds are far more attached to every imaginable category of absurdity.
Peering behind the mask of the many-faced mystery, is a solitary task, to which few incline.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Flight of Imagination

Awareness is all there is … In its ever-present moment, You always are.
There is no ‘have always been’ … There is no ‘will always be.’
Time and space are naught but quantum illusions,
In which imagination takes flight in every notion imaginable.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Little Deaths

If You treat going to sleep as if it were a little death,
The real thing will not be all that different,
But without the alarm going off.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awakening Is Likely Not an Option

The human species does not appear capable of awakening to a grander vision of its Self.
So, it will slumber on, and eventually perish, in the ruins of whatever is left,
As ignorant, as foolish, as when it exited the jungles of long ago

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Relativity! The Relativity!

Everything is unequivocally relative to everything else.
Every mind-body, every frame of reference, is a cosmos unto its Self.
No two are ever alike, and none will ever envision any others, but through their own.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Only Time Machine

The mind-body is the only way You can ever travel the space-time of this eternal quantum mystery.
And it will ever be at a one-breath-at-a-time, one-step-at-a-time, one-moment-at-a-time, kind of pace.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness Is All, All Is Awareness

Who wrote this?
Who do You think? And why would it matter?
All that matters is that You have the keenness to read it, and unlock the given mind,
From the shackles of a conditioned nature-nurture dream.
Awareness is all, all is awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Very Right-Here-Right-Now Moment

There is no forward, there is no back, there is no right nor left nor oblique.
There is only this very right-here-right-now quantum dreamtime,
For whatever moment the mystery of awareness allows.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Everyone Telling Everyone

What is the meaning, what is the purpose, of human existence?
Well, it certainly seems to be, everyone unremittingly telling everyone else,
What they should think and do and believe and proselytize, obviously.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Imagination, the One and Only Time Traveler

A time machine would be great fun, if time truly existed.
Alas, imagination is the one and only contraption on hand.

Breadcrumbs 2021

That Final Leap Into the Unknown

Despite all words, all concepts, all notions, to the contrary,
All philosophies must ultimately boil down to nothing,
Else the philosophers have not made the final unknowing leap,
And are instead snared, by the metaphors of their own imaginary design.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Attending the Moment

Beneath the eyes, beneath the ears, beneath the nose, beneath the tongue, beneath the skin,
You, the timeless awareness, ever attentive to whatever moment the quantum mystery presents.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Judgment of History

Something may seem strange or wrong now, but obviously did not in whatever when.
What point judging history, and all the numberless values, the times of mind did ordain?

Breadcrumbs 2021

On Arguing With Ignorance

The quickest, easiest way, to put any given true believer behind you,
Is to listen for a bit, nod a few times, offer thanks, and then meander on.
To discuss, to argue further, hazards squandering who knows how much time,
More than likely, better spent wandering alone in your own sovereignty.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Game Face On, Game Face Off

… game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off … game face on, game face off …
… game face on, game face off …

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Awareness

All sentient life forms small to great gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one, the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Descriptors of Human Absurdity

… human pap …
… human tripe …
… human dreck …
… human bunkum …
… human nonsense …
… human foolishness …
… human poppycock …
… human hogwash …
… human claptrap …
… human garbage …
… human twaddle …
… human rubbish …
… human drivel …
… human idiocy …
… human trash …
… human dross …
… human tosh …
… human rot …

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Taming Formula

What creature can resist, a free meal or free deal or safe harbor?
Even the wildest things, can be tamed with the right enticement.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Ephemeral Nature of Human Love

How passionately, love can so easily morph, into resentment and hate.
It may be eternal in the ultimate, indelibly, excruciatingly idealistic sense,
But the vanities are more than capable of adulterating anything and everything.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Finger in the Dike

The only way to suppress human corruption, is to build hedges and dikes against it,
And then perpetually maintain them, against the unceasing greed that powers its engine.

Breadcrumbs 2021

That Which Rules the Game

And how could any other speculated dimension,
Maneuver with a different set of rules, a separate set of laws,
Than that crafted by the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum matrix),
And the ethereal, indivisible awareness, in which it plays out?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Reality of Death

What is death but the ending, of the need to think, to breathe, to move, to eat, to drink, to poop and pee.
The end of ever-kaleidoscoping ecstasies and agonies, played out in the dream of time and space.
The end of power, fame, wealth, and all the narcissistic and hedonistic vanities they serve.
The end of the Seven Deadly Sins: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth.
The end of knowledge and wisdom and foolishness, and all the effort to maintain them.
Death offers such peace, such quietude, the heaven of non-existence, no imagination required.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Here It Is

Here it all is, right here, right now.
Awareness, allotted to an imaginary existence.
The You that You imagine, is not, was not, will never be.
You are the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
A mystery, the time-bound mind can never grasp.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Dogged Mutt

It is really, quite astounding, to contemplate,
How all the sounds, we daily use to communicate,
Slowly evolved, from across all human history.
And English, the most dogged mutt to date.

Breadcrumbs 2021

On Avoiding Buckets of Vexation

Celibacy can be a mindful, redemptive alternative,
If You wish to avoid buckets of vexation with the opposite sex,
And any roll-of-the-dice progeny, if seeds should bake to fruition in a womb.
Love is an enticing mirage, that can quickly morph into limitless forms of hellish enterprise.
Suffer on if You choose, but it is not mandatory, if you are resilient enough to resist the cultural pressures.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Make-Believe-Pretend

It is all nothing more than the make-believe-pretend,
Of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum matrix),
Kaleidoscoping in the ethereality of the mystery of awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Feminine Mystique

What is the feminine mystique,
But an infatuation with much ado about nothing,
Often resulting in nothing more than a harvest of unremitting vexation.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Taking Off v. Adding On

When it comes to being prepared for the ever-changing elements,
Remember it is far easier to take off something,
Than it is to add on nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The One and Only Truth You Are

Delve into the ultimate, definitive, supreme reality of your timeless, sovereign, absolute aloneness.
Your essence, your core, your gist, your crux, your root, your marrow, your beingness,
Your kernel, your lifeblood, your substance, your immortality, your soul.
The one and only truth You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Of Recognition and Anonymity

Applause, limelight, fame, celebrity, stardom,
Recognition, reputation, distinction, eminence, renown, praise,
Appreciation, approval, sanction, prominence, acclaim, popularity, glory, standing,
Status, notoriety, infamy, disrepute, ignominy, dishonor, legend, myth,
Or even obscurity, insignificance, irrelevance, anonymity.
What are they, for whom Self is all there is?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Everything Happens

Everything happens with or without your perception.
Everything happens with or without your permission.
Everything happens with or without your acceptance.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Axis of Evil

Nepotism
the practice among those with power or influence
of favoring relatives or friends, esp. by giving them jobs.

Cronyism
the appointment of friends and associates to positions of authority,
without proper regard to their qualifications.

Favoritism
the practice of giving unfair preferential treatment
to one person or group at the expense of another.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Rabbit Hole of Existence

What is this phenomenon we call existence?
A long and winding yellow brick road,
A deep and cavernous rabbit hole,
A reverie of timeless perception,
A collection of memories called real.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Mind-Body Nature-Nurture Sculpture

To be born is akin to the tabula rasa of unworked wood,
Destined to experience an unknown duration of every whittle existence offers.
Cut, carved, sliced, chiseled, chopped, shaved, trimmed, peeled, shaped, molded, formed, fashioned;
A mind-body-nature-nurture sculpture from first gasping breath to last wheezing one.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Believer v. The Witness

Everything You think, is a record of your nature-nurture habituation,
The conditioning that plays over and over and over, until death do You part.
Understand the difference, between believing the record, and witnessing the record.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Dream in a Mystery

Every life, a dream of its own, until death, it does forever part.
The same quantum mystery, the same awareness, all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Magical Mystery

Why is it that magical thinking is so crucial for so many?
How is it that the quantum theater is not magical enough?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Challenge of the Seer

For the seer, the challenge of the ever-changing consciousness,
Is in the remembering and forgetting of its imaginary creation.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Blips of Imagination

All creation is but a simultaneous blip of imagination.
Ergo, time and space to play it out in grand theater form.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Grave

Death is a dispassionate reaper.
The powerful and the weak,
The wealthy and the poor,
The famous and the unknown,
All find their way to the same grave.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Touchy-Feely Mirage

Despite all evidence, all beliefs, all theories, all assumptions to the contrary,
It is nothing more than a manifest dream, a touchy-feely mirage,
That has no ultimate meaning or purpose, whatsoever.
Only vanity ever make-believes it more.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Coin of All Future-Pasts

What concern have You for any heavens and hells,
For reincarnation, karma, or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, You have no memory; of future lives, You have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now timeless moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Awakening Eye of Creation

If You are perusing philosophical thoughts such as these,
Then You have to some degree, realized You are a witness to the mystery.
You are seer, mystic, oracle, hierophant, eye of the unknown, peering out upon creation.
Perhaps You will even become a scribe, a future-past fellow of the Dead Poets Society,
Or an artist of some other genre, who may well impart a vision, in a way no other has.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Limits of Frames of Reference

Any translation is an outcome of the translator's frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2021

An Unmitigated Certainty

I may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty, that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Always Be Sure to Read the Small Print

I have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes I could have ever imagined.
And if I signed up for this mortal playhouse, I was too stoned to remember.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Let Me Know

When You find that enlightenment thing, be sure to let me know what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Put Any Middlemen Behind You

If someone is soliciting your wallet for these freely-given words,
Or pretending to represent some spiritual groupthink, that hopefully will never spawn,
Put them behind You, as quickly as them running shoes allow.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Unknowable Legacy

How will scholars and pundits and critics and adherents,
Praise, condemn, ignore, these many thoughts,
Should they ever gain momentum,
In times this dead poet will never witness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Upon the Hinge of Your Frame of Reference

Where this nomadic mind wanders, I can only say, I can only write,
And You can only discern, to the reaches of your frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Matter, Either Way

No doubt, there are many seers out there, who could play it better, say it better, write it better,
But the pivotal point, is that this mystery is You, right here, right now, this moment,
Doing it, saying it, writing it, as well as your given nature-nurture allows.
And if I have gotten it completely wrong, it will not matter.
If I am not wrong, it will not matter, either.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Why I Did Not Speak Up Louder

Why didn't I speak up louder?
Because I didn't want to lead anybody,
I didn't want to endure endless discussions or debates,
I didn't want followers, I didn't want to create another absurd religion,
I didn't want to endlessly circle the world trying to save a narcissistic, hedonistic species,
Consumed by vanity and greed in a headlong dash towards a great fall.
All I ever really truly wanted was to be my Self by my Self.
Becoming a member of The Dead Poets Society,
Was a much more tolerable cup of tea.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Need for Distraction

A sycophantic audience would only be a distraction from this hobby.

Breadcrumbs 2021

From a Simple Beginning

If You knew where I started, You would understand,
Why I manage not worrying about anything too much.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Should It Have Been Anonymous?

At one point in the early 90's, a Chico friend asked why I was putting my name on writing such as this.
The reply at the time was that it was just how it was done in these modern times.
Shoulda-coulda-woulda given it a bit more pondering.
An anonymous offering to the future-past might have been a bit more intriguing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Joe Everyman Slant

I am no authority, I have no authority.
I am just a Joe Everyman, with an outside-all-boxes slant.
A Joe Everyman with an independent, autodidactic outlook on this mystery.
One that couples nicely with a churning mind, that regularly spews out every category of thought.
One that seamlessly synergizes, with a flair for writing, a knack for word processing,
And a world wide web to launch the entire work across the globe,
In directions and destinations, I can never know.
All with no one at the helm.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Life for Me

I do not believe, expect, or in any way, hope,
These words will have any meaningful impact on the future, at all.
Writing and editing and organizing them on the world wide web for free, was just too hard to resist.
Believe me, when I testify that none of this would have ever happened to the degree it has,
If I had, had to write books, generate a following to buy them, build an ashram,
Sit up on stage having every word be closely judged, maybe filmed,
Pose on some golden throne for hours and hours comforting the miserable,
Or arguing over absurdly meaningless dogmatic details, with true believers of every ilk.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Worries on This Account

No, I am not going to kill or harm You, nor will I ever encourage others to kill or harm You,
Simply because You disagree with me, or do not comprehend what I am saying.
I may, however, choose to not spend a great deal of time around You,
Or quietly wander on, in search of some other itinerant,
More inclined to my brand of nonsense.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Too Old to Bother About It

Glad I am too old to have to bother about it much longer,
And no children or grandkids (that I know of),
To have to agonize about, either.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Contemplative, Anonymous Endgame

So many years spent giving into every calculation and impulse this way and that.
So many things I thought I needed, so many things I thought I wanted.
And now, little if any interest in such dilettantish pursuits.
A contemplative, anonymous endgame, serenely beckons from the shoals.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Curious Thing

It is a curious thing, these many years of so many thoughts coming to mind.
Not sure how they come, how they keep coming, so often, and with such lucidity.
Starts any given time and space, usually with pen a-scribbling, or texting on the phone,
And then on to Microsoft Word on the MacBook Pro, with all its cherished accoutrements:
Google search, spellcheck, dictionary, thesaurus, and a knack for word association.
All the drafting and newspaper layout make for the spatial machinations.

And … Voilà!

Breadcrumbs 2021

History's Take on the Amerikan Rome

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities,
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Emperor's New Clothes of Religion

My secular response to how all religion is sustained, is akin to The Emperor's New Clothes folktale.
A story about vanity, and how others play along, for fear of embarrassment, being found out.
It is a collective narrative, a miasma, seemingly built into humankind's genetic coding.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Hear Me, Hear Me

A few hours, most every day, sharpening the legacy, imaginary as it is.
It has been absorbing, it has occupied a great deal of time,
But, hear me, hear me, I am well over it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Well-Yapped Edifice

It would be hard to believe, that most everything yappable,
Has not been yapped about, somewhere in this aphoristic edifice.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Need for More Foolishness and Stupidity

Have done many foolish and stupid things in this dreamtime.
No need to add more to the list as often as the moment allows.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Vocation With Little or No Readership

My vocation, my fate, in a nutshell, seems to be to spend many years scribing all sorts of thoughts,
That will more than likely only be read by me; many, more than a few times.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Your World Is Your Own

Regarding power, regarding fame, regarding fortune,
There is nothing in your world that I need to control,
There is nothing in mine that I need You to applaud,
There is nothing You possess that I in any way covet.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Long and Winding Road Less Traveled

This lifetime exploration of consciousness, of imagination,
Has been a long and winding expedition down the road less traveled.
A destiny to which I have been haphazardly, matter-of-factly, irrevocably drawn,
As the world, the universe, gradually lost its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Magic 8-Ball Mind

This mind has become like one of those Magic 8-Balls,
The plastic sphere, made to look like an eight ball,
That is used for fortune-telling or seeking advice.
Each thought placidly coming into mind's eye,
Slowly finding its way to those whose fate it is part.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Time Is Tick-Tick-Tick Running Out

A satisfactory, enjoyable lifetime work, lifetime offering.
Not as edited, not as organized, as might be wished, but time is tick-tick-tick running out.
Oh well, so it goes, dealing with it, getting over it, moving on.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Ain't No Gol-Durned Hypocrite

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain't no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don't bear telling.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Morning Challenge

The human paradigm has reached such a level of absurdity for me anymore,
That even just waking up to the bother of getting out of bed,
Is proving more and more a challenge.

Breadcrumbs 2021

No Envy, Whatsoever

What men could endure playing out the absurd existence of so many modern women?
A near-endless fascination with hair, nails, eyebrows, make-up, clothes, shaving, waxing, bodily fluids,
Children, cats, rat dogs, parties, flowers, cards, shopping-shopping-and-more shopping,
Romance novels, soap operas, chick flicks, game shows, song and dance shows,
Froufrou drinks, pastries, thighs slowly spreading across the couch,
Insatiably sucking out the soul of the man they bagged,
And ever still wanting more, more, more.
Mind-dulling ad infinitum.

Breadcrumbs 2021

To the Bitter End?

Ride it out to the bitter end?
Or abandon ship before the inevitable?
Let the judge, the jury, and the executioner decide.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Concern?

What concern have I for heavens and hells,
For reincarnation or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, I have no memory; of future lives, I have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Enough Was Enough Long Ago

Ate plenty, drank plenty, played plenty, worked plenty,
Ran plenty, walked plenty, sat plenty, slept plenty, thought plenty,
Watched plenty, heard plenty, tasted plenty, smelled plenty, touched plenty.
No need to beat a dead dog; enough was enough long ago.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Fate for the Rare Few

This is a haphazard collection of many thoughts set down over many years.
It is up to the earnest reader to separate the wheat from the chaff,
To grade, to sort, any of my subjective, limited thinking,
In their astute quest for the irrefutable truth,
To which all have access, but only the rare few discern.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Hoping for Oblivion

If I were to off myself,
Would I be serenely dozing forever?
Or awaken in hades, or some alternative perdition?
Here's hoping, all the true believers and I, are headed for oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All of the Above, and More

Nomad, wanderer, traveler, sojourner,
Explorer, sanyasi, student, apprentice, pupil, learner,
Adventurer, transient, trailblazer, itinerant, speculator, buccaneer,
Pioneer, migrant, drifter, rover, vagrant, rambler, voyager, trekker, rolling stone,
Dreamer, philosopher, sage … All of the above, and more, I have been.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Sidestepping the Usurpations of Consciousness

No grand Nietzsche-esque treatise to be usurped in this body of work.
Hopefully, history will either use these many thoughts to rational ends, or ignore them entirely.
If not, at least hopefully, it will not seize them for abominable purpose,
As it has the writings of far too many other seers.

Breadcrumbs 2021

How Fortunate You Are!

"How astounding so many across all times, all geographies,
Have been born in the land of the one true religion,"
He said in a voice laden with ironic mockery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

A Snowball Down the Mountain

Those who will read this, where they might be, I do not know.
It is a snowball, set in motion, to whatever end, I have no clue.
Nor has any other seer, whose allotted time has come and gone.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Serenity of Oblivion

By this mind-body, and the cosmos and world it has somehow fashioned,
I, whatever 'I' imagines itself to be, will not much longer be afflicted by this reverie of space and time.
One moment in some relatively near-soon, by, if the fates deign it, this own crippled hand,
This inexplicable awareness shall back into the serenity of oblivion be cast.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Draw of the Writing Process

Many times, it begins with just the inkling of a notion, not even close to being fully formed,
And the new ditty takes fuller definition as pen scribbles across paper.
And later, when time is made for the keyboard,
That squiggle of an idea often magnifies even further.
The joys of word association are many and not far between.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All Alone on My Soapbox

My little soapbox, off to the side, out of any limelight.
Who knows if anybody is even listening,
And who is left to care?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Imagination

Imagination, creator of all that is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that has never been anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that will never be anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, only as material as the sensory-born illusion of the given moment.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Will It Really Matter?

Will it really matter in one second?
Will it really matter in ten seconds?
Will it really matter in one minute?
Will it really matter in one hour?
Will it really matter in one day?
Will it really matter in one week?
Will it really matter in one month?
Will it really matter in six months?
Will it really matter in one year?
Will it really matter in two years?
Will it really matter in five years?
Will it really matter in ten years?
Will it really matter in twenty years?
Will it really matter in one hundred years?
Will it really matter in five hundred years?
Will it really matter in one thousand years?
Will it really matter in ten thousand years?
Will it really matter in twenty thousand years?
Will it really matter in one hundred thousand years?
Will it really matter in one million years?
Will it really matter in ten million years?
Will it really matter in one hundred million years?
Will it really matter in one billion years?
Will it really matter in ten billion years?
Will it really matter in one trillion years?
Will it really matter in one gazillion years?

Did it really ever matter at all?

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Mind Is, the Mind Is Not

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.
The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.

The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wont.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Ever Describe It?

How can You ever describe a sound?
How can You ever describe a sight?
How can You ever describe a taste?
How can You ever describe a smell?
How can You ever describe a feeling?
How can You ever describe anything?
And yet we are ever linguistic acrobats.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Genesis?

What is Genesis but a wind propelling its own sail.
What is Genesis but a brush frolicking upon its own canvas.
What is Genesis but a hammer pounding upon its own nail.
What is Genesis but a wave heading toward its own shore.
What is Genesis but a flame burning in its own darkness.
What is Genesis but a particle drifting in its own space.
What is Genesis but a dream floating in its given mind.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only Vanity Believes

Only vanity believes it is real.
Only vanity believes it is important.
Only vanity believes in gods and demons.
Only vanity believes in ghosts and monsters.
Only vanity believes in messiahs and saints.
Only vanity believes it is harbor to change.
Only vanity believes in more, more, more.
Only vanity believes nil is not an option.
Only vanity believes imagination exists.
Only vanity believes itself immortal.
Only vanity believes belief is true.

Breadcrumbs 2022

So It Goes

So many sights You will never see,
So many sounds You will never hear,
So many scents You will never smell,
So many flavors You will never taste,
So many textures You will never feel,
So many thoughts You will never think,
So many things You will never own.
So many things You will never do.
So many things You will never be.
So it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only as Real as You Imagine Them

Differences are only as real as You imagine them.
Conclusions are only as real as You imagine them.
Assumptions are only as real as You imagine them.
Speculations are only as real as You imagine them.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Look, and Not See?

How can You look at this mystery, and not see it is You?
How can You look at any other, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a mountain, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a plant, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a stream, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a rock, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a table, and not see it is You?
How can You look at an insect, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a bird, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a fish, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a horse, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a man, and not see he is You?
How can You look at a woman, and not see she is You?
How can You look at a child, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the ocean, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a cloud, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the sky, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the moon, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the sun, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the stars, and not see they are You?
How can You look at a particle of dust, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the space between all, and not see it is You?

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Difference?

To be, or not to be, what difference?
To see. or not to see, what difference?
To hear. or not to hear, what difference?
To taste, or not to taste, what difference?
To smell. or not to smell, what difference?
To touch, or not to touch, what difference?
To think, or not to think, what difference?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Regarding Intelligence

Somebody came up with eight types of intelligence:
bodily kinesthetic (body smart)
interpersonal (people smart)
verbal linguistic (word smart)
logical-mathematical (logic smart)
naturalistic (nature smart)
intrapersonal (self smart)
visual-spatial (picture smart)
musical (music smart)

Another collection also lists eight, with slight variations:
mathematical (number smart),
musical (music smart),
linguistic (word smart),
naturalistic (nature smart),
intrapersonal (self smart),
interpersonal (people smart),
body-kinesthetic (body smart),
visual (picture smart)

Another fellow, named Mark Vital, stoked it up to nine:
naturalist (understanding living things and reading nature)
musical (discerning sounds, their pitch, tone, rhythm, and timbre)
logical-mathematical (quantifying things, making hypotheses and proving them)
existential (tackling the questions of why we live, and why we die)
interpersonal (sensing people's feelings and motives)
bodily-kinesthetic (coordinating your mind with your body)
linguistic (finding the right words to express what You mean)
intrapersonal (understanding yourself, what You feel, and what You want)
spatial (visualizing the world in 3D)

Likely many, if not most, fall into at least one of the above categories.

And what sort of intelligence is required to be any other life form, any other earthling,
On this spinning rock some humans call Earth, in a cosmos some call the Universe?

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Gift of Eternal Life

These reflections are an offering, a gift, of the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one, for spouting these many musings? Or You, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having participated in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Yesterday & Tomorrow

Who was yesterday? Who will be tomorrow?
What was yesterday? What will be tomorrow?
Where was yesterday? Where will be tomorrow?
When was yesterday? When will be tomorrow?
Why was yesterday? Why will be tomorrow?
How was yesterday? How will be tomorrow?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Ultimate Reality

Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all visions.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all sounds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all tastes.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all smells.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all touch.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all senses.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Before All Beginnings, After All Ends

When did imagination begin? And who was it before? Who will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And what was it before? What will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And where was it before? Where will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And when was it before? Where when it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And why was it before? Why will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And how was it before? How will it be after it ends?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Existence is Enough

Existence is enough.
The moment is enough.
It does not require stories.
It does not require philosophies.
It does not require deities or dogmas.
It does not require more, more, ever more.
It does not require meaning, it does not require purpose.
It does not require power or wealth or celebrity.
It does not require pedestrian groupthink.
It does not require political sanction.
It does not require consciousness.
It does not require knowledge.
It does not require anything.
Not even the illusory You.
The moment is enough.
Existence is enough.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Water Does Not

Water does not battle the rock.
It does not disobey gravity.
It does not resist the sun.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Just Another

Just another sound.
Just another sight.
Just another taste.
Just another smell.
Just another touch.
Just another thought.
Where is the space?
Where is the time?

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Garden of Dualistic Notion

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.
The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeroes.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Ever the Same You

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.
No matter the universe.
No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Hope?

To hope, or not to hope, that is the question.

What is hope?

What is hope, but:
Hope is to:
Hope is:
Hope:

Go back to the drawing board
Beat around the bush
That ship has sailed
Go down in flames
Have eyes bigger than one's stomach
Fly in the ointment
A dime a dozen
A bitter pill to swallow
Call it a day
Take with a grain of salt
Cutting corners
All thumbs
Get your act together
Break a leg
It's not rocket science
Make a long story short
Wild goose chase
Straw that broke the camel's back
Miss the boat
No horse in this race
Hook, line and sinker
Couch potato
Heard it through the grapevine
At the drop of a hat
Barking up the wrong tree
A hot potato
By the seat of one's pants
Chink in one's armor
Bird brain
Cut somebody some slack
My two cents
Kill two birds with one stone
Bed of roses
Pull someone's leg
Pull yourself together
Speak of the devil
Time flies when you're having fun

By the skin of one's teeth
Two a penny
Elephant in the room
Don't count chickens before they hatch
No dog in this fight
To make matters worse
For a song
Pushing up daisies
Trip the light fantastic
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it
Shoot the breeze
Throw under the bus
Wrap your head around something
Screw the pooch
Your guess is as good as mine
You can say that again

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Happened

What happened to the Egyptians,
What happened to the Persians,
What happened to the Chinese,
What happened to the Greeks,
What happened to the Spanish,
What happened to the French,
What happened to the English,
What happened to the Germans,
What happened to the Russians,
What happened to the Aztecs,
What happened to the Incas,
What happened to the Zulus,
What happened to the Romans,
Is what happens to all robust tribes.
Everything that rises, sooner or later falls.
That is the statistical certainty of all manifestation.
Including this genesis, this matrix, and any and all creations prior and hence.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Blobs Everywhere

Blobs everywhere.
Some with eyes.
Some with ears.
Some with noses.
Some with mouths.
Some with fingers.
Some with toes.
Some with legs.
Some with arms.
Some with tails.
Some with muscles.
Some with fat.
Some with wings.
Some with feelers.
Some with fins.
Some with flesh.
Some with hair.
Some with scales.
Some with wit.
Some with folly.
Some with …
Some with …
Some with …
Some with whatever.
All blobs, nonetheless.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Left?

What is left, after You stop imagining You are the body?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are the identity?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are all these memories?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are all these relationships?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are anything at all?
What is left, but the still, pure awareness, You ever are,
That to which all manifestation is but a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only as Real as You Imagine It

Reality is only as real as You imagine it.
Space is only as real as You imagine it.
Time is only as real as You imagine it.
History is only as real as You imagine it.
Science is only as real as You imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as You imagine it.
Music is only as real as You imagine it.
Art is only as real as You imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as You imagine it.
Industry is only as real as You imagine it.
Technology is only as real as You imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as You imagine it.
Existence is only as real as You imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as You imagine it.
Other is only as real as You imagine it.
Nature is only as real as You imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as You imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as You imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as You imagine it.
Everything is only as real as You imagine it.
God is only as real as You imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as You imagine it.
Self is only as real as You imagine it.
You are only as real as You imagine it.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same You

Through all times,
Through all spaces,
The same genesis in all,
The same unknown in all,
The same consciousness in all,
The same imagination in all,
The same awareness in all,
The same moment in all,
The same mystery in all,
The same voice in all,
The same You in all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Who Really Knows? Who Really Cares?

How many really know, really care, what Schopenhauer thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wittgenstein thought?
How many really know, really care, what Lao Tzu thought?
How many really know, really care, what Buddha thought?
How many really know, really care, what Comte thought?
How many really know, really care, what Bacon thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heraclitus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kafka thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hume thought?
How many really know, really care, what Rousseau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Russell thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hobbes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Machiavelli thought?
How many really know, really care, what Foucault thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kierkegaard thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishna thought?
How many really know, really care, what Mill thought?
How many really know, really care, what de Beauvoir thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hess thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aquinas thought?
How many really know, really care, what Carneades thought?
How many really know, really care, what Diogenes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Smith thought?
How many really know, really care, what Confucius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what James thought?
How many really know, really care, what Parmenides thought?
How many really know, really care, what Pascal thought?
How many really know, really care, what Chomsky thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thales thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sina thought?
How many really know, really care, what Patanjali thought?
How many really know, really care, what Watts thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ram Dass thought?
How many really know, really care, what Osho thought?
How many really know, really care, what Derrida thought?
How many really know, really care, what Marx thought?
How many really know, really care, what Vonnegut thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wollstonecraft thought?
How many really know, really care, what Descartes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sartre thought?
How many really know, really care, what Muhammad thought?
How many really know, really care, what Locke thought?
How many really know, really care, what Emerson thought?
How many really know, really care, what Nietzsche thought?

How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what Dewey thought?
How many really know, really care, what Zoroaster thought?
How many really know, really care, what Whitman thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kant thought?
How many really know, really care, what Shankara thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Epicurus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ashtavakra thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aurelius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Jesus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Yogananda thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aristotle thought?
How many really know, really care, what Camus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Voltaire thought?
How many really know, really care, what Spinoza thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thoreau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hegel thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heidegger thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishnamurti thought?
How many really know, really care, what You think?
Never hurts to get over yourself anytime soon.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Will Your Death Be Like?

What will your death, your departure, your exodus, be like?
Will it be passionate or peaceful? Painful or painless?
Will it be expected or unexpected? Quick or slow?
Will You be all alone or surrounded by others?
Will You be whimpering or unconcerned?
Will You be pleading to some deity?
Or already at home in the abyss?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Real Friendship

Real friendship does not change.
Real friendship does not judge.
Real friendship does not betray.
Real friendship does not detract.
Real friendship does not thieve.
Real friendship does not intimidate.
Real friendship does not envy.
Real friendship does not manipulate.
Real friendship does not deny.
Real friendship does not overwhelm.
Real friendship does not attack.
Real friendship does not cling.
Real friendship does not dissolve.
Real friendship does not differentiate.
Real friendship does not desert.
Real friendship does not ridicule.
Real friendship does not labor.
Real friendship does not diminish.
Real friendship does not dogmatize.
Real friendship does not malign.
Real friendship does not abandon.
Real friendship does not deceive.
Real friendship does not hurt.
Real friendship does not destroy.
Real friendship does not turn away.
Real friendship does not end.

Is there such a thing as a real friend?

Or is it just a lot of yada-yada, comparable to fallacious notions of family and flag?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Nothing More to Be

Stop wishing You were some other place.
Stop wishing You were some other time.
Stop wishing You were some other life.
Here You are … right here, right now.
Awareness … pure, simple, absolute.
Ineffable, inexplicable, unfathomable.
Nothing more to be, nothing else to be.

Breadcrumbs 2022

You Are the Awareness

You are not the self.
You are not the mind.
You are not the body,
You are not the world.
You are not the cosmos.
You are the awareness.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Let go all dreams.
Let go all illusions.
Let go all delusions.
Let go all attachments.
Pay attention to the moment.
Be free of space, be free of time.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Without the Mind-Body

Without the mind-body,
What is wet, what is dry?
What is hot, what is cold?
What is loud, what is quiet?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?
What is coarse, what is smooth?
What is harsh, what is gentle?
What is any now-soon-then?
Without illusion its game?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Work on Imagining

Work on imagining who You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining what You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining where You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining when You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining why You really are, and are not.
Work on imagining how You really are, and are not.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Regarding Free Will

You really believe You have free will?
Could You be free of your time?
Could You be free of your space?
Could You be free of your genetics?
Could You be free of your body?
Could You be free of your face?
Could You be free of your eyes?
Could You be free of your ears?
Could You be free of your nose?
Could You be free of your tongue?
Could You be free of your touch?
Could You be free of your language?
Could You be free of your ethnicity?
Could You be free of your gender?
Could You be free of your status?
Could You be free of your knowledge?
Could You be free of your memories?
Could You be free of your beliefs?
Could You be free of your wealth?
Could You be free of your religion?
Could You be free of your politics?
Could You be free of your feelings?
Could You be free of your emotions?
Could You be free of your prejudices?
Could You be free of your reflections?
Could You be free of your insights?
Could You be free of your appetites?
Could You be free of your family?
Could You be free of your friends?
Could You be free of your acquaintances?
Could You be free of your adversaries?
Could You be free of your heritage?
Could You be free of your tribe?
Could You be free of your work?
Could You be free of your habits?
Could You be free of your foods?
Could You be free of your liquids?
Could You be free of your pleasures?
Could You be free of your pains?
Could You be free of your sexuality?
Could You be free of your things?
Could You be free of your hobbies?
Could You be free of your loves?
Could You be free of your likes?
Could You be free of your hates?
Could You be free of your reactions?

Could You be free of your banter?
Could You be free of your algorithm?
Could You be free of your world?
Could You be free of your cosmos?
Could You be free of your moment?
Could You be free of anything at all?
The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But You are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if You can.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Moment is Now

The moment is now.
Not before, not after.
There is no who in it
There is no what in it.
There is no where in it.
There is no when in it.
There is no why in it.
There is no how in it.
The hustle misses it.
The bustle misses it.
The mind cannot grasp it.
The moment is right here, right now.
Discern the moment, discern the moment You are.
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.
The moment You are not, never were, will never be.
Abide in the awareness, witness to all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Domesticated Are You?

How domesticated are You.
How domesticated are You?
How domesticated are You!
How domesticated are You!?
How domesticated are You?!

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Envy of Fellow Earthlings

Why would an elephant envy You?
Why would a snail envy You?
Why would a tree envy You?
Why would an ant envy You?
Why would a bear envy You?
Why would a mouse envy You?
Why would a sparrow envy You?
Why would an eagle envy You?
Why would a jellyfish envy You?
Why would a tiger envy You?
Why would a dolphin envy You?
Why would a salmon envy You?
Why would a cockroach envy You?
Why would a snail envy You?
Why would a monkey envy You?
Why would a deer envy You?
Why would a crab envy You?
Why would a badger envy You?
Why would a rose envy You?
Why would a weed envy You?
Why would a salamander envy You?
Why would a snake envy You?
Why would an alligator envy You?
Why would a microbe envy You?
Why would a butterfly envy You?
All life forms are masters of their given worlds.
Why would any fellow earthling ever envy any human?
Why would any ever want to be anything other than what it is?
Only human beings are at all dissatisfied with their roles,
The parts, into which the genetic lottery has cast them.
All existence plays whatever fate has been ordained.

Breadcrumbs 2022

As Intangible as Intangible Can Be

Awareness cannot be seen.
Awareness cannot be heard.
Awareness cannot be tasted.
Awareness cannot be smelled
Awareness cannot be touched.
Awareness cannot be thought.
Awareness is as intangible,
As intangible can be.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Worms Do Not Care

Die wealthy, die poor.
Die powerful, die weak.
Die known, die unknown.
Die brave, die coward.
Die loved, die hated.
Die happy, die sad.
Worms do not care.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Choice?

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Waiting for Jesus

Waiting for Schopenhauer.
Waiting for Wittgenstein.
Waiting for Lao Tzu.
Waiting for Buddha.
Waiting for Comte.
Waiting for Bacon.
Waiting for Heraclitus.
Waiting for Kafka.
Waiting for Hume.
Waiting for Rousseau.
Waiting for Russell.
Waiting for Hobbes.
Waiting for Machiavelli.
Waiting for Foucault.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Kierkegaard.
Waiting for Krishna.
Waiting for Mill.
Waiting for de Beauvoir.
Waiting for Hess.
Waiting for Aquinas.
Waiting for Carneades.
Waiting for Diogenes.
Waiting for Smith.
Waiting for Confucius.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for James.
Waiting for Parmenides.
Waiting for Pascal.
Waiting for Chomsky.
Waiting for Thales.
Waiting for Sina.
Waiting for Patanjali.
Waiting for Watts.
Waiting for Ram Dass.
Waiting for Osho.
Waiting for Derrida.
Waiting for Marx.
Waiting for Vonnegut.
Waiting for Wollstonecraft.
Waiting for Descartes.
Waiting for Sartre.
Waiting for Muhammad.
Waiting for Locke.
Waiting for Emerson.
Waiting for Nietzsche.

Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for Dewey.
Waiting for Zoroaster.
Waiting for Whitman.
Waiting for Kant.
Waiting for Shankara.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Epicurus.
Waiting for Ashtavakra.
Waiting for Aurelius.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Jesus.
Waiting for Yogananda.
Waiting for Aristotle.
Waiting for Camus.
Waiting for Voltaire.
Waiting for Spinoza.
Waiting for Thoreau.
Waiting for Hegel.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Heidegger.
Waiting for Krishnamurti.
Might be best not to hold your breath.

Breadcrumbs 2022

So, You're in Love With a Blob, EH?

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?
What's your favorite part?
Nerves or arteries?
Brain or body?
Heart or spleen?
Clitoris or ovaries?
Mouth or anus?
Lungs or liver?
Eyes or ears?
Nose or tongue?
Penis or testicles?
Legs or arms?
Knees or elbows?
Flesh or womb?
Big toes or thumbs?
Belly button or buttocks?
Imagine kissing and licking them all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Matter?

Here You are, now.
What matter, who?
What matter, what?
What matter, when?
What matter, where?
What matter, why?
What matter, how?
Here You are, now.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same Answer

Who are You in there?
What are You in there?
Where are You in there?
When are You in there?
Why are You in there?
How are You in there?
Is not the truest answer,
The same for one and all?

Breadcrumbs 2022

First and Last

This is the first and last breath, breathe it.
This is the first and last sight, see it.
This is the first and last sound, hear it.
This is the first and last taste, taste it.
This is the first and last smell, smell it.
This is the first and last touch, touch it
This is the first and last breath, breathe it.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Point?

No point changing what cannot be changed,
Journeying that which cannot be journeyed,
Preserving that which cannot be preserved.
Criticizing that which cannot be criticized.
Revealing that which cannot be revealed,
Traveling that which cannot be traveled.
Advising that which cannot be advised.
Creating that which cannot be created,
Pushing that which cannot be pushed,
Chasing that which cannot be caught,
Pulling that which cannot be pulled,
Loving that which cannot be loved,
Hating that which cannot be hated,
Mending that which cannot be torn,
Seeking that which cannot be found,
Solving that which cannot be solved,
Sharing that which cannot be shared,
Beginning that which cannot be begun,
Finishing that which cannot be finished,
Destroying that which cannot be destroyed.

Breadcrumbs 2022

When More is Never Enough

The deeper meaning.
The greater buzz.
The higher high.
The bigger big.
The fuller full.
The nth degree.
The larger large.
The farthest shore.
The greater purpose.
The grander whatever,
Where more is never enough,
And forever never ends.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same Mystery in All

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever You please,
The same mystery is in all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Infinity: Everything and Nothing

Infinity is not a number.
Infinity is not a word.
Infinity is not a time.
Infinity is not a space.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not a sound.
Infinity is not a sight.
Infinity is not a taste.
Infinity is not a smell.
Infinity is not a sensation.
Infinity is not great.
Infinity is not small.
Infinity is not a distance.
Infinity is not a concept.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not an emotion.
Infinity is not a thought.
Infinity is not anything.
Infinity is everything.
Infinity is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Horror! The Horror!

The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The algorithm!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!
The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!
The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!
The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!
The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!

The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!
The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!
The tribalism! The tribalism!
The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!
The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

Breadcrumbs 2022

Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!

Destroy all the knowledge.
Destroy all opinions.
Destroy the other.
Destroy the world.
Destroy the cosmos.
Destroy all the creation.
Here You are, right here, right now.

Breadcrumbs 2022

All Blobs the Same

Some blobs are slimy.
Some blobs are gooey.
Some blobs are chewy.
Some blobs are crunchy.
Same quantum essence, all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Mystery Is All

I am mystery.
You are mystery.
We are all mystery.
Everything is mystery.
Every no-thing is mystery.
There is nothing not mystery.
Give up all attempts to know it.
Let go all that You think You know.
Inhale the timeless-spaceless moment.
It is the integrity, the virtue, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Would Your Frame of Reference Be?

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.
Imagine having never seen an image.
Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Is the Universe of a Bee?

What is the universe of any life form?
What is the universe of a bee?
What is the universe of a hawk?
What is the universe of a sparrow?
What is the universe of a cockroach?
What is the universe of a tiger?
What is the universe of a virus?
What is the universe of a frog?
What is the universe of a dandelion?
What is the universe of a crow?
What is the universe of a shark?
What is the universe of an elephant?
What is the universe of a bat?
What is the universe of an ant?
What is the universe of a butterfly?
What is the universe of a whale?
What is the universe of a deer?
What is the universe of a microbe?
What is the universe of a snake?
What is the universe of a spider?
What is the universe of a plant?
What is the universe of a moth?
What is the universe of a lobster?
What is the universe of a bear?
What is the universe of a seagull?
What is the universe of a minnow?
What is the universe of a clam?
What is the universe of a dolphin?
What is the universe of a tree?
What is the universe of a snail?
What is the universe of a seal?
What is the universe of a buffalo?
What is the universe of a cow?
What is the universe of a chicken?
What is the universe of a pig?
What is the universe of a salmon?
What is the universe of a badger?
What is the universe of an octopus?
What is the universe of a kangaroo?
What is the universe of a panda?
What is the universe of a gnat?
What is the universe of a pike?
What is the universe of a rat?
What is the universe of a worm?
What is the universe of a guppy?
What is the universe of an owl?
What is the universe of a tarantula?
What is the universe of a sloth?

What is the universe of a wolf?
What is the universe of a giraffe?
What is the universe of a starfish?
What is the universe of an otter?
What is the universe of a penguin?
What is the universe of an alligator?
What is the universe of a mushroom?
What is the universe of a salamander?
What is the universe of any human being?
No matter the form, no matter the sensory input,
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.
Every organism, absolutely unique; all, the same timeless mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Where Is Your Face?

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when You are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,
That You are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Prove Anything?

How can You prove now; why should You have to?
How can You prove time; why should You have to?
How can You prove space; why should You have to?
How can You prove infinity; why should You have to?
How can You prove quantum; why should You have to?
How can You prove anything; why should You have to?
How can You prove everything; why should You have to?
How can You prove awareness; why should You have to?
How can You prove eternity; why should You have to?
How can You prove naught; why should You have to?
How can You prove You; why should You have to?
And as for some God, what would be the point?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Will That Be the Last Time?

Will that be the last time You think that?
Will that be the last time You say that?
Will that be the last time You do that?
Will that be the last time You see that?
Will that be the last time You hear that?
Will that be the last time You taste that?
Will that be the last time You smell that?
Will that be the last time You feel that?
Will that be the last time You read that?
Will that be the last time You write that?
Will that be the last time You discern that?
Will that be the last time You wonder that?
Will that be the last time You manipulate that?
Will that be the last time You calculate that?
Will that be the last time You draw that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You sculpt that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You dance that?
Will that be the last time You play that?
Will that be the last time You covet that?
Will that be the last time You like that?
Will that be the last time You love that?
Will that be the last time You hate that?
Will that be the last time You travel there?
Will that be the last time You walk there?
Will that be the last time You run there?
Will that be the last time You sit there?
Will that be the last time You eat that?
Will that be the last time You cook that?
Will that be the last time You trade that?
Will that be the last time You print that?
Will that be the last time You yell that?
Will that be the last time You whisper that?
Will that be the last time You create that?
Will that be the last time You preserve that?
Will that be the last time You destroy that?
Will that be the last time You anything that?

Breadcrumbs 2022

A Short List of Modern Entitlements

(Not necessarily in order of importance)

Food and drink
Security
Running water
Septic systems
Garbage collection
Retirement homes
Pensions
Social security
Disability
Unemployment
Welfare
Satellites
Building codes
Electricity
Weights and measures
Oil
Glass
Metals
Plastics
Clothing
Ovens
Refrigeration
Air conditioning
Heating
Air filtration
Financial systems
Education
Science
Technology
Military services
Police services
Fire services
Health services
Doctors
Nurses
Paramedics
Hospitals
Ambulances
Medications
Dentists
Jails and prisons
Bars and nightclubs
Coffee shops
Service organizations
Religious organizations

Insurance
Computers
Phones
Mobile phones
Televisions
Internet
Wi-Fi
Touch screens
Casinos
Bluetooth
Streaming
Online banking
Online gaming
Lightbulbs
Batteries
Vehicles
Lotteries
Scratchers
Showers and bathtubs
Roads and freeway
Sidewalks
Stop lights
Streetlamps
Retail outlets
Restaurants
Bicycles
Public transport
Water drainage
Inventions
Tools
Weapons
Architecture
Building codes
Building materials
Toys
Games
Debt
Machines
Democracy
Rule of Law
Monetary system
Graphics
Fans
Media
Music
Software
Algorithms
Consumables

Office supplies
Toilets and urinals
Kitchen utensils

And who knows how long a more detailed list would be?

Breadcrumbs 2022

You

The word is not the thing.
The note is not the melody.
The number is not the actuality.
The imagination is not the awareness.
The moment is not the perception.
The thought is not the now.
Truth is not a concept.
You are not You.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Of Rises and Falls

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness to all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

Breadcrumbs 2022

You Are the Ephemeral

You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral awareness.
You are the ephemeral intelligence.
You are the ephemeral astuteness.
You are the ephemeral compassion.
You are the ephemeral twinkling.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral right now.
You are the ephemeral awakeness.
You are the ephemeral here now.
You are the ephemeral alertness.
You are the ephemeral absurdity.
You are the ephemeral madness.
You are the ephemeral discrimination.
You are the ephemeral keenness.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral foolishness.
You are the ephemeral intuition.
You are the ephemeral moment.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral fluidity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral flexibility.
You are the ephemeral instant.
You are the ephemeral insight.
You are the ephemeral now.
You are the ephemeral acuity.
You are the ephemeral jiffy.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral here.
You are the ephemeral perception.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral present.
You are the ephemeral passion.
You are the ephemeral dexterity.
You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral perceptiveness.
It You are thinking it, You are not being it.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Will History Call It?

What will history call it?
The Great Reckoning
The Great Alignment
The Great Adjustment
The Great Fall
The Great Devaluation
The Great Collapse
The Great Extinction
The Great Disintegration
The Great Annihilation
The Great Extermination
The Great Decline
The Great Termination
The Great Correction
The Great Cascade
The Great Avalanche
The Great Retrenching
The Great Meltdown
The Great Dissolution
The Great Downfall
The Great Demise
The Great Andropocene
The Great Difference
The Great Exodus
The Great Depression
The Great Retreat
The Great Articulation
The Great Descent
The Great Apology
The Great Reduction
The Great Plummet
The Great Repression
The Great Extinction
The Great Desolation
The Great Undoing
The Great Departure
The Great Awakening
Step right up, folks!
Time machines for sale!
Get ‘em while they’re hot!

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Matrix of Imagination

You are eternity, You are the eternal, You are the now of awareness,
Peering out through stardust, into stardust; peering out through quantum, into quantum.
You are ever a mystery, to which there is no answer, no theorem, no philosophy, no religion, no anything.
Your challenge is to simply be it; unburdened by all the complexities, all the vagaries,
That the imaginary mind ceaselessly manifests into veil after veil,
Masking the stillness, You this moment are.

Breadcrumbs 2022

You, Alone, Are

You are alone, You have always been alone.
You were born alone, You live alone, You will die alone.
There has never been even one single moment when You were not alone,
When You were not pure awareness, when You were not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times to countless worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of You, is utterly inconsequential.
And how You discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In its myriad imaginings.
It is but a reverie.
You, alone, are.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The No-Mind of Eternal Life

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Labyrinth of Imagination

Who can more than speculate what is actually going on in the grand starry-starry mishmash of all genesis?
Except maybe that fabled supreme-deity, Santa Claus, crisscrossing the cosmos in his enchanted sleigh.
Who must, surely, be bone-weary, from the on and on, of the never-ending labyrinth of imagination.
All over something, that may well have been, nothing more than a now much-regretted impulse.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Same Ineffable Elephant

Seers have explored the mystery in countless ways throughout all times, all geographies.
And no matter their conclusions, or the traditions that evolved,
They are all the same elephant.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Mystery Few Glean

Perhaps the mystery created this dream of space and time,
That the rare few might fathom its mystery, its wonder, its truth.
And those who are not called to inquire, live their lives as fate dictates.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Automatons All

The human paradigm is complex enough that many assume it is infused with free will.
But in the up-close-and-personal, individuals are but roiling algorithms.
Automatons, each playing out their daily Sisyphean toil,
As set by the cosmos, and all that is prior.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Unifying Awareness is You

The unifying principal is not some word, some equation, some symbol, some sound, some anything.
It is You, You alone, this one-and-only timeless moment, that has ever been, will ever be.
It is the You that is the unadulterated awareness, the tabula rasa, the perpetuity,
The omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent eternity within and without all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Witness to All

Though human beings are complex genomic sequences, patterns, that imply free will,
They are patterns, nonetheless, each playing out their daily Sisyphean routine,
All perform their temporal existence as predictably as any algorithm,
Wandering through each moment as the nature-nurture ordains.
All live out their brief dreamtime as was set in motion,
The instant the mystery burst into the space-time continuum.
The You, You truly are, is witness to your splinter of that creation.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Campfires of Imagination

Any history is entirely reliant on storytellers who tell, and listeners who listen.
No history is ever completely accurate, and many, if not most, are never even close.
The campfires of imagination weave their way into every conceivable reckoning,
And it is left to the solitary few, to realize not even one, has ever been real.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Imagination's Crown

Reflections such as these cannot but remain marginalized by the masses,
Because imagination will not allow itself, cannot allow itself,
To be purged, or even brought to heel, from the annals of this garden world,
But through complete annihilation, to which end, it every moment drives closer to probability.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Aliens of Imagination

For extra-terrestrials to reach our doorstep, however they might make their way across the vast expanses,
Would require that the ineffable mystery, somehow craft like evolutions on other garden worlds.
The number-crunchers fill their time with every sort of calculation of such possibilities,
But the actuality of such, has thus far never come to pass in any scientifically observable way.
Meanwhile, storytellers in this garden, are cauldrons, fueling imagination's every imaginable whimsy.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Just This Moment

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.
Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.
Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.
Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.
Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.

Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.
Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.
Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Unlikely You Will Ever Read This

If You are unable to decipher American English, circa Year 2000, Anno Domini-Common Era,
Specifically, California Great Central Valley, with a Germanic, Midwestern-Southern, lingual mélange,
You will, alas, more than likely have great difficulty reading even a few pages of this manifesto.
For all languages require frame of reference compatibility, to be even partially grasped.
So, be wary of all translations, should such an unlikely thing ever come to pass.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Human Pyramid Scheme

The human pyramid scheme in a nutshell:

One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percenters
Onc-Percenters
Five-Percenters
Twenty-Percenters
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
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Overseers
Régime slaves
Self-Employed slaves
Middlemen slaves
Rancher slaves
Farmer slaves
Salary slaves
Wage slaves
Intern slaves
Future slaves
Homeless slaves
All-purpose slaves
Not yet dead slaves
Not yet born slaves

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Ever-Morphing Nature of Language

Every language morphs on and on and on, for as long as imagination rolls.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Subjectivity of All Translation

Many philosophical works, from all times, from all geographies, have been translated into many tongues.
Which means, what readers are reading, is subjective interpretation of an author's original intentions.
Some works have been strained through several languages, through several frames of reference.
So, who knows if any of those who inquire, have at all gleaned, what was initially written.
And that assumes, of course, that the rendition of the original storyteller can be trusted.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Stumbling Along Disparate Trails

Language, being the ever-changing play of consciousness that it is,
How can there ever be accurate translation between two or more frames of reference?
Even the most sincere, serious, intent, between two like-minds,
Inevitably stumble along disparate trails.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Warped Mirrors of Translation

What is it but another metaphor
– Idiom, simile, allegory, expression, symbol, image –
That no other culture, no future time, will ever even begin to comprehend.
All languages are but the dynamic – ever-changing, quickly-changing – gyrations of imagination.
It is all but impossible that any translation will exactly mirror any writer's intent.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Of Sounds Given Concept

Fitting your Self into an idea,
Believing a role nature-nurture has dictated,
Is not necessary, and is often counter to the quest for freedom.
Words are tools for communication; not ends, not goals, not realities, in themselves.
Never believe You can be encapsulated by any sound given concept.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Of Similarities and Differences

If there were somehow several hundred clones of You as an infant, randomly scattered all about the globe,
In every variety of culture, every variety of language, every variety of socio-economic orientation,
And those replicas, totally unaware of each other, were brought together at some point,
What would the muster be like? What would be the reaction of all involved?
How similar would they be? How different would they be?
How well, or how badly, would they get along?
And how quickly might they pull out the steely knives?

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same Voice

There are many writers writing, there are many speakers speaking.
All describing the same mystery though the prisms of different frames of reference.
Different times, different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different everything.
There is no need to favor one over another; only to ascertain if the voice is the same.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Relative Light of the Relative Mind

How can anyone ever truly perceive, truly understand, truly inhale, any culture,
To which they do not have first-hand entrée from the earliest etchings.
The harmonies between all dreams cannot be discerned,
But in the relative light of a relative mind.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Required: A Wide-Ranging Frame of Reference

To interpret anything clearly, accurately,
The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,
Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Grand Theater

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.
You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.
You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.
You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing You.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Full Monty: Breadcrumbs 2022 Leftovers

(Major Edit – Untitled)

You are eternity, You are the eternal, You are the now of awareness,
Peering out through stardust, into stardust; peering out through quantum, into quantum.
You are ever a mystery, to which there is no answer, no theorem, no philosophy, no religion, no anything.
Your challenge is to simply be it; unburdened by all the complexities, all the vagaries,
That the imaginary mind ceaselessly manifests into veil after veil,
Masking the stillness, You this moment are.

* * * *

You are alone, You have always been alone.
You were born alone, You live alone, You will die alone.
There has never been even one single moment when You were not alone,
When You were not pure awareness, when You were not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times to countless worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of You, is utterly inconsequential.
And how You discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In its myriad imaginings.
It is but a reverie.
You, alone, are.

* * * *

These reflections are an offering, a gift, of the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one, for spouting these many musings? Or You, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having participated in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

* * * *

Who can more than speculate what is actually going on in the grand starry-starry mishmash of all genesis?
Except maybe that fabled supreme-deity, Santa Claus, crisscrossing the cosmos in his enchanted sleigh.
Who must, surely, be bone-weary, from the on and on, of the never-ending labyrinth of imagination.
All over something, that may well have been, nothing more than a now much-regretted impulse.

* * * *

Seers have explored the mystery in countless ways throughout all times, all geographies.
And no matter their conclusions, or the traditions that evolved,
They are all the same elephant.

* * * *

Perhaps the mystery created this dream of space and time,
That the rare few might fathom its mystery, its wonder, its truth.
And those who are not called to inquire, live their lives as fate dictates.

* * * *

It is your dream; do with it what You will.
Do with it what time and circumstance allow.
Do with it what the quantum matrix ordains.

* * * *

The unifying principal is not some word, some equation, some symbol, some sound, some anything.
It is You, You alone, this one-and-only timeless moment, that has ever been, will ever be.
It is the You that is the unadulterated awareness, the tabula rasa, the perpetuity,
The omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent eternity within and without all.

* * * *

The human paradigm is complex enough that many assume it is infused with free will.
But in the up-close-and-personal, individuals are but roiling algorithms.
Automatons, each playing out their daily Sisyphean toil,
As set by the cosmos, and all that is prior.

* * * *

Though human beings are complex genomic sequences, patterns, that imply free will,
They are patterns, nonetheless, each playing out their daily Sisyphean routine,
All perform their temporal existence as predictably as any algorithm,
Wandering through each moment as the nature-nurture ordains.
All live out their brief dreamtime as was set in motion,
The instant the mystery burst into the space-time continuum.
The You, You truly are, is witness to your splinter of that creation.

* * * *

Any history is entirely reliant on storytellers who tell, and listeners who listen.
No history is ever completely accurate, and many, if not most, are never even close.
The campfires of imagination weave their way into every conceivable reckoning,
And it is left to the solitary few, to realize not even one, has ever been real.

* * * *

Reflections such as these cannot but remain marginalized by the masses,
Because imagination will not allow itself, cannot allow itself,
To be purged, or even brought to heel, from the annals of this garden world,
But through complete annihilation, to which end, it every moment drives closer to probability.

* * * *

For extra-terrestrials to reach our doorstep, however they might make their way across the vast expanses,
Would require that the ineffable mystery, somehow craft like evolutions on other garden worlds.
The number-crunchers fill their time with every sort of calculation of such possibilities,
But the actuality of such, has thus far never come to pass in any scientifically observable way.
Meanwhile, storytellers in this garden, are cauldrons, fueling imagination's every imaginable whimsy.

* * * *

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.
Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.
Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.

Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.
Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.
Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.
Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.
Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

* * * *

The past has only so much influence, so much control, over any given present.
Historians may or may not divine what is relevant to the future in their storytelling efforts.
History has proven many times that any given time will decipher its own take,
Based on the unfolding machinations the current world has in play.
And eventually, all will decline and fall into oblivion,
The abyss, where nothing ever happens.

* * * *

It is all about procreation, as far as them chromosomes are concerned.
It does not matter who-what-where-when-why-how,
As long as it happens before You die.

Darwin rules.

* * * *

To not breed, is to full-stop the natural selection, the streaming genetic lineage, that got You here.
To breed, is to cast a future, that will face all the agonies and ecstasies life has to offer.
The question really is, would You want to come back into this world again?
And if not, why would You do it to another tabula rasa innocent,
That we each-and-every-one, once-upon-a-time, for a relatively brief time, were?

* * * *

One cannot help but feel sorry for women who work so hard to become men,
And never quite figure out, that they can never do, never be,
What men so easily, so naturally, do and are.
It is the genomic sequencing that underpins the entire human paradigm.
We all have the same software, the same programming, hundreds of thousands of years in the making.
To deny that, is to succumb to a dystopian nightmare, that no one was designed to play well.
Unless they are a psychopath, a sociopath, or just naturally endure whatever comes.
And no, we are not talking about the airy-fairy men who imagine whatever.
It is ever a Darwinian dreamtime, and natural selection will sort it.

* * * *

You are the electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix,
Come to life, come to consciousness, come to imagination.

* * * *

True science does no harm.
We would not understand as much,
We would not have all the luxuries and toys,
But at least we might still be wandering in the garden.
Assuming, of course, we ceased breeding so much, so absurdly.
But is it possible for any cancer to stop before it kills its host and benefactor?
In the race for survival, who do You think is going win?
Hint: The garden always wins.

* * * *

The end of time would require the end of storytelling,
And the only way that can happen, will ever happen,
Is the extinction of every genus given over to such.

* * * *

No one is going to wake up in an entirely different life; no one ever has, no one ever will.
You are as set in your unique biological container of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
As every other life form that has wandered the face of this,
Or any other dust ball, across all creation.

* * * *

Existence in a nutshell:
In any life, no matter how simple, no matter how complex, there are an endless stream of decisions,

That lead to consequences that require new decisions, and on and on, choice after choice.
Every variety of agony, every variety of ecstasy, until finally, departure.
And what continues on, but the unborn-undying awareness;
Never even once, the time. imagination imagines.
Now is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The word is not the thing.
The note is not the melody.
The number is not the actuality.
The imagination is not the awareness.
The moment is not the perception.
The thought is not the now.
Truth is not a concept.
You are not You.

* * * *

Stories are easy to hear or read, and to remember and share.
They teach lessons about given cultures, and offer insights into human nature.
They may leave listeners, perhaps happier, perhaps more hopeful, perhaps more united, perhaps wiser.
No matter the time, no matter the geography, they are the foundation of the human paradigm.
Used rightly, they can create great futures; wrongly, they can disparage and destroy.

* * * *

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.
You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.

You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.
You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing You.

* * * *

Religions are for those afraid of death.
Who want their one and only life, to go on and on forever.
Just another facet of greed.

* * * *

You are creator of your cosmos, your world, your moment:
How can You ever be separate from the all-things-in-You?

* * * *

Discern the wisdom of insecurity,
The wisdom of vulnerability,
The wisdom of innocence,
The wisdom of virtue.
The wisdom of compassion.

* * * *

What a painful thing it can be,
For that sentience, your awareness has been, by nature-nurture, conditioned,
To experience the body's pain and suffering,
As a tree, its rings.

* * * *

You have absolutely no control over how others see You,
Other than to tolerate, or obliterate, all those differences.

* * * *

The real Jesus, assuming he really existed, died some 2000 spins around the sun ago.
Who knows how many millions, even billions, of imaginary ones, have existed since?

* * * *

The endless pretenses of vanity,
Do not make You more, do not make You greater, do not make You anything,

Other than in your wee little imaginary mind.

* * * *

Peel away all that clothing, all that hair, all that greasepaint, all that polish, all that jewelry.
Slice away the five sensory organs: the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh.
And You will be just another blob; just another crunchy-chewy-gooey creature.
No different than any other life form this spinning globe has ever spun.
All the egocentric pretenses that humankind harbors, are but absurd theater.

* * * *

You can never appease the many ghosts in your head.
In their universe, You are whatever they think You are,
And there is absolutely nothing You can do about it.

* * * *

We are reaping what we have in ignorance sewn, and dragging our magical garden down with us.
The wave is about to collapse into a chaotic tumult, beyond all control, beyond all hope.
Where we are, where You are, in that decline, in that fall, is at best, speculation.
And what to do, where to be, to survive, is unknowable ground for all.

* * * *

Awareness permeates all things, all illusions.
Any given universe is but a manifestation of quantum design,
In which the awareness, the infinite vastness of eternity, is witness to all, in all.

* * * *

Tyrannies are rarely displaced by anything but alternate trials and tribulation,
And egalitarian exceptions, likely only bubble into being for the briefest of whiles.

* * * *

How can You prove now; why should You have to?
How can You prove time; why should You have to?
How can You prove space; why should You have to?
How can You prove infinity; why should You have to?
How can You prove quantum; why should You have to?
How can You prove anything; why should You have to?
How can You prove everything; why should You have to?
How can You prove awareness; why should You have to?
How can You prove eternity; why should You have to?
How can You prove naught; why should You have to?
How can You prove You; why should You have to?
And as for some God, what would be the point?

* * * *

How seriously to take this dreamtime, how seriously to take your Self, is every moment a choice.
Whether to be an involved participant, or a joyful buddha, is all doable, in the illusion's quantum buffet.

* * * *

Do not doubt, do not crave, do not fear, do not dread.
Do not give in to the compulsions of passion.
Abide in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Imagining You are anything but the very right-here, very right-now awareness,
Is the Black Snake of ego, slithering through the mind, You imagine your own.

* * * *

Imagine the billions of journeys around our little star, it took for You to be here reading this.
And let us not even try to speculate, how this mystery even reached this moment.
Just breathe in, breathe out, the mystery, You, this very instant, are,
And allow the destined chips fall, where they will, in the great so it goes.

* * * *

What is it but another metaphor
– Idiom, simile, allegory, expression, symbol, image –
That no other culture, no future time, will ever even begin to comprehend.
All languages are but the dynamic – ever-changing, quickly-changing – gyrations of imagination.
It is all but impossible that any translation will exactly mirror any writer's intent.

* * * *

We have all played our touchy-feely-nature-nurture parts well; Best Actor Awards to all.
Everybody, applaud the infinite awareness peering out into their illusory universe.
Celebrate the one and only thespian, equally playing each and every role.

* * * *

Prey are predatory in their own way, and predators, prey, as well.
After all, it is an indelible, indivisible, quantum theater extraordinaire.
And there has never been even one creature that has survived,
For more than an iota of time's illusory continuum.
By one means or another, all evaporate,
Back into the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

You must be strong enough, tough enough, skillful enough, adaptive enough,
To survive, to endure, to flourish, upon the stage, into which You have been cast.

* * * *

Are seers the delusional ones for spouting all this? Or You, for not seeing it?
Or perhaps all, forever engaging in this fantastical dreamtime absurdity, at all?

* * * *

Whistle, while You daily push that boulder up the hill,
If You can find the right song, the right tune, the right chord,
The right harmony, the right tone, the right melody,
To make all the absurdity worthwhile.

* * * *

Sickness, injury, dying, are just other altered states of consciousness.
Less enjoyable than the voluntary subscriptions, but no less momentary.

* * * *

Becoming a conscious observer –
Witness, spectator, onlooker, bystander, eyewitness, watcher –
Makes for a road-less-travelled dream.

* * * *

Women think men are cute until they become men.
And how many men would very much prefer
The child she was, until she first bled.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is this mysterious awareness?
Where is this ephemeral nowness, this timeless right-here-right-now?
Is it in the frontal lobe? Is it in the top of the head? Is it in the entire brain?
How can any ever hope to capture it with any eloquent conclusion?
All any can do is be still enough, to discern it is all they are.

* * * *

And what will that look like, smell like, taste like, sound like, feel like,
In ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, or more years?

* * * *

Within the human paradigm, there are many predators, many prey.
All are equally fashioned through the nature-nurture genomic sequencing,
That it took to reach their allotted time in their Mother's garden womb.

* * * *

Is your dream motivated or indifferent? Driven or lackadaisical? Energetic or apathetic?
All fates find the same grave; will yours strike a note in history?
Or be resigned to an unmarked grave?

* * * *

Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Pfft!
Ad infinitum.

* * * *

To imbibe the clear elixir of eternal life, timeless life, momentary life, disengage the mind from time;

From all the memories of existence – even from the recollection of a moment ago –
As often as the ever-present attention can wrestle itself free,
From the insistent grip of imagination,
The creator of all that is time-bound and illusory.

* * * *

What a different world it would be if we two-leggeds,
Would just learn to keep our noses on their own faces.

* * * *

Challenging, if not all but impossible, to be entirely free of imagination,
For it is the engine of illusion, to which all humans are genetically inclined.

* * * *

Imagination, and all its memories, knowledge, history, metaphors … and drama,
Has a tendency to crash the party without notice, as often as inattention allows.

* * * *

Unless You just climbed out of a cattle car, and are in line for a shower,
Or are having trouble breathing, because there's a boot on your throat,
Or are in an ICU Unit, hooked up to machines, making funny noises,
Or are standing on a teetering block, with a noose around the neck,
Things are probably more okie-dokie than You may like to believe.

* * * *

Forms project an illusionary duality, that the indivisible quantum matrix in no way confirms.
Yet, even in realizing all this, You must still daily wander through the dreamscape.
Only in death, figuratively or literally, can the sensory mind-body,
Give itself over to the essence of the ever-present.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is awareness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, is awareness, not?

* * * *

It is an arduous flight to allow vanity wings.
There is no knowing what hardships will sally forth.
Far more serene to impart to others no unwarranted reflection,
For imagination is but an illusory player in this dream of space and time.
Wandering through life alone, relatively anonymous, has its trials and tribulations,
But the long-and-winding road less traveled, pathless less traveled,
Does not, in any way, necessitate a dream-bound audience.
You are as inwardly free as You allow your Self to be.

* * * *

Separated only in imagination's Shakespearian touchy-feely, space-time theater,
The crunchy-chewy-gooey vehicle will sooner or later fall victim to the Reaper's fell scythe.
But You, the awareness, You, the moment, You, the instantaneous, You, the ever-present right-here now;

You will ever remain, unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffaceable, interminable, timelessly infinite.
Some call it existential, nihilistic, but it is the reality in which all dreams come to fruition.
What You believe does not at all matter; mystery is what You are, it is what all are.
Dreamtime is a quantum matrix, in which the mystery, through imagination,
Equally plays all forms, all parts, in all the theaters across the abyss.

* * * *

The elephant in the room, standing right there, how can You not see it?
Neither wall nor spear nor snake nor tree nor fan nor rope, nor any other metaphor;
It stands alone for all to see, what there is to see, what there is to unsee,
Within and without all manifestation prior to imagination.

* * * *

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness of all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

* * * *

If You are concerned only with the ultimate truth, who said it, who did it –
What mask, what costume, what culture, what language, what geography, what time –
Is immaterial, irrelevant, inconsequential, of no importance, whatsoever.

* * * *

The less You cling to any given moment,
The less the dream will distract You from your eternal due;
The absoluteness You truly are, and are not.

* * * *

Ignore that imaginary world.
Become the awareness You are,
As often as attention allows.

* * * *

It is the post-traumatic stress of the given life, that inflames the mind-body,
To chemically electrocute its biology, into the genetic ocean of nature-nurture passions.
To endure the play rationally, with equanimity, is the challenge for all who wander the middle path.

* * * *

There is only the imaginary appearance of separate souls.
Awareness is the indivisible timelessness permeating all.

* * * *

Sun and moon, planets orbiting all about,
And the vast ocean of galaxies, even unseen beyond,
Have no preferences, compel no choices.
They shine equally for all.

* * * *

What will history call it?
The Great Alignment
The Great Reckoning
The Great Adjustment
The Great Fall
The Great Devaluation
The Great Collapse
The Great Extinction
The Great Disintegration
The Great Annihilation
The Great Extermination
The Great Decline
The Great Termination
The Great Correction
The Great Cascade
The Great Avalanche
The Great Retrenching
The Great Meltdown
The Great Dissolution
The Great Downfall
The Great Demise
The Great Andropocene
The Great Difference
The Great Exodus
The Great Depression
The Great Retreat
The Great Articulation
The Great Descent
The Great Apology
The Great Reduction
The Great Plummet
The Great Repression
The Great Extinction
The Great Desolation
The Great Undoing
The Great Departure
The Great Awakening

Step right up, folks!
Time machines for sale!
Get ‘em while they’re hot!

* * * *

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when You are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,
That You are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

* * * *

It is but an illusory, secular dream, to which only the chosen few –
Those inexorably drawn to the indivisible abyss –
Will truly, fully, ever awaken.

* * * *

Everything has been brought to You by imagination,
Keeper of the key to the time-bound illusion-delusion.

* * * *

You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral awareness.
You are the ephemeral intelligence.
You are the ephemeral astuteness.
You are the ephemeral compassion.
You are the ephemeral twinkling.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral right now.
You are the ephemeral awakeness.
You are the ephemeral here now.
You are the ephemeral alertness.
You are the ephemeral absurdity.
You are the ephemeral madness.
You are the ephemeral discrimination.
You are the ephemeral keenness.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral foolishness.
You are the ephemeral intuition.
You are the ephemeral moment.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral fluidity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.

You are the ephemeral flexibility.
You are the ephemeral instant.
You are the ephemeral insight.
You are the ephemeral now.
You are the ephemeral acuity.
You are the ephemeral jiffy.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral here.
You are the ephemeral perception.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral present.
You are the ephemeral passion.
You are the ephemeral dexterity.
You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral perceptiveness.
If You are thinking it, You are not being it.

* * * *

Violent behavior is largely learned, though breeding plays a factor.
Chances are, very few children are prone to the violent thoughts and behaviors,
That they may in abundance exhibit as adults, in the whirl of whatever world they participate.

* * * *

Any who discern their true nature are not followers.
How can any, fully discern the truth within,
And not be absolute, unto thy Self?

* * * *

How can space-time have any ultimate reality,
When it is founded upon the gravities, the chemistries, the temperatures,
The interactions, the dances, the vagaries, of suns and planets and moons, and all the dust about them.
Clocks, watches, calendars, are but temporal gauges of the relativity of illusion.

* * * *

What is this craving of our kind for meaning and purpose?
Why is it that existence, that the next breath, is not gift enough?

* * * *

Solving problems, creating solutions, is the keystone of the human paradigm.
Every other organism adapts to its world as nature-nurture prescribes in its allotted niche.
Humankind: the toolmakers, the craftsmen, the artists, the scholars, the kings, the servants, the slaves,
Fashion their manifest worlds, as imagination, through genetic lottery, dictates,

And quantum, through every illusionary device, allows,

* * * *

There truly is no point to existence, but the omnipresent moment,
In which the timeless awareness, perceives a sensory universe,
So touchy-freely-three-dimensional real, that minds are easily bent,
Into, with nary a doubt, playing whatever part, nature-nurture has deigned.
Only rare lifeforces are called to doubt the kaleidoscoping dream unfolding about them;
Such that their courses are reset, and the true game afoot.
A matrix thing, to be sure.

* * * *

All the sentient forms that have ever witnessed your existence
Have very different, very unique, very solitary versions,
And You, but one, of the who-knows-how-many, witnessing them.
And all, spun into the one and only faceless You, within-without all creation.

* * * *

You each and every moment decide, whether or not,
To engage in the temporal, or the eternal;
In the tangible, or the ethereal.

* * * *

No creation,
No sensory-born playground,
No amount of imagination in any possible dimension,
As touchy-feely-whatever real, as it may seem,
Can ever be more than a passing dream.

* * * *

Once that little, imaginary, conditioned, inner voice, gets its tongue, it is ever a challenge to shut it up.
There is no end, but death, to the ways and means, imagination can ecstasy-and-agony its imaginary self.
And awareness, ever-present, ever-still, ever witnessing, the nature-nurture mind-body illusion-delusion.

* * * *

If You are seeking god, look to the awareness within.
Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.
Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.
Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.
Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.
Kind of a matrix thing.

* * * *

If You are anything less than the rationality of pure awareness,
Then your imaginary cosmos has You in its clutches, yet again.

* * * *

Death is inevitable,

Perhaps even mid-sentence and exceedingly embarrassing,
Were You around to care.

* * * *

If You were God, do You really think You would design every particle of your creation?
No, You would probably fashion your Self into dice, and throw yourself out into the abyss.
Let creation, every moment, spin itself; let creation sally forth, however nature-nurture deigns.
How much more interesting to play every part of whatever is in store.
And irony and paradox, ever at the helm.

* * * *

Others have always capitalized on vanity's never wanting to exit center stage.
Or at least, to not be forgotten, overlooked, misplaced.
Forever, if such a time is possible.

* * * *

Still your mind.
Eternity is that stillness.
It is that simple.

* * * *

Conscience is what the given nature-nurture frame of reference allows.
Conscience is what the given nature-nurture frame of reference can bear.

* * * *

Mystery is its name.
Wonder is its game.
Stillness is its frame.

* * * *

Blame lead apes for the state of the world, if You like,
The path of chaos and destruction the human paradigm has taken,
Really falls upon the shoulders of the toolmakers, the architects, the builders,
Whose minds only rarely pause to reflect upon the wayward course,
They have inflicted upon the natural world's web of life.
The spin of greed and vanity have but one fate.

* * * *

Every moment, a decision.
Every moment, a slice of process.
Every moment, the kaleidoscoping now.
Eternity will not be undone.

* * * *

Language is the mechanism that imagination uses in ways and means beyond counting,
To bind the awareness in every contortion that frames of reference manage to contrive.

* * * *

Loss, regret, guilt, sorrow, grief, distress, defeat, concern, despair,
Agony, doubt, disbelief, qualms, dread, misfortune, mistrust, misery, fear,
Are among the endless ways and means the suffering of consciousness manifests.
A rolodex of tormenting memories, of recollections, that imagination ever regurgitates,
When there are a dearth of real and pressing problems for the problem-solver mind to solve.
Conscious breathing holds the mind aloof from unnecessary drama and intrigue.
Living, as if You never born, as if You will never die, is s rare feat.

* * * *

The one-percenters have, since the jungles of long ago, set the tone and tempo,
To which all the puppets below dance, however might-makes-right dictates and allows.
Any well-rewarded, ranking position, is determined by whatever they and the many minions value,
Which statistically boils down to avarice and power and vanity; to a pile of gold,
And whatever entitlements are at hand in the given time and place.
It is patterns, not history, that play out ever again.

* * * *

How much of too little does it take, to be too much?
And how is enough, only never enough for so many?

* * * *

You are not a super hero nor a super sleuth nor a super spy nor a super anything.
You are not even a crunchy-chewy-gooey globule bound by the airs of vanity and greed.
You are the awareness – untainted, unburdened, unswayed – by the idolatries of consciousness.
Do not succumb to the illusion-delusion, that the imaginary mind-body every moment imagines anew.

* * * *

Unless You are called by vanity and greed, to make a crowd-pleasing show of yourself,
It is relatively easy, unproblematic, to remain somewhat anonymous in this dream.
To live it out, as simply and profoundly, as walking the razor's edge allows.

* * * *

Feeling sorry for your imaginary little self –
For the mind, for the body, for the other, for the world, for the cosmos,
For all the pain and suffering that biology and imagination have inflicted upon You again and again,
For the illusion-delusion dream of time, You hold so dear, feel so important –
Try not to go there.

* * * *

You must still the mind – rid it of the vagaries of imagination – to engage the moment absolutely.
You must be the awareness You truly are, to not be hypnotized by the whimsies of illusion's delusions.

* * * *

There many ways cards can be dealt,
By the powers-that-be and their minions,
To align the masses to their point and purpose.
Every variety of carrot and stick is ever on any given table.
The victors, the puppeteers, the masters of the game,

Neither know, nor care, that You ever existed,
As anything more than grist for their mills.
A harsh truth, but the truth, nonetheless.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative; that is for the dream.
You are playing the part that all the vanities will remember, until they do not.
All dreamtime histories are replete, unto their entireties, with forgotten everything, sooner or later.
Imagination is but a flickering candle in the quantum wind.
Its reality is highly suspect.

* * * *

All any can do, to live out the dream presented,
Is to play the persona, however nature-nurture and imagination allow.
Rest assured, every other will have their version of You,
To cast humility upon your self-flattery.

* * * *

Nature-nurture conditioning inevitably fashions all life forms into self-perpetuating automatons.
Even the most astute, even the most resolute, are bound to their fate,
Which may well be why You are reading this.

* * * *

This is the role, character, protagonist, You have, through the wind of nature-nurture,
And its tango with imagination, fashioned, and quantum-impromptu played.
To be the awareness, You indelibly are, is life's greatest challenge.
Sisyphus looks up, sighs, and begins the daily ascent.
Will he whistle while he shoulders the boulder, is the question.

* * * *

It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will always be a mystery.
Why resolve it? Why personalize it? Why dread it? Why measure it? Why worship it? Why dogmatize it?
Why pretend it is something that can be named, can be grasped, can be altered, can be saved?
Why play make-believe games, pretending to know what can never be known?
It is but dreamtime illusion, You are but dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

It is the quantum's kaleidoscoping that generates the illusory dream of space and time.
It is the quantum movement through awareness, as clouds through a sky,
That simultaneously creates and preserves and destroys.
The challenge is to, in every moment possible,
Resume the absoluteness, the You, that is the unborn-undying mystery.
You are not the illusory dreamtime; You are not the playhouse, in which You wander every part.

* * * *

Even if You are in their fangs, or beneath their guillotine blade falling,
Why should You fear or dread or care at all, what any other will say or do?
Why should there be anything but the pure awareness, the witness, witnessing.

What will be, will be, and it will be endured, until death steps into the last moment.

* * * *

Always a good habit, a good discipline, to not be too impulsive, to not be too reactive,
For those whose preference it is to avoid the agonies and ecstasies of unnecessary drama.

* * * *

If You are enticed into passion in any of its countless playgrounds,
Into any of its countless electromagnetic-chemical swirls,
Then You would do well to get back to the moment.

* * * *

The road to absurdity is potholed with every variety of idyllic ideal.
The streets are not paved with gold in any real world, before or hence.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative, your own projection, your own propaganda, your own myth.
That is for the dream to play out, however it will, through all the perceptions about You.
"Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

* * * *

And what point, and what purpose, can there possibly be,
To that little piece of trivia rolling around in that noggin?

* * * *

Imagination, in all its vanity and avarice, will never consent, will never allow, You,
To be the pure, unadulterated awareness; to be as tranquil as a still pond.
As the Sirens did Ulysses, it will ever beckon the inattentive.
Using any hook, any crook, it will draw You back,
To the shoals of its imaginary creation.
Death, figuratively or literally, is the final solution.

* * * *

It might have been this, it might have been that.
When all there are is variables, when constants are few and far between.
How can there be any certainty?

* * * *

Dominos are falling across the board, and likely will for the rest of time.
Our species has passed through the apex of what the human paradigm had to offer.
The only question, the only curiosity, is how long it will manage to stave off the fated die-off.
Darwinism has always been the way of this spinning garden mystery.
And were it not for tool-making endowments beyond all pales,
Malthus would have long ago been deemed a prophet.

* * * *

Why does the space-time continuum seem to pass so much more quickly as we age?
Perhaps because the gradual loss of innocence, the gradual domestication of mind and body,

Have left us always describing and labeling and explaining and clarifying and justifying and defending
And measuring and counting and gauging and evaluating and ranking and appraising and judging,
And the moment, the awareness, through which imagination streams, is but rarely discerned.

* * * *

You have wandered your world, your cosmos, your illusion, your delusion, so many ways, so many times.
Do You ever pause to observe it anew? Do You ever perceive this one and only timeless moment?
Do You ever see all the colors and shapes and textures and whimsies of light and shadow?
Do You ever taste the flavors, hear the sounds, smell the scents, feel the sensations?
Or are You so ensnared, so confined, by desire and fear and dread, by all your millstones,
That your innocence, your presence, is forever lost to imagination's plays of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Take moments now and again in all the busy-ness, to reflect on the illusory mystery that it is,
And perhaps give your Self over, at least occasionally, to that evasive quality of mind called detachment.
Very challenging for any two-legged, because the dream seems so every moment very real.
And we are all so absorbed, so engaged, so attached, to our given dreamtimes.
There are no masters, only beginners, always beginning anew.

* * * *

Quality breathing is an awareness enabler.
So much bother boils down to oxygen deprivation.
Returning to the ever-present is the challenge, the razor's edge.
Not an easy calling to become a conscious witness to the mystery we all are.
To have taken the ruby-slipper red pill launches a destiny none could ever have anticipated.
The blue pill would perhaps have made it all so much easier, in so many ways.
But alas, there is no going back; alas, there is no rewind button.
All life is born to live out whatever fate the seed calls.
All any can do, is do it as well as possible.
Breathe it in, breathe it out.
Be here now.
You.

* * * *

Why does it matter so, why does it matter at all,
Who-what-where-why-when-how, others witness You?
Why are You, why is our kind, so mesmerized by our vanity?
Is it possible to wander unconditionally in the midst of all the fanfare?
Is it possible to wander in an utterly detached, disinterested, uninvolved, state?
How far would our species have come, could our species have come, were we all alone?
Despite the very apparent, very mysterious, very ineffable, fact, that we are, all, unutterably alone.
This momentary awareness, this now, and its absoluteness, its indivisibility, its solitude,
Is very much the same, within each and every one, throughout all creation.
All the other, is but a quantum illusion, a quantum delusion,
In minds given over to imagination's whims.

* * * *

The scars, the stresses, in mind and body, are inflicted by all the other.

By the universe that the senses and imagination have created.
By the dream that has bound the awareness You are.

* * * *

You are an electromagnetic, biological phenomenon; a beast, a savage,
Domesticated to serve whatever tradition, natural selection has spawned You.
Is it possible to reverse engineer the conditioned mind-body You imagine You are,
To such a degree, as to become the infant, the innocence, the tabula rasa,
You were before the dreamtime took You by the scruff of the neck?
It is a question that compels focused, undivided attention.
A laser, burning away the dross of imagination,
Until only the awareness remains.

* * * *

Is that stomach, the mind-body's fuel tank, really empty?
Or is that just the mind-tongue playing refrigerator games?

* * * *

The difference between software apps, is akin to that between friends and acquaintances.
Keep them straight, keep them well-ordered, keep them clear, and You will be better served.

* * * *

Fear of disapproval or banishment or torture or death, notwithstanding,
Why should it matter even one smidgeon what any other thinks of You?

* * * *

For the up and coming, saturated in every conceivable technology,
Intelligence, wit, cunning, ingenuity, shrewdness, talent, skill, adeptness,
Are going to be far less the issue, than entitlement and work ethic and slothfulness.
Believing one deserves it all, without having to trudge through the sludge,
Has more than likely never been a successful survival strategy.
Darwin and Malthus are shaking their dusty heads.

* * * *

Accelerating exponential is well underway.
Everything is going to get uglier and uglier and uglier.
In every possible way, more and more quickly.
Like a fire in a theater with no exits.

* * * *

Whether aristocratic or plebeian, whether high up the food chain, or down on the lower rungs,
An intelligent, inquisitive, disciplined, pragmatic, agnostic, energetic, courageous, attentive mind,
Are among the secular attributes required to go far and wide and deep in this mysterious mystery.

* * * *

The challenge with the scar tissue from all the wounds,
You have in mind and body garnered in your many adventures,
Is to not let them scald and fester and stiffen, what innocence remains.

* * * *

Can the currents of quantum ever cease?
Can the universe ever collapse back into nothing?
Are questions philosopher-mystic-seers might contemplate,
And perhaps a collection of scientific and engineering sorts, as well.

* * * *

What is the sourness of dread, but unpleasant chemistry.
Circuitry gone awry, in the ever-churning, oft-errant mind.

* * * *

Hallucinogens have no doubt played a significant role in the eternal quest, in all times, in all geographies.
To see the mystery clearly, one is not required to use the bounty the garden has used to entice us forward,
But they are useful tools, that can be used in conjunction, with whatever wandering opens the inner eye.

* * * *

How much less ignorant of the mystery are You, really,
Than the moment You came out of the womb?
Many more words and symbols, yes,
But really no less ignorant.

* * * *

The grand strands of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) that have created You,
Are only concerned that You generate as many offspring as possible, by any means.
Whether or not any given strand carries on, is always subject to natural selection downstream.
Ethics has never been an issue, in the one and only immortal quest, truly in play.
The constructs of imagination, of illusion-delusion, notwithstanding.

* * * *

How can any ever-streaming moment be auspicious or trivial or boring,
Or any other illusionary-delusionary notion, born of the imaginary mind?

* * * *

You are what You this moment are; that sentient awareness, that sentient awakeness.
Nothing before, nor hence, matters, but to imagination, and all its time-bound trickery.

* * * *

Instinct was the baseline before imagination magnified it to heights and breadths beyond reckoning.
To be unaware of how it has shaped human history, is to submit to a power that embraces extinction.

* * * *

Sooner or later, life will take You by the scruff of the neck,
And bash You proper, in whatever way your nature-nurture dream has in store.
And it will not be a once and only time, guaranteed.
Try not to take it personal.

* * * *

All creation is the same quantum mystery.
All sentience is the same awareness.
All sentience is the same You.

* * * *

No matter how crunchy, how chewy, how gooey,
What can You expect from a blob of protoplasm, really?

* * * *

From the ultimate standpoint, from the eye of the mystery's standpoint,
What makes your biological array any greater or lesser than any other's?
Only vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity separates it little self from the source of all.

* * * *

Space and time are less about being a measurable continuum,
Than they are, an immeasurable, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum medium.
An ineffable creation, enabled by a neurological set, evolved in a biological cauldron,
From which imagination plays out never-ending Shakespearian theater of nature-nurture design.

* * * *

Has there ever been any other species,
Born of this garden world, born of this quantum mystery,
That has imagined, has pretended, with such great effort, to be so many things,
That it is not, that it has never been, that it will never be?

* * * *

Be wary You do not become so absorbed in your imaginary self,
That You assume everybody else should be, too.
Notoriety is a dubious quest,
And groupies cultivate many dramas.

* * * *

In the aging process, the weight of memory can cause a ceaseless tug-of-war,
Between imagination and awareness, between the dreamtime and the moment.

* * * *

Waking up to another day of illusory possibilities,
Another day of illusory compliance,
Another day of illusory philosophical observation,
Another day of roaming about the illusory rabbit hole of imagination,
For which You have whatever illusory enthusiasm, your ethereal spirit naturally summons.

* * * *

Winnie-the-Pooh
Tigger
Kanga
Eeyore
Piglet

Roo
Which caricature might You be today?

* * * *

Getting older is about compensating for the loss of youthful energy and capacity.
For the loss of nature-nurture entitlements, that gradually or quickly fade,
Through sickness and injury, and general wear and tear upon both mind and body.
Until the mortal frame inevitably reaches whatever dissolution the sands of time prescribe.

* * * *

If there were somehow several hundred clones of You as an infant, randomly scattered all about the world,
In every variety of culture, every variety of language, every variety of socio-economic orientation,
And those replicas, totally unaware of each other, were brought together at some point,
What would the muster be like? What would be the reaction of all involved?
How similar would they be? How different would they be?
How well, or how badly, would they get along?
And how quickly might they pull out the steely knives?

* * * *

Awareness abides, untouched, whatever form and function is at play.
It is ever the same timeless witness, ever the same intelligence,
Ever the same multi-dimensional backdrop, to all creation.

* * * *

Space and time can come to an end,
And eternal awareness, regain the helm,
If You manage to disregard the sensory input,
And allow the mind to be very still.

* * * *

Delve as deeply as one might, the mystery ever remains a mystery.
Ultimately, no one really has any choice, but to do whatever needs doing:
Breathe in, breathe out, hunt, gather, eat, pee, poop, breed, ponder, sleep, repeat.
Life need not be as complex as vanity and greed would have us all imagine and believe.

* * * *

Prior to all creation,
Prior to all forms,
Prior to all functions,
Prior all plays of consciousness,
You are.

* * * *

We are all blobs, some gifted by natural selection with veneers that entice us to forget,
The reservoir of crunchy-chewy-gooey, sloshing and gurgling beneath a coating of dead cells,
Otherwise known as skin and hair and nails, buttressed by the five sensory accoutrements.

* * * *

Stories, narratives, chronicles, sagas, memoirs, accounts, tales, fairytales, legends, myths,
Are the primary ways and means that imagination perpetually, unabashedly utilizes,
To commandeer the purity of awareness, ever still in its immaculate moment.

* * * *

So, what is it You think You are looking for? What is it You think You might find, will find?
Unless You are no longer a seeker, unless You have already figured out the irony-paradox absurdity,
Any answer, any guess, any speculation, means You already have some sort of assumption,
And that means You may not be as serious as You would have yourself believe.

* * * *

To beat any habit, to change any habit, to minimize any habit,
It must be scrutinized with a disciplined, momentary exactness.

* * * *

No matter how much You learn, no matter how much You study, discover, analyze, realize;
No matter how known, how affluent, how powerful, how influential, You might become;
You are very much quantum-equal from the elemental, indivisible, matrix perspective.
All the vanity, all the pride, to which humanity inclines, is as empty as empty ever is.

* * * *

Alice
The White Rabbit
The Mouse
The Dodo
The Lory
The Eaglet
The Duck
Pat
Bill the Lizard
Puppy
The Caterpillar
The Duchess
The Cheshire Cat
The Hatter
The March Hare
The Dormouse
The Queen of Hearts
The King of Hearts
The Knave of Hearts
The Gryphon
The Mock Turtle
Which caricature might You be today?

* * * *

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.

Imagine having never seen an image.
Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

* * * *

What is the universe of any life form?
What is the universe of a bee?
What is the universe of a hawk?
What is the universe of a sparrow?
What is the universe of a cockroach?
What is the universe of a tiger?
What is the universe of a virus?
What is the universe of a frog?
What is the universe of a dandelion?
What is the universe of a crow?
What is the universe of a shark?
What is the universe of an elephant?
What is the universe of a bat?
What is the universe of an ant?
What is the universe of a butterfly?
What is the universe of a whale?
What is the universe of a deer?
What is the universe of a microbe?
What is the universe of a snake?
What is the universe of a spider?
What is the universe of a plant?
What is the universe of a moth?
What is the universe of a lobster?
What is the universe of a bear?
What is the universe of a seagull?
What is the universe of a minnow?
What is the universe of a clam?
What is the universe of a dolphin?
What is the universe of a tree?
What is the universe of a snail?
What is the universe of a seal?
What is the universe of a buffalo?
What is the universe of a cow?
What is the universe of a chicken?
What is the universe of a pig?
What is the universe of a salmon?
What is the universe of a badger?
What is the universe of an octopus?
What is the universe of a kangaroo?
What is the universe of a panda?

What is the universe of a gnat?
What is the universe of a pike?
What is the universe of a rat?
What is the universe of a worm?
What is the universe of a guppy?
What is the universe of a owl?
What is the universe of a tarantula?
What is the universe of a sloth?
What is the universe of a wolf?
What is the universe of a giraffe?
What is the universe of a starfish?
What is the universe of an otter?
What is the universe of a penguin?
What is the universe of an alligator?
What is the universe of a mushroom?
What is the universe of a salamander?
What is the universe of any human being?
No matter the form, no matter the sensory input,
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.
Every organism, absolutely unique; all, the same timeless mystery.

* * * *

Will that be the last time You think that?
Will that be the last time You say that?
Will that be the last time You do that?
Will that be the last time You see that?
Will that be the last time You hear that?
Will that be the last time You taste that?
Will that be the last time You smell that?
Will that be the last time You feel that?
Will that be the last time You read that?
Will that be the last time You write that?
Will that be the last time You discern that?
Will that be the last time You wonder that?
Will that be the last time You manipulate that?
Will that be the last time You calculate that?
Will that be the last time You draw that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You sculpt that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You paint that?
Will that be the last time You dance that?
Will that be the last time You play that?
Will that be the last time You covet that?
Will that be the last time You like that?
Will that be the last time You love that?
Will that be the last time You hate that?
Will that be the last time You travel there?

Will that be the last time You walk there?
Will that be the last time You run there?
Will that be the last time You sit there?
Will that be the last time You eat that?
Will that be the last time You cook that?
Will that be the last time You trade that?
Will that be the last time You print that?
Will that be the last time You yell that?
Will that be the last time You whisper that?
Will that be the last time You create that?
Will that be the last time You preserve that?
Will that be the last time You destroy that?
Will that be the last time You anything that?

* * * *

A Short List of Modern Entitlements
(Not necessarily in order of importance)

Food and drink
Security
Running water
Septic systems
Garbage collection
Retirement homes
Pensions
Social security
Disability
Unemployment
Welfare
Satellites
Building codes
Electricity
Weights and measures
Oil
Glass
Metals
Plastics
Clothing
Ovens
Refrigeration
Air conditioning
Heating
Air filtration
Financial systems
Education
Science
Technology
Military services

Police services
Fire services
Health services
Doctors
Nurses
Paramedics
Hosptials
Ambulances
Medications
Dentists
Jails and prisons
Bars and nightclubs
Coffee shops
Service organizations
Religious organizations
Insurance
Computers
Phones
Mobile phones
Televisions
Internet
Wi-Fi
Touch screens
Casinos
Bluetooth
Streaming
Online banking
Online gaming
Lightbulbs
Batteries
Vehicles
Lotteries
Scratchers
Showers and bathtubs
Roads and freeway
Sidewalks
Stop lights
Streetlamps
Retail outlets
Restaurants
Bicycles
Public transport
Water drainage
Inventions
Tools
Weapons
Architecture
Building codes

Building materials
Toys
Games
Debt
Machines
Democracy
Rule of Law
Monetary system
Graphics
Fans
Media
Music
Software
Algorithms
Consumables
Office supplies
Toilets and urinals
Kitchen utensils

And who knows how long a more detailed list would be?

* * * *

Every mind has a story, every group mind, a chronicle.
Some myths even campfire their way down the mirage of dreamtime,
Until they, too, are forever forgotten, forever adrift, in the moment they were given.
Dreamtime is like that: loyal to all, loyal to none.
Go away, Kid, ya bother me.

* * * *

The awareness that You are, is right-here-right-now.
In what other quantum dimension, in what other imaginary dream,
Would it be any different? Could it be any different? Should it be any different?

* * * *

The body's chemical responses to the world and all its many threats, real and imagined,
Will drag the mind-body back into the emotional depths anytime it is allowed.
Detachment is not easy, even for the most indomitable philosopher.

* * * *

With the advent of the tribal mindset as a key factor in the rise of the human species,
Civilization has made us all subject to the will of others to one degree or another.
Even the greatest tyrants are subordinate to those who grant them their throne.

* * * *

If You do not much care for your recording,
See how difficult it is to change it,
Much less erase it.

* * * *

You must leave all doubt behind, to be your truest Self.
If You wish to be The One of the mystery, it is not enough to act like the one.
You must be The One, and there can be no doubt, because doubt causes chaos and one's own demise.

* * * *

Nothing any mind-body has ever, or will ever, devise,
Takes it any closer, than the moment You now reside.

* * * *

The one-percenters of ancient times might well forfeit their worlds,
For the entitlements we, in these modern times, have at our fingertips.

* * * *

Why would it possibly matter if You have one guru, or many?
That would be the same lie, as a man being content, with just one woman,
Or a woman being content with just one flower from a meadow brimming with flowers.
There are many teachers, many women, many meadows,
And many choices in all.

* * * *

The problem-solving monkey-mind has evolved through natural selection since life's beginning.
In its unassailable patterning, in its ceaseless hunter-gatherer quest for problems to solve,
It can, in some drama-laden lives, be prone to creating them out of little or nothing.
Oftentimes, of a perpetual nature; oftentimes, leap-frogging between many.
To employ the given mind as the as-needed tool nature intended, requires an attentive wit.
An intelligence, to which, as history has again and again shown, more than a few, have little or no access.

* * * *

The senses are always drawing You out to play,
In this imaginary world, in this dream of space and time.
To disregard them is the big challenge, for all who would linger,
In the ever-present awareness, this one and only moment,
That all really are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Issuing a death sentence, is either about either being hungry,
Or no longer wanting someone or something in your world.

* * * *

Lists are a most excellent way to keep all variety of things-to-do from rolling around in ye-old noggin.
You will get to 'em when You get to 'em; get to 'em when You have time and inclination.
And will not have to bother trying to remember, nor worry about forgetting.
A very pragmatic, natural-born-organizer sort of thing to do.
Takes a little discipline, but that is very much a survival tool, as well.

* * * *

If mind-body chemistry is awry, there are many ways to alter it.

Explore what aligns the spirit with the container,
And hold fast, as necessity bids.

* * * *

Sages, seers, prophets, oracles, and other individuals of the doubting sort,
Are radicals, anarchists, insurgents, mutineers, revolutionaries,
In the reclamation of awareness to its rightful throne.

* * * *

Dread is a problem-maker, a worry-maker, a sorrow-maker.
To dissolve its weight, and all the tribulations it spins,
Requires an exceedingly clear and present mind.

* * * *

Infinity is not a number.
Infinity is not a word.
Infinity is not a time.
Infinity is not a space.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not a sound.
Infinity is not a sight.
Infinity is not a taste.
Infinity is not a smell.
Infinity is not a sensation.
Infinity is not great.
Infinity is not small.
Infinity is not a distance.
Infinity is not a concept.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not an emotion.
Infinity is not a thought.
Infinity is not anything.
Infinity is everything.
Infinity is nothing.

* * * *

The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The algorithm!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!

The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!
The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!
The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!
The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!
The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!
The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!

The tribalism! The tribalism!
The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!
The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

* * * *

I am mystery.
You are mystery.
We are all mystery.
Everything is mystery.
Every no-thing is mystery.
There is nothing not mystery.
Give up all attempts to know it.
Let go all that You think You know.
Inhale the timeless-spaceless moment.
It is the virtue, the integrity, You truly are.

* * * *

Some blobs are slimy.
Some blobs are gooey.
Some blobs are chewy.
Some blobs are crunchy.
Same quantum essence, all.

* * * *

Work on remembering who You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering what You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering where You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering when You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering why You really are, and are not.
Work on remembering how You really are, and are not.

* * * *

Without the mind-body,
What is wet, what is dry?
What is hot, what is cold?
What is loud, what is quiet?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?
What is coarse, what is smooth?
What is harsh, what is gentle?
What is any now-soon-then?
Without illusion its game?

* * * *

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever You please,
The same mystery is in all.

* * * *

Infinity is not a concept, nor is it a number, nor is it a symbol, nor it is anything else.
It is not something the mind-body can ever in any way grasp.
It is the mystery; it can only be,
And You must surrender everything to discern it.

* * * *

We are blobs; we are all the progeny of blobs.
Our primordial antecedents were merely gooey, slimy.
But natural selection, lots of time, and no lack, no end, of horror,
Made us crunchy and chewy, as well; definitely, something to be vain about,
And ceaselessly, without qualm, make as much ado about nothing, as imagination allows.

* * * *

Why all the demons? Why do You allow them into your mind?
Why do You allow them to haunt You? Why do You allow them to torture You?
Are You waiting for some deity, some mortal deputy, to save You?
Cast them out, put them behind You, be free of time.
You are Self, You are bound by nothing.

* * * *

Deal with your post-traumatic stress as a sensation, a vibration,
Rather than all the thoughts and feelings, that imagination ever ignites upon.
The challenge is to, at least every now and again, detach from the mind-body dreamtime.
Still the mind, be the awareness, be the moment, free of all the agonies and ecstasies, existence exacts.
It may or may not be easy, to discern and be, this most simple beingness;
Attachment is a magnet, that holds all in its orbit.
But it never hurts to practice.

* * * *

No matter how many lectures You attend,
No matter how many books and articles You read,
No matter how many movies and documentaries You see,

No matter how many thinkers You talk with in the here and there,
You are still, every moment, very much on your own.
The ineffable mystery, exploring its Self.

* * * *

What human beings have done for power and fame and fortune and revenge,
Throughout all its history, in every geography, is terrifying beyond all reckoning.
And the future every-moment streaming, very much the same, if not more so.

* * * *

How to dissolve the binds of post-traumatic stress,
That permeate any given mind-body like rings in a tree,
Requires a meditative attentiveness, challenging to maintain.
We are all captive in our biological cauldrons, prisoners of destiny,
Coded with whatever history has been written in the sands of imagination.

* * * *

It is, and is not, as You imagine it to be.
The true revolution is freeing the awareness You are,
From the imagination that has imprisoned it.

* * * *

All those voices yammering away in your head, day-in-day-out.
How do You shut them off, how do You become what You truly are,
But by earnestly wrestling the wheel from their imaginary grip.

* * * *

Even if there are dimensions beyond all constraints, beyond all conceivable bounds,
It is still the same ineffable, indivisible mystery, at the core of all.
And all are, surely, no less illusory than this one.
I mean, yawn and double-yawn.

* * * *

Find that space, that clarity, that innocence,
Before all the demons moved in, and usurped the awareness,
And bound it in imagination, the space-time that is but quantum sleight of hand.

* * * *

This is the first and last moment, this moment will ever be.
Do it full, do it complete, do it well; give it your full attention.

* * * *

The life You live will endure many changes between birth and death.
A long view is not a bad thing, if You wish to live a long and healthy existence.
It is challenging for youthful exuberance to apply moderation,
But it will be much-appreciated by You later,
As You are pondering your time,
Hopefully well-lived.

* * * *

Clinging to all those memories, whatever they may be,
Where does that get You, where does that get anyone, really?
But the same dust-to-dust, as every other creature small to large.

* * * *

Always interesting to watch what more than a few will sell their souls for,
And suffer the hypocrisy in bars, confessionals, and psychiatric couches.

* * * *

This is the first and last breath, breathe it.
This is the first and last sight, see it.
This is the first and last sound, hear it.
This is the first and last taste, taste it.
This is the first and last smell, smell it.
This is the first and last touch, touch it
This is the first and last breath, breathe it.

* * * *

Just wait, as patiently, as calmly, as possible,
And the best solution will often make itself apparent.
Assuming, of course, a perceptive, rational mind.

* * * *

Destroy all the knowledge.
Destroy all opinions.
Destroy the other.
Destroy the world.
Destroy the cosmos.
Destroy all the creation.
Here You are, right here, right now.

* * * *

What You see right-here-right-now,
Will never be what You see right-here-right-now, a moment hence.
Change is the constant construct.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery, the same awareness, the same eye,
Swathed in a mortal container, with which we all identify,
And sustain, in whatever way nature-nurture has in dreamtime ordained.
It is part, a fate, a destiny, a dream, an illusion, we must all together, all alone, endure.

* * * *

Some may truly believe they can rhetorically, pretentiously, irreverently, debate the sciences,
But they cannot debate the quantum physics upon which true science is founded,
Upon which the indivisible nature is codified in every particle,

Across all whatever this mystery is, and is not.
The true law is not man-made, and those who violate true law –
Or their progeny, their tribe, their world, their cosmos – will suffer the consequences.

* * * *

A dream created by quantum through awareness.
Is the quantum cosmos created by the quantum mind?
Or is the quantum mind fashioned by the quantum cosmos?
Or do they simultaneously metamorphose together?
Only the mystery knows, and it is not telling.
And awareness, serene witness to it all.

* * * *

Through the tribalism, the groupthink, that runs through our bones, the tool-makers, and their merry band,
Have inexorably, gracelessly – with unutterable lack of foresight – steered this Eden toward extinction.
We have in every way, twisted, tortured, destroyed, this garden that birthed our rendering of cancer.
And whether, or not, she survives her creation, the human species is already too extinct to know.

* * * *

Do not blame awareness for the maelstrom of imagination.
It is consciousness alone that is the upwelling of all that is absurdity,
In this theater-in-the-round, playing out on an obscure side-stage of nothingness.
Like the sky, awareness is immaculate, unblemished, blameless, for any storms passing through.
If there is anything to be blamed, if there is a fall guy in this tale, it is surely inattention.

* * * *

Odds are that imagination will always be lurking about,
Waiting for any opening to distract You from the eternal moment,
From the timeless awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
Until those occasional moments, in which full attention kicks in,
And the real You awakens in the moment You ever are.

* * * *

It is not the eyes, nor the ears, nor the tongue, nor the nose, nor the flesh,
That differentiate the sights, the sounds, the tastes, the smells, the sensations.
Without mind, there would be no world, no cosmos, by which to be daily enticed.

* * * *

Science has had quite a long slog wandering the helter-skelter of absurdity,
Of ignorance and superstition and tradition, bound together in imaginary minds.

* * * *

Any rule of law, no matter how codified, is an arbitrary thing.
Justice is always based on scales made of might-makes-right.

* * * *

Another talking head, doing the circuit, trying to make a buck, promoting yet another book.
How is it anyone even begins to believe this madhouse can be somehow be made sane?

The Titanic, even be one degree turned; the fate of Easter Island somehow averted.
Consciousness is well on its way to the abyss; its brief window, rapidly closing.

* * * *

Meiosis, the mutation, the springboard, to this indivisible, indelible, ineffable, timeless moment.
Natural selection, the spontaneous artist, using the electromagnetic spectrum and quantum mechanics,
As its pallet, its brush, its paints, its facades, all playing out, right-here-right-now, within and without You.

* * * *

Pain and suffering can foster an anger, that can foster a cruelty,
That can seek distraction by fostering pain and suffering in others.
It is a harsh cycle that only chain-breaking reflection can avert.
Even the most hardened psychopath can change the choices.

* * * *

Stick around in this dreamtime for as long as it works for You,
And then depart as quickly, as quietly, as painlessly, as mind and mood and circumstances allow.
Or stick around and suffer the likely bitter end, only too happy to play out.

* * * *

Odds are, a few deep breaths,
Will be a great aid in solving most problems,
And perhaps, prevent a few, as well.

* * * *

It does not really matter how You die, to anyone but You,
And your say in the matter, is, every moment,
Running shorter on time.

* * * *

It is but an imaginary quantum space-time-dream-time that has enticed You,
Conditioned You, trained You, bound You, into really and truly believing, it real and true.
It is totally on You, to awaken to the true reality, the true You, the awareness beneath all surfaces.

* * * *

Regrets are a sorrow no mind easily dispels.
It is a very challenging thing to forgive oneself,
For all the pain that vanity again and again endures.

* * * *

How many generations did it take since life's first etching,
To finally reach the genomic sequence, You now inhabit?

* * * *

Focus as closely as You can, on each and every breath.
See how long before imagination cuts in,
And the dance again begins?

* * * *

No moment can be undone, what is done is done, no point looking back.
If You are pleased with what happened, do it again; many times, if possible.
If You are not satisfied with an outcome, do not, if at all possible, do it again,
It works that way, so long as given moments allow more harmless choices.
However, if a moment forces a harsh hand, then do whatever is required,
And meander on, serenely, without the shadows of guilt and remorse.

* * * *

The most interesting uninteresting thing You have ever seen.
The most uninteresting interesting thing You have ever seen.

* * * *

What a curious thing, to spend so much of one's life, being educated,
Being made so cognizant of so many goings-on in the human paradigm,
As well as all the other astounding permutations, this mystery has spawned.
And to have so little say in any of it, so little potency to really modify anything.
What did all that schooling do, really, but pull together a merry band of spectators –
Rubbernecks, bystanders, oglers, gawkers, talking heads, peeping Toms –
Clucking away, like chickens, in bars, coffee shops, wherever,
And always the foxes in charge, collecting their due.

* * * *

Never easy to fall behind, nor do something incorrectly, nor be left behind for no good reason,
On anything deemed important to yourself, or another, or the world at large.
The disharmony of feeling overwhelmed can be suffocating,
And wander into many an unpleasant moment.
Detachment only lends itself so well.
Discipline is required to stay ahead of the wave.

* * * *

Getting anything off the 2Duz List, using the ABC time-management method,
Is always a good thing, a cleansing thing, a full-breath thing, broaching on contentment.
Though leaving alone the more enjoyable C's, until A's and B's are resolved, is not always easy.

* * * *

About many varieties of knowledge,
You can be as extremely inept and foolish as anyone.
Keep an eye out for that Oz who knows everything, and remembers it, too.

* * * *

There is no forever without now; there is no forever but now.
There is no less than now; there is no more than now.
There is no prior to now, there is no after now.
There is nothing but now, forever now-ing along.

* * * *

Why would karma ever be inflicted upon a dream?
Why would a dreamer ever be punished, ever be rewarded,
For dreaming a dream, about which he or she or it, had no choice?
It is avaricious predators who create and use imaginary deities against You.
Depending on circumstances, You may, or may not, be free, to put them behind You.
It is not fun being shunned and/or tortured and/or executed for being a sceptic (a.k.a., heretic).
Might makes right, and histories across the board, have times beyond counting,
Proven far less than egalitarian, towards those who question.

* * * *

Seriously, what does a blob have to be vain about?
And of the quest for power, fame, fortune,
Surely You ha-ha jest, my friend.

* * * *

Plenty of creatures on this planet get along plenty fine without ever seeing a human being,
And plenty of human beings, get along plenty fine without ever seeing You.
We are not as important to the cosmos as we would like to think,
And You, to but a relative few, for but a brief while.
Vanity is nothing more than poof.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded on five senses and a central processing unit.
Any given world, any given universe, is created by how well each sense works.
How well, how acutely, eyes see, ears hear, nose smells, tongue tastes, flesh feels.
You are playing out the die roll set in motion at the instant of genesis.
When or how or why it all happened, is entirely irrelevant.
Here we are, right here, right now, this very moment,
Incessantly quibbling over absurdities beyond measure.

* * * *

Yup, your distant cousin, the worm, has the same alimentary canal design.
As do an unknowable number of other critters, across all the ages, across all the times.
Anatomy is, indeed, fate … and choice … but a perpetual debate, regarding degrees of absurdity.

* * * *

Atlas tripping on his globe, Sisyphus toiling with his boulder.
See if You can set that vanity down, at least once and a while.

* * * *

Kill millions, or have trouble swatting a fly, the same oblivion awaits all.
Threats of damnation or karmic consequence or whatever,
Is meaningless to any who do not care.
Religion is a joke.

* * * *

To all the true-believers, who spend their existence entangled in any given religion,
Would discovering it was all a lie, all a charade, all make-believe, all entirely meaningless,

Make You wonder what You coulda-shoulda-woulda done with all the time You wasted?

* * * *

Why do women scream in the face of any mortal danger?
So that some erstwhile fool will offer himself,
While she indifferently slips away.
Very Darwinian.

* * * *

It does not in any way matter, how You reached this awareness of awareness.
It does not matter what You thought; it does not matter what You did, or did not do.
You are the only one who judges, the only one who counts, the only one who imagines,
And all your imaginary judgments, all your imaginary accountings,
Are as meaningless, as meaningless can be.

* * * *

Look out into the starry-starry night, and imagine it being administered by any of the imaginary deities,
That humankind has, across all times, across all geographies, through every vanity and cupidity, devised.

* * * *

In the heterosexual scenario, at the other end of that lovely mouth –
Working its way up and down, and down and up, on the engorged masculinity–
Is a pliable anus, available for thirds, if the current femme fatale is open to such escapades.
And, as the alimentary canal is the same for all, the anus is relevant for any other combinations, as well.
Blobs, doing what blobs do, genetically-honed and choicelessly-chosen,
In their arena of narcissistic hedonism.

* * * *

No point changing what cannot be changed,
Journeying that which cannot be journeyed,
Preserving that which cannot be preserved.
Criticizing that which cannot be criticized.
Revealing that which cannot be revealed,
Traveling that which cannot be traveled.
Advising that which cannot be advised.
Creating that which cannot be created,
Pushing that which cannot be pushed,
Chasing that which cannot be caught,
Pulling that which cannot be pulled,
Loving that which cannot be loved,
Hating that which cannot be hated,
Mending that which cannot be torn,
Seeking that which cannot be found,
Solving that which cannot be solved,
Sharing that which cannot be shared,
Beginning that which cannot be begun,
Finishing that which cannot be finished,
Destroying that which cannot be destroyed.

* * * *

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?
What's your favorite part?
Nerves or arteries?
Brain or body?
Heart or spleen?
Clitoris or ovaries?
Mouth or anus?
Lungs or liver?
Eyes or ears?
Nose or tongue?
Penis or testicles?
Legs or arms?
Knees or elbows?
Flesh or womb?
Big toes or thumbs?
Belly button or buttocks?
Imagine kissing and licking them all.

* * * *

The deeper meaning.
The greater buzz.
The higher high.
The bigger big.
The fuller full.
The nth degree.
The larger large.
The farthest shore.
The greater purpose.
The grander whatever,
Where more is never enough,
And forever never ends.

* * * *

We all are the same mystery, the same inscrutable unknowable, the same quantum magic-fairy-dust.
We are all absolute equals, in all shapes and sizes and functions in this web of life.
We are all the Dreamer dreaming; how can You not be part of it?

* * * *

When it comes to this inscrutable mystery,
Can anything ever be proven, ever be encapsulated by consciousness?
Of course not, that is why this may well be the most ineffable mystery, the mystery has ever concocted.
That is why all conjectures, all speculations, all assumptions, all assertions,
Can never be anything more than idle hearsay.

* * * *

Your most faithful, lifelong love affair, should be with your every breath.

… breathe in … breathe out … breathe in … breathe out … breathe in … breathe out …
Never take it for granted, for it will soon be gone, in the never-more sense.

* * * *

The young are flagrantly innocent, naively simple, blissfully radiant, until they are not.
Until they are touched harshly by this dreamtime, into which they have been involuntarily cast.
Touched harshly by any of the so many ways the human paradigm has through imagination engineered.
And then they join in with the collective, churning mass, and become the adult now reading this.
The adult who vaguely recalls, and longs, for that innocence, that simplicity, that radiance,
And will perhaps rummage deeply enough, freely enough, to resume the tabula rasa.
The You, the Self, that is, and has always been, right-here-right-now present.

* * * *

Ignore the sensory theater; be the awareness You are, the stillness You are, the moment You are.
There is only right here, right now, this very singular, timeless, spaceless moment.
All befores, all afters, are nothing more than imaginary delusions,
Concocted by quantum minds bound to illusion.

* * * *

In the quest for truth, You are judge, jury, executioner,
And new empirical discovery, the only means to freedom.

* * * *

Yes, even though it is very astute, very exacting, very prolific,
And more spot-on accurate, than imagination has heretofore managed,
Even science, in all its illusion-bound glory, is ultimately just more babble-on.

* * * *

If You cannot read these thoughts, without growing weary,
Or having some sort of fight or flight response,
Then they are likely not for You.
At least not at this point in your dreamtime.

* * * *

You are the indelible awareness; You are the ineffable mystery.
If You do not discern it for your Self, it is entirely on You.
No one else can discover it for You, no one else can do it for You.
No one else can more than point out ironies and paradoxes and absurdities.
But more than a few will be happy to manipulate and appropriate whatever You allow.

* * * *

The life of a tree, very present, very vulnerable.
The life of You, likely helter-skelter and guarded.

* * * *

Everything that has happened since creation, however this mystery came about,
Whether spontaneously through natural selection, or intentionally as ordained by some deity or deities,
Has made it possible for You to be sitting there, pondering these thoughts,

In the right-here-right-now in which You dwell.
What matter, how?

* * * *

True believers are always in the hunt for followers
– acolytes, devotees, disciples, adherents, admirers, enthusiasts –
To join their groupthink, and more than likely relinquish a tithing, large or small.
To stand alone, free and clear, of all imaginary notion, is not for all.

* * * *

Death is the mercy of the mystery to its Self, that it not be forever trapped,
In all the illusions, in all the delusions, in all the ironies and paradoxes,
In all the absurdities of awareness, falsely believing itself to be You.

* * * *

All that knowledge, all that trivia, all that irony, all that paradox,
No matter how profound, no matter how trifling,
Is made-up from all get-goes.
Make-believe tends to be like that.

* * * *

It is wit and curiosity, with a rational helping of doubt, that has escorted You to this moment.
It took a great deal of heavy lifting, a great deal of serendipitous wandering,
And most importantly, a bloodhound's nose for mendacity.
So, here You are, still sniffing away.

* * * *

All the deities ever concocted by the human mind, across the board,
Are petty and small, in comparison with what the mystery truly is, and is not.
It requires a mind free of bounds, to discern that which cannot be grasped or tamed.

* * * *

If You are of the student-of-the-mind persuasion,
You will be doing a great deal of homework.
The test, of course, is the life You live;
Every moment, a scoreless score.

* * * *

Surveying from a surly distance, the human species,
Is really nothing more than a way-too-large throng of whacked-out blobs,
Doing what whacko blobs do, in their unfaltering, capacity for, and draw to, psychotic burlesque.
The arrogance of our kind's insatiable narcissism, and the other whore, hedonism,
Has been an arduously tedious, painful, relentless march to suicide.
Alas, that we never took Darwin and Malthus seriously.

* * * *

Science must eventually fall on its sword,
Because it can only explore the kaleidoscoping quantum illusion.

The mystery, that which pervades all, that which is prior and beyond, is the realm of philosophy.
And even philosophers, must eventually still their loquacious intellects,
If they discern the wit and will to abandon all absurdity,
And melt into the timeless awareness.

* * * *

How domesticated are You.
How domesticated are You?
How domesticated are You!
How domesticated are You!?
How domesticated are You?!

* * * *

You managed, this morning, to wake up, and head out into the given day,
Just as entangled in the inescapable net of accelerating exponential,
As when You rested your world-weary noggin against the headstone last night.
Amazing what we are witnessing as this garden world becomes more and more undone.

* * * *

How alone You are, depends how deeply You have probed.
How deeply You have explored whatever fields You wandered.

* * * *

After over two thousand years, have we not learned, not to count on Jesus, or God, for that matter.
What horrors would some minds have to endure, for conviction to be undone, by the seed of doubt.

* * * *

Your best bet is to spend more time walking, sitting,
And other hammock-time activities of the meditative sort.

* * * *

Who are You in there?
What are You in there?
Where are You in there?
When are You in there?
Why are You in there?
How are You in there?
Is not the truest answer,
The same for one and all?

* * * *

How can someone not feel at least token compassion for the less fortunate,
As they nonchalantly crush them into unsweetened jelly beneath the tank tracks.

* * * *

This work is unconditionally free.
No obligation, monetary or otherwise.
Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

Life is harsh with a good genetic set, much less a bad one.
How is it that so many human beings do not discern, do not care,
That their genomic sequencing is damaged, corrupted, unfit to procreate?
What a selfishly callous thing to issue forth pure innocence,
With pain and suffering already imbedded.

* * * *

If You can scrutinize anything, question anything, wander anywhere, that imagination allows,
You are well-equipped, well on the way, to being eye-wide-open witness,
To anything the mystery brings to your stage.

* * * *

Wrapping one's wee little brainstem
Around a three (or four) dimensional, kaleidoscoping matrix,
Is not for the weak of wit.

* * * *

Here You are, now.
What matter, who?
What matter, what?
What matter, when?
What matter, where?
What matter, why?
What matter, how?
Here You are, now.

* * * *

A good nap settles many dispositions of the lesser kind.
It may be long, it may be short, it may be naught but an instant,
But it is a toe into the abyss, a min-death, in which the mind-body renews,
Until the next pillow comes into sleepy-time view.

* * * *

If You are unable to decipher American English, circa Year 2000, Anno Domini-Common Era,
Specifically, California Great Central Valley, with a Germanic, Midwestern-Southern, lingual mélange,
You will, alas, more than likely have great difficulty reading even a few pages of this manifesto.
For all languages require frame of reference compatibility, to be even partially grasped.
So, be wary of all translations, should such an unlikely thing ever come to pass.

* * * *

Many philosophical works, from all times, from all geographies, have been translated into many tongues.
Which means, what readers are reading, is subjective interpretation of an author's original intentions.
Some works have been strained through several languages, through several frames of reference.
So, who knows if any of those who inquire, have at all gleaned, what was initially written.
And that assumes, of course, that the rendition of the original storyteller can be trusted.

* * * *

That urge to always leap ahead, to strain at the bit, is a conditioned one.
One that is prescribed by the time-bound culture into which the seed is cast.
A mind in the present, has no need to be anywhere, but the right-here-right-now.

* * * *

It is the ineffable quantum mystery that is born again and again and again, not the mind-body identity.
The imagined You, is but a delusional dream of awareness, of Self, attached to a corporal figurine.
Of Self, deluded by, attached to, imagination, and its ever-kaleidoscoping legion of illusions.
Of Self, deluded by a dream concocted by a mind and five senses, feelers into the quantum matrix,
Playing out the destiny that the quantum mystery set in motion in a space-time that never really existed.

* * * *

Cloaking a blob in the finest mask and costume in the cosmos, does not make it any less a blob.
Is there really anything left to take seriously? Is there anything but illusion?
Absurdity reigns; why are we not rolling in the aisles?

* * * *

Why would any deity, with any salt at all,
Create a cosmos, merely to judge its participants laudable or not?
If there were to be such a deity, why would any of the participants submit to such absurdity?
Surely, they would cast him into his own purgatory to teach a lesson.
Check the mirror; maybe they already have.

* * * *

Democracy is something of an experiment – a hypothesis, an inquiry, an audition – in history's playbook.
A means of managing civilization; a modus operandi, in no way natural to the human paradigm.
If representative democracy is to succeed, if power is to attain some degree of balance,
All parties must walk away from any given table at least partially dissatisfied.
Everyone must explore a way to achieve some sort of compromise,
In which all parties can be at least somewhat satisfied.
Any by-the-people-for-the-people-of-the-people governance,
Requires an autonomous perception, to which relatively few are disposed.
Requires a sagacity steeped in resolute determination to ward off the despotic inclination.

* * * *

You finally got the joke.
Why are You not rolling in the aisles?
Embrace the absurdity.

* * * *

The imagination that grips You, is the aspect that desires and fears and dreads.
The awareness, the moment, the real You, was never born, can never die.
What is there to want? What is there to fear? What is there to dread?
What is there to think or do? What is there to create or destroy?
What can any rational sage do, but yield to the absurdity.

* * * *

Embrace each and every breath that attention allows.
It is closer to the moment than You can imagine.
And You never know when it will be your last.

* * * *

Imagination has had a good time,
But it needs to get a reign on itself it is to survive much longer,
In the forever it has contrived.

* * * *

Pride-filled arrogance is what has fueled the human paradigm.
What price are we all paying for our dearth of humility today?
What price are You paying for your dearth of humility today?

* * * *

What a sigh of relief it would no doubt be, for all nature,
To at last be free of our cancerous malignancy.
Alas, that all the domesticated creatures,
Will have to up their ante to survive
The neo-Darwinian reboot.
So it goes, ad infinitum.
The cats will likely get by,
But good luck to the rat dogs.

* * * *

And just think, all those minds, dumb-downed by an educational system in decline,
Becoming the next generation of teachers, and they the next, and they the next, ad infinitum.
The one-percenters do not much care for the slaves to be too bright anymore.
Automatons do not question, nor do they cause vexation.
They consume-consume-consume all things,
For their point and purpose,
Is but to serve the insatiable bottom line.

* * * *

What future is left will never know a world without plastic in the waves,
Giardia in the streams, peanuts in the beans, and poison in everything.

* * * *

Is a memory of something that happened a few moments ago,
Really any more or less tangible, than one that was perceived decades ago?
They are just random perceptions, from a long and winding line of random perceptions,
Yesterdays that are but vague dreams, vague dreams that only delusion believes, ever really happened.

* * * *

Waiting for Schopenhauer.
Waiting for Wittgenstein.
Waiting for Lao Tzu.
Waiting for Buddha.

Waiting for Comte.
Waiting for Bacon.
Waiting for Heraclitus.
Waiting for Kafka.
Waiting for Hume.
Waiting for Ikkyū.
Waiting for Rousseau.
Waiting for Russell.
Waiting for Hobbes.
Waiting for Machiavelli.
Waiting for Foucault.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Kierkegaard.
Waiting for Krishna.
Waiting for Mill.
Waiting for de Beauvoir.
Waiting for Hess.
Waiting for Aquinas.
Waiting for Carneades.
Waiting for Diogenes.
Waiting for Smith.
Waiting for Confucius.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for James.
Waiting for Parmenides.
Waiting for Pascal.
Waiting for Chomsky.
Waiting for Thales.
Waiting for Sina.
Waiting for Patanjali.
Waiting for Watts.
Waiting for Ram Dass.
Waiting for Osho.
Waiting for Derrida.
Waiting for Marx.
Waiting for Vonnegut.
Waiting for Wollstonecraft.
Waiting for Descartes.
Waiting for Sartre.
Waiting for Muhammad.
Waiting for Locke.
Waiting for Emerson.
Waiting for Nietzsche.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for Dewey.
Waiting for Zoroaster.
Waiting for Whitman.
Waiting for Kant.

Waiting for Shankara.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Epicurus.
Waiting for Ashtavakra.
Waiting for Aurelius.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Jesus.
Waiting for Yogananda.
Waiting for Aristotle.
Waiting for Camus.
Waiting for Voltaire.
Waiting for Spinoza.
Waiting for Thoreau.
Waiting for Hegel.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Heidegger.
Waiting for Krishnamurti.
Might be best not to hold your breath.

* * * *

The sense of self is not the body, not the mind, not the life.
Imagination usurps the eternal awareness for its own mortal schemes,
For its time-bound creations, that are, in reality, no more lasting than the moment.
Reincarnation is but an imaginary concept; no thespian returns to center stage again and again.
All are new seeds, new actors, in which the awareness, the mystery, performs yet another one-time show.
All who are born to the stage, are the same awareness, the same consciousness, the same witness.
Call it theater, call it matrix, call it god, call it whatever You will, it is one in all, all in one.
It is quantum stagecraft: unscripted, extemporaneous, serendipitous, happenchance.

* * * *

By the time You recognize anything – a sight, a sound, a smell, a taste, a sensation – it is long gone,
And your frame of reference is interpreting the perceptions recorded along the mind's neuron trails.
What we call existence, is really nothing more, than a constant rehash of yesterday's song and dance.

* * * *

My awareness is your awareness, your awareness is my awareness,
Is his awareness, is her awareness, is our awareness, is their awareness, is its awareness.
It is the same awareness in all living beings across any and all dimensions.
And through awareness, imagination gambols in every mind.
Ultimately, we are all just talking to our Self.

* * * *

Liberate the mind, emancipate the ego, open the clenched fist.
Let go all the things upon which it incessantly dwells.
Let go the boulder, no need to be Sisyphus.
Let go the world, no need to be Atlas.
Bound or free, You every moment choose.

* * * *

Liberation requires earnest attention.
Imagination is always lurking in the wings, ready to pounce,
With its long and winding baggage train brimming with every conceivable bewilderment.

* * * *

Humility is what is left when pride and arrogance,
When self-absorption, somehow quietly depart the building.
True humility, true unpretentiousness, does not even recognize itself.

* * * *

Second hands, minute hands, hour hands,
Go round and round and round, portraying analogue time real.
But where is the 'moment' hand, and what can any digital clock ever even pretend?

* * * *

What does life teach You but that all alliances are dubious inventions,
Subject to quick, often unpleasant, sometimes even mortal endings.

* * * *

The moment is now.
Not before, not after.
There is no who in it
There is no what in it.
There is no where in it.
There is no when in it.
There is no why in it.
There is no how in it.
The hustle misses it.
The bustle misses it.
The mind cannot grasp it.
The moment is right here, right now.
Discern the moment, discern the moment You are.
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.
The moment You are not, never were, will never be.
Abide in the awareness, witness to all.

* * * *

It is the mind's curiosity to see what will happen next and next and next,
That draws You away from your Self, again and again and again, ever again.

* * * *

Hard to imagine, despite all statistical assertions to the contrary,
That across the entire universe, there could be a more absurd species.

* * * *

Awareness cannot be seen.
Awareness cannot be heard.

Awareness cannot be tasted.
Awareness cannot be smelled
Awareness cannot be touched.
Awareness cannot be thought.
Awareness is as intangible
As intangible can be.

* * * *

Idealistic notion.
Romantic notion.
Pragmatic notion.
All have their time.

* * * *

Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
The Seven Deadly Sins, consume us all, in every way,
Every moment we can squeeze them in,
Every moment this mystery deigns space and time.

* * * *

What is somewhat interesting about predicting asteroids colliding into our mothership,
Is all the nimble calculations that number-crunchers manage to come up with,
To predict something that surely cannot really be more than statistically prophesied.
Who can seriously claim what megaliths might be aimed at this world from the far-far-aways?

* * * *

Illusion and imagination spin all about this awareness, this ‘youness’ You are.
Endure it, abide it, perform it, stay centered in the unutterable stillness,
The indelible awareness that is without beginning, without end.

* * * *

Some bodies appear beautiful, some over-all-beltlines ugly.
But all are blobs, with varying degrees of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
Sure to satisfy any organism with an appetite for such things.

* * * *

Die wealthy, die poor.
Die powerful, die weak.
Die known, die unknown.
Die brave, die coward.
Die loved, die hated.
Die happy, die sad.
Worms do not care.

* * * *

Being motionless in the given moment, surrendering to the ever-present awareness,
Is not – effortless as it is – a simple task for any busy-busy mind.
Nor is it all that easy for serene minds, either.

* * * *

Fortune is who pays You.
Fame is who remembers You.
Power is who follows You.
All three, a wily brew.
Fire tends to burn.
Tread carefully.

* * * *

Who does not have a struggle, a fight, a mein kampf, within and without?
The only question is how each chooses to play it out upon their dreamtime.

* * * *

I observe You, You observe me, each of us peering out.
Only in reflections do we discern our masks and costumes,
Because we are both the same awareness, the same faceless Self,
Eternally gazing out upon all other imaginary parts.
And they, eternally gazing back at You.
You are the indelible mystery, and it is You.

* * * *

How simple, how easy, how uncomplicated it is,
To accept as truth, whatever You are told,
To do, whatever You are told to do.
Doubting the group, departing the group,
Is solitary feat for which only rare few are suited.

* * * *

Are You hero or villain, sage or fool, in your grand epic?
'All of the above' is an acceptable answer to this question.

* * * *

On the other side of that wall of flesh You so long to caress,
Is a gurgling, churning goulash, of crunchy and chewy and gooey.
Genetic hypnosis denies You the horror of seeing what is really going on.
What if instead, You were doing all the same imaginings to some other creature?
What if it was all merely about the machinations of biology and chemistry and physics,
Experiencing every variation that the wind of imagination can possibly imagine.
What difference, really, between fondling her sweet spot, or a sheep's?

* * * *

So, that is who.
So, that is what.
So, that is where.
So, that is when.
So, that is why.
So, that is how.

* * * *

Identifying with the sensations, taking them all personal,
Generally, makes for a good heap of pain and suffering.

* * * *

Too many straws in the milkshake make for Darwinian outcomes.
Every gold rush peters out to the glut of prospectors and their despair.

* * * *

What if You could profoundly articulate and understand, every human language ever spoken, ever written.
That You were intimate with the histories from which they, in partnership with nature, evolved.
What an astounding thing it would have been, to have witnessed all creation, all genesis,
From beginning to end, from germination to fruition, from cradle to grave,
And what if that 'what if' included all life forms, from small to great,
All the other organisms this Darwinian garden has in space and time devised.
You would have to be some sort of all-encompassing deity, to achieve such awareness.
And surely that divine omniscience, can never more than imagine its way onto any mortal stage.
And though we all are all of this eternal awareness, we are but pawns in its mystery theater extraordinaire.

* * * *

There is no need to care one way or another, about anything or anyone.
The conditioning, the indoctrination, the domestication, is a powerful dynamic,
But You can be free of it, if You choose to abide in the awareness prior to imagination.
It is not easy, but an attentive, well-sharpened blade of discrimination, can cut through the veil.
Despite all claims to the contrary, there is no divinity requiring You to suffer all the mindless absurdities.
This is naught but an illusionary-delusionary dream, so be as free, be as mindful, as You are able.

* * * *

You need not get all weird and out-in-left-field in this quest into the Self You truly are.
There is every sort of esoteric, magical, clownish groupthink, all around You.
All of them seeking acolytes with the potential to be true-believers.
And though they may be tantalizing for a few moments,
They are but distraction from the true course.
Learn from them, as You will,
But surrender the rudder at your peril.

* * * *

Is there really, truly, anything that You have ever witnessed,
That cannot be explained through lucid, rational, scientific thinking?
A serious question, that does not align, in any way, with the underlying reality,
That this whole dreamtime mystery theater, is as irrational and absurd and astounding,
And ineffable, beyond any speculation, that any illusionary-delusionary mind, has ever babbled.

* * * *

Conspiracy theories are like candy,
For the everybody-is-s-out-to-get-me crowd.

Well, sure, some are, but not everybody.

* * * *

A life of meditation and contemplations and relatively good intention,
Does not necessarily make for an easier, nor a more pleasurable one.

* * * *

The obesity epidemic of these-our-times is a looming disaster that rivals climate change and nuclear war.
What in some god's name, will all these overflowing blobs, look like by the conclusion of their lives?
What heights will pain and suffering reach, for they, their families, their friends, their communities?
The many challenges, the many trials and tribulations, will blaze new trails in this Darwinian theater.

* * * *

How many ways and means there are, to put it all into words,
And numbers and notes and symbols of every variety and hue, too.

* * * *

Some things cannot be won, some things cannot be endured.
Always be at the ready, to let go, to cut your losses, to retreat as far as necessary.
In the oft-times harsher-than-harsh reality of this dreamtime madhouse,
Nothing should-could-would, ever be taken off the table.

* * * *

You have to be at least a little off the mark, at least a little demented,
To spend so much of your existence seeking this, for all it ends up mattering.
Just imagine how many things You could be doing in this magical mystery madhouse.
Got it all right here, folks, something for everyone, got it all right here.
Step right up, folks! Step right up! This ain't Kansas, Toto.
Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

You only need to please your ineffable Self, really.
Whether or not others esteem your character to be of interest,
Really only matters to the insatiable vagaries of vanity.

* * * *

The end to curiosity about the world, the cosmos, in which You ply your imagination, is required,
If You wish to timelessly linger in the serene pool of awareness, absolute, without peer.
For the temptations to return again and again, ever again, are beyond many.
It takes some serious resolve, to do without the daily cappuccino.

* * * *

You really believe more than a random few even notice You?
And so what, really, if even billions know of You,
And the history books laud your name.
Do You even know your Self?

* * * *

Try not to get too upset that true-believers will never give up their child-ish things.
Do not hold your breath that the human species is going to 'wake up' just because You want it to.
Besides which, what exactly are You believing-hoping-praying, our kind might become?
And what would it really take to get to that magical-mystery place in the sun?

* * * *

In the Polish ghetto of World War II, would You have stayed, fought, died;
Or passively shuffled into the cattle car, to barbed wire and the gas chamber?

* * * *

At the absolute level, hurting another, is actually rippling throughout your one and only true Self.
A reflection which puts something of a spin, a twist, on the Golden Rule:
Do unto others as You wish them to do unto You.

* * * *

Why would You really believe You are more exceptional than anyone or anything else?
Try imagining them, try playing their role, their world, their universe,
And try it with any other living creature, as well.
How can You not be humbled,
By this incredible mystery You are, all are.

* * * *

If it is true, it will be true, for all dreams, all times, all geographies.
That is the guarantee this indelible quantum mystery ever guarantees.

* * * *

Explore being completely indifferent to your universe, and all its parts and pieces.
Not easy at all for the intellectual weaving and emotional wiring,
To entirely dissipate into clear awareness.

* * * *

Your mind-body is quite a bit more intricate,
Quite a bit more attached to the dreamtiming of consciousness,
Than when life first took root, however, a few billion spins around the sun ago.
A little more crunchy, a little more chewy, but no less gooey, to all the creatures that would consume it.
Essentially the same goopy-slushy organism, though much more self-absorbed in the packaging.
Even the strongest, the smartest, the most beautiful, are but collections of protoplasm,
Ever deluded they are greater than they are, ever have been, will ever be.

* * * *

That 'thing' You so value, is going to be broken,
Scratched, damaged, scuffed, sullied, tarnished, lost, smashed,
Fragmented, shattered, cracked, stolen, damaged, ruined, destroyed, crushed,
Fractured, ruptured, split, wrecked, trashed, annihilated,
Razed, devasted, demolished.

Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, quantum is as quantum does.

* * * *

Male and female, Mars and Venus, the way it is,
In this uncivil civilization we have become.
How well did it work way back when?
Back when it first evolved into a partnership,
That together survived the garden of claw and fang.
Obviously well enough to reach this contentious point in time.

* * * *

The expanding cosmos of human knowledge is the first and foremost zero-sum game.
What will happen to it all, when the human species eventually goes who-knows-when-how extinct?
Is there some vast, eternal vault, wherein can be found a manilla folder, with a single page,
On which are, in faded print, typed beginning and end dates for a planet called Gaia?
So much for the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity show being even noteworthy.
Maybe go ask all the Petri dish universes what they were about,
To voilà-realize that all existence anywhere, anytime,
Is really nothing more than a fleeting stain.

* * * *

If wealth, power, fame, security, were not at all a draw for You,
What is the one thing You really want to do, for no reward but the doing?
Is there anything that would call to You, on a daily basis,
For whatever remains of your existence?

* * * *

What mathkabob came up with that that set of zeros?
Is there no limit, no end, to the theoretical contortions,
That so many busy-busy minds are eagerly willing to go?
Seriously, how many zeros, left or right of the decimal point,
Have any real meaning, any real application, in any real world?
How many more inventions, how many more gadgets,
Must we keep creating to fill our absurd lives?

* * * *

At what point did human beings become embarrassed about their bodies,
And begin hiding behind clothes and jewelry and makeup and tattoos and such?
Was it a man, or was it a woman?
Take a guess.

* * * *

It takes earnest, vigilant attention, to interrupt, to suspend consciousness.
To give your Self back to the moment, back to the timeless awareness.
To cease the background chatter always at the ready to drone away.

* * * *

A harsh existence creates a tension that innocence never knows.
Observe deeply within, to the source of consciousness itself,
To discern the blameless innocence that is your true nature.

* * * *

Egocentric
Ethnocentric
Phallocentric
Androcentric
Anthropocentric
Chronocentric
Heliocentric
Theocentric
Geocentric
Solarcentric
Cosmoscentric
All orbiting the me, the myself, and the I.
A flesh-wrapped blob believing itself to be whatever its imagination imagines.

* * * *

Forget your imaginary self,
Forget your imaginary world,
Forget your imaginary universe,
Forget everything You think You know.
Become the ineffable, indelible, unknowable, unfathomable, intangible, indivisible, lasting, unutterable,
Irrational, unborn, undying, inexpressible, overwhelming, indefinable, expansive, immortal,
Unspeakable, deep, beyond words, ineradicable, permanent, enduring, intrinsic,
Engrained, deep-rooted, deep-seated, impenetrable, timeless, eternal,
Awareness,
You truly are.

* * * *

Zeros to the right, zeros to the left,
How far from any given decimal point,
Does measuring illusion ever really matter?

* * * *

How can You even begin to believe this momentary awareness is anything but the mystery itself?
Equally permeating all dreams, all worlds, all universes, across all times, across all spaces.
There is nothing that is not connected, except in imaginary notion, imaginary delusion.

* * * *

And why would it be in any way at all important, why would it be in any way at all significant,
To be known, to be remembered, to be revered, by two-leggeds You will never meet?
Neither now, nor hundreds nor thousands of orbits round our star hence.
Anonymity is the very solitary actuality for all things eternal.

* * * *

Are You really any more than a flesh-packaged-wrapped-sheathed-incased-bundled blob?
Are the human body's five sensory accessories– eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden skin –
Anything more than Mr. Potato Head mechanisms wired into an organic central processing unit?

Are all the things that make the human paradigm what it is – opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera –
Anything more than the happenstance of natural selection?
The mystery is the master of all possibilities.
Nature is its ever-changing, ever-evolving expression.
The device You inhabit, is but current issue in a timeless dance,
Eternally kaleidoscoping, for as long as the enigma of imagination endures.

* * * *

All that fear, all that dread, all that sorrow, all that anger, all that tension, all that pain, all that suffering,
Is the post-traumatic stress, that, like tree rings, mark all the forces that have driven You to this moment.
All the agonies and ecstasies that have shaped your seed into the Shakespearian role You imagine You are.
Just because You play it, just because You see that mask in the reflection, does not mean have to believe it.

* * * *

If You want to believe the mind-body more than an imaginary blob,
Who is anyone to argue with the absurdities of delusion?
We will all be feeding daisies soon enough.

* * * *

If existence has meaning and purpose,
Then surely at the top of the list, is to wake up,
To the awareness prior to consciousness, that You truly are.
The distractions are many; narcissism and hedonism are in their sway.
Few have the interest or wit to suspend the algorithm of the given nature-nurture.
For most, to even once, doubt all things, to even once, peer behind the veil,
Is so beyond the realm of possibility, that only fools brood over it.
And even if every human being, was somehow to awaken,
You would still be pure, unadulterated awareness,
Peering out upon the mystery, totally alone.

* * * *

Consciousness, coupled with instinct, is insatiable, unless You are so lucky,
As to be temperate, or at least moderate, in your narcissistic-hedonistic mix.

* * * *

It took some serious trials and tribulations, paradoxes and ironies,
To reach this moment, in the illusion-delusion of imagination's reign.

* * * *

Nationalism is the face of tribalism in the uncivil civilized world.
What attachment we have to the geography into which we are cast.
Into whatever groupthink that geography has spawned and shaped.

* * * *

Existence does not require meaning and purpose; it is the meaning and purpose.

The quest for more-more-more draws all into the insatiable rabbit hole of imagination.
But if pretending, if make-believe, is the lie, the delusion, that keeps You slogging, so be it.
Truth will still be here if any inkling of doubt is ever enough to be drawn back into its awareness.

* * * *

What an absurd squander to spend one's whole life,
Venerating and petitioning and fearing an imaginary idol.
So many strolls in nature, the one and only true church, missed.

* * * *

Can any following ever not create some sort of unnecessary mischief?
Best to retain this variety of eternal questing in the solitary confines of your mind,
And if You do pass it on, try to be sure to chance into the recipient only as serendipity allows.

* * * *

See if You can observe the impromptu scene playing before You,
Without believing it, without any attachment to it, whatsoever.

* * * *

Despite all the blinding differences in all minds, across all times, across all geographies,
Despite all the walls and spears and snakes and trees and fans and ropes,
How can the entire elephant, how can the entire mystery,
Not be the same through and through?
How can any philosophy not embrace the entirety?

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.
With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

What is there to fear, to dread, really, in this sensory-mind dream born of space-time imagination?
What other creature has so definitively invented such havoc as humankind,
With its inclination for every imaginable storyline.
All played out in an imaginary world,
To which awareness, is every moment, its own witness.

* * * *

Once the author does his part.
It is up to readers to find and absorb it.
In whatever way the given nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

Death means no more body,
No more harbor, no more container, no more vehicle,
So where is all that baggage going to go,

In the nowness of awareness?

* * * *

Could it be that this entire creation was undertaken
That You might have yet another opportunity to awaken?
Not likely, but who can be sure of anything, really?

* * * *

Religion is really nothing more than a narcissistic-hedonistic genus of Self-masturbation.
If You are going to venerate anything, venerate whatever is left of nature.
She is the Eden that made all this, this dreamtime, possible.
How difficult would it have been for our species,
To have fostered, to have embraced, a guardianship role,
Rather than twisting and destroying it to a degree yet to be finalized.

* * * *

In any competitive undertaking – war, business, personal, biological –
Strategies and tactics are in a perpetual state of flux, a perpetual state of instability,
And right choices made one day, may be turned on their head, the next.
There is no clarity in the fog of war, no matter the resolve.

* * * *

You see only see what You perceive.
You see only see what You know.
You see only see what You believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.
Patterns born of the mystery prior to all.

* * * *

Would You save everyone, even if You could?
And what of all the other creations born of mystery?
Would You save all those, too? And in what stage of bloom?
And what of all the things? The rocks? The grains of sand and dust?
Surely, the indelible moment in which all transpire,
Is all the saving they require.

* * * *

Does time march? Does time dance?
Does time do anything at all?
Is time anything at all?
And what then, of space?

* * * *

How many mountains You have climbed,
How many rivers You have crossed, how many things You have done,
How many sunrises and sunsets You have witnessed,
To reach this moment of awareness.

* * * *

What north and south and east and west,
Would there possibly be, but for the dancing of the stars?
But for the angle and spin of the orb, around and around the hearth of the sun.
How You are here to witness whatever dream You have been cast,
Is the theater of mind, the playhouse of imagination,
In which wise and foolish alike dwell.

* * * *

A twitch in any given right-here-right-now moment,
Can forever change, for good or ill, any given existence.
And any given fate is likely flush with more than a few.

* * * *

Like sitting on a porch in a rocking chair,
Whittling on a stick with as sharp a blade,
As your nature-nurture mind-body allows.

* * * *

To be born master of anything, to be born heir to anything, would seem very dulling.
The garnering process, from whatever beginning, to whatever end, is all.
To have been drawn into this life, this nature-nurture mystery,
Why not live it as if it were the stuff of legend?
Even if You are a grocery clerk.

* * * *

What would any ancient thinker write,
What would any old-school philosopher write,
With keyboard, rather than stylus or pen, clay or paper.

* * * *

Is your existence, your fate, some deity's plan?
Or is it all merely spontaneous, impromptu, quantum theater,
You, center stage in the one-and-only performance?
Listen for the applause in the graveyard.

* * * *

The alternative to staying trim and fit,
Is having to look in a mirror to see your junk,
Sometimes only with the aid of a hand to raise the flab.

* * * *

If You are pride-filled, if You are vain, perform it well.
If You are not pride-filled, relish the humility.
Be grateful for the obscurity if affords.

* * * *

When You were a child, You spoke as a child,

You understood as a child, You thought as a child.
But when You became a man, You put away childish things.
And swathed yourself in religion and other adult imaginings, instead.

* * * *

Imagination cannot more than hope to hide from awareness,
But awareness can evade imagination, as inattention allows.

* * * *

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

Science's Big Bang Theory is about as meaningful for the layperson,
As any creation mythology is, from any tradition, from any time, from any geography.
All those who claim to know what this unfathomable mystery is about, are all only pretenders pretending.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery, and will forever remain a mystery,
In any and all forever-mores, that will ever be, forever more-ing.

* * * *

Once You discern all life forms as nothing more than blobs,
With seemingly every imaginable feature, every imaginable attribute,
It is a bit easier to weave and wind through any given moment a tad more detached.

* * * *

It is all illusion, it is all imaginary, and every variety of delusion carries many a mind to far distant shores.
All the measurements, all the observations, all the calculations, all the designs,
Are ultimately really nothing more than trivial pursuit.
All minds churn and churn,
And some minds crave more than sports and soap operas.
Ergo, science, mathematics, engineering, architecture, economics, philosophy, ad infinitum.

* * * *

Given the mind and body for it,
Anyone could probably live ten thousand years or more,
But the process, and the inevitable conclusion, would just be enduring the same tedious routine,
So why put it off?

* * * *

How could your sentience, your awareness,

Possibly be, in any way different, in any way disconnected,
From any other life form's sentience, from any other life form's awareness?
The mystery is all-inclusive: omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent.
Duality is nothing more than an imaginary concept,
Stillborn, preserved in mind only.

* * * *

Every moment awaits the arrival of your presence, your awareness, in the space-time construct.
The quantum matrix to which your imaginary, temporal existence, is habitually bound.
Free will looking forward, every moment, morphs into fate looking back.

* * * *

The dream, the illusion, only seems real in the moment.
Does the universe exist, without You as witness?
Did it create You, that You could create it,
In whatever way imagination might?
And death, in due course, erasing everything.

* * * *

Why has humankind created so many deities,
So many paradises, so many purgatories, of every variety and ilk?
Because the ever-churning imagination, required meaning and purpose, rhyme and reason,
To explain the inexplicable, to battle the futility, to lessen the fear of oblivion,
That followed them like shadows, in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

You really believe You have free will?
Could You be free of your time?
Could You be free of your space?
Could You be free of your genetics?
Could You be free of your body?
Could You be free of your face?
Could You be free of your eyes?
Could You be free of your ears?
Could You be free of your nose?
Could You be free of your tongue?
Could You be free of your touch?
Could You be free of your language?
Could You be free of your ethnicity?
Could You be free of your gender?
Could You be free of your status?
Could You be free of your knowledge?
Could You be free of your memories?
Could You be free of your beliefs?
Could You be free of your wealth?
Could You be free of your religion?
Could You be free of your politics?
Could You be free of your feelings?

Could You be free of your emotions?
Could You be free of your prejudices?
Could You be free of your reflections?
Could You be free of your insights?
Could You be free of your appetites?
Could You be free of your family?
Could You be free of your friends?
Could You be free of your acquaintances?
Could You be free of your adversaries?
Could You be free of your heritage?
Could You be free of your tribe?
Could You be free of your work?
Could You be free of your habits?
Could You be free of your foods?
Could You be free of your liquids?
Could You be free of your pleasures?
Could You be free of your pains?
Could You be free of your sexuality?
Could You be free of your things?
Could You be free of your hobbies?
Could You be free of your loves?
Could You be free of your likes?
Could You be free of your hates?
Could You be free of your reactions?
Could You be free of your banter?
Could You be free of your algorithm?
Could You be free of your world?
Could You be free of your cosmos?
Could You be free of your moment?
Could You be free of anything at all?
The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But You are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if You can.

* * * *

Why would an elephant envy You?
Why would a snail envy You?
Why would a tree envy You?
Why would an ant envy You?
Why would a bear envy You?
Why would a mouse envy You?
Why would a sparrow envy You?
Why would an eagle envy You?

Why would a jellyfish envy You?
Why would a tiger envy You?
Why would a dolphin envy You?
Why would a salmon envy You?
Why would a cockroach envy You?
Why would a snail envy You?
Why would a monkey envy You?
Why would a deer envy You?
Why would a crab envy You?
Why would a badger envy You?
Why would a rose envy You?
Why would a weed envy You?
Why would a salamander envy You?
Why would a snake envy You?
Why would an alligator envy You?
Why would a microbe envy You?
Why would a butterfly envy You?
All life forms are masters of their given worlds.
Why would any fellow earthling ever envy any human?
Why would any ever want to be anything other than what it is?
Only human beings are at all dissatisfied with their roles,
The parts, into which the genetic lottery has cast them.
All existence plays whatever fate has been ordained.

* * * *

We are all our own blend of narcissism and hedonism, our own blend of arrogance and humility.
There is no right way, there is no wrong way, there is ultimately only your way.
And as illusionary-delusionary as it may seem to be to others,
It is what it is, and there is no changing it.
You are stuck in a body with its version of You.

* * * *

Is it really some ‘me’, some ‘myself’, some ‘I’, who is reading this?
Or is this sense of ‘you’ really nothing more than programmed imagination?
Imagination shrouding the awareness timelessly witnessing this sensory-mind dream.
The awareness timelessly witnessing dreamtimes in all sentient beings,
In which the indelible, unfathomable mystery, harbors.

* * * *

So many believing their window of history, their slice of geography, their groups of like-minded –
Their family, their tribe, their country, their school, their city, their church, their world – so important.
There is absolutely no reason to hope, even for a moment, that the human species will ever get over itself.
It would require a transformation, a revolution of consciousness, absurd to all but the most astute.

* * * *

How many people who have crossed your path even remember You,
Much less think about You more than just occasionally,
As a vague and quickly-passing thought?

Even your mother-dearest has other things to do.
And there You are, always living for what they might be thinking.
The patterning of the human psyche that was crafted in the treetops of long ago,
Tethers our species as surely now, as it has through all the migration across this whirling dust ball.

* * * *

It is not the awareness that does anything, that remembers anything.
Consciousness is the engineer of all mischief.
The eternal is immaculate.

* * * *

Mastery of any skill is in the artistry of doing whatever it is,
Ever the beginner, so many times that it appears flawless,

* * * *

The end of curiosity hearkens of the end of imaginary collusions.
Or perhaps at least hearkens to some diminishment, of imaginary collusions.
Or at least hearkens to waking up from the siesta, every once-in-a-while, now-and-again,
To the reality that it is all nothing more than an inexplicable, ineffable, rather absurd, quantum reverie.

* * * *

Another religion, another sect, another cult, another school, another system, another technique.
So much effort, so much discussion, so much argument, so much conflict.
All for the same moment, ever the same mystery.

* * * *

Oops, You did not look back,
And now it is lost and gone forever,
Drifting into the fading memory section.

* * * *

How pathetic will You allow your time to become, just to live as long as possible?
To abandon the saddle You have ridden the majority of your existence,
Just to survive a few measly days longer in a hospital bed,
In a brightly lit room, orbited by technology,
With tubes in all your orifices,
Barely conscious of anything or anyone,
Why in any god's name, would You endure such an end?

* * * *

Of course, You may well see ghosts and aliens and vampires and zombies,
Or any other mythological creature, if You want to badly enough.
Even Jesus is lurking out in the wings for the gullible.

* * * *

We must all play the consequences, the upshots, the penalties, of our given nature-nurture.
No one can save anyone, no one ever has saved anyone, no one ever will save anyone.
These sensory-laced blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey, in which awareness is witness,

Are as indivisibly-inexplicably-indelibly-ineffably disposable, as all quantum-made are.

* * * *

We are really nothing more than blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey,
Imagining we are so much more than narcissistic, hedonistic, bags of vanity.

* * * *

If there is to be considered a duality,
The demarcation is between awareness and consciousness,
Which is not a true duality. because consciousness is to awareness, as clouds are to sky.
Duality is a concept, not a reality.

* * * *

So …
Someone looks different,
Someone behaves differently,
Someone participates differently,
Someone has different views on things.
Someone has different ways of doing things.
Someone has different ways of articulating things.
And You feel the need to kill him?
Seriously?

* * * *

Eden is still right here, right now; the human species just stopped seeing it.
And those who do still freely wander its beingness, are ignored or destroyed.

* * * *

The Darwinian forces, the natural selection,
That shapes the successful adaption of any given species,
Often play a significant basis for its inevitable inability to adapt, as well.
An inelastic pattern does not make for a long-term chain of succession at the genomic level.

* * * *

Birth: the first illusion.
Life: the middle illusion.
Death: the final illusion.

* * * *

There are eight-ish billion two-legged on this whirling sphere of congealed dust circling its small star.
To reach this moment of accelerating exponential, required about 117 billion ancestors.
Read a variety of dystopian books, watch a variety of dystopian movies,
If You want to garner a variety of possible futures,
That You and your progeny will hopefully not have to endure.

* * * *

If You are looking for a deity, awareness is it, awareness is You.
No dogma, no priesthood, no groupthink, no edifice, no charge.

* * * *

Savor the moment.
Do not be driven by imagination,
Into its dreamy time-bound-space-bound illusion.
Its monotonous, banal, narcissistic-hedonistic theater of the absurd,
That ceaselessly, zealously, rushes on and on and on, to the next to the next to the next.
To hold fast requires earnest diligence.

* * * *

Believe and hope and pray as You might, that there is more, alas, no.
You are a one-time sensory-mind dream, a Shakespearian player,
Wandering a touchy-feely, multi-dimensional, quantum holodeck.
An imaginary matrix of the original nature, flawless from all get-goes.

* * * *

In those occasional gauntlet-of-death moments,
You can only wonder if the shadow of oblivion will strike,
Or just lightly, swiftly, brush by, and whisper, morosely, 'Another time'.

* * * *

Your spin in the genetic lottery may make You lucky,
But it does not make You special, it does not make You superior,
It does not make You higher or lower, stronger or weaker,
In the eternal eye of the spaceless-timeless moment.
Try to avoid getting all narcissistic about it.

* * * *

Science becomes as meaningless as any superstitious, mythological narrative,
Once You look for your Self, and discern the imaginary context of all perspectives.

* * * *

History is nothing more than imaginary notion,
A pattern, a habit, to which the human paradigm, the human genome,
In some long ago, some unheralded moment, succumbed.

* * * *

You will harvest from these and other thoughts, other insights,
Whatever it is, You are most ready to learn, most ready to discern.
You may want to pass by another time or so down the winding trail.
To see what else might be gleaned, what else might be fathomed,
As the frame of reference gradually flowers more expansively.

* * * *

Why should You ever allow your Self to be yoked in any way?
Why feel the need to submit to any imaginary fiction?
Why give in to any absurdity born of vanity?
Why not just 'be' the awareness, You truly are?

* * * *

Some fellow earthlings may have some sense of self,
But none have ever come close to impacting this garden orb,
As the over one-hundred billion humans who have crisscrossed its face,
Countess ways, countless times, since its migration out of the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

May as well get it over with,
Unless You feel inclined, for whatever reason,
To a dismal, likely painful endgame, to an illusional-delusional narrative,
That has the same ending as any blade of grass.

* * * *

It is not the fruit of knowledge, but the fruit of imagination,
That was plucked in that mythological garden in the so long ago.

* * * *

If there is a deity on high, he/she/it certainly designed a cluster-fuck fait accompli.
If there is not a deity on high, we together certainly designed a cluster-fuck fait accompli.
Either way, same fait accompli.

* * * *

Dualistic notion makes absolutely no sense, whatsoever, in the rational truth scales.
For there to be a deity on high – bearded, lolling about the sky – is more than a little preposterous.
It was likely a calculated con on the sheeples to get their coin and free labor and daughters,
For whatever greedy, self-serving ends-and-means, steered the powers-that-were.
Call it cynical, call it skeptical, call it pessimistic, but do not call it untrue.

* * * *

Everything – culture, language, history, status, gender – is imprinted long before it becomes absorbed.
To believe You are anything more than a quantum algorithm humming away your little part,
In this grand theatrical production, that encompasses all creation, best think again.
In your next decision, see if You can come up with an unexpected move,
Without thinking at about it.

And if You managed something, how unpredictable was it, really?

* * * *

Every decision You make, large or small, left or right, good or bad,
Carries You down the long and winding Yellow Brick River
To whatever destiny awaits your inevitable appearance.
Each moment is equal, each moment is absolute,
Each moment is done as soon as it begins.
When death does eventually arrive,
When all those memoires are erased,
It will all be as if nothing ever happened.

* * * *

This moment is as new, a new, as any new, can ever be.
Vague perceptions, concoctions of mind, machinations of imagination,
Are but shadows cast only for as long as the given dreamer ascertains them real and true.
Death has proven to be the most convenient way to wipe the slate clean.

* * * *

Superstition is like any placebo; sometimes it magically works.
As to dice and coins and cards if You flip them often,
And with minimal or no discrimination.

* * * *

Any given screen is much more interesting than the mundane world, around and about.
What the inventors hath through time wrought, is a furnace of imagination ablaze,
Gradually, steering whole world upon a tack, only imagination could divine.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than a memory.
Nothing more than imagination, as soon as it happens.

* * * *

Your deeply, resolutely, believing You know something,
Does not alter it, in any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * * *

Prejudice is what happens when someone stops seeing things as they are.
When the veil of discrimination, how things ought to be, becomes the go-to.

* * * *

Sometimes You win, sometimes You lose.
It is generally best to play both outcomes the same.
Aloofness and indifference, make for clear, rational thinking,
And clear, rational heads, have much better odds of abiding any given day.
Emotion clouds minds with shadows of misery and weakness.

* * * *

To call anything yours, journeys into the never-never land of absurdity,
Being that You have never really existed as more than an imaginary construct,
That this kaleidoscoping dreamtime is really nothing more than quantum fairy dust.
Death is nothing more than an imaginary cosmos coming to a full and assuredly final, halt.

* * * *

If You think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.
As mundane and lackluster as the mind it is given.

* * * *

If You want to see how beyond-absurd your fellow two-leggeds can be,
Ask them about the rabbit hole they have burrowed to store all their beliefs.

* * * *

Why would You ever even begin to imagine, human beings, really any different than wolves and sheep?
Consciousness only parlays the same predator-prey relationship into much more elaborate permutations.
You are instinctively acting out the one and only lead-character, to which your nature-nurture is ordained.

* * * *

So much of this unrequired suffering would be eased,
If You coulda-shoulda-woulda more mindful breathing.

* * * *

When it comes to one man or woman being the one and only,
You might well be loyal and true, but do not deny the looking.

* * * *

Chances are no one is watching,
Because You really are not much of a threat to anyone but yourself.
And frankly, not all that interesting, either,
Despite all the selfies.

* * * *

That young, firm, immortal body, is already a skeleton,
Prone in a crypt, ashes in an urn, or rotting in a landfill.

* * * *

Those that live by the sword, will die wherever the sword leads them.
More peaceful, mindful choices, are available for those,
Not eager to bloody themselves, or others.
If the powers that hold the sword, allow it, that is.

* * * *

Every living creature is imprinted by the environment surrounding it.
The given genome will adapt, will blossom, into whatever niche is provided.
All it need do, is survive long enough to hand-off its genomic sequence to the future.
To believe there is any such thing as free will in this circuitous trek,
Is errant Sophistry, ablaze in all its pointlessness.

* * * *

Stop wishing You were some other place.
Stop wishing You were some other time.
Stop wishing You were some other life.
Here You are … right here, right now.
Awareness … pure, simple, absolute.
Ineffable, inexplicable, unfathomable.
Nothing more to be, nothing else to be.

* * * *

You are not the self.

You are not the mind.
You are not the body,
You are not the world.
You are not the cosmos.
You are the awareness.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Let go all dreams.
Let go all illusions.
Let go all delusions.
Let go all attachments.
Pay attention to the moment.
Be free of space, be free of time.

* * * *

Real friendship does not change.
Real friendship does not judge.
Real friendship does not betray.
Real friendship does not detract.
Real friendship does not thieve.
Real friendship does not intimidate.
Real friendship does not envy.
Real friendship does not manipulate.
Real friendship does not deny.
Real friendship does not overwhelm.
Real friendship does not attack.
Real friendship does not cling.
Real friendship does not dissolve.
Real friendship does not differentiate.
Real friendship does not desert.
Real friendship does not ridicule.
Real friendship does not labor.
Real friendship does not diminish.
Real friendship does not dogmatize.
Real friendship does not malign.
Real friendship does not abandon.
Real friendship does not deceive.
Real friendship does not hurt.
Real friendship does not destroy.
Real friendship does not turn away.
Real friendship does not end.

Is there such a thing as a real friend?

Or is it just a lot of yada yada, comparable to fallacious notions of family and flag?

* * * *

To all true believers: Duality makes no sense, whatsoever.

Why would any deity not want to experience everything for itself?
The awareness You are, is the mystery itself, witnessing its own creation,
Through the given nature-nurture, spawned long before your parents copulated.
This is a preordained dream; there is no partition, there is no wall, there is no division.
There is only one mystery, there is only one unknown, there is only one truth, and it is … You.
This is surely what Jesus meant, when rumored to have declared, "I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way."
What was not recorded, what was not transcribed, or worse yet, edited out, was, "And so are You."
This all assumes, of course, that Jesus of Bethlehem was not some storyteller's tall tale,
Conceived after spending a few hours with a naive young woman named Mary,
Whose husband, Joseph, had pimped her out to pay for their stable,
Where their baby, Jesus, was serenely asleep in a manger.
That the storyteller, a prankster named Paul,
Realized a 'divine' opportunity,
And spun it into a rather lucrative livelihood,
Which, alas, ended badly when it touched the flame of Rome.
Paul's carny act, however, did survive, and has played every imaginable circus ever since.

* * * *

All human history, since long before the migration, the exodus, from the African jungles,
Has been driven by a very Darwinian might-makes-right, and its certain sidekick, political correctness.
World history is how all these tribal mindsets, these clannish groupthinks, have blended together.
From on-high, it would appear like bacteria spreading every which way across a Petri Dish.
Creating-preserving-destroying, in every corner of this itty-bitty, whirling grain of dust,
Which serenely orbits a small star floating in a relatively unexceptional galaxy,
In a cosmos whose lifespan is considered brief by the deities in charge.

* * * *

It is far easier to stay with what You started, to stay with what You know,
Than it is to adventure into the unknown, into the insecurity of new beginnings.
Of new people, new places, new ways of looking at things, new ways of doing things.
A questing life offers a sea of agonies and ecstasies in the unending universe over the next hill.
It is not for all, but it is for some; it is for those who cannot resist at least a taste, at least the dip of a toe.
But realize that You can never come back to what was left, for the cave of origin can never be the same.
Because You are not the same, and You can never unsee, can never undo, whatever was seen and done.
Sages, seers, oracles, mystics, prophets – are the tribeless tribe, fated to wander alone,
Across all times, across all geographies. across all dimensions.

* * * *

In the annals of the vast unknowable,
The entire human paradigm and all its imaginary theatrics,
Could be summed to being nothing more than a relentless torrent of mental masturbation.
The interminable make-believe of a species assuming its sensory illusion tangible.
Laughably absurd, steeped in the inanity and insanity of irony and paradox.
Unequivocal meaninglessness from any and all imaginary get-goes.

* * * *

The consumption of creation, the conservation of preservation, the annihilation of destruction,
Are insatiable drives, to which all humans incline to varying degrees, in the survival of the species.

* * * *

The nature-nurture conditioning is so powerful, so strong, so imbued,
That to even be aware of it, much less even an iota free of it,
Requires absolute attention, committed witnessing,
A yogic feat to which very few are inclined.

* * * *

You have done your part,
You have said your piece,
You have played your fate,
You have had your fun,
And here,
Is where it got You.

* * * *

What will your death, your departure, your exodus, be like?
Will it be passionate or peaceful? Painful or painless?
Will it be expected or unexpected? Quick or slow?
Will You be all alone or surrounded by others?
Will You be whimpering or unconcerned?
Will You be pleading to some deity?
Or already at home in the abyss?

* * * *

We are all nothing more than recordings playing our little blob parts so seriously.
Stepping back into the oblivion of awareness, gives it the perspective it deserves.

* * * *

How irrational must someone be to give themselves over rationality.
How rational must someone be to give themselves over to irrationality?

* * * *

How much bigger will those mounds of gold get,
Before there are no counters to count them?
Before there is no world to spend them?

* * * *

Memories are the world You carry,
The universe You hold to be real and true,
The frame of reference to which You feel so entitled.
Atlas shrugged; You can, too.

* * * *

Abiding in pure awareness, without the screen of memory, without the sense of self,
Every moment is the first and last time the conditioned mind,
Will ever read the sensory input that way.
Continuity is illusion coupled with delusion.

* * * *

Challenging to remember to be awake all the time.
Delusion is a loud clarion in every human sojourn.

* * * *

What would Buddha have written,
Had he had access to the dream world of these times?
And would he really gain more notoriety than a footnote, this late in the game?

* * * *

Free will is not possible.
If there is any freedom to be had,
It is in the abeyance of consciousness, the abeyance of will.
It is in the surrender of awareness to its Self.
Free ‘of’ will, so to speak.

* * * *

Old men chasing young skirt, help shape some into the harpies,
Men in their futures will be hard-pressed not to loathe to ever-fluctuating degrees.
No doubt many women are as weary of men, as many men are, of them, and must choose to stay or go.
Why even bother about coupling in the whatever ripe old age You have yet to endure?
Solitude is a precious thing; not something to be squandered lightly.

* * * *

Being a friend to the manifest world and its myriad life forms,
Is a challenge to which vanity and greed are not easily diverted.

* * * *

Your little window of time,
Opens into the next, into the next, into the next,
Into every next there can possibly be.
If the dream were real, that is.

* * * *

Even the most successful, even the most favored, even the most joyous, even the most loving,
Must one day surrender to that called death, to the facelessness of oblivion,
In whatever manner the quantum mystery has deigned.

* * * *

Liberate your Self.
Let go your world, your cosmos.
Discern that sweet spot in the eye of awareness,
That which is unknown, that which is the mystery, that You truly are.

* * * *

Perhaps one of the reasons so many enjoy mental and physical competition,
So enjoy playing the edge of skill and endurance, the honing of the fine edge.

Is that the mind is totally engaged in the moment, as only full attention can.

* * * *

Do You expect, do You demand, a certain taste,
A certain sight, a certain sound, a certain smell, a certain feeling,
Or do You just indiscriminately accept whatever comes, accept whatever is offered,
And maybe be thankful, even grateful, for the gifts that existence offers,
Even if they are not close to that which You might wish.

* * * *

What is time but the indivisible quantum matrix,
Kaleidoscoping multi-dimensionally;
You, its faceless witness.

* * * *

Why anyone chooses to hurt others, manipulate others, deceive others,
Is a question with many answers, all of them conceding to nature-nurture.

* * * *

Every life form is shaped by its environment.
Every life form helps shape its environment.
It is the quantum mystery, the cosmic dance,
That each life form witnesses in its own way.

* * * *

Perhaps all the bacteria in that Petri dish, is carrying on just like us.
Perhaps we are being watched through a microscope by a scientist in some laboratory,
In the next turtle up universe in the turtles-up-turtles-down of more universes than numbers have access.
Unleash your mind upon the near-infinity of possibilities, if You have the wit and inclination.

* * * *

Any assumption can be blinding, divisive, even debilitating,
When circumstances, when life and times, require flexibility.

* * * *

It would be impossible for You to be any other You,
Than what the given nature-nurture has designed.

* * * *

Regarding nuclear holocaust, one can only hope and pray for such an instantaneous demise.
Assuming, of course, You are fortunate enough to be at, or close, to the designated ground zero.
Even more spinetingling than a head-on car collision with a big-rig,
You not being the driver of the big-rig.

* * * *

We exist, or at least some of us exist, in a human-made world of entitlement,
We 'suffer' anytime a given pacifier is somehow snatched away.
Our ancestors would no doubt laugh and sneer at us.

It might be genocide if enough had access to a time machine,
Though it is, of course, more than likely, most would jump in like ducks do water.

* * * *

Pay very close attention to whatever is happening,
And that inner chatter will grow quiet of its own accord.

* * * *

It is the mind, not the finger, that pulls the trigger.
Even the most notorious psychopath can make a choice,
Not to carry out his/her fantasies on some unfortunate innocent.

* * * *

Yes, You will likely forget that, too, no worries.
And if there is a memory, it will never be more than some vague perception.
Certainly not what it was, the one and only live run.

* * * *

Takes a healthy dose of cynicism to laugh and sneer,
At the avalanche bearing down on this erstwhile garden.

* * * *

So many muses, so many foils, have in so many ways,
Unknowingly played a part in creating these writings

* * * *

You are not required to give into fear or anger or sorrow or any other passion.
Any chain can be broken if there is the will to take one's life a different direction.

* * * *

We all have to die sometime.
When it will be, where it will be, how it will be,
Only the self-inflicted can be sure.

* * * *

If You are an eye-catching woman, a shapely blob, with hypnotic eyes, a svelte voice,
And a willingness to do whatever anything implies, and there are men eager to pay high dollar,
The money, is that You would be, in fantasy, or in fact, spreading your sweet thighs to the highest bidder.
The only rather semantic difference, is whether You call it prostitution or marriage.
Friend, let us be honest: male or female, we are all whores.
Narcissism and hedonism, in all their glory,
Are what make the human paradigm tick, tick, tick.

* * * *

If there is even one one-percenter out there trying to save this house of cards,
Then s/he better get on it with a little more hutzpah of the gritty-gumption sort.

* * * *

How shoulda, how coulda, how woulda, anyone ever be like You?
Much simpler just to stay home alone, with as-needed sorties out and about,
Than it is to imprison or kill off everyone who is insufferably different.

* * * *

Masks of make-up and hair and nails, and costumes of cloth decked with jewelry,
Are winners in the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity to which Ecclesiastes was referring.

* * * *

Curious how much influence, from beneficial to detrimental,
So many dead poets – philosophers, mystics, prophets –
Have had on times and places well beyond theirs.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than the hum of quantum programming,
Nothing more than an ever-churning, self-perpetuating algorithm,
Set into undying motion at the inception of all creation,
Guided by the serendipity of natural selection.
You are helpless to change anything.
With or without a master, You are but a puppet.

* * * *

How many really know, really care, what Schopenhauer thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wittgenstein thought?
How many really know, really care, what Lao Tzu thought?
How many really know, really care, what Buddha thought?
How many really know, really care, what Comte thought?
How many really know, really care, what Bacon thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heraclitus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kafka thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hume thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ikkyū thought?
How many really know, really care, what Rousseau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Russell thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hobbes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Machiavelli thought?
How many really know, really care, what Foucault thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kierkegaard thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishna thought?
How many really know, really care, what Mill thought?
How many really know, really care, what de Beauvoir thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hess thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aquinas thought?
How many really know, really care, what Carneades thought?
How many really know, really care, what Diogenes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Smith thought?
How many really know, really care, what Confucius thought?

How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what James thought?
How many really know, really care, what Parmenides thought?
How many really know, really care, what Pascal thought?
How many really know, really care, what Chomsky thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thales thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sina thought?
How many really know, really care, what Patanjali thought?
How many really know, really care, what Watts thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ram Dass thought?
How many really know, really care, what Osho thought?
How many really know, really care, what Derrida thought?
How many really know, really care, what Marx thought?
How many really know, really care, what Vonnegut thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wollstonecraft thought?
How many really know, really care, what Descartes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sartre thought?
How many really know, really care, what Muhammad thought?
How many really know, really care, what Locke thought?
How many really know, really care, what Emerson thought?
How many really know, really care, what Nietzsche thought?
How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what Dewey thought?
How many really know, really care, what Zoroaster thought?
How many really know, really care, what Whitman thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kant thought?
How many really know, really care, what Shankara thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Epicurus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ashtavakra thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aurelius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Jesus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Yogananda thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aristotle thought?
How many really know, really care, what Camus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Voltaire thought?
How many really know, really care, what Spinoza thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thoreau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hegel thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heidegger thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishnamurti thought?
How many really know, really care, what You think?
Never hurts to get over yourself anytime soon.

* * * *

Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?

Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Yogananda Yogananda?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-James James?
Who can out-Ram Dass Ram Dass?
Who can out-Ashtavakra Ashtavakra?
Who can out-Watts Watts?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Patanjali Patanjali?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Locke Locke?
Who can out-Thoreau Thoreau?
Who can out-Emerson Emerson?
Who can out-Bacon Bacon?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Krishna Krishna?
Who can out-Hume Hume?
Who can out-Ikkyū Ikkyū?
Who can out-Machiavelli Machiavelli?
Who can out-Comte Comte?
Who can out-Whitman Whitman?
Who can out-Rousseau Rousseau?
Who can out-Russell Russell?
Who can out-Hobbes Hobbes?
Who can out-Foucault Foucault?
Who can out-Kierkegaard Kierkegaard?
Who can out-Mill Mill?
Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
Who can out-Osho Osho?
Who can out-de Beauvoir de Beauvoir?
Who can out-Aquinas Aquinas?
Who can out-Carneades Carneades?
Who can out-Hess Hess?
Who can out-Diogenes Diogenes?
Who can out-Smith Smith?
Who can out-Parmenides Parmenides?
Who can out-Pascal Pascal?
Who can out-Chomsky Chomsky?

Who can out-Thales Thales?
Who can out-Wollstonecraft Wollstonecraft?
Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
Who can out-Sina Sina?
Who can out-Derrida Derrida?
Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
Who can out-Kant Kant?
Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Dewey Dewey?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
Who can out-Holshouser Holshouser?
Who can out-Plate Plato?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
Who can out-Camus Camus?
Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

* * * *

You can be pretty-darned sure, that for You to be right here, right now, this moment,
Your ancestors, your lineage, from the inception in the quantum soup,
Consumed whatever it could, whatever it had to, to survive long enough to cast a seed,
That through Darwinian selection, spawned the mind-body, the sensory matrix, inhabited solely by You.

* * * *

Discern closely, without any attachment to the mind-body and its theater,
And You will see clearly, that your world, your cosmos, is nothing more than sensation,
Sculpted by imagination into the way it is, for You, all by your alonesome.

* * * *

The busy-busy mind, the curious mind, the time-bound mind, the illusory mind,
Can be easily drawn, easily enticed, down every variety of rabbit hole.
To reside in the eternal awareness requires great detachment
From the temporal world and all its distractions.

* * * *

You are the same You that You have ever been.
You are the same You that You will ever be.
Forms change, but You are ever the same.

* * * *

Awareness, impartial witness to all creation.
Awareness, impartial witness to all preservation.
Awareness, impartial witness to all destruction
Awareness, impartial witness to all oblivion.

* * * *

If You had never seen your face in a mirror,
Or photograph or any other reflection,
Who-what-where-when-why-how,
Would You imagine your Self to be?

* * * *

Was Saul of Tarsus truly a Jewish pharisee turned Christian apostle,
Or merely the first grifter in a 2,000-plus-year labyrinth of scam artists,
To contrive a fantastical protagonist named Jesus as a pawn to his own ends?
History is but a mishmash of facts and lies melded into the ends and means in play.

* * * *

Who really cares what You believe?
Who really cares what You feel?
Who really cares what You are?
Really only You, and You, alone.
And that, but for the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

How is it that this world, this cosmos, is not already beyond-all-pales magical,
Without so many glossing it over with every variety of superstition and fantasy?
How is it that a scientific approach has not entirely abolished all fallacious claims,
With a vision so much more expansive, than any parts can but begin to imagine?

* * * *

It is surely far more interesting to experience and consume, at least some of one's wealth,
Than it is always be contemplating bank ledgers, Wall Street ticker tapes, or piles of gold.

* * * *

This moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.
No who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
Nothing to know, nothing to be, nothing to be curious about.
That there is nothing to conceive, is so amazingly slam-dunk obvious.
In fact, it is impossible to conceive, to imagine, anything, within any given moment.
Even if the momentary, unborn-undying awareness, could, somehow, stop long enough to consider it;
Could somehow, make the quantum space-time matrix, stop its kaleidoscoping merry-go-round;
Could somehow hold absolutely still, for even one single poof of an eternal moment;
It would all boil down to: this moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

Observe anything keenly enough, and its pattern will become self-evident.
There are no black boxes; only those who lack the keenness,
Or the interest, or the time, to observe acutely.

* * * *

Where is there to go, when You are right here, right now,
No matter who-what-where-when-why-how You may be.

* * * *

You are captain of your ship; it is on You, to steer it well abreast the shoals,
Else the opportunists will happily pick through your treasures in the wreckage.

* * * *

The best strategies, the best tactics, are the ones that win.
Never get into a fight, unless You have what it takes to lose.

* * * *

You can be sure any given gold rush is over,
When the body politic, the oligarchy, the homegrown one-percenters,
a.k.a., the axis of evil: nepotism, cronyism, favoritism.
Decide it is time to bring in the sheriff.

* * * *

All are witness to the same mystery,
Witness to the same indivisible theater of quantum origin,
But how each patterning, each algorithm, plays out its nature-nurture dreamtime,
Is its own incomparable adventure, its own incomparable fate,
From imagination's beginning, to its end.

* * * *

The curious mind is ever drawn out the keep of awareness,
In the insatiable quest for one grail or another,
Not always of the holy sort.

* * * *

Imagination, creator of all that is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that has never been anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that will never be anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, only as material as the sensory-born illusion of the given moment.

* * * *

You do not always have to be curious; You do not always have to question, to probe.
You do not have to fill your head with endless, inconsequential trivia.
You do not have to resolve all the world's problems
Every day over a cup of coffee.
Chances are, You, and any fellow patrons You chit-chat with,
Have absolutely, beyond all shades of doubt, no say, in any shoulda-coulda-woulda answer, anyway.

* * * *

How much of your imaginary space-time is spent on every variety of distraction?
Mindless drivel, fallacious conclusions, magical assumptions, romantic yearnings.
How much of your imaginary space-time is spent avoiding the stillness within?

* * * *

Melting ice is rippling across the face of Mother Earth,
And all existence hangs upon the ever-kaleidoscoping new balance.
Piles of gold will mean nothing when there is no world left in which to spend it.

* * * *

So many sights You will never see,
So many sounds You will never hear,
So many scents You will never smell,
So many flavors You will never taste,
So many textures You will never feel,
So many thoughts You will never think,
So many things You will never own.
So many things You will never do.
So many things You will never be.
So it goes.

* * * *

Playing in this touchy-feely sandbox does not mean You are not entirely alone all the while.
That all others are but apparitions, dancing about all around You,
In a magical holodeck of quantum design.
Perfectly choreographed by the sensory mind,
In all its biological-chemical-electrical-quantum glory.
It may be delusional, but it is a madness that makes it tolerable.

* * * *

What conflict could there have ever been in sentient beings for more than food and turf,
Until imagination usurped the awareness, rose into Planet of the Apes glory,
And grafted self-absorption, identity, into the instinctual algorithm.
And thus, a long and winding, ever-present expedition, to You, reading this,
Somewhere along the path that your nature-nurture is, to its imaginary fate, wandering.

* * * *

Dwelling in the awareness requires a very clear, a very present, attentiveness.
Far easier to drift in the busy-ness of the imaginary realms,
To which most minds are inclined.

* * * *

It all just happened; what did You see?
It all just happened; what did You hear?
It all just happened; what do You taste?
It all just happened; what do You smell?
It all just happened; what do You feel?

It all just happened; what do You know?

* * * *

In the craft, the art, the cunning, of politicians, of rhetoricians, of manipulators, of Machiavellians.
That all humans, through natural selection of the species, possess to some degree,
The important thing, the pragmatic thing, the sensible thing,
Is not whether You heard or understood them,
But that they believe You did.
Keeping the peace keeps it peaceful.
Respect oils the ceaseless machinations of power.
Disregarding the balance is a sure road to mayhem and suffering,
All based upon patterns that our kind evolved since inception in the primordial stew.
Long before space, long before time, long before imagination usurped the genome for its imaginary ends.

* * * *

Diverse as all the speculations – in all times, in all geographies – of how all this creation came to be,
The dice of the original patterning were thrown long before there were any stories to weave,
And have been whirling and twirling their tango down the craps table ever since.
Call it by whatever name has been drilled in, it is ever the mystery of You.
That which is prior to all beginnings, that which is after all ends.
No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what You, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

Imagination is the Original Sin.
Until it usurped awareness, good and evil did not exist,
And their reality is a still an unproven doctrine, one left to philosophers who pontificate on ethics,
And the rest, to those who ceaselessly spin their self-absorbed realities,
Into every imaginable form of self-righteousness.

* * * *

Move anyone up the hierarchy, the pyramid, a few spreadsheets,
And You will quickly find out what kind of dictator they would be.

* * * *

Imagination is the Genie let out of Pandora's Box.
Imagination is the Elephant in the middle of the room.
Imagination is what the Seven Blind Men can never see.

* * * *

Everything You know, everything You trust, everything You consider real and true,
Everything You spent your life accumulating, everything You will likely depart believing,
Is nothing more than whatever your imaginary nature-nurture quantum reverie, has concocted.

* * * *

Challenging not to allow imagination to believe this mystery,
To be more than it is, more than it needs to be, more than it ever can be.
Imagination has an extremely long rap sheet, of difficulty leaving well enough alone.

* * * *

Through all times,
Through all spaces,
The same genesis in all,
The same unknown in all,
The same consciousness in all,
The same imagination in all,
The same awareness in all,
The same moment in all,
The same mystery in all,
The same voice in all,
The same You in all.

* * * *

Reality is only as real as You imagine it.
Space is only as real as You imagine it.
Time is only as real as You imagine it.
History is only as real as You imagine it.
Science is only as real as You imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as You imagine it.
Music is only as real as You imagine it.
Art is only as real as You imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as You imagine it.
Industry is only as real as You imagine it.
Technology is only as real as You imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as You imagine it.
Existence is only as real as You imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as You imagine it.
Other is only as real as You imagine it.
Nature is only as real as You imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as You imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as You imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as You imagine it.
Everything is only as real as You imagine it.
God is only as real as You imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as You imagine it.
Self is only as real as You imagine it.
You are only as real as You imagine it.

* * * *

What is left, after You stop imagining You are the body?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are the identity?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are all these memories?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are all these relationships?
What is left, after You stop imagining You are anything at all?
What is left, but the still, pure awareness, You ever are,
That to which all manifestation is but a dream.

* * * *

Differences are only as real as You imagine them.
Conclusions are only as real as You imagine them.
Assumptions are only as real as You imagine them.
Speculations are only as real as You imagine them.

* * * *

How boggling that the human species,
Despite all the science, despite all the technology,
Still imagines itself in any way separate from the mystery it is.

* * * *

Straight talk is always best.
Something with which politicians and theologians and snake oil salesmen,
Have great difficulty.

* * * *

In the prehistoric times when Darwin ruled,
No creature could assume it would survive any given day.
That is still true, but with seatbelts and air conditioning and insurance.

* * * *

There is no reason why anything has to stay the same.
There is no way anything can stay the same.
Change is the quantum certitude.

* * * *

Whether You say yes, whether You say no,
Whether You go right, whether You go left,
You fate, your destiny, is decidedly assured.
And all equally occupy the same dusty graveyard.
And the worms do not care who You were, or what You did.

* * * *

To lionize the sciences unconditionally,
Is to underplay its partnership with vanity and greed.
At what point does the point of diminishing returns become obvious?
Kind of like demolishing your dwelling, and counting and measuring all the splinters.

* * * *

What will death be, but a huge release, complete freedom, from the captivity of awareness,
Locked in a corporeal mind-body, locked in the confining nature of any seed's existence.
The human version saturated with every variety of illusion that imagination can muster.
Why fear, why dread, at last returning to the oblivion, to the home ground, You truly are?

* * * *

Look at the population counters, counting away, and You will get a sense,

Of how many dreams are out there, happening right now, and that is just human beings.
All life has equal access to the same simultaneous, timeless awareness.
All existence, You included, is the same mystery.
Allow it to remain a mystery.
Give it no name.
Be it.
Enjoy the quietude.

* * * *

Imagination takes You anywhere You please.
It is the magic carpet ride of this eternal mystery.
Perhaps wearing a bit thin as far as this garden goes.

* * * *

And if there is, perchance, an all-powerful God running it all,
What have you/we revealed to him/her/it in your/our strut upon the stage.
How weary I am after just one lifetime; imagine if You had been forced to witness it all.
Not planning to apply for that position anytime ever.

* * * *

What will death be, but a huge release, complete freedom, from the captivity of awareness,
In a corporeal mind-body, saturated with every variety of illusion that imagination can muster.
Why fear, why dread, at last returning to the oblivion, to the homestead, You ever really-truly are?

* * * *

No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what You, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

We might have survived a lot longer if we hadn't been so damned clever.
Alas, that wisdom requires so many do-it-until-you-see-through-it experiences.
Which currently leaves us in something of a Gordian-Knot-without-a-sword dilemma.

* * * *

For a healthy, vibrant civilization,
A certain pruning-thinning-grading state of mind is required.
There is no surviving, no enduring, no thriving, a Darwinian jungle world without it.
Unfortunate actions like abortion, sterilization, death sentences, final exits,
Are not irrational, if carried out with compassionate rationality.

* * * *

The most important thing about all the teachers You will meet in this lifetime,
Is whether or not, You, in the ever-present now, hear what they have to offer.

* * * *

What You eat and drink, is what You will poop and pee.
Those colonoscopy pics will tell the tale of your choices.

* * * *

Everything You value, everything You hold near and dear, is an entitlement.
There is no such thing as privilege; no such thing as divine right.
There is no deity gauging your every thought and move,
For some hierarchical placement in the hereafter.
And if there perchance is some supreme being,
There are more than a few who decidedly do not care.

* * * *

No one can ever see, ever do, what they have not learned to see or do.
Large or small, full or empty, the nature-nurture frame of reference is all.

* * * *

If You stop wishing this or that would be different,
Then what it is, becomes a bit more tolerable, becomes a tad more consumable.
Except Nazis in Paris; that is just never going to be right.

* * * *

A world full of documentation in every imaginable medium for the aliens to scrutinize,
When they finally happen upon the third dust ball from its smallish star,
That it still orbits as it did when life existed upon it.

* * * *

After who-knows-how-many thousands of years of inquiry,
In all strata of all cultures, across all times, across all geographies,
The unanswerable questions are still as unanswerable as ever.

* * * *

The sciences, the mathematics, the technologies, and all the other intellectual pursuits,
Have investigated anything and everything to unimaginable heights and depths,
But there is a point of diminishing returns we have long since surpassed.
When will we finally discern the meaninglessness, the absurdity,
Of the infinity of zeros on either side of the decimal point?

* * * *

How did You ever come to believe that You, were this mass of crunchy and chewy and gooey?
This double-double-toil-and-trouble vat of quantum, patterned into life,
That somehow, through countless Darwinian choices,
Came to be but the current chariot,
From which to witness your eternal creation.
Be not too attached to it, for it must go the way of all the rest.

* * * *

What happens when the mind totally unclenches?
When it ceases holding on to anything?
When it surrenders it all?
When it just is.

* * * *

Who and what and where and when and why and how,
Is there any direction in the stillness, the emptiness, the nothingness, the oblivion;
The ineffable, indelible, unknowable, unfathomable, spaceless, timeless, ever-present now of awareness?

* * * *

An unmindful breath is imagination's most potent weapon in the usurpation of awareness.
One can only speculate, how much of the human paradigm, is really about oxygen deprivation.
What strange things these endorphins, these chemical reactions, in this magical electromagnetic body,
That has taken all genesis, all creation, gazillions of trips around our wee little star,
To create the one You are in, in this particular space and time.
You are witness to a sensory-inspired theater,
A sensory-inspired matrix,
A sensory-inspired, ineffable mystery.
There need be, there can be, no more explanation.

* * * *

Growing older becomes something of a tick-tick-tick countdown to death.
Moving closer moment by moment, to what, You do know, to what, You cannot know.
All religions, all the middleman, across all times, all geographies, are talking through their hats.
No one knows, no one has ever known, no one will ever know,
Anything but what imagination imagines.

* * * *

Every moment is tabula rasa, tabula rasa is every moment,
Through which consciousness involuntarily scribes it imaginary pretenses,
Except in those rare few capable of stilling the mind enough,
To discern the operating system underlying all.

* * * *

Neither cosmos nor world revolve around You.
It kaleidoscopes within and without the timeless eye of awareness.
As You scan this, gazillions beyond gazillions of moments, have streamed before the senses.
Do not dwell on the in and out of each and every breath of a body bound to illusion.
Focus instead, on it flowing through the mind, that space You truly ever are,
In which the mystery, each and every timeless, indelible moment,
Simultaneously enters and exits, as it does any stream.

* * * *

Be – in mind, in consciousness, in awareness – very still,
And You will discern the mystery You ever are,
This, and every tabula rasa moment,
Since the dawn of creation.

* * * *

There are many writers writing, there are many speakers speaking.
All describing the same mystery though the prisms of different frames of reference.
Different times, different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different everything.

There is no need to favor one over another; only to ascertain if the voice is the same.

* * * *

The awareness You are, requires a mind, a vehicle, a theater,
In which to envision its imaginary quantum creation.
To believe You are the vessel, is to miss entirely,
That no vain notion carries water for long.

* * * *

An empty mind is a whole mind, a total mind, a no-mind.
Do not focus the momentary awareness on the in and out of breathing.
Concentrate instead, on stilling the ever-churning thoughts,
Which cloak the mystery of the moment.

* * * *

If You feel called to serve, serve the awareness, serve the matrix, serve the moment, serve the now,
Whose quantum mystery casts into all sensory theaters the illusion of space and time.
Walk spontaneously, walk anonymously, do whatever the moment calls.
No need to make a big thing about the imaginary character.
The mystery You truly are, is beyond all need of vanity or avarice.

* * * *

It would seem extremely rare, extremely atypical, extremely dubious, likely all but impossible,
That a mind that has been heavily conditioned, could even begin to escape its taloned clutches.
It would take an extremely doubtful, an extremely adroit mind, to embark on such a journey.

* * * *

Play hedonism and narcissism from abstinence to moderate to extreme,
It is all the same awareness through which the winds of illusion blow.

* * * *

Without the Darwinian choices made in the primordial jungles of long ago.
Without the body parts, without the senses, without the neural trail,
What language, oral or written, could there possibly be?

* * * *

What happened to the Egyptians,
What happened to the Persians,
What happened to the Chinese,
What happened to the Greeks,
What happened to the Spanish,
What happened to the French,
What happened to the English,
What happened to the Germans,
What happened to the Russians,
What happened to the Aztecs,
What happened to the Incas,
What happened to the Zulus,

What happened to the Romans,
Is what happens to all robust tribes.
Everything that rises, sooner or later falls.
That is the statistical certainty of all manifestation.
Including this genesis, this matrix, and any and all creations prior and hence.

* * * *

It would take a very astute translator to even closely transcribe this into any other language but English.
In fact, as any linguist knows, it will be quickly unreadable for English readers,
Only a few centuries, perhaps decades, down the road.
It does not matter that it is read, nor that it have impact, but, that it was written.

* * * *

What is light? What is sound? What is smell? What is touch? What is taste?
But sensory illusions the mind-body every moment creates,
In whatever way nature-nurture dictates.
Free will? Hah!

* * * *

Nothing better for fear and dread than a few deep breaths.
Snaps the mind-body right back into stand-at-attention neutral.

* * * *

The awakening, is realizing You have a front-and-center-row seat,
To your world, your universe, your mind-body's nature-nurture, your now.
All other dualistic notions, all blacks and whites, fall to the wayside; relativity reigns.

* * * *

This corporeal mind-body, too, must one day dis-incorporate, as all mortal shells do.
The ultimate You, the quantum matrix You, the electromagnetic spectrum You,
Has, through awareness, experienced every life form, every sentient creature.
Congratulations on getting to perform an at least somewhat awakened role.

* * * *

Whether words are scientific or philosophical,
None have any influence over truth, any control of truth.
It is only vanity that stokes any arguments about the way it is, and is not.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how, are You,
But imagination, imagining itself real,
In the emptiness of awareness.

* * * *

A lot of nice guys wake up next to their women every morning,
With their manhood still secure in the lockbox beneath her pillow.

* * * *

A discerning, doubting eye, is all any earnest truth-seeker requires.
Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, is your teacher, your guru.
So, meander on, pilgrim, wherever, however, your Yellow Brick Road twists and turns.

* * * *

Odds are, it is imagination that wakes up every morning,
And drags You along through whatever the day has in store.

* * * *

If You see a middleman, avoid eye contact, cross the street.
Unless You are in a somewhat wayward mood for a little amusement,
A little ringing of the bell, a little rattling of the cage, a little riposting of the wit.

* * * *

Alpha males leave many a child in their wake for the betas to raise.
Nothing like getting away with not paying dues for the genomic drive.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a quantum algorithm.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

So, one moment, awareness, a.k.a., God, if that's your thing, woke up from a long siesta,
Wondered what would happen if it kick-started a tiny little tidbit of nothingness.
And voila, here You are, meandering an electromagnetic mystery theater,
Witnessing every agony, every ecstasy, and everything betwixt.
As every cat knows, that curiosity thing sure can bite.

* * * *

The English language is the most exotic, wanton whore,
The Darwinian evolution of communication has ever contrived.

* * * *

Show me what will happen in one minute,
Just a few miles away, or half-way across the world,
And I will believe space-time is more than an imaginary notion.

* * * *

If You are paying very close attention to the impenetrable awareness,
You are waylaying your patterning for at least a few moments, maybe.

* * * *

If there is a God, do we really look any bigger than bacteria from on high?
From that aloof vantage, is he/she/it even aware of our Vanity Fair absurdity?
Has anything we have ever done to venerate he/she/it, ever meant diddly-squat?
Keep placing your bets, ladies and gentlemen, fools and treasure are easily parted.

* * * *

It is preordained, only if You are paying attention.
It is not preordained, only if You are not paying attention.
And to which line, which soundbite, might ye be most inclined?

* * * *

When has anything You have ever created, no matter the genre,
Not required an evolutionary process linked to space and time?

* * * *

What is the whole mind, the absolute mind,
But a mind given over to the pure awareness,
Witness to all reveries of consciousness.
Called by many names; none matter.

* * * *

Some are, through the ever-streaming river of natural selection, given the role of predator, some, of prey.
Some a do-whatever-is-required, adaptable, opportunistic, pragmatic blend.
Which role have You been allotted?
The thing to always remember and appreciate,
Is that all are equally the same awareness, the same mystery.

* * * *

Storytelling will never end, because that is how imagination reigns,
Over the emptiness, the pointlessness, the tabula rasa, of immaculate awareness.
Or so it seems to believe, across all the many variations of vanity,
Humankind has, since jungles ago, played out.

* * * *

All creation is a massive, ever-kaleidoscoping sculpture,
A work of art that includes You as one of its countless sculptors.
The only way to witness its sum, is to surrender self, and become Self.

* * * *

Whether You ‘Do unto others as You wish them to do unto you’ Golden Rule it … or not,
Is an every-moment, nature-nurture, choiceless choice, sculpting your imaginary destiny.

* * * *

Why didn’t cockroaches gain world supremacy?
More than a few might argue they did long ago.

* * * *

Good parenting is rarely about giving your children everything carte blanche,
Or at least not without a modicum of reciprocation, a measure of contractual consideration,
That will begin building a foundation of grit and gumption, of the capability to triumph over adversity,
Of a work and play ethic, that is steeped in right relationship with nature, if at all possible.

* * * *

For the human species to survive much longer,

It must somehow recalibrate itself with the rules of the game.
The choices of vain notion have nothing to do with it, never have, never will.
The world, the cosmos, the mystery, are every moment in precise quantum-clock equilibrium.
The only real question is whether our kind, and all our fellow earthlings, small to large,
Can manage to survive the holocaust into which it is every moment headed.

* * * *

To Whom It May Concern:
Regarding the usage of alternative substances,
Anything from alcohol and its numbing, to hallucinogens and their awakening,
Few others will likely notice, if You do not give cause, nor confess.

* * * *

Re: Tattoos: What is the likelihood (a.k.a., probability),
You would wear the same t-shirt, the same baseball cap, the same whatever,
With the same message, the same image, the same meme, for the rest of your meaningless existence?
Many if not most, destined to become indistinct blobs on aging, likely flabby flesh.
Unless, of course, You are a (enter favorite team here) fan,
Or a religious fanatic, born to forever follow,
With too much money, too much time,
And too little sense, on your hands.

* * * *

What you think, what you do not think, what you do, what you do not do,
When you are alone, when no one is watching, when no one but you knows,
Says everything about the nature-nurture, imaginary you,
That can be ever be said or written.

* * * *

Fitting your Self into an idea,
Believing a role nature-nurture has dictated,
Is not necessary, and is often counter to the quest for freedom.
Words are tools for communication; not ends, not goals, not realities, in themselves.
Never believe You can be encapsulated by a sound given concept.

* * * *

Rational thinking lends itself to lucidly writing about whatever it observes.
The examined life is its own blessing, and its own curse, as well.
Across the great divide, the now inaccessible ignorance,
Has a certain naively blissful aura idling about it.
The road less traveled is long and winding,
Replete with its own variations of agony and ecstasy.

* * * *

Every genomic sequence has a shelf life,
There is no denying it, there is no escaping it,
Despite all delusional confabulations to the contrary.

* * * *

If the words infinity and infinitesimal imply measurement,
Then they, too, are not real in the immeasurableness of it all.

* * * *

The epiphany voice is a realization from the deepest deep within.
It is a realization of something ofttimes life-changing.
It has a certain indescribable tone about it.
Never a bad idea to have bags packed for new adventures.

* * * *

Relax, You will probably get away with thinking whatever questionable things You think,
Whatever it is, upon which your mind ever again dwells, upon that which your destiny unfolds,
If You are pragmatic enough, chameleon enough, anonymous enough, strong enough, decisive enough.

* * * *

What is the state of mind, the quality of mind,
If You completely shut off curiosity about the world,
Curiosity about others, curiosity about anything?

* * * *

What did it take for this, or any of these many thoughts, to reach your awareness?
All of creation, and prior to that, if speculation be tickled and taunted.
Written for those who modestly hunger for prior to more.
For those who seek the one and only true Self within any and all.

* * * *

How grunts evolved into so many diverse languages across all geographies,
Before they were annihilated by conquest and colonization,
Is something we can now only imagine.

* * * *

The great cause for divorce in any relationship is not meeting the other's expectations.
Crossing some line, known or unknown, such that forgiveness is no longer an option.

* * * *

What an amazing thing, imagination,
That it can devise industry and technology to such a degree.
What would it do, were it to have unlimited resources and a wormhole garbage disposal?

* * * *

Do not be fooled by façade and bluster and bluff.
Every human being is filled with such a deep insecurity,
That many, if not most, spend their entire temporal dreamtime,
Avoiding, evading, bargaining, deluding, in every way imaginable.
To challenge the insecurity squarely, is embrace the mystery.

* * * *

How long will You allow history to influence your future?
How long will You allow it to meddle in your thoughts?
How long will You allow it to constrain your actions?
How long will You allow it to inflict your world?
How long will You allow it to permeate your mind?

* * * *

Scientists will likely whirl and twirl with the mystery for the rest of time,
But they will always end up at the same impenetrable dead end,
As mystics, across all times, across all geographies.
The mystery will ever remain a mystery.
All any can ever do, is be it.

* * * *

What are all life forms, but blobs of all shapes and sizes, wrapped in one covering or another.
Only blobs that call themselves human beings have imagination enough,
To play out their temporal existence as thespians.
Actors who believe themselves more real than real can ever be.

* * * *

What is the state of mind when nothing matters?
What happens when the mind totally unclenches?

* * * *

How can this done-as-quickly-as-it-happens dream of space and time,
Be considered anything more than impromptu theater, full of every imaginable intrigue.
But, for those whose nature-nurture have given the intelligence, the wit, to step outside any and all limits,
It is an opportunity to witness the mystery, in whatever way frame of reference allows.

* * * *

Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, what difference, really?
Whether it was kicked off by some divine being or quantum mechanics,
It is ever the same unfathomable, ineffable, timeless mystery.
Quarreling over something that can never be known,
Is about at meaningless as meaningless gets.

* * * *

Let the vain be vain, the greedy be greedy, the powerful be powerful.
It is their avarice for more-more-more that has made it possible,
For You to be here observing this grand mystery, as they never will.
You will not even one iota change the world, but it need not change You.

* * * *

Adam and Eve were not kicked out of the garden,
They stopped looking, they stopped listening.
They turned it from nature to resource.
They embraced destruction, they embraced manipulation.
They bred and fought, and took more and more of that which was freely given.

How much more is there to be taken from this poor dust ball,
Before for it finally rids itself of its plague?
Or dies in the trying?

* * * *

Alternative substances can make for impulsive behavior.
Never a bad idea to tap on the brakes a few times,
To avoid facing unwanted consequences.
Moderation in all things is always good policy.

* * * *

Hope for the best, plan for the worst.
Hope has an ofttimes irrational, delusional, unprepared fan base,
But those of a more rational bent, those who know the difference between caution and fear,
Know it is never ever a good idea not to be ready for the worst,
For the worst can happen any moment, any place, any time,
As history again and again proves, every way imaginable.

* * * *

The world only appears flat because it is large enough to disguise, to camouflage, its spherical reality.
Science has used industry and technology to look, to explore, beyond anything the senses can sense.
Science-deniers daily prove that intelligence is not a given when it comes to being a human being.

* * * *

Life plays but one seed at a time.
Genomic sequences, strung out like pearls.
Each linked from whatever beginning to whatever end.
It is a process that is as close to immortality as the mystery allows.

* * * *

The most exhilarating moments of existence
Wander through every sort of creation and preservation and destruction.
The best life is the one lived first finding, and then doing, whatever calls You from the far distant shore.
The one You would even pay good coin to play.

* * * *

What can anyone really know of the so many unanswerable questions?
Science has examined everything to the nth degree, and still they remain inscrutable.
Every moment is the exact same mystery it has always been, the exact same mystery it will ever be.
Anyone enticing You with some esoteric morsel is talking through their hat.
Best check your wallet as You quickly back away.

* * * *

Light will travel through a vacuum at 300 million meters per second.
The speed of sound through air is about 340 meters per second.
And what of taste? And what of smell? And what of touch?
What exactly is this dream that the five senses weave?
And does any universe exist without a witness to create it?

* * * *

The dream of time spins on and on and on and on.
Never more than a dream of consciousness.
Never more than a dream of imagination.
Never more than a dream of mystery.
Never more than a dream of You.

* * * *

A little gratitude, please, if You have thus far lived
A relatively carefree, untroubled, secure, enjoyable existence.
If You have had access to many of the entitlements this time has offered,
If You have always had the good fortune to be subjected to a full belly and a safe harbor.
Take nothing for granted, because entitlements, privileges, freedoms, choices,
Must be backed by strong will, and plentiful resources, to carry on.

* * * *

Everything You remember is no more than what neurons manage to encode.
Your world is entirely based on electrical impulses evolved
In the primordial stew long before time.

* * * *

Like cattle, like sheep, driven down from rolling hills,
The young of human descent are gradually herded
Into the chutes of their given nature-nurture destinies.
Civilization is founded upon the domestication of everything.
Only in the evolution, the revolution, of consciousness, of imagination,
Can the inherent wildness, the inherent fierceness, of origin, be at least whiffed.

* * * *

Assuming he really existed, anyone who actually knew Jesus, is as long gone as he.
Rest assured, the version You have gleaned from what little is written,
Is likely not even close to whatever really happened,
Likely not even close to whoever, whatever, if ever he really was.
History is often a lie that weaves on and on, bending minds of all those giving it ear.

* * * *

What effort it takes to politic, to maneuver and fire, as the moment calls.
How much simpler might-makes-right must have been,
Before the advent of language, infused with the infinity of imagination,
Before the fruit of knowledge was first plucked, and the exodus from the garden underway.

* * * *

If You are called to something greater than your imaginary dreamer,
All You need do is serve the awareness, serve the moment,
Serve the matrix, serve the mystery, there is no other.
No need for crystal cathedrals climbing to divine summits,
Nor charlatans between You and whatever they claim the mystery to be.

* * * *

How many life forms have been domesticated and slaughtered and tortured for humankind's purpose?
How much longer can the tattered web of life continue to endure, to survive, the cancer we have become?

* * * *

The law to obey with as little fail as possible is the natural one.
Anyone who takes it lightly will suffer endless pain,
And death, if lessons are not learned.

* * * *

Vanity is naught but the fluff, the huff and puff, of imagination.
It means absolutely nothing to the world, to the cosmos, to mystery.

* * * *

What arrogance it takes for any individual or group to forcibly bend others to their will.
What a species we are that violence, that warfare, is such an integral part of our daily lives.

* * * *

Are You this imaginary part in the human paradigm, the human chronicle, the human debacle?
Or simply You, witnessing; simply You, present; simply You, right here, right now;
Simply You, the one and only, ever-present, unborn-undying moment.
The same one that twinkles in the eye of the awareness.

* * * *

When did the first notion of your imaginary sense of self take place?
When did the first scratches appear on the empty slate, the tabula rasa?

* * * *

All that is imagined is only real in imagination.
To be that awareness, to be that witness, prior to imagination,
Is to be free of history, free of all that is known, free of all that limits the spirit;

* * * *

What need does nature, what need does awareness, have for gods and demons?
What need for any imaginary temporal confabulations born of human insecurity?

* * * *

Every timeless moment brings more degradation
To a garden already mutilated beyond all recognition,
From the Darwinian purity, the quantum clockwork,
Prior to the rise of man, and his penchant for more.

* * * *

There are no limits to the ways and means a con man will use to hoodwink the sheep forever again.
A confidence trick is an attempt to defraud a person or group after first gaining their trust.
Since the dawn, confidence tricksters have exploited victims using their credulity,
Naïveté, compassion, vanity, confidence, irresponsibility, and greed.

To which trickster do You without reserve give your attention and tithing?
And are they ‘finally’ content with that new mansion, new sports car, new Lear Jet?

* * * *

Regarding final exiting, taking your own life, somewhere in the endgame,
You probably need go out with some chips still on the table,
Or else You may well likely die painfully, or certainly with extreme bother,
In some foreign bed, hooked up to all sorts of drip tubes and beeping electronic devices.

* * * *

How can philosophy, the study of life, the inquiry into what is real, what is factual, what is genuine,
Be confined by any time, be confined by any geography, be confined by any circumstance?
How can it be called Western or Eastern, or any other arbitrary, dualistic notion?
If any given truth applies to one, it must apply to all, else it is not truth.

* * * *

Family and friends may be cracked up to what they are supposed to be, if You are lucky.
Sometimes You are on surer footing with adversaries and strangers,
Than You are with those You hold near and dear,
Those You assume, You hope, You should be able to trust.
Standing alone, aloof, unallied, is sometimes the best and only option.

* * * *

No point getting all huffy and self-righteous,
That the one-percenters have always been in charge.
You are but another slave to their vessel; row well, and live.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is prior to sound.
Awareness is prior to sight.
Awareness is prior to taste.
Awareness is prior to smell.
Awareness is prior to touch.
Awareness is prior to everything.

* * * *

Every moment is tabula rasa, every moment is an empty slate,
Every moment is timelessly unconnected to every other moment,
Upon which consciousness can write any story it pleases, or not.
To discern this clearly, is what it truly means, to be born again.

* * * *

Just because something pops into mind does not necessarily mean it is a good idea.
Spontaneity and impulsiveness and curiosity have made for many a departed feline.

* * * *

To delve into true aloneness, true solitude, true seclusion, true isolation,

Put behind family, friends, strangers, adversaries, and all other endless attachments to mind and body.
Let go the ever-stormy, ever confused, ever violent world, we have together crafted,
With its seemingly endless collection of insanities and absurdities,
Headlining every moment of every day.

* * * *

Most mortal minds are more attached to their imagination,
Than they are the mystery from which all imagination comes.

* * * *

You are not special, and certainly no more so than anyone else.
Your normal is just as normal as any other life form's normal.

* * * *

Why deprive your Self of a good, full, fearless, desireless, breath of air?
Giving your awareness back to the moment it is, is the serenity,
That no imaginary character can in mind, ever achieve.

* * * *

How do You measure a collection of instants,
But through the sensory illusion of imagination

* * * *

The creative mind is a state of awareness that spices up even the most plebeian existence.
No matter the genre, it is a mind that surfs the moment, the wave of time and space.
Its only rival is desire, playing out in all the ways only the hunger for more can.

* * * *

We are all blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey,
Some with more aesthetically-pleasing exteriors than others,
But all just blobs, playing out the theater of consciousness, just the same.
Which blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey, will copulate,
And cast forth the next generation, the next wave,
In the mystery's Darwinian anthology?

* * * *

The quantum can do whatever the limits of being a quantum are.
Why should the electromagnetic spectrum be confined
By any imaginary notion devised by mind?

* * * *

The long view is not something easily garnered, easily assembled.
It required an evolution, a brewing, a steeping, a marinating, a fermenting,
For which relatively few have the nature-nurture ingredients.

* * * *

Your little mansion, your little castle,
What will come of it in one hundred years?

What will come of it in one hundred million years?
Vanity is an absurd joke.

* * * *

It is extremely arduous for the mind, the brain, to reach a discerning point,
Where it is able to still itself into the timeless beingness, where it is at last content to merely be,
Awakening to the awareness challenges, defies, the genomic rhyme and reason.
It is the one and only revolution, it is the one and only evolution.

* * * *

We all play the part, the role, spun by the genetic lottery.
Nature-nurture spins character, and they, together, spin destiny.
Only in looking back, can there be any awareness, any understanding,
Of what it took for You to have reached this moment,
In your performance, in your spectacle.
And You, its solitary, dispassionate, eternal witness.

* * * *

When You get right down to it, stars shining from across the universe,
Are about as meaningful as lights on a Christmas tree across the room.
Always calling to astronomers and astrologists to measure and calculate,
But relatively meaningless for plebeians just trying to survive the day.

* * * *

What is a philosopher but a rational mind,
Whose perceptive detachment from the manifest theater,
Allows him to examine it so closely in every way,
That he discerns it as only the dead can.

* * * *

No matter how wealthy or poor You may be,
No matter how willing or unwilling You may be,
Everyone tithes a piece to the one-percenters.

* * * *

What would happen if humankind across the world, somehow awakened to its eternal nature?
How would we behave toward each other, and the garden, we have so brought to its knees?
How would we mend ourselves, and the environment, we have so abused and neglected?
What discourse would there be, if vanity and greed no longer spun their absurdities?
What decisions would the species make to become guardians instead of destroyers?

* * * *

Where else is there to be,
When the me, the myself, the I,
Disappear into the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

What an idle, meaningless pipe dream,

To even bother thinking the Titanic could have avoided the iceberg,
That was its destiny.

* * * *

Blobs everywhere.
Some with eyes.
Some with ears.
Some with noses.
Some with mouths.
Some with fingers.
Some with toes.
Some with legs.
Some with arms.
Some with tails.
Some with muscles.
Some with fat.
Some with wings.
Some with fins.
Some with flesh.
Some with hair.
Some with scales.
Some with wit.
Some with folly.
Some with …
Some with …
Some with …
Some with …
Some with …
Some with whatever.
All blobs, nonetheless.

* * * *

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.
The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeros.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

* * * *

The human species has scrutinized and dissected the world
In every way imaginable, every way plausible, every way feasible.
Alas that we are long past putting Humpty Dumpty back together again.

* * * *

What a wretched, useless thing, to go through this existence born of mystery,
Always estimating, always calculating, always preserving,
One's power, one's wealth, one's status.
Who is the who, who cares, is the real question.

* * * *

Why write a story when the moral, the bare bones, the punchline, is all that is required.
When cutting to the chase, getting to the point, takes so much less effort for all concerned.

* * * *

No need to ever inquire deeply, if it does not call You.
There are distractions beyond all counting,
For as many lifetimes as You like,
Or at least for as many,
As this dream world has in store.

* * * *

Labels nicely tuck away – insulate, isolate, separate, sequester, quarantine – anything,
Into the manageable nooks and crannies, the 'to be degraded or redacted or forgotten' files,
Of those disinclined to question, those unwilling to step out, of the sanctuary of their cubicle minds.

* * * *

We all have a part to play.
Small or large, long or short, easy or hard.
Perhaps center stage, perhaps off in some anonymous sidebar.
But always the lead actor, front and center, peering out through the senses provided.
See it or not, like it or not, play it or not, that is the way the mystery rolls.

* * * *

Are You really open to forgetting your imaginary self?
To regain your true Self, to abide in the pure awareness the moment is?
Are You really willing to be dead before your time?

* * * *

Why would it ever matter if You are the only one to see this great truth?
There is no need to proselytize, no need to organize, no need to demonize.
There is no need to create any philosophy, form any cult, foster any fortune.
You are free to spend the rest of your dream, a totally anonymous witness.
You can spend it sitting staring at a wall, or on a barstool at the local pub.
No one will give second thought, if You do not raise your hand to speak.

* * * *

Most minds are more attached to their stories,
Than they are the truth from which all stories come.

* * * *

Have You ever been as brilliant or athletic as You might have hoped?
And if You perchance were, did the ovations and applause go to your head?

* * * *

How many generations has it taken since life's beginning,
To finally reach your ephemeral window of imagination's future past?
And unless You have not brought children into dreamtime, not forwarded your seed line,
There is no knowing what chronicle your lineage will someday withstand,
In whatever theater the human paradigm has yet to play,
Before its inevitable, inexorable extinction.

* * * *

How can any mortal witness ever be totally free of the given conditioning,
But through unreserved surrender to the momentary awareness?
Something to do with staring blankly at a blank wall,
At least on the first few million attempts.

* * * *

To discern and abide in that most vibrant state prior to consciousness,
The momentary union with the awareness You truly are,
Is the final bout with the windmills of mind.

* * * *

Where else is there to be, when the me, the myself, the I,
Dissipate like the Cheshire Cat into the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

Just another sound.
Just another sight.
Just another taste.
Just another smell.
Just another touch.
Just another thought.
Where is the space?
Where is the time?

* * * *

Everything the quantum mystery has ever woven across all creation,
Was required, for the awareness, in your mortal form, to reach this moment.
Tarry a while, for You are the You, which all seekers have sought, since seeking began.

* * * *

Extinction of any species is just another day in the garden.
Not even a pause to pay last respects or salute the departed.
Mother Nature just churns on and on in her quantum way.

* * * *

Your genome morphs many faces, many bodies, in your window of time.

As Shakespeare so eloquently penned,
Through the melancholy Jaques,
In a previous moment:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

* * * *

Imagine, if You will, being that newborn again.
Pure awareness, out into the light, the noise, the hunger, the pain, the fear,
And what it took for consciousness, for imagination, to shape it, mold it, whittle it, into the universe,
In which You every moment tread, playing out the dream as You do.
We are all very much alone, together.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.
And when it all comes to a close, when the Reaper is but a breath away,
How conscious will You be? How insightful will You be?
How composed, how content, will You be?
What will your god judge?
Assuming You even care anymore.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination), the great usurper,
Is a trickster, a jester, a charlatan, a skalawag, a scoundrel, a pretender,
With every imaginable diversion, every ways and means, every moment, at its beck and call.
Ever enticing the awareness that You are, that You are not,
Away from its eternal nature.

* * * *

As we have witnessed many times, in all times, in all geographies,
Spiritual inquiry so often becomes more about the charismatic leader,
More about the followers, more about the dogma, than the original message.
It is an abyss into which the undiscerning, the true believers, again and again fall.
It is about middlemen, who, consciously or not, mold the me-myself-and-I,
Into an us-versus-them group mind that casts all non-believers,
Into a nadir that seals off all possibility of resolution,
But through submission to the group's will.

* * * *

Do You really, truly, know anything for sure?
Or only pretend to, for whatever reasons, only You know.
Whatever the case, know well, know beyond true,
That You are far from being first or last,
And are first and last all the while.

* * * *

The body is like a city that must be fed according to its size.
Staying lean, staying trim, maintaining a fighting edge,
Requires a discipline few have the will to sustain.

* * * *

On either side of the decimal, the ultimate truth of science,
Is always just one more zero past the far distant shores.

* * * *

Ploughshares into swords, or swords into ploughshares, we as a species every moment decide.
Moving beyond the constraints of the Darwinian genomic sequencing,
Is not something consciousness can will into being.

* * * *

You are but another tidbit, another flavor, another texture,
In the double-double-toil-and-trouble stew of this manifest theater.
Nothing more or less special than any quantum handiwork.

* * * *

Awakening is not a competition.
There are neither winners nor losers.
There are neither rewards nor punishments.

All are playing out the given nature-nurture algorithm.
Some mindlessly, some mindfully, it does not really matter which,
Except to the ones doing the minding, or trying to.

* * * *

Doubt, hesitation, disbelief, critical thinking, a predisposition towards rationality,
Are what make for the philosophical mind, and the mischief to which it lays claim.

* * * *

Awareness of Self is much more, much less, than imagination
Can ever more than swathe in the smoke and mirrors of time.

* * * *

Fathom your world, fathom your universe.
It will be as immense, or as small, as your imagination.
What was it before You were born? What will it be after You die?

* * * *

What is being investigated in this long and winding, tedious, cumbersome, philosophical edifice,
And many others across all times, all spaces, is whether awareness can be the go-to.
Giving it the reigns to imagination, rather than the other way around.
Consciousness need not be the willy-nilly, insane absurdity,
For those who have the wit to spin it rationally.

* * * *

Every newborn, whatever the species, the genus,
Is pure consciousness, is pure awareness,
As tabula rasa as tabula rasa can be,
Struggling to comprehend what is going on.
Nature-nurture will fashion its own unique answer.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.
Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.
Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned existence, is a quest to which few are inclined.
Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Regarding the patterning to which all are witness, always be mindful that it is every moment,
Patterning along, humming along, with the entire universe, with the entire mystery.
None can ever, in any way, any shape, any form, be a free-will-free-agent,
Because the mind-body cannot, for even one moment,
Disconnect from the sensory theater to which it is mortally bound.
And thus, it is imagination, the creator of all delusions, the architect of all destinies,
To which the dualistic task of individuality falls, and every absurdity played, in the fall from grace.

* * * *

Real peace, real tranquility, real serenity, real composure, cannot be forced;

It requires a surrender, a vulnerability, an openness, not easily marshalled.

* * * *

The world stills, when the mind does.
Full attention to the awareness that You are, that You are not,
Is the key to the indivisible reality of all things.

* * * *

Yes, anything may well be possible:
Gods, angels, demons, ghosts, vampires, zombies, goblins, fairies, aliens,
Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, Cupid, Saint Patrick, Father Time … and yes, Jesus, too.
But should You not want it corroborated by a number of reliable witnesses,
Including your Self, the most sober truth-seeker You know,
Before You go all-in True Believer on it?

* * * *

The promise of democracy cannot long persevere without checks and balances.
Barriers, scales, that hold fast in the relentless tempests of the corrupton,
Of the ever-hedonistic, ever-narcissistic, greed for more, more, more.

* * * *

Since there is no longer an untapped world full of Devil's Islands,
Why not construct supermax refugee camps for the debtors and homeless?
Well away from the exalted tiers, well away from the citizenry who actually matter.
Deserts hold great promise. And the Native Americans are welcome to stay.
And sooner or later, of course, gas chambers and special ovens,
Soylent green juicers, and so on, and so forth.

Play the game, or die.

You choose.

The one-percenters have always been in charge.

* * * *

Just because You do not see something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not hear something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not taste something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not smell something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not feel something, does not necessarily make it nonexistent.
Just because You do not fathom something, does not necessarily make it untrue.

* * * *

Water does not battle the rock.
It does not disobey gravity.
It does not resist the sun.

* * * *

As if we are not alien enough on this blue marble, chock-full of Darwinian aliens,
We are driven by narcissism and hedonism, by vanity and greed,
To concoct every media fiction imaginable.
There are no limits,
To what our kind will do, to entertain itself to death.

* * * *

Full attention to breath brings the mind to focus on the moment at hand.
Challenging to do conscious breathing, if You cannot manage to stay focused.
Imagination will use any and every trick to waylay awareness back to its dream.

* * * *

No worries if You are still very attached
To your mind-body, and the dream about You.
The matrix, the carnivàle, is full of blue-pill zombies,
Who believe it all enough to play on for as long as possible.

* * * *

Some call it, Genesis, others the Big Bang.
It is all the same mystery, and no story, no explanation, owns it.
Except for the turtles – the turtles all the way up, the turtles all the way down – they own it.

* * * *

What can be reincarnated in the timeless, unborn-undying moment?
Consciousness, imagination, is but creator and creation of this ineffable mystery.
Awareness is without intention or concern; what need does it have to be born again and again?
Consciousness believes it is an individual drop, playing out some glorious destiny.
Awareness is the ocean, in which all drops are indivisibly one.

* * * *

Every concoction of senses that Darwin's natural selections devise,
Create an utterly unique cosmos, to which only that form's awareness is sovereign witness.
How this is not beyond-boggling to any and every conscious being,
Would seem one of the greater mysteries.

* * * *

How can any world, any cosmos, possibly be created, be witnessed by awareness,
Without some sort of sensory algorithm, feeding into a central processing unit?

* * * *

If it is an entitlement, if it is an inheritance, if it is unearned, best learn to let go,
Unless You have the will, the might, of power or wealth or fame, to hold on to it.

* * * *

Exceedingly challenging to excced your limits.
Exceedingly uncomplicated to fall into obscurity.

* * * *

What sort of mind is drawn to, and capable of,
Moving prior and beyond its womb of creation.

* * * *

You do not have to experience a lot, You do not have to know a lot,
For the mind to rediscover, to re-establish, re-direct,
To run freely about its playground.

* * * *

What can be reborn in the timeless, ever-present moment,
That which is unborn, undying, indivisible, nonexistent?

* * * *

Intellectual sobriety – not being too high up in the Ivory Tower – can be a big plus.
Nothing worse than a scholar who, fist-in-the-coconut, knows too much to ever let go.

* * * *

Cougaring is a perfect alliance of an older female and a younger male;
Neither of which, can easily feed their cravings in their own age group.

* * * *

Another sack of grist working its way through the mill.
Another adventure, another sorty, another distracting sidebar.
Another rippling wrinkle, in the ever-expanding frame of reference.

* * * *

If You are not this tedious, mundane, temporal, worldly, mortal body,
What else can You possibly be, but the timeless moment of awareness?

* * * *

How is there fear, or any other passion,
But for imagination's attachment to the sensations
Of eye and ear and nose and tongue and flesh in the eye of mind,
All together, or separately, or in any combination.

* * * *

Electricity was first demonstrated in 1881,
When Lucien Gaulard of France and John Gibbs of England
Arranged the first successful alternating-current electrical demonstration in London.
Colonel Drake's heralded discovery of oil in Pennsylvania in 1859
And the Spindletop discovery in Texas in 1901,
Set the stage for the new oil economy.
Those two simple things, electricity and oil,
Have, in just less than 150 years, been the impetus,
That has taken the dream to staggering heights and depths.
As Robert Pirsig wrote in Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:
"And what is good, and what is not good, need we ask anyone to tell us these things?"

* * * *

If You believe You are the seed and the mind-body it becomes,
Then You are caught in the willy-nilly illusions and delusions of consciousness.
If You are the awareness prior to consciousness, You are the ever-present, transcendent moment.

* * * *

Imagination usurped the mystery of awareness many long ago's in the mind's evolution.
It is not easily recovered, except in minds able to turn a blind eye to the world, to the cosmos.
Seers, mystics, sages, who wander freely about, aloof from the helter-skelter of the sensory theater.

* * * *

The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the flesh, are sensory organs feeding into the brain.
Ergo, what the ever-dreaming, imaginary mind dreams, what the awareness witnesses,
Is nothing more than sensation, nothing more than quantum doing its mechanics.

* * * *

See the indivisible, see the unfathomable, see the ineffable, see the unknowable.
Hear the indivisible, hear the unfathomable, hear the ineffable, hear the unknowable.
Smell the indivisible, smell the unfathomable, smell the ineffable, smell the unknowable.
Taste the indivisible, taste the unfathomable, taste the ineffable, taste the unknowable.
Feel the indivisible. feel the unfathomable, feel the ineffable, feel the unknowable.
Be the indivisible, be the unfathomable, be the ineffable, be the unknowable.

* * * *

Humankind's tool-making capacity has made it possible
For the observation and measurement and manipulation of all things quantum.
The accelerating exponential of the unutterable devastation and pain and suffering, of the absurdity,
Every moment calls into question, however, its aptitude for saving us from ourselves.
File it under the usual suspects: Brother Irony and Sister Paradox.

* * * *

Any living organism is an energy structure, an energy system, an energy dynamic,
Through which awareness peers out into a universe of energy arrays.
The electromagnetic spectrum has no knowable bounds,
And imagination is but a thief, a player, dreaming itself real.

* * * *

You do not have to be something exceptional, something brilliant,
To have a virtuous, vibrant, enjoyable existence.
Being You is more than enough.

* * * *

And where does the awareness, the spirit, the soul, go, when the body expires,
But the same right here, right now, this one and only moment, it was all along.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to explain this mystery to a true believer,
Too shuttered in, to closed off, too certain, to listen, much less hear?

* * * *

It has all happened so that this matrix of a moment could happen.
And now this one, and this one, and this one, and this one,
And all the ones before, and all the ones after, too.
Not that that means time is real, of course.

* * * *

Some call it, God.
Some call it, Allah.
Some call it, Yahweh.
Some call it, Brahman.
Some call it, Quantum.
Some call it, Jehovah.
Some call it, Shiva.
Some call it, Tao.
I call it, Mystery.
Any name will do.
Any name the same,
To the mystery in all.
A mystery with no name.

* * * *

However it began: genesis, big bang, does it really matter?
It has been rolling like dice down a Las Vegas craps table ever since,
Everything as destined, as fated, as ordained, as kismet, as sure as sure can be.
You believe there is really free will? You believe there is really choice?
Well, I have not found them, so the burden of proof is on You.

* * * *

Jesus was a troublemaker, and Buddha, too.
Both were tortured as the given cultures saw fit.
One died painfully on a cross, that turned into a cult.
The other, tormented still, as a garden statue,
Shit on by birds scavenging for worms.
And Nietzsche, poor Nietzsche, poor Nietzsche.
He is still one-flew-into-the-cuckoo's-nest, bat-shit crazy,
Over the way his life's work was usurped, and twisted into doublespeak,
By Hitler & Crew, with the aid of his sister, that ultimately killed and scarred so many.
Which brings up the fact, that Jesus is not happy about how many have suffered in his name, either.
None have come back to save us, to lead us to God, at least, that any true believers,
Or town-criers, have thus far noted in the unpopular popular press.

* * * *

Who can know the acclaim, the derision, the anonymity, their life work will bear.
How many great thinkers, great mystics, would perhaps burn their entire creation,
Rather than have their good intentions be twisted and usurped by the small-minded,
By the self-serving trolls that ever lurk in the shadows waiting for quarry to feed upon.

* * * *

You are naught but awareness witnessing a dreamtime.
The crunch and goo will someday fall away,
And You will remain as You are.
Immortality is like that.

* * * *

So, what world, what universe, would You create,
If You were in charge, if You had control of every part and particle?
How would You run it? Would You create? Would You preserve? Would You destroy?
Would there be peace? Goodwill to all? Or the reign of fire and pillage?
Could You do it any better? Could You do it any worse?
Playing God is not all it is cracked up to be.

* * * *

Your fate, your destiny, your kismet, is whatever You were programmed to do,
In the touchy-feely dream of space-time You have been allotted.
Some get a Royal Flush, some, not even a high card.
All You can do, all You need do, all You will do,
Is play the hand dealt by nature-nurture as best You can.

* * * *

A cow placidly chews its cud.
A tiger rips and tears at its catch.
How is your mealtime going?

* * * *

Missing out on some tidbit of trivia is not a fear worth bothering about.
Bits and pieces are always available to those with the big picture in mind.

* * * *

If there is a supreme deity. or even a hole-in-the-wall collection of lesser ones,
Let them show themselves, or forever get the fuck out of Dodge, and leave us alone.

* * * *

Wars, battles, melees, riots, brawls, and other violent conflicts,
Are best given wide berth, even strategic withdrawal,
By any not caring to risk grave consequences.
No point getting caught up in chaos if there is an exit.

* * * *

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.

No matter the universe.
No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

* * * *

Frail bags of crunch and goo is all we are,
And for every motive imaginable, we spend our time,
Liking each other, loving each other, despising each other,
Lying to each other, stealing from each other, cheating each other,
Adulating, scratching, raping, pillaging, killing, each other.
What a thing for frail bags of crunch and goo to do.

* * * *

There You go again, making it as real as it can be,
In its unsurprisingly illusionally-delusionally way.

* * * *

This existence, this dream of space and time, is so ‘friggin implausible,
That it has journeyed well beyond the heart of darkness,
Into the deep, dark jungle of absurdity.

* * * *

Being present in the timeless now, is the most simple state the eternal moment offers.
How ironic, how paradoxical, that it is among the most arduous for imagination to bear,
Given how the breezes and gales of illusion and delusion so easily distract the wavering mind.

* * * *

Your true birth was Genesis, Big Bang,
Turtles all the way up, all the way down, whatever.
And before that, You were never born.
Or so the speculation goes.

* * * *

Why keep thinking of your imaginary self at all?
Why keep playing that record over and over and over?
You need not imprison, need not torture your Self, all the time.

* * * *

Whether one universe or many,
Whether one dimension or many,
All are the same quantum mystery,
All are the same electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

The precedents of history, of tradition, of culture, of any imaginary brew,
Are binding only to those whose minds have been molded to believe them.

* * * *

Imagine levers majestically directed with lofty intent all You please;
There are neither levers, nor some majestic guide or guides with lofty intent.
Those layers filled with bones and oil and other treasures, were long in the making.
You are but current issue in an ever-streaming process which has neither beginning nor end,
And all speculations, all assumptions, all hypotheses, all opinions, all sentiments,
Are pointless, hollow, irrelevant, futile, needless, vain, absurd.
Consciousness can never more than imagine
The source of its mystery.

* * * *

How can You not be in utter awe, utter wonder,
Of the genesis, the cosmos, the world, the garden, the mystery,
To which You are conscious, timeless, solitary, unfathomable, ineffable witness?

* * * *

This here-now, ever-present, eternal moment, this timeless awareness, is all there is.
There are no other moments, no other space-times, no other dimensions, no other dreams.
You are captive to its kaleidoscoping intrigues for as long as the mind-body is fated to endure.

* * * *

Rest assured, your fate, your destiny, your kismet, will find You, will define You, will confine You.
Trying to prevent it, trying to flee it, trying to alter it, even trying to tweak it,
Are but pointless acts, gestures, theatrics, born of vanity.

* * * *

It all seems very tangible in any given moment,
And then, poof, forever gone, a new one in its place.

* * * *

What dreams are,
What dreams have been,
What dreams are yet to come,
Only awareness knows.

* * * *

Being the entertainer, the life of the party, is greatly overrated.
Kinda fun once and a while, but way too much work all the time.

* * * *

How can anyone ever truly perceive, truly understand, truly inhale, any culture,
To which they do not have first-hand entrée from the earliest etchings.
The harmonies between all dreams cannot be discerned,
But in the relative light of a relative mind.

* * * *

Yesterday, today, tomorrow … what differences, really,
But in the boundaries, the frames, the limits, of imagination?

* * * *

What is the Way? What is the Truth? What is the Life?
To see, and not see; to hear, and not hear; to taste, and not taste;
To smell, and not smell; to feel, and not feel; to imagine, and not imagine.
That how it works for human beings, many who are more often "human becomings".
What other creature gives it any thought, any question, any doubt, at all?

* * * *

It is the spaceless-timeless abyss of awareness, the unborn-undying, ever-present now,
Through which all quantum dreams ceaselessly kaleidoscope, with slumber the only respite.
The sensory play, the sensory mind-body, is but the illusion, the delusion, of imagination.

* * * *

What need to confess anything?
What need to be forgiven for anything?
Witnessing your actions, pardoning your actions,
Moving on, perhaps a little wiser, what more is necessary?

* * * *

Even the most subtle, the most understated, the most unintended things,
Can impact, can shape, can change entirely, another's course.
Even walking mindfully can be earth-shaking journey.

* * * *

Discerning the ever-changing whirl kaleidoscoping about,
Is not for the meek of spirit; they will inherit the earth.

* * * *

Even the smallest sample of memories is a cosmos to the mind,
And upon them, it will dwell and churn on and on and on upon.

* * * *

All any child need do is look at their parents and grandparents and other elderly family members,

To see how temporal, how ephemeral, youth and beauty, health and well-being, truly are,
And that their mind-body's fate will be of similar caricature, if they live so long.

* * * *

How does the realization of that beyond all doubt,
Not leave all who perceive it, in stupefied wonder?

* * * *

Science does not have the will, the mojo, the power, to displace superstition with rationality.
It requires too much exertion for minds not bent towards critical thinking and wisdom.
So, irrationality and absurdity and insanity still rule great portions of the planet,
Lock-stepping to the genomic sequencing evolved in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

What is the state of mind free of all history, worldly or personal?
Very still, pure awareness, untrammeled by the presence of the other.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) slices and dices the quantum pie in every possible way.
The ever-present, timeless now of awareness, has no blade with which to slice or dice anything.
It is simply, purely, absolute witness to the mystery kaleidoscoping in its immeasurable expanses.

* * * *

To hope, or not to hope, that is the question.

What is hope?

What is hope, but:
Hope is to:
Hope is:
Hope:

Go back to the drawing board
Beat around the bush
That ship has sailed
Go down in flames
Have eyes bigger than one's stomach
Fly in the ointment
A dime a dozen
A bitter pill to swallow
Call it a day
Take with a grain of salt
Cutting corners
All thumbs
Get your act together
Break a leg
It's not rocket science
Make a long story short

Wild goose chase
Straw that broke the camel's back
Miss the boat
No horse in this race
Hook, line and sinker
Couch potato
Heard it through the grapevine
At the drop of a hat
Barking up the wrong tree
A hot potato
By the seat of one's pants
Chink in one's armor
Bird brain
Cut somebody some slack
My two cents
Kill two birds with one stone
Bed of roses
Pull someone's leg
Pull yourself together
Speak of the devil
Time flies when you're having fun
By the skin of one's teeth
Two a penny
Elephant in the room
Don't count chickens before they hatch
No dog in this fight
To make matters worse
For a song
Pushing up daisies
Trip the light fantastic
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it
Shoot the breeze
Throw under the bus
Wrap your head around something
Screw the pooch
Your guess is as good as mine
You can say that again

* * * *

It is the unborn-undying awareness of the moment that is immortal.
The biological mind-body is but a mundane, temporal, pedestrian vehicle.
A ways and means to Self-discovery, for those called to a path of transcendence.

* * * *

Neither the quantum universe, nor garden orb, require the human species
To carry on longer than it can manage, can naturally select,
In its ill-fated genomic quest for immortality.
We all know cockroaches are trailblazers in that race.

* * * *

Where is time, where is space, in the indivisible awareness of the moment?
Where are creation, preservation, destruction, in the indivisible awareness of the moment?
What are they but illusion, but delusion, created by the sensory mirage, the dreamtime of consciousness.

* * * *

You want religion?
Give your Self over to the moment.
Give your Self over to the awareness You are, and are not.
It is the one and only true church.

* * * *

Prayer is for those lost to the delusions of illusion.
For those not comprehending there are no deities but they.
And no amount of supplication for anything the mind can conceive,
Whether for themselves or others, is going to save any.

* * * *

You were tabula rasa, an empty slate,
Until traumatic moments, from minor to harsh,
Little by little, imperceptively, unabashedly, irrevocably,
Familiarized You, initiated You, remanded You, to the human race.
Swayed You, molded You, wrought You, forged You, scarred You, crippled You,
Into the human being You are, the one reading this, in a lifetime quest to be inwardly free.

* * * *

There is no changing the human paradigm.
There is no transforming the human paradigm.
There is no solution or key to the human paradigm.
There is no answer or remedy to the human paradigm.
It is what it is, it is what it has always been, and will ever be.
And it will, in due course, play out its written-in-the-sands destiny.

* * * *

Except in lofty, exalted, grandiose, majestic, tributes to one absurdity or another,
No one will be remembered forever, nor exist forever, nor whatever forever.
There is no forever in which anyone or anything can be remembered.
The matrix of space-time is but a magical illusion playing out in the abyss.
What is there to say, but “Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.”

* * * *

If there is truly only the indelible, indivisible, impenetrable moment,
Then every moment is identical, every moment is simultaneous,
Every moment is but clouds wafting through the emptiness,
Which means the entire universe from beginning to end,
Is at best, but the blink of an eye, and never really happened.

* * * *

Quantum is the operating system, and all life but apps,
Simultaneously churning out their programmed roles.

* * * *

How many billions have lived and died for over two thousand years,
Waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting, and waiting,
For Jesus to finally come back and save them?
The middlemen have had it good.

* * * *

Imagine the Grecian thinkers of old, in their robes,
Speaking to forums filled with critical minds,
Perceiving the candor in every thought.
Together, unearthing the mystery.
As some minds are wont to do.

* * * *

Seeing through the artifice of the genomic sequencing in this ineffable quantum matrix,
Is a vocation to which relatively few are called, relatively few are fated.
Blue pill, red pill, did You really have any choice?

* * * *

And what is the point and purpose of all this knowledge?
All this curiosity, this never-ending flow of busy-busy minds.
Maybe a paycheck, maybe some applause, maybe some influence.
How long before You wake up to the depths below the churning waves?
How long before mind stills enough to finally discern the mystery within all?

* * * *

The mumbo jumbo of preachers and priests, mullahs and witch doctors, is not necessary.
Explore it, observe it, study it, witness it, for your Self.
No other is required.

* * * *

The inner voice, the inner narrative, the inner soliloquy, everyone has one.
Each a world, a universe, unto its Self, some realized, most fated otherwise.

* * * *

Where would humankind be without all the scientists, all the engineers,
All the mathematicians, all the inventors, all the architects, all the tradesmen,
Who have all together designed and built and repaired this world of entitlement?
This garden orb of exponentially accelerating absurdity that we all so take for granted.
Being top-dog-kings-of-the-dust ball will not mean much if there is no world left
To blithely, foolishly, with little hesitation, abuse and neglect and destroy.
So, thank those engineers and all their compatriots for their service,
And prepare for the reality, that what goes up, will come down.

* * * *

How is it that so many true believers only attend church on Sundays?
What that means is they are missing out on the other six days.
And nights, and all the dusks and dawns between and betwixt, as well.
True religion is each and every moment, unbounded by the constraints of mind,
Unbound by the constraints of any other, and the scripts to which their destinies are bound.

* * * *

Yesterday is tomorrow, and tomorrow again,
And tomorrow is yesterday, and yesterday again.
And again and again and again and again, ever again,
The ever-present kaleidoscope of consciousness, ever a-spin.

* * * *

The Bible and Koran are not the only books on the shelf of history.
All are the mystery, but no one owns it; beware the people of one book.

* * * *

Regarding the utilization of hallucinogens in this quixotic quest
Is for some an open-to-debate-why-why-not issue,
Being a user, not an abuser, is the trick.
Might be best to drive on without aid if addiction is an issue.

* * * *

If used moderately, with conscious intent and focus, many hallucinogens from around the world
Can be vehicles, magic carpets, into the unknown reaches of this ineffable mystery.
They are a means to explore, to investigate, to study, to discover,
That which is source to all, great to small.

* * * *

If You ever really wonder why Jesus (a.k.a., Lord and Savior) hasn't,
And probably ain't, coming back to save all the true believers,
Just look around at the calamity he'd have to clean up.
Anyone sane would be disappearing into a cave.
Or maybe a bar; at least a coffee shop.
You may even have run into him the other day.
He was with Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, and Tooth Fairy.

* * * *

Forgive propaganda and its countless lies, its misrepresentations, for it knows not what it does.
It does not know the worry, the anguish, the distress, the suffering, the misery, the pain,
The grief, the despair, the wretchedness, the misfortune, the calamity, the trouble,
The affliction, the sadness, the agony, the torture, the cruelty, the heartbreak,
The destruction, it inflicts, it exacts, it wreaks, in every imaginable way.
That is in the minds, the wills, the tribal afflictions, of those who contrive it.

* * * *

Time and space are but constructs of human consciousness.

Yes, every life form functions in the cycles of this mystery theater,
But obviously, none think about it, conceive it, in the way humankind does.

* * * *

It took a few millennia or so, but the one-percenters eventually figured out that wages and salaries
Would keep them from having to bother about food, clothing, housing, healthcare, shackles,
And whatever else they had to pay out for slaves in history's ignoble playground.

* * * *

Meritocracy, the government or the holding of power,
By people selected on the basis of their ability,
Is a much more intelligent way of bestowing power,
Than nepotism and cronyism and favoritism can ever be.

* * * *

Who are the one-percenters and their minions?
What does it matter if You are not one of them?

* * * *

Labeling is the simplest means of ridding the mind of further bother.
Once something is labeled, the looking tends to diminish, or cease entirely.
Being categorized, being branded, this or that, can be a sure road,
Both to notoriety and fortune, or obscurity and demise.

* * * *

What is the state, the condition, the quality, of mind,
When time and space cease to exist as imaginary notions?

* * * *

Any group is capable of believing they are the Chosen Ones.
Any individual is capable of believing s/he is the Chosen One.
There is no summit to which vanity is not adept at ascending.
There is no gutter to which vanity is not adept at descending.

* * * *

Except in fictional literature, except in fictional movies,
Nobody comes back from the annihilation of death,
Unless they were never dead and done in the first place.
Hope and pray as much as You will, oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

Is there even one cockroach that has ever once given a tinker's damn of a rat's ass
That its ancestors have been crawling about for 350 million-ish years?
History is a whimsical concoction of human consciousness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The human pyramid scheme in a nutshell:

One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percenters
Onc-Percenters
Five-Percenters
Twenty-Percenters
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
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Overseer overseers
Overseers
Régime slaves
Self-Employed slaves
Middlemen slaves
Rancher slaves
Farmer slaves
Salary slaves
Wage slaves
Intern slaves
Future slaves
Homeless slaves
All-purpose slaves
Not yet dead slaves
Not yet born slaves

* * * *

Gumption |ˈgəmpSH(ə)n| noun … is defined as
Informal shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.

Gumption: shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination, astuteness,
Shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality, spirit, pluck,
Backbone, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal, get-up-and-go, spunk,
Oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, street smarts.
Concepts to bear in mind and heart in the coming storm.

Grit |grit| noun … is defined as courage and resolve; strength of character.

Grit: courage, courageousness, bravery, pluck, mettle, mettlesomeness, backbone, spirit,
Strength of character, strength of will, moral fiber, steel, nerve, gameness, valor,
Fortitude, toughness, hardiness, resolve, determination, resolution;

Stamina, doggedness, tenacity, perseverance, endurance;
Informal gumption, guts, spunk; British informal bottle; vulgar slang balls.

How will your life play out, what will You accomplish,
If You do not cultivate them?

* * * *

Who is the without, within, but who within is without.
What is the without, within, but what within is without.
Where is the without, within, but where within is without.
When is the without, within, but when within is without.
Why is the without, within, but why within is without.
How is the without, within, but how within is without.

* * * *

As You dance back and forth between imagination and awareness,
Enjoy both as You glean them of the fruit of the garden,
Such as it is in its ever-present dreamtime.

* * * *

Who created this Supreme Being that so many revere?
A query true believers will neither, can neither, question nor answer,
For every response quickly becomes turtles all the way up, turtles all the way down.
And what matter whether there is a peerless deity on high or not, really?
This touchy-feely 3D dream is equally the same mystery,
No matter imagination's perspective.

* * * *

A fight only becomes necessary
If You cannot talk or walk or run your way out of it.
Try not to get cornered.

* * * *

We all imagine entirely different worlds, entirely different universes.
How can any one mind's illusory creation be more real than any others?

* * * *

The world, the universe, You in mind, in imagination, create, is yours, and yours alone.
Like fingerprints and genomic sequences, no world, no universe, can ever be seen the same.
And the translation between all these worlds, all these universes, well, You see how that has gone.
We are as close to getting along peacefully as the ancestors that exited the jungles long ago.

* * * *

The point of food is nourishment; the point of sex is reproduction.
Pleasure is an extraneous thing, an imaginary thing,
For which the true cost can be very high,
If restraint does not rule.

* * * *

Capacities and limitations.
Recognize them, endure them.
Expand the former, limit the latter,
As time and circumstance allow.

* * * *

Any push, any nudge to change a fate, is only a few moments of that same fate.
There is no escaping, there is no avoiding, there is no denying,
For to be born, is to one day endure dying,
And the lineage of perceptions between, is destiny.

* * * *

Put all the middlemen, all the parasites, all the predators, all the toll booths, well behind You,
And examine, scrutinize, for yourself, the masterworks of the many scribes of old.
Each, and each very much alone, must meander through the illusion,
To, for themselves, discern the truth behind all veils.

* * * *

Anything organic or inorganic can be manipulated once its patterns,
Its capacities and limitations, are even just partially comprehended.

* * * *

As it is for most if not all life forms,
From whatever their naturally selected origins,
It is inherent in human nature for the few to rule the many,
In any way they have the means and will to enforce.

* * * *

After everything is gone, the mystery will remain,
As ineffaceable and untarnished as eternity allows.

* * * *

Whether your view is founded on scientific inquiry or magical thinking,
You may well believe You know something of this dreamtime's beginning,
But rest assured, You will never, You can never, more than imagine its ending.

* * * *

This is your world, your cosmos.
You will do with it whatever You will,
And ultimately, it really only matters to You.
Others can only care, others can only do, so much.
Even God cannot help those who will not help themselves.

* * * *

New concepts, new jargon, new idioms, new metaphors, new beliefs, new sounds, new whatever,
Always have the potential to burst into consciousness any given linguistic moment,
All further mystifying and exacerbating an already polarized species.

* * * *

Have You ever looked up into a starry-starry night,
And really deeply contemplated, really fully embraced,
How infinitesimal, how microscopic, how insignificant,
You really-truly are, in the grand scheme of things?

* * * *

If there is indeed a deity-on-high, he/she/it,
Might well have long, long ago set all this quantum in motion,
And just like any earnest scientist, is watching the entire dream, to see what comes of it.
No attachment to anything, just pure tabula rasa awareness of everything.
Just like any earnest scientist observing microorganisms
Milling about willy-nilly in a Petri dish.
Ain't speculation fun?

* * * *

Keep on the lookout for fellow sojourners
Who have the wit to question, to doubt, all certainties.
They are as close to being members of your lost tribe as anyone.
You may not get along with them too well, or for long;
Impossible for cats to herd themselves, either.

* * * *

Many a mind is in an almost constant state of flux,
Including judgments and measurements and stereotypes,
Played out in every way, every shape, every form, imaginable.
To rein in the beast requires a wit and a will few can easily maintain.

* * * *

What will death be but the disincorporation of a body, the dissolution of a dream,
And the unborn-undying awareness of the You, that You have ever been, all that remains.
Call it whatever You will, it is from that original state that You became conscious,
It is that which endured existence, it is that to which all things return.

* * * *

Why do this to your Self again and again?
For the thrill of the chase, of course.
Oblivion tends to be rather dull.

* * * *

If You want to imagine what this world will look like in thousands of years,
Assuming, of course, we somehow manage to continue on as we are,
Read a few dystopian books, watch a few dystopian movies,
And You will be up to snuff on the many options that genre offers.

* * * *

Language, being the ever-changing play of consciousness that it is,

How can there ever be accurate translation between two or more frames of reference?
Even the most sincere, serious, intent, between two like-minds,
Inevitably stumble along unshared trails.

* * * *

Awareness is an impenetrable, changeless stillness, both clear and obscure.
It is that in which creation and preservation and destruction compose genesis.
It is the soul of all dreams, it is the source of all potentials, it is the eye of all eyes.
It is the moment, it is timeless, it is spaceless, it is eternity, right here, right now.

* * * *

There is only awareness.
Only its timeless presence, only its unending constancy.
Nothing to believe, nothing to deify, nothing to worship, nothing to decree, nothing to join.
Nothing to buy, nothing to sell, nothing to barter, nothing to give or take.
Everything to alone see, nothing to alone be.

* * * *

No deity can save those who will not, or cannot, save themselves.
Only those still surviving cling to the enduring hope,
That they, somehow, can evade the blade,
A little longer, perchance forever, if their book be true.

* * * *

Because of the instinctual self-preservation wired by evolution into its consciousness,
Humans are neither ants nor bees nor any other predetermined alliance,
Any other true communists as defined by natural selection.

* * * *

Money, in whatever form, is but the ways and means
For greed and vanity to wield it, shape it, cloak it, make it, float it,
Into the root of all evil, so-called, by the pain and suffering they ever perpetrate.

* * * *

What is time but an imaginary construct of the human mind.
An illusion from which is hatched every conceivable delusion.

* * * *

All memories are but electromagnetic-chemical reactions, perceived by awareness.
They can never be what really happened, from more than a single perspective – yours.
Your frame of reference, your translation, your values, your opinions, your judgments.

* * * *

There is only the moment, there is only the timeless now.
The entire human paradigm is an impromptu theater of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Seeking to reclaim that tabula rasa, that inherent innocence of childhood
Requires vigilant investigation, earnest inquiry, of the most mindful sort.

* * * *

Do not let the familiarity of any relationships, any alliances,
Blind You to the potential for change at any time,
In any direction, in all directions.

* * * *

Every decision, every choice, every selection, every option, every like, every dislike,
Every left, every right, every nook, every cranny, every this, every that.
Plays its equal part in the long and winding road to your fate.

* * * *

To be, or not to be, what difference?
To see. or not to see, what difference?
To hear. or not to hear, what difference?
To taste, or not to taste, what difference?
To smell. or not to smell, what difference?
To touch, or not to touch, what difference?
To think, or not to think, what difference?

* * * *

Existence is enough.
The moment is enough.
It does not require stories.
It does not require philosophies.
It does not require deities or dogmas.
It does not require more, more, ever more.
It does not require meaning, it does not require purpose.
It does not require power or wealth or celebrity.
It does not require pedestrian groupthink.
It does not require political sanction.
It does not require consciousness.
It does not require knowledge.
It does not require anything.
Not even the illusory You.
The moment is enough.
Existence is enough.

* * * *

You have read the books, seen the movies, know the tales of so many histories,
And the oh-so-many-ways people can die, in both fiction and nonfiction,
And how would it be, if You could experience them all, each and every one?
Imagine dying … every … imaginable … death … for all eternity … Ooh-la-la.

* * * *

A virtuous, pragmatic, wisdom-based approach to science,

Would not have manipulated and destroyed the world and all its creatures,
For the mere procurement of knowledge for knowledge's sake,
Riches for rich's sake, pleasure for pleasure's sake,
Or possessions for possession's sake.

* * * *

Your individual dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Is but an infinitesimal splinter of the grand dream of all dreams,
And that is naught but the very same moment all eternity is,
All that is not, all that never was, all that will never be.

* * * *

How would any memory of some past existence,
Be any more or less real, any more or less imaginary,
Than the perception forged just a moment ago.

* * * *

The one key thing the sages of old had going for them in the influence-the-future game,
Is that they were early in the grand Ponzi scheme of philosophy and religion.
All the new and more accurate babble in these our modern times,
Will likely never be acclaimed, much less at all influential, in what time is left.
"Has it even turned a degree?" wondered the Captain, not for the first time that icy-cold night.

* * *

Worry less about how You compare with others,
And more about how to be the best You,
That your nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

Observe the stillness within,
Fathom the soul of awareness You truly are,
The soul truly worth loving, the soul truly worth being loved.

* * * *

You can only know the frame of reference,
Molded by the habituation of the mind-body,
Into which You were cast by the genetic lottery.

* * * *

If there is some sort of Supreme Being responsible for all this kaleidoscoping creation,
Then surely it is intolerably weary of consciousness,
At least at times.

* * * *

When did imagination begin? And who was it before? Who will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And what was it before? What will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And where was it before? Where will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And when was it before? Where when it be after it ends?

When did imagination begin? And why was it before? Why will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And how was it before? How will it be after it ends?

* * * *

Who was yesterday? Who will be tomorrow?
What was yesterday? What will be tomorrow?
Where was yesterday? Where will be tomorrow?
When was yesterday? When will be tomorrow?
Why was yesterday? Why will be tomorrow?
How was yesterday? How will be tomorrow?

* * * *

Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all visions.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all sounds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all tastes.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all smells.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all touch.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all senses.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.

* * * *

Somebody came up with eight types of intelligence:
bodily kinesthetic (body smart)
interpersonal (people smart)
verbal linguistic (word smart)
logical-mathematical (logic smart)
naturalistic (nature smart)
intrapersonal (self smart)
visual-spatial (picture smart)
musical (music smart)

Another collection also lists eight, with slight variations:
mathematical (number smart),
musical (music smart),
linguistic (word smart),
naturalistic (nature smart),
intrapersonal (self smart),
interpersonal (people smart),
body-kinesthetic (body smart),
visual (picture smart)

Another fellow, named Mark Vital, stoked it up to nine:
naturalist (understanding living things and reading nature)
musical (discerning sounds, their pitch, tone, rhythm, and timbre)
logical-mathematical (quantifying things, making hypothesis and proving them)
existential (tackling the questions of why we live, and why we die)
interpersonal (sensing people's feelings and motives)

bodily-kinesthetic (coordinating your mind with your body)
linguistic (finding the right words to express what You mean)
intrapersonal (understanding yourself, what You feel, and what You want)
spatial (visualizing the world in 3D)

Likely many, if not most, fall into at least one of the above categories.

And what sort of intelligence is required to be any other life form, any other earthling,
On this spinning rock some humans call Earth, in a cosmos some call the Universe?

* * * *

Only human beings imagine good and evil to be real.
Is there any other earthing who conceives such absurdity?

* * * *

How is awareness any different than consciousness?
How is consciousness different than memory?
Ho is memory different than imagination?
How is imagination different than perception?
How is perception any different than awareness?

* * * *

It is already long-gone, long-lost, long-forgotten,
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Just a way to putter away in an imaginary mindscape.

* * * *

You believe your salvation is yoked to your creed?
You believe your salvation is tethered to your prayers?
Pfft, my friend, You are but tossing your hard-earned coin
To a scam artist, a shyster, with just enough talent to fool you
With one ruse after another, with one hope after another.
Take back the rudder of your reverie, take more walks,
More sits, more any and all ways, that get You home.
Explore the singular aloneness within all dreams,
The timeless awareness through which all pass.

* * * *

If You could rest ever-easy, ever-secure, ever-full,
Without pain, without thought, without fear or dread,
Completely, unutterly, undyingly transcendent,
What would be your state of mind-body?

* * * *

It is impossible to break the rules of the Quantum Game.
You may try to defy them, but You can never break them.

* * * *

It is not at all important what anybody sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels.
It is not at all important what anybody thinks, believes, hopes.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery.
Well beyond the scope of consciousness,
Of imagination, to encapsulate.

* * * *

From the deepest trenches to the highest reaches that industry and technology are capable,
Another day of poisoning, another day of maiming, all that we can possibly touch,
Using every form of nuclear-chemical-biological interaction imaginable.
Absolute madness and absurdity, on an unfathomable scale.
All innocence suffers the ruthless, brutal wake-up call,
Of the malignant cancer that has spawned upon this garden orb.

* * * *

You can only know what the given frame of reference,
Cast by the nature-nurture of your genetic lottery, allows.

* * * *

Yet another memory joining in with all the others,
Merging together into the synergistic frame of reference,
The dreamtime, in which You imagine your imaginary self, real.

* * * *

Where would any scientific experiment be without the first question?
Where would any philosophical inquiry be without the first question?
Where would any religious dogma be without the ten-percent tithing?

* * * *

You have become habituated to playing this imaginary role,
In this exceedingly teensy-weensy slice of the grand theater.

* * * *

History, history, history … science, science, science … inventors, inventors, inventors …
That's all we need: more researchers, more scientists, more engineers, more of everything,
Ceaselessly smothering us with more of what got us into this fine mess in the first place.

* * * *

If only eternity could tell the full tale,
The mystery's mysteries would find a resting place.
Meanwhile, dread and speculation and adversity and death will carry on
As they have since the dawn of consciousness.

* * * *

To think about being anyone else,
To empathize with another's reality, good or bad,
Can be an exhausting, painful sport, and makes for good napping,
Between long sips of bourbon, full tokes of weed, or other such escapes into oblivion.

* * * *

How can You look at this mystery, and not see it is You?
How can You look at any other, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a mountain, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a plant, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a stream, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a rock, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a table, and not see it is You?
How can You look at an insect, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a bird, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a fish, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a horse, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a man, and not see he is You?
How can You look at a woman, and not see she is You?
How can You look at a child, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the ocean, and not see it is You?
How can You look at a cloud, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the sky, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the moon, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the sun, and not see it is You?
How can You look at the stars, and not see they are You?
How can You look at a particle of dust, and not see it is You?

* * * *

What is Genesis but a wind propelling its own sail.
What is Genesis but a brush frolicking upon its own canvas.
What is Genesis but a hammer pounding upon its own nail.
What is Genesis but a wave heading toward its own shore.
What is Genesis but a flame burning in its own darkness.
What is Genesis but a particle drifting in its own space.
What is Genesis but a dream floating in its given mind.

* * * *

Only vanity believes it is real.
Only vanity believes it is important.
Only vanity believes in gods and demons.
Only vanity believes in ghosts and monsters.
Only vanity believes in messiahs and saints.
Only vanity believes it is harbor to change.
Only vanity believes in more, more, more.
Only vanity believes nil is not an option.
Only vanity believes imagination exists.
Only vanity believes itself immortal.
Only vanity believes belief is true.

* * * *

The distance from here to there, the distance from now to then,

From who to what to where to when to why to how,
All a state of mind, playing out in time.

* * * *

Take some slime, make some of it crunchy,
Give it a sensory feed, add a face,
And what do You have?

* * * *

Any given mind has it rabbit-hole loops of thinking
That gradually carve themselves very deeply
If one is not exceptionally attentive.

* * * *

There is no point bemoaning, no point lamenting, no point bewailing, no point mourning,
No point complaining about, no point moaning about, no point carping about
How different the health and capacity of mind and body were
In days gone by, in daze lost to imaginary glimpses of perception.

* * * *

Who is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
What is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
Where is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
When is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
Why is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
How is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?

* * * *

Never hesitate to take a moment, or several,
To see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel, to ponder.
The nature around You, the nature You are.

* * * *

Everyone has their own dream, their own illusion.
It can be heaven, it can be hell.
Luck of the draw.

* * * *

Every creature plays out whatever intelligence is programmed in its genomic sequence.
All are innately equal parts of the same source, the same quantum field, the same mystery.

* * * *

Universe, Quantaverse, Electromagnetic spectrum;
Whole-view-big-picture labels for the same mystery.

* * * *

Who are You to assert any nature-nurture cosmos
Is any greater or lesser, better or worse, lovelier or uglier,

Than any other figment of imagination cast in this mystery theater?

* * * *

Imagination only thinks it is alive.
Imagination only dreams it is alive.
Imagination only imagines it is alive.

* * * *

Who the fuck cares?
What the fuck cares?
Where the fuck cares?
When the fuck cares?
Why the fuck cares?
How the fuck cares?

* * * *

What a limited, constricted view of God, so many, if not all, religions espouse.
And so many, if not all, sincerely believing they are the one and only true religion.
The self-absorbed absurdities of the human mind are surely without compare.

* * * *

As if any imaginary religion, any imaginary belief,
Any imaginary doctrine, any imaginary dogma, any imaginary value,
Any imaginary principle, any imaginary view, any imaginary code, any imaginary canon,
Any imaginary idea, any imaginary conviction, any imaginary philosophy,
Is required, has ever been required, will ever be required.

* * * *

Behind the illusory mask, behind the imaginary character,
An indelible awareness, an ineffable emptiness.
Ever unknowable, ever immeasurable, ever unfathomable,
Ever incomprehensible, ever indescribable, ever enigmatic, ever inscrutable.

* * * *

You are the current issue of your genomic lineage
Since the origin of all life several billion orbits around the sun ago.
Every moment of eternal awareness playing out the quantum dream of space and time.

* * * *

Why should You ever believe anything You cannot discern for your Self?
Always keep an open mind, but do not give your over to fallacious thinking.

* * * *

How can You ever describe a sound?
How can You ever describe a sight?
How can You ever describe a taste?
How can You ever describe a smell?
How can You ever describe a feeling?

How can You ever describe anything?
And yet we are ever linguistic acrobats.

* * * *

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.

The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a word.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

* * * *

There are some couplings, some links, some unions, some joinings,
Some juxtapositions, some connections, some pairings,
Some blends, some meetings, some mixtures,
That transcend the many limits of mere mortal theater.

* * * *

Real faith is a beingness so indelible, so absolute,
That no word or act, no belief or creed, is required.

* * * *

Surely, You do not in any way believe your eensy-weensy window of perception
Witnesses even an infinitesimal smidgeon of the mystery's infinite indivisibility.

* * * *

In the world that imagination builds,
You are awareness playing a role,
Not a role, playing awareness.

* * * *

The human forebrain is but a collection of neurons,
In which awareness witness imagination frolicking,
In whatever way the given nature-nurture sanctions.

* * * *

Unless You have the power to enforce your views,
They really only matter as much as any opinion.

* * * *

You feel through the flesh.
You sound through the ears.
You smell through the nose.
You taste through the tongue.
You distance through the eyes.
You witness through the mind.

* * * *

How many contenders are there for Lifetime Participation awards?
How many contenders are there for Exceedingly Intelligent awards?
How many contenders are there for Relatively Intelligent awards?
How many contenders are there for Downright Stupid awards?

* * * *

Being comfortable, being safe, is not what soldiering is about.
Good idea to read the small print before You sign the bottom line.

* * * *

History is chock-full of revolutionaries who courageously followed their inner vision.
Feel free to decline, to reject, to discard, the human paradigm, if You are so inclined.
There may well be many challenging consequences, but do You really have a choice?

* * * *

The unyielding grip of imagination on the human paradigm is far too formidable,
But for the relentless doubt only the rarest minds have fortitude to mine.
This indelible, unfathomable, singular mystery, is every moment.
All sense of duality is but the figment of consciousness.

* * * *

You have been very much alone since life's beginning,
In that primordial sludge that made all this possible.

* * * *

Clocks, watches, calendars, or any other measurement device,
Are gauges of illusion, not reality, and most definitely not eternity.

* * * *

Imagine if You were to meet your current version when You were first starting out.
What would You think of the story, of the ramblings, of the stranger across the table?
Unlikely few could ever even begin to foresee the life and times they ended up living.

* * * *

You are a reflection of the indelible mystery.
It created You, and You mirrored the favor.
If You consider being born a favor, that is.

* * * *

To interpret anything, clearly, accurately,

The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,
Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

* * * *

Strategies and tactics, whether in war or daily existence, arise and evolve as necessity calls.
A very pragmatic process for those who have the will, capacity, stamina,
To survive and thrive the ever-changing battlefield.

* * * *

So much You shoulda-coulda-woulda done differently.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Your ancestors started out as slime in one gloopy puddle or another,
And Darwin-ed their way to being tree-climbers.
Not much has changed.

* * * *

The personal mind is an imaginary creation.
The impersonal mind You are is creation unto its Self.
It is imagination from which the awareness You are must detach.

* * * *

How can there ever be a ‘last prophet’ until the species finally extinguishes itself?
The last one will be certainly much closer to the final curtain,
Than eyes-on discern at this writing.

* * * *

You have spent this life creating in so many ways, and where is it all now?
Some of it still in possession, some of it in the hands of others,
Most of it likely in garbage dumps or feeding fires.
So it goes, so it went, such is existence.
As if it never even happened.

* * * *

Might has always made right.
Whatever justice there may be is moderated by compassion,
Benevolence, sympathy, forgiveness, kindness, mercy, understanding, humanity, tolerance,
Magnanimity, clemency, generosity, identification, fairness, rightness, solicitude,
Empathy, appreciation, forbearance, high-mindedness, concern,
Indulgence, leniency, pity, consideration, altruism,
Awareness, conscience, care, grace.

* * * *

How can You continue believing this imaginary self is at all real, is at all true?
It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum theater of ecstasy and agony,

Swirled in the nature-nurture dream of the given seed.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Without thought, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench your mind.
Let go your world, let go your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

Always becoming is the Sisyphean chore of insatiable imagination.
If it is serenity You quest, You will discern it in the emptiness of a still mind.
Such a simple thing, yet more arduous than any escapade the mystery could ever spin.

* * * *

When it comes to speculation about the mystery.
Best to resist imagination's insatiable inclination.

* * * *

All the slicing and dicing of the mystery into this or that certainty,
Is the endless absurdity of imagination pretending it knows something.
What is imagination, what is consciousness, but a dream state ever babbling.

* * * *

Awareness You are; in which, through which, in whichever way,
The electromagnetic spectrum plays out its illusionary mystery theater.

* * * *

How long can humankind can keep pushing the limits of the natural order
Is a question only the last human being standing will be able to answer,
And chances are, he or she will have no idea how alone, alone truly is.

* * * *

In the That I Am I Am way of seeing this dream,
The protagonist You play is not You, nor is any other, either.
Consciousness, in all its many roles, can never be more than it imagines.

* * * *

The way it was, the way it will be, is never the way it is,
In the ever-changing dream, in the never-changing moment.

* * * *

Without thought, where is space, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench the mind.
Let go the world, the universe.
Be the eternal, You are.

* * * *

Will it really matter in one second?
Will it really matter in ten seconds?
Will it really matter in one minute?

Will it really matter in one hour?
Will it really matter in one day?
Will it really matter in one week?
Will it really matter in one month?
Will it really matter in six months?
Will it really matter in one year?
Will it really matter in two years?
Will it really matter in five years?
Will it really matter in ten years?
Will it really matter in twenty years?
Will it really matter in one hundred years?
Will it really matter in five hundred years?
Will it really matter in one thousand years?
Will it really matter in ten thousand years?
Will it really matter in twenty thousand years?
Will it really matter in one hundred thousand years?
Will it really matter in one million years?
Will it really matter in ten million years?
Will it really matter in one hundred million years?
Will it really matter in one billion years?
Will it really matter in ten billion years?
Will it really matter in one trillion years?
Will it really matter in one gazillion years?

Did it really ever matter at all?

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

* * * *

Do You truly-without-doubt believe God gives a rat's ass whether your team wins?
Are You really so pathetically self-absorbed to believe he or she or it,
Is focused entirely on You or your wretched little tribe?
That all your hopes and prayers mean squat in some divine plan?
Just perhaps next year's New Year Resolution should be to fucking wake up.

* * * *

What need to make pure awareness, pure beingness, a group activity,
Filled with all the usual suspects that wrap themselves
Around dogma born of conscious design.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are no match for ignorance and absurdity.
They can but ridicule and mimic them from the sidelines,
And risk being bludgeoned and burnt at the stake.

* * * *

Time-bound imagination imagines itself existing forever.
Unborn-undying awareness is harbor to no such delusion.

* * * *

How can You gaze out into the starry-starry night,
And not discern your true nature, your true mystery?

* * * *

What do You really want? What do You really not want?
And is what You are doing now going to make it happen?

* * * *

Who is the perceiver but the one in all.
Who said there must be meaning and purpose?
Who said this mystery has to make sense?

* * * *

Stream of consciousness.
Stream of imagination.
Stream of dreamtime.
All the same thing.
All the same mystery.

* * * *

If You are seeking god, look to the awareness within.
Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.
Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.
Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.
Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.

* * * *

History is a rolodex of story after story.
All born of imagination's usurpation of the moment.
So many pretending they know so much, pretending to be so much.
An absurd little dream of countless forays into every inanity imagination can devise;
All to be forgotten in natural selection's unintended consequences file.

* * * *

That we even believe there is, or is not, a god or gods,
Is among the first and last vanities born of imagination.

* * * *

If You have to be something,
If You have to recall something,
If You have to accomplish something,
Then You are overlooking the awareness,
This moment in which everything transpires.
Who is the perceiver but the one in all.

* * * *

To be a sheeple, or not to be a sheeple, that is the question.
Either choice renders consequences not always easily endured.

* * * *

Praying there is not a raging fire and brimstone god,
Would be a better use of time for more than a few.

* * * *

Imagination is but a pattern, a habit, born of nature-nurture's evolutionary happenchance.
A touchy-feely dream in the electromagnetic spectrum's beyond-all-pales mystery theater.
No need to get more attached to the apparent reality of it than the given moment calls.

* * * *

All that passion, all that angst, all that whatever,
Is merely imagination getting the better of You.

* * * *

Imagination certainly has a knack for poking its nose
Into anything and everything it can possibly imagine.

* * * *

One's existence need not be complicated, nor profound, to be deemed virtuous.
Perhaps the most humble, the most obscure, are among the greatest heroes.

* * * *

On and on
And on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on and on
And on …

* * * *

The mystery is a field of meshing patterns,
All indivisibly synced in timelessly harmonious vibration.
Each and every drop in the ocean is equally saturated with mystery.
How is it humankind is seemingly incapable of seeing this ultimate relationship?

Both Part and Whole

Time is but a concoction of imagination's perception of gravity's dust balls,
Angled this way or that, in varying distances from the furnaces of their given stars.
A galactic potion, double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
The natural selection of the mystery playing its Self, by its Self, across its eternal nothingness.
Awareness, in its quantum collider, its laboratory of creation, all outcomes naught but illusory dreams.
And You, that ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
Playing out your little part, in your little dream, all alone, right here, right now, poof.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Dialing Into the Moment

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.
Dial into the timeless moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Challenge of Change

Change is a challenge for minds bent on custom, on belief, on habit, on ritual, on convention, on tradition.
To be free of inward constraints, to be unfettered by limitations of human consciousness,
Is not something for which any oracle will find widespread reception.
Paradigm shifts are not instigated by the multitudes,
And revolutionaries often run afoul of swords, not always their own.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Ever the Same One

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Clouds Through an Untouched Sky

This mind-body You imagine yours, is a drop of the quantum matrix,
Streaming like a current through the electromagnetic spectrum,
Flowing through lesser masses; stopped by more solid ones.
Physics is physic is physics; there is no breaking the laws.
And what is the ether allowing it all to happen: Awareness.
We drift like clouds passing to and fro in an untouched sky.
A touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2023

No Direction Known

Space and time are illusions, to which there is no direction.
There is no forward, no backward, no right nor left, no up nor down,
Nor any other bearing that imagination might in sensory perception envision.
The quantum dream is always, right here, right now, kaleidoscoping, no direction known.
And You are the centerstage, You are the awareness, You are the witness,
To the ineffable mystery playing out the given sentience.
All that is, all that is not, every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Alas

Alas for fame that You relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that You have more than enough.
Alas for power that You allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that You know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Eternity's Offer

Whether or not your brief existence, and all the knowledge and wisdom You may have gleaned,
Will be warehoused by the quantum matrix, be stored in some great eternal library,
Is but the idle speculation of those still bound in the space-time dream.
Read by the five senses, fashioned by central processing unit,
The cosmos, the kaleidoscoping illusion, is spun,
In the only moment the mystery of eternity has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Light Unto Your Self

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All You need do, is be still enough to discern it.
We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive matrix of creation.
And why do You need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?
The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.
And it is You, who must endure it all, with all your spirit, very much alone, a light unto your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Wrap Your Head Around It

It is indeed beyond boggling, to fathom: You are the universe and beyond.
That You are the indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
But wrapping your head around it, is as simple as letting go, and wrapping your head around it.
One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Eye of the Beholder

Creation is the moment; destruction, the same;
With a kaleidoscoping of eternity's moment between.
And creation to one beholder, may be destruction in another's.
The quantum matrix is an ever-morphing playhouse;
All witnessed by the ineffable awareness,
Through the eyes of sentience.
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Cancerous Tyranny

Imagination has thoroughly conquered this garden dust ball.
And thrashed it into a twisted shadow of its naturally-selected, Darwinian purity.
It is a cancer wreaking havoc upon the host, that cannot forever allow its wayward nature to continue,
If Gaia is to survive and blossom anew, in the grand theater of this grand mystery.
The story's conclusion will never see its campfire telling.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Quenching the Narrative

Science is only is what it is, because of all the technologies,
That awareness, through imagination, has created to measure the cosmic illusion.
The dreamtime, that the electromagnetic spectrum – the quantum stardust, the divine dance, the Shiva –
Has spun into sentience upon this pale blue dot, is a sentience capable of exploring its mystery.
As to the question – whether it is intelligent design or naturally-selected happenstance –
Is it really, worth, all the absurdity, all the horror, our kind every moment inflicts,
Upon one another, all our fellow earthlings, and this very pale blue dot?
We are all the same mystery, come unto the dream of existence;
What narcissism to give it more narrative than that.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Captains of History

Whether You want to believe it, accept it, or not,
The warriors who madly charged oblivion, were the ones others followed.
They were naturally selected in the jungles of old, and have steered the course of human history.
This can be a bit much for the domesticated, the housebroken, the so-called civilized sort,
Who lounge in laps of luxury, hold their teacups just-so, and prefer their beasts tame.
That it does not abide well with the hunter-gatherer coursing through our veins,
Become daily more and more obvious, as we race toward the precipice.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Hunger for More

There is absolutely no concoction of consciousness, of imagination, human or otherwise,
That will even for a moment hold fast, in the spaceless, timeless awareness,
Of the ineffable, indivisible, indelible stillness, of eternity.
Quantum illusion is ever quantum illusion;
No matter its hunger for a more,
That has never been, and can never be.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Unclenched Mind

Imagination creates time, imagination travels time, imagination is time,
And through it all, imagination make-believes it truly exists forever and a day.
Only in the timeless tranquility of awareness, can it be discerned as the perjury it is.
Nothing the busy-busy mind will ever concoct, will ever fathom what You are, and are not.
To be truly free of all its monkey-mind assertions, the no-mind, the unclenched mind, is the key.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Particle Wafting To and Fro

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.
The quantum sea allows every variety of form to play out however it will,
Without parameters, without attachment, without judgment.
Only human imagination, imagines otherwise.
What need for any deity, for any dogmatic entanglements,
Once You have discerned right-relationship, with the mystery's totality?

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Horror of Imagination

Who-what-when-where-why-how, exactly, is this self, You so adamantly imagine yourself to be?
It is an invention, a collusion, a lie, that imagination has swept our genomic-sequencing,
To impromptu-play across all the horror our kind has wreaked upon this garden.
And its harsh, unforgiving, dystopian endgame, is well past self-evident.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Blindness of Imagination

Imagination has blinded humankind to the garden of its origin.
Unlikely as it is to happen, it is on the future to regain its sight.
How difficult it will be, to throw everything out, and start over.
And will it be possible, in the ruins of a torn and tattered world?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Within Every Part and Particle

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.
The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.
The other is but imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Of Childish Things

True believers in any religion (a.k.a., cult) should read 1 Corinthians 13:11 a little more closely.
Whoever scribed it way back when, was speaking to them, not the non-believers, not the critical thinkers.
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put aside childish things.
Think about it.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Primary Directive

Procreation is the primary directive of the genomic sequencing within all life.
Think of the who-knows-how-many lives, how many generations, it has taken for You to be here.
Every one of them relatively unconcerned about the pain, the suffering, the death,
Into which they were casting, catapulting, their matériel génétique.
The Grand Théâtre of Quantum, come unto existence.
An electromagnetic matrix in which many,
If not all things, are possible.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Star Trek Dilemma

How could any existential form across the universe,
Ever reach the level of consciousness, of imagination, that our kind has,
Without some form of nature-nurture natural selection, anchored to Darwinian principles?
And what would it take to get that foundation, working well enough together,
To fabricate the technologies, it would take to travel across space,
To find and reach our little blue marble dust ball?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Surfing Existence

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But You need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony You can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Kaleidoscoping Dreamtime

We all have impacts on the lives of others, the dreamtimes of others, both positive and negative.
Impacts that spin all our worlds into seemingly new directions, that fate's long and winding illusions,
Every moment – through awareness, five senses, and a transmitter – make this quantum matrix apparent.
Our fates pull and push us all along in kaleidoscope fashion, in an eternal, inescapably timeless journey,
That none can discern, but through but vague perceptions we glean, as our dreams tick-tick-tick away.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Nothing Special Express

You were maybe expecting some magical being or buddha or ivory tower wizard to scribe all this?
To take You on some joyous magic carpet ride to the feet of some great deity?
To stoke your vanity, and heal all your pain and suffering?
Nope, sorry, You will have to slog on through that all alone, same as everyone else.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Price of Tribal Thinking

When it comes to an opportunity for any military to rain destruction down upon the masses,
The reality is they gotta get rid of all that cobwebbed inventory somehow.
Gotta keep the military-industrial complex in business.
Gotta ring up another cha-ching.
As Orwell, in his prescience noted, the powers that be,
Cannot allow the masses get too comfortable, and in the long run, too intelligent.
The little people always pay the price for the tribal thinking of narcissism's vanity and hedonism's greed.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Solitary Journey

There is nobody to follow; You must forge your own path.
You must explore, You must discern, what is true, for your Self, by your Self.
There is not some all-pervasive, all-powerful deity, at the helm, despite all propaganda to the contrary.
The moment can be heaven, the moment can be purgatory, the moment can be hell.
You are the one and only witness to your dreamtime.
Attitude is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Moment Unlike Any Other

All our ancestors combined did not have all the experiential adventures that current times offer.
A world ripe, a world seasoned, for exploration, and mindsets so much freer of cultural constraints.
Would they envy us, or shake their heads in disbelief over the absurdity so many have embraced.

Breadcrumbs 2023

You, and You Alone

What will come of all this?
Well, absolutely nothing, of course, and what do You care?
Worlds come and go, stars come and go, galaxies come and go, universes come and go.
Only You remain, awareness, eternally alone.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Relativity of the Mind's Eye

The mind's eye, bent by the trivia of time, is lost in the tapestry of imagination.
All the yesterdays, all the tomorrows, however any given moment is nooked and crannied,
Are a long and convoluted maze, in which imagination, through eternity weaves.
All threads are relative to the mind's eye in which they are beheld.
None more absolute, more true, than any other's.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Final Solution

The final solution to the blasphemy of the human paradigm is extinction.
How long it can be dodged, how long it can be forestalled, how long it can be annulled,
Is a question for history to answer, if there perchance happens to be anyone left to ponder the question.
Who will be the last man, the last woman, the last boy, the last girl, the last any tag?
And how could that one last shimmer of human intelligence,
Possibly know, much less care,
As that last breath, without fanfare, quietly expires.
And the eternal quantum mystery, kaleidoscopes on, nary a tremor to the beat.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Shakespearian Filibuster

In the great relativity, what is the human species but a throng of crunchy-chewy-gooey microorganisms,
With arms and legs, hearts and minds, portraying every variety of pride and greed and futility,
Every variety of narcissism and hedonism, imagination has the audacity to muster.
There is no possible triumphant ending to this Shakespearian filibuster,
Told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Dreamtime's Given Moment

There is nothing to follow, nothing to be, nothing to do.
You are your own teacher, You are your own student.
Learn whatever suits You, do whatever draws You.
Live your life as freely as the given moment allows.

Breadcrumbs 2023

In the World, but Not of It

How to be in the world, and not of it,
Is for each imaginary mind to alone discern,
On its long and winding pathless never traveled.
To surrender to the moment, to allow serenity to reign,
Can be a challenge for a mind shaped by striving and conflict.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Right-Here-Right-Now

Now.
It is not a belief system.
There are no leaders, there are no followers.
There are no sanctuaries, there are no scriptures, there are no doctrines.
There are no priests, nor is there any need for faith, nor others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only primeval awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Struggle Ahead

Like a Ponzi scheme coming undone, the dream is changing across the board,
And that is just the way it is; there is nothing anybody can do about it.
The politicians and talking heads are just earning their buck,
And Wall Street and Las Vegas will likely take it down to the last bet.
This is the course our species set long before we departed the jungles of long ago.
Knowing more than the gist, filling one's head with nonstop gorp, is hollow trivial pursuit.
All any can do is play out their little Sisyphean algorithm; enjoy and endure whatever the fates allot.
The tempest is going to be beyond the pale sooner or later, and perhaps even relatively quickly for many.
And those unfortunate enough to be born, those now running about in backyards and playgrounds,
Are just going to have to survive whatever comes at them, or perish in flames if they cannot.
Every geography will have its own anthology of consequences, its own crash and burn,
And will deal with them as human beings always have when struggling to survive.
It will be, as always, might makes right, as savage as the given players deign,
With Conrad's "The horror! The horror!" and Vonnegut's "So it goes,"
Echoing throughout the last throes of human consciousness as we know it.
Whoever is going to be the final two-legged lingering in this Anthropocene epoch,
Will be last witness to all the absurdities our genomic sequencing has ceaselessly perpetrated.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Breed or Perish

As far as this garden dust ball goes,
As far as your mundane window of time goes,
As far as the mysterious nature of your brief existence goes,
You are truly only as significant, as relevant, as pertinent, as germane,
As the continuation of your ancestry's genomic sequencing.
Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, fate decides.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Star of the Show

So, there was that timeless, very still moment in the abyss, when You, the mystery, all alone,
All of a sudden, came up with an inspiration for a gargantuan playhouse,
With You, the one and only, centerstage to all parts.
And bam, the quantum matrix,
A kaleidoscoping, extemporaneous dominion, explodes into being.
Théâtre de l'absurde, produced and directed by natural selection; You, ever sole thespian, ever center stage.
The showstopper is realizing that You are none of the forms in which You ever play the starring role.
They are but crunchy-chewy-goo, from which You peer out through the given perceptions,
Upon all that is but illusion, and all the delusions the given dreamtime inspires.

Breadcrumbs 2023

There Is Only You

The You, You truly are, is not a belief system.
You are not a leader, You are not a follower, You are on your own.
You do not require priests, You do not require sanctuaries, You do not require scriptures,
You do not require faith, nor dogmas, nor the support of others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only pure awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Dying to Little Self

Eternal life is this one and only timeless moment,
This one and only right-here-right-now timeless awareness,
This one and only omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent timeless now.
To be the big Self, You must die to the little self.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Organized Protoplasm

What are human beings but collectives of organized protoplasm,
With exteriors about which narcissism and hedonism and greed orbit.
About which consciousness, about which imagination, makes endless ado.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey vats of imagination, vats of make-believe;
Dreamtimes, dancing in the timeless void of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Red Pill, Blue Pill

Some wake up to a larger reality than the original nature-nurture,
To branch out as far and wide and deep as their wings in space and time allow.
The truth is, most do not, which offers a théâtre de l'absurde, for all those who are chameleons.
Ignore it, if You red-pill-head-in-the-sand can; embrace it fully – suck down that blue pill – if You cannot.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Same Old Bubble

Same old bubble of misinformation.
Same old bubble of deception.
Same old bubble of contention.
Same old bubble of conspiracy.
Same old bubble of fraud.
Same old bubble of treachery
Same old bubble of dishonesty.
Same old bubble of artifice.
Same old bubble of stories.
Same old bubble of invention.
Same old bubble of tall tales.
Same old bubble of falsehoods.
Same old bubble of lies.
Same old bubble of notions.
Same old bubble of absurdity.
Same old bubble of debate.
Same old bubble of belief.
Same old bubble of trickery.
Same old bubble of controversy.
Same old bubble of argument.
Same old bubble of shams.
Same old bubble of subterfuge.
Same old bubble of claims.
Same old bubble of excuses.
Same old bubble of half-truths.
Same old bubble of propaganda.
Same old bubble of spin.
Same old bubble of fabrication.
Same old bubble of duplicity.
Same old bubble of cheating.
Same old bubble of opinion.
Same old bubble of strife.
Same old bubble of dispute.
Same old bubble of disagreement.
Same old bubble of whatever.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Well?

Found your face, yet?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Tabula Rasa

Does tabula rasa think itself tabula rasa?
Does a microbe think itself a microbe?
Does a squirrel think itself a squirrel?
Does a salmon think itself a salmon?
Does a spider think itself a spider?
Does a turtle think itself a turtle?
Does an ant think itself an ant?
Does a frog think itself a frog?
Does a squid think itself a squid?
Does a lobster think itself a lobster?
Does a sparrow think itself a sparrow?
Does a newborn think itself a newborn?
Does awareness think itself awareness?
Does cosmos think itself cosmos?
Does now think itself now?
Does Self think itself Self?
Do You think yourself You?
Does mystery think itself mystery?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Almost

Almost like You never did it.
Almost like You never saw it.
Almost like You never heard it.
Almost like You never tasted it.
Almost like You never smelled it.
Almost like You never sensed it.
Like it never happened at all.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Maybe Does Not Mean Yes

That answer is yes.
That answer is no.
That answer is maybe.
Maybe does not mean yes.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Attributes of Good Health

The attributes of mental and physical health
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:

Acuity
Adroitness
Agility
Alertness
Athleticism
Balance
Brawniness
Cardio
Tone
Concentration
Coordination
Core
Drive
Energy
Dexterity
Discipline
Durability
Dynamism
Ease
Efficiency
Effortlessness
Élan
Endurance
Energy
Equilibrium
Fitness
Flexibility
Fluidity
Force
Grit
Gumption
Hardiness
Healthiness
Ingenuity
Litheness
Liveliness
Might
Muscularity
Nimbleness
Poise
Potency
Power
Proficiency

Quality
Quickness
Reaction
Resilience
Resoluteness
Robustness
Self-Assurance
Sharpness
Skill
Slickness
Speed
Spryness
Stability
Stamina
Staying Power
Steadiness
Strength
Sturdiness
Suppleness
Swiftness
Toughness
Velocity
Verve
Vigor
Vitality
Vivacity
Willpower

Best not leave well-being to chance if You wish to live long and well.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Be the Nothingness

See the nothingness.
Hear the nothingness.
Taste the nothingness.
Inhale the nothingness.
Feel the nothingness.
Be the nothingness.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Théâtre de L'Absurde

It is an omnipresent theater.
It is an omnipotent theater.
It is an omniscient theater.
It is an elemental theater.
It is a dreamtime theater.
It is a morphing theater.
It is an illusory theater.
It is a quantum theater.
It is a timeless theater.
It is a worldly theater.
It is an eternal theater.
It is a sensory theater.
It is a cosmic theater.
It is a mirage theater.
It is a matrix theater.
It is a mortal theater.
It is a neural theater.
It is a dreamy theater.
It is a fleeting theater.
It is a manifest theater.
It is a vibrating theater.
It is a space-time theater.
It is an imaginary theater.
It is a monotonous theater.
It is a touchy-feely theater.
It is an immaculate theater.
It is a Shakespearian theater.
It is an unborn-undying theater.
It is an incomprehensible theater.
It is a three-dimensional theater.
It is an extemporaneous theater.
It is an ever-churning theater.
It is an ever-changing theater.
It is an immeasurable theater.
It is a kaleidoscoping theater.
It is an unfathomable theater.
It is a monkey-mind theater.
It is an orchestrated theater.
It is an unknowable theater.
It is an incalculable theater.
It is an inexplicable theater.
It is a never-ending theater.
It is an astounding theater.
It is an impromptu theater.
It is a time-bound theater.
It is an indivisible theater.

It is a predictable theater.
It is a narcissistic theater.
It is an expansive theater.
It is an immortal theater.
It is a Darwinian theater.
It is an indelible theater.
It is an ineffable theater.
It is an immense theater.
It is a hedonistic theater.
It is a ceaseless theater.
It is a pointless theater.
It is an esoteric theater.
It is a temporal theater.
It is a majestic theater.
It is a magical theater.
It is a mystery theater.
It is an empty theater.
It is the grand theater.
It is théâtre de l'absurde.

Breadcrumbs 2023

No Need for Anything

No need for deities.
No need for souls.
No need for angels.
No need for saints.
No need for demons,
No need for belief.
No need for scripture.
No need for dogma.
No need for priests.
No need for idols,
No need for worship.
No need for prayer.
No need for superstition.
No need for cathedrals,
No need for heavens.
No need for purgatories.
No need for infernos.
No need for anything.
Awareness is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Disappear

Disappear right-here-right-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this twinkling; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this moment; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this instant; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into here-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into oblivion; continuity is illusion.
Be the eternal beingness, the eternal awareness,
Be the timeless beingness, the timeless awareness,
You truly are, You have always been, and will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2023

What is an Elephant?

What is an Elephant?
Is it a wall?
Is it a spear?
Is it a snake?
Is it a tree?
Is it a fan?
Is it a rope?
Only to the blind.

Breadcrumbs 2023

No Thought About It

Truth, is not in any thought about it.
What is, is not in any thought about it.
Awareness, is not in any thought about it.
Quantum, is not in any thought about it.
Mystery, is not in any thought about it.
Reality, is not in any thought about it.
Space, is not in any thought about it.
Time, is not in any thought about it.
Here, is not in any thought about it.
Now, is not in any thought about it.
You, are not in any thought about it.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Who Created This World?

It was not Alexander or Genghis Khan or Napoleon or Hitler that conquered.
From the beginning, it was the toolmakers – the scientists, the engineers, the architects,
The miners, the metal and wood and stone and glass craftsmen – that made any of it at all possible.

They created the short-range weapons:
Rocks, sticks, knives, blades, clubs, axes, swords, spears, halberds, pikes, lances.

They created the firearms:
Revolvers, rifles, shotguns, semi and fully automatic guns, machine guns.

They created the explosives:
Acetylides, fulminates, nitro, nitrates, amines, peroxides, oxides,
elements and isotopes, and a variety of mixtures and sundry miscellaneous.

They created the defensive equipment:
Armor, chainmail, shields, bulletproof vests, flak jackets, bulletproof glass.

They created the long-range weapons:
Spears, slings, crossbows, bolos, flamethrowers, grenades, bows and arrows,
boomerangs, cannons, torpedoes, land mines, naval mines,
depth charges, rockets, missiles, lasers.

They created the battle gear:
Armor, chainmail, uniforms, helmets, boots,
saddles, bridles, reins, bits, stirrups, horseshoes, wheels, chariots,
rope, whips, chains, climbing gear, boats, sails, parachutes, pontoons, bridgeworks.

They created the defensive fortifications:
Castles, forts, walls, towers, moats, trenches, bunkers, earthworks.

They created the siege equipment:
Siege towers, battering rams, siege engines, catapults, ballistas,
onagers, trebucheta helepolises, siege hooka,
sambucas, scorpios, mangonels.

They created the communications systems:
Hand signals, codes, semaphore flag signaling systems,
signal lamps, telegraphs, radios, computers.

They created means to scout adversaries from afar:
Binoculars, cameras, radar, sonar, spy planes, satellites.

They created the vehicles for land, water, air, space:
Tanks, trucks, airplanes, submarines, warships, drones, spaceships.

They created the chemical weapons:

Nerve agents, vesicant (blister) agents, hydrogen cyanide blood agents,
tear gas, pepper spray

They created the biological weapons:
Biological toxins or infectious agents: bacteria, viruses, insects, fungi.

They created the nuclear weapons:
Nuclear fission ("atomic") bombs, nuclear fusion ("hydrogen") bombs,
radiological elements (uranium, plutonium, etc.).

They created the emergency medical system:
Medical research and devices, hospitals, medicines, first aid gear, ambulances.

They created the execution and torture devices:
Ropes and chains, racks, strappados, wooden horses, breaking wheels,
water tortures, electric shock devices, chemical dependency, hangman's gallows,
guillotines, electric chairs, lethal injection, gas chambers.

As well as all the logistical networks and processes and equipment upon which warfare depends:
Supply chains, animals (horses, mules, oxen, pigeons), wagons, trucks, trains, ships, planes.

Alexander and Genghis Khan and Napoleon and Hitler are in the history books,
but it was the supporting cast who put them there.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Discerning Self

See your Self, see eternity; see eternity, see your Self.
Feel your Self, feel eternity; feel eternity, feel your Self.
Hear your Self, hear eternity; hear eternity, hear your Self.
Taste your Self, taste eternity; taste eternity, taste your Self.
Smell your Self, smell eternity; smell eternity, smell your Self.
Discern your Self, discern eternity; discern eternity, discern your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023

You Are, You Are Not

You are the observing; You are not the observing.
You are the tasting; You are not the tasting.
You are the feeling; You are not the feeling.
You are the hearing; You are not the hearing.
You are the smelling; You are not the smelling.
You are the discerning; You are not the discerning.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Underlying Mystery

You are the underlying formlessness.
You are the underlying shapelessness.
You are the underlying amorphousness.
You are the underlying preposterousness.
You are the underlying meaninglessness.
You are the underlying ineffectiveness.
You are the underlying senselessness.
You are the underlying nothingness.
You are the underlying uselessness.
You are the underlying emptiness.
You are the underlying nonbeing.
You are the underlying oblivion.
You are the underlying fluidity.
You are the underlying nihility.
You are the underlying cavity.
You are the underlying space.
You are the underlying void.
You are the underlying hole.
You are the underlying dross.
You are the underlying abyss.
You are the underlying nullity.
You are the underlying vacuum.
You are the underlying absence.
You are the underlying unreality.
You are the underlying hollowness.
You are the underlying incongruity.
You are the underlying irrationality.
You are the underlying ineffectuality.
You are the underlying pointlessness.
You are the underlying worthlessness.
You are the underlying nonexistence.
You are the underlying nonduality.
You are the underlying absurdity.
You are the underlying mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Evolution of the First Grunt

What did it take for the first sound, the first click, the first grunt, to evolve into this sentence?

Breadcrumbs 2023

How Much More Anything?

How much more creation?
How much more preservation?
How much more destruction?
How much more desire?
How much more pain?
How much more suffering?
How much more sorrow?
How much more fear?
How much more dread?
How much more hunger?
How much more assumption?
How much more bother?
How much more anticipation?
How much more generosity?
How much more greed?
How much more compassion?
How much more violence?
How much more empathy?
How much more sympathy?
How much more low?
How much more high?
How much more breadth?
How much more depth?
How much more derision?
How much more judgment?
How much more hate?
How much more love?
How much more joy?
How much more despair?
How much more depression?
How much more anticipation?
How much more time?
How much more timelessness?
How much more eternity?
How much more misery?
How much more solution?
How much more grief?
How much more argument?
How much more agreement?
How much more insanity?
How much more inanity?
How much more dissolution?
How much more derision?
How much more birth?
How much more death?
How much more gain?

How much more loss?
How much more attachment?
How much more detachment?
How much more torture?
How much more horror?
How much more absurdity?
How much more thought?
How much more feeling?
How much more passion?
How much more insight?
How much more pity?
How much more tragedy?
How much more pathos?
How much more dreaming?
How much more debate?
How much more power?
How much more value?
How much more subjugation?
How much more arrogance?
How much more consequence?
How much more significance?
How much more meaning?
How much more purpose?
How much more profit?
How much more mockery?
How much more esteem?
How much more treasure?
How much more pestilence?
How much more merit?
How much more usefulness?
How much more achievement?
How much more quantity?
How much more attraction?
How much more distraction?
How much more assessment?
How much more insignificance?
How much more regard?
How much more scorn?
How much more ridicule?
How much more tolerance?
How much more intolerance?
How much more pride?
How much more vanity?
How much more completion?
How much more accomplishment?
How much more conclusion?
How much more division?
How much more infinity?

How much more infinitesimal?
How much more dreamtime?
How much more similarity?
How much more difference?
How much more duality?
How much more nonduality?
How much more foreverafter?
How much more whateverafter?
How much more noteverafter?
How much more everything?
How much more anything?
How much more nothing?

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Past is Streaming

The past is streaming before your eyes.
The past is streaming before your ears.
The past is streaming before your nose.
The past is streaming before your tongue.
The past is streaming before your fingertips.
The past is streaming within your consciousness.
And where are You in all this streaming?

Breadcrumbs 2023

No Other

What are You, really, but an observer, observing?
What are You but an onlooker, onlooking?
What are You but a viewer, viewing?
What are You but a witness, witnessing?
What are You but a spectator, spectating?
What are You but a bystander, bystanding?
What are You but an eyewitness, eyewitnessing?
What are You but the centerstage eye, centerstaging?
The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.
Awareness is all, Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023

How Many Times?

How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You masticated?
How many times have You intoxicated?
How many times have You abbreviated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fornicated?
How many times have You obliviated?
How many times have You demarcated?
How many times have You illustrated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fabricated?
How many times have You arbitrated?
How many times have You anticipated?
How many times have You abrogated?
How many times have You demonstrated?
How many times have You mediated?
How many times have You differentiate?
How many times have You discriminated?
How many times have You obliterated?
How many times have You isolated?
How many times have You segregated?
How many times have You obfuscated?
How many times have You expatriated?
How many times have You situated?
How many times have You pulsated?
How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You subjugated?
How many times have You matriculated?
How many times have You decimated?
How many times have You abridgiated?
How many times have You decimated?

How many times have You done something to the -ated degree?

Words that end in -ated
https://www.thefreedictionary.com/words-that-end-in-ated

Breadcrumbs 2023

You Are Self, Be Self

You are ineffable, be ineffable.
You are indivisible, be indivisible.
You are immaculate, be immaculate.
You are unfathomable, be unfathomable.
You are oblivion, be oblivion.
You are flawless, be flawless.
You are solitary, be solitary.
You are indelible, be indelible.
You are unknowable, be unknowable.
You are witness, be witness.
You are intangible, be intangible.
You are intrinsic, be intrinsic.
You are immortal, be immortal.
You are indifferent, be indifferent.
You are irrational, be irrational.
You are emptiness, be emptiness.
You are unborn, be unborn.
You are blameless, be blameless.
You are undying, be undying.
You are inexpressible, be inexpressible.
You are overwhelming, be overwhelming.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are observer, be observer.
You are deep, be deep.
You are timeless, be timeless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are untroubled, be untroubled.
You are spectator, be spectator.
You are solo, be solo.
You are nihility, be nihility.
You are imaginary, be imaginary.
You are ineradicable, be ineradicable.
You are enduring, be enduring.
You are permanent, be permanent.
You are indiscernible, be indiscernible.
You are impalpable, be impalpable.
You are obscure, be obscure.
You are faultless, be faultless.
You are mundane, be mundane.
You are alone, be alone.
You are unstained, be unstained.
You are average, be average.
You are onlooker, be onlooker.
You are matchless, be matchless.
You are unique, be unique.

You are peerless, be peerless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are void, be void.
You are unutterable, be unutterable.
You are absolute, be absolute.
You are supreme, be supreme.
You are unimaginable, be unimaginable.
You are unicity, be unicity.
You are whole, be whole.
You are incessant, be incessant.
You are inconceivable, be inconceivable.
You are unfastened, be unfastened.
You are infinite, be infinite.
You are endless, be endless.
You are infinitesimal, be infinitesimal.
You are rational, be rational.
You are undeniable, be undeniable.
You are watcher, be watcher.
You are detached, be detached.
You are nothingness, be nothingness.
You are perfect, be perfect.
You are unrivaled, be unrivaled.
You are inimitable, be inimitable.
You are incomparable, be incomparable.
You are spotless, be spotless.
You are unbiased, be unbiased.
You are impeccable, be impeccable.
You are everlasting, be everlasting.
You are perpetual, be perpetual.
You are unconcerned, be unconcerned.
You are ceaseless, be ceaseless.
You are ageless, be ageless.
You are priceless, be priceless.
You are impersonal, be impersonal.
You are absurdity, be absurdity.
You are aloof, be aloof.
You are mysterious, be mysterious.
You are nonexistent, be nonexistent.
You are fictional, be fictional.
You are interminable, be interminable.
You are eyewitness, be eyewitness.
You are carefree, be carefree.
You are enigmatic, be enigmatic.
You are inscrutable, be inscrutable.
You are unreadable, be unreadable.
You are inexplicable, be inexplicable.
You are indecipherable, be indecipherable.
You are incomprehensible, be incomprehensible.

You are unintelligible, be unintelligible.
You are meaningless, be meaningless.
You are inconsequential, be inconsequential.
You are anonymous, be anonymous.
You are nameless, be nameless.
You are ordinary, be ordinary.
You are lasting, be lasting.
You are perceiver, be perceiver.
You are engrained, be engrained.
You are impenetrable, be impenetrable.
You are imperceptible, be imperceptible.
You are eternal, be eternal.
You are Self, be Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023

You Do Not Really Exist

You do not really exist.
Your mind-body is energy.
Your perceptions are illusions.
Your ideas and beliefs are delusions.
Your possessions have no reality, either.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Party on, in your Yellow Brick Road walkabout,
Or get a shotgun, and leave a Rorschach on some wall.

Breadcrumbs 2023

An Infinite Cosmos

In times not all that long ago,
A person's geography determined their world.
If You were born in the mountains, that was all You knew.
If You were born on an island, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a valley, that was all You knew.
If You were born on a plain, that was all You knew.
If You were born by the sea, that was all You knew.
If You were born on a mesa, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a forest, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a desert, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a wetland, that was all You knew.
But these modern times subscribe to an infinite cosmos.
And in all these differences, the relativity of all is ascertained.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Rise (and Fall?) of Imagination

How did imagination begin but through very gradual evolution, very gradual natural selection,
That is estimated to have begun 140 million years-ish ago in the jungles of Africa.
Something to do with memory cells gradually gaining enough oomph,
To start working together to counterfeit a sense of identity,
And the rest is the chaos of vanity and greed,
Given the name history, for the lack of a better word.

On the evolution of imagination, from Wikipedia:

Phylogenetic acquisition of imagination was a gradual process.

The simplest form of imagination, REM-sleep dreaming,
evolved in mammals with acquisition of REM sleep 140 million years ago.

Spontaneous insight improved in primates
with acquisition of the lateral prefrontal cortex 70 million years ago.

After hominins split from the chimpanzee line 6 million years ago
they further improved their imagination.

Prefrontal analysis was acquired 3.3 million years ago
when hominins started to manufacture Mode One stone tools.

Progress in stone tools culture to Mode Two stone tools by 2 million years ago
signify remarkable improvement of prefrontal analysis.

The most advanced mechanism of imagination, prefrontal synthesis,
was likely acquired by humans around 70,000 years ago
and resulted in behavioral modernity.

This leap toward modern imagination has been characterized by paleoanthropologists
as the "Cognitive revolution", "Upper Paleolithic Revolution", and the "Great Leap Forward".

And where is this cognitive revolution, this upper-paleolithic revolution, this great leap forward,
Irrevocably taking we two-leggeds, and many if not all, of the life forms in this world,
But down an ever-accelerating-exponential path to a very dystopian extinction.
To survive what it has through human consciousness over millions of years fashioned,
Imagination would need to, and rather quickly, mutate a wholistic, less individualistic platform.
Whether that is possible in this snail-paced, naturally-selective garden, seems more than a little unlikely.
And thus, will the rise of consciousness in this tiny iota of the mystery, fall upon its own sword,
And the vain hope that humankind might somehow shine its light across the cosmos,
Be forever dashed upon the austere reality, that it never really mattered,
That it was never more than a fallacious blip of absurdity.
And the eternal abyss, will eternally abyss, as it eternally does.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Awareness Does Not

Awareness does not think.
Awareness does not see.
Awareness does not hear.
Awareness does not taste.
Awareness does not smell.
Awareness does not feel.
Awareness does not desire
Awareness does not dread.
Awareness does not fear.
Awareness does not recall.
Awareness does not hate.
Awareness does not care.
Awareness does not hesitate.
Awareness does not suffer.
Awareness does not anger.
Awareness does not unhappy.
Awareness does not distress
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not elate.
Awareness does not gloomy.
Awareness does not regret.
Awareness does not divide.
Awareness does not discern.
Awareness does not surprise.
Awareness does not disgust.
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not sorrow.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not choose.
Awareness does not content.
Awareness does not bliss.
Awareness does not exult.
Awareness does not accept.
Awareness does not deny.
Awareness does not love.
Awareness does not passion.
Awareness does not evolve.
Awareness does not change.
This dream is entirely quantum faire.
The universe but a matrix born of the imaginary mind.
Awareness is the clear endless sky, the mystery in its entirety, You truly are.
It does not participate, it does not regulate, it does not adjudicate, it does not concern its Self, in any way,
But without it, none of it would be possible.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Eternal Nature

The ineffable, eternally ineffable.
The indivisible, eternally indivisible.
The immaculate, eternally immaculate.
The unfathomable, eternally unfathomable.
The oblivion, eternally oblivion.
The flawless, eternally flawless.
The solitary, eternally solitary.
The indelible, eternally indelible.
The unknowable, eternally unknowable.
The witness, eternally witness.
The intangible, eternally intangible.
The intrinsic, eternally intrinsic.
The immortal, eternally immortal.
The indifferent, eternally indifferent.
The irrational, eternally irrational.
The emptiness, eternally emptiness.
The unborn, eternally unborn.
The blameless, eternally blameless.
The undying, eternally undying.
The inexpressible, eternally inexpressible.
The overwhelming, eternally overwhelming.
The indefinable, eternally indefinable.
The observer, eternally observer.
The deep, eternally deep.
The timeless, eternally timeless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The untroubled, eternally untroubled.
The spectator, eternally spectator.
The solo, eternally solo.
The nihility, eternally nihility.
The imaginary, eternally imaginary.
The ineradicable, eternally ineradicable.
The enduring, eternally enduring.
The permanent, eternally permanent.
The indiscernible, eternally indiscernible.
The impalpable, eternally impalpable.
The obscure, eternally obscure.
The faultless, eternally faultless.
The mundane, eternally mundane.
The alone, eternally alone.
The unstained, eternally unstained.
The average, eternally average.
The onlooker, eternally onlooker.
The matchless, eternally matchless.
The unique, eternally unique.
The peerless, eternally peerless.

The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The void, eternally void.
The unutterable, eternally unutterable.
The absolute, eternally absolute.
The supreme, eternally supreme.
The unimaginable, eternally unimaginable.
The unicity, eternally unicity.
The whole, eternally whole.
The incessant, eternally incessant.
The inconceivable, eternally inconceivable.
The unfastened, eternally unfastened.
The infinite, eternally infinite.
The endless, eternally endless.
The infinitesimal, eternally infinitesimal.
The rational, eternally rational.
The undeniable, eternally undeniable.
The watcher, eternally watcher.
The detached, eternally detached.
The nothingness, eternally nothingness.
The perfect, eternally perfect.
The unrivaled, eternally unrivaled.
The inimitable, eternally inimitable.
The incomparable, eternally incomparable.
The spotless, eternally spotless.
The unbiased, eternally unbiased.
The impeccable, eternally impeccable.
The everlasting, eternally everlasting.
The perpetual, eternally perpetual.
The unconcerned, eternally unconcerned.
The ceaseless, eternally ceaseless.
The ageless, eternally ageless.
The priceless, eternally priceless.
The impersonal, eternally impersonal.
The absurdity, eternally absurdity.
The aloof, eternally aloof.
The mysterious, eternally mysterious.
The nonexistent, eternally nonexistent.
The fictional, eternally fictional.
The interminable, eternally interminable.
The eyewitness, eternally eyewitness.
The carefree, eternally carefree.
The enigmatic, eternally enigmatic.
The inscrutable, eternally inscrutable.
The unreadable, eternally unreadable.
The inexplicable, eternally inexplicable.
The indecipherable, eternally indecipherable.
The incomprehensible, eternally incomprehensible.
The unintelligible, eternally unintelligible.

The meaningless, eternally meaningless.
The inconsequential, eternally inconsequential.
The anonymous, eternally anonymous.
The nameless, eternally nameless.
The ordinary, eternally ordinary.
The lasting, eternally lasting.
The perceiver, eternally perceiver.
The engrained, eternally engrained.
The impenetrable, eternally impenetrable.
The imperceptible, eternally imperceptible.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Rich Man's Life on a Dime

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny's mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Genetic Lottery

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Every Possibility

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience every possibility?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience anything and everything?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a particle of dust?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a universe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a world?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an ant?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a sloth?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a raccoon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a clam?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a rock?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a snake?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being giraffe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fly?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tree?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a weed?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a flower?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being wave?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being chimpanzee?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dinosaur?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being slug?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bird?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being frog?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being brick?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an automobile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chair?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being cloud?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mountain?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a gopher?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a pencil?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a computer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a spider?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being deer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tiger?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a whale?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a garbage dump?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being submarine?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a satellite?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a lobster?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a beer can?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a salamander?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a microbe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a urinal?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a virus?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fireplace?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a taxi?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dewdrop?

Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tank?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a missile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a log?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fence?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an island?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bottle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being statue?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a forest?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mushroom?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a wolf?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a prairie?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a housecat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an eagle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being antelope?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a kettle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tortoise?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being piece of lint?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a painting?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a waterfall?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a sword?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a house?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an alligator?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a star?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a shield?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chimney
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an ocean?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a hat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a volcano?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a moon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a diamond?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a screwdriver?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fork?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a guitar?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a buffalo?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a doll?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a peach?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being radio?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a drug?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a book?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a building?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being river?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bucket?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being desert?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being golf ball?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being mineshaft?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being tractor?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being wagon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a parachute?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a reef?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hurricane?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a couch?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a butterfly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pile of dung?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being anything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a human being?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being You?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Why?

Why do You allow any desire to grip You?
Why do You allow any fear to grip You?
Why do You allow any dread to grip You?
Why do You allow any passion to grip You?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought.
Let go all that is but imaginary.
Be the whole mind.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Nothingness

Nothingness has no notion.
Nothingness is without airs.
Nothingness knows no other.
Nothingness has no bounds.
Nothingness has no space.
Nothingness has no time.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Trouble

The trouble with too little, is it is too little.
The trouble with too much, is it is too much.
The trouble with just right, is it is what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2023

What Good?

What good is a chef who cannot taste?
What good is a painter who cannot see?
What good is a musician who cannot hear?
What good is a perfumer who cannot smell?
What good is a masseuse who cannot feel?
What good is a thinker who cannot think?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Forget

Forget who You are sometimes.
Forget what You are sometimes.
Forget where You are sometimes.
Forget when You are sometimes.
Forget why You are sometimes.
Forget how You are sometimes.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Eternity's Moment

How many moments in an attosecond?
How many moments in a nanosecond?
How many moments in a second?
How many moments in a minute?
How many moments in an hour?
How many moments in a day?
How many moments in a month?
How many moments in a year?
How many moments in a decade?
How many moments in a century?
How many moments in a millennium?
How many moments in a million years?
How many moments in a billion years?
How many moments in a trillion years?
How many moments in a gazillion years?
How many moments in a moment?
Eternity, right here right now.
Triple-whammy bam!

Breadcrumbs 2023

Up to You

Whether it is infinite or infinitesimal,
Whether it is spiritual or agnostic,
Whether it is clean or dirty,
Whether it is live or die,
Whether it is wealthy or poor,
Whether it is alive or dead,
Whether it is believer or atheist,
Whether it is subtle or blatant,
Whether it is kind or cruel,
Whether it is sane or insane,
Whether it is straight or gay,
Whether it is sage or fool,
Whether it is fast or slow,
Whether it is do or do not,
Whether it is long or short,
Whether it is succeed or fail,
Whether it is love or hate,
Whether it is still or moving,
Whether it is real or unreal,
Whether it is tit or tat,
Whether it is for or against,
Whether it is up or down,
Whether it is around or through,
Whether it is clear or unclear,
Whether it is fat or thin,
Whether it is strong or weak,
Whether it is gratis or priceless,
Whether it is hard or soft,
Whether it is give or take,
Whether it is to or from,
Whether it is wise or foolish,
Whether it is beautiful or ugly,
Whether it is big or small,
Whether it is known or unknown,
Whether it is fore or aft,
Whether it is awake or asleep,
Whether it is heavy or light,
Whether it is rich or poor,
Whether it is awake or asleep,
Whether it is true or false,
Whether it is ecstasy or agony,
Whether it is first or last,
Whether it is creative or destructive,
Whether it is full or empty,
Whether it is sweet or bitter,
Whether it is loud or quiet,

Whether it is straight or rounded,
Whether it is bright or dim,
Whether it is well or unwell,
Whether it is astute or obtuse,
Whether it is like or unlike,
Whether it is appealing or revolting,
Whether it is clear or opaque,
Whether it is thick or thin,
Whether it is brave or cowardly,
Whether it is sweet or sour,
Whether it is equal or lopsided,
Whether it is king or slave,
Whether it is queen or whore,
Whether it is expansive or contractive,
Whether it is soft or harsh,
Whether it is young or old,
Whether it is male or female,
Whether it is honest or dishonest,
Whether it is wild or tame,
Whether it is early or late,
Whether it is pure or foul,
Whether it is cautious or reckless,
Whether it is hit or miss,
Whether it is lead or follow,
Whether it is high or low,
Whether it is naive or cynical,
Whether it is truth or lie,
Whether it is deep or shallow,
Whether it is open or closed,
Whether it is rational or absurd,
Whether it is near or far,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is in or out,
Whether it is free or imprisoned,
Whether it is yes or no,
Whether it is attached or detached,
Whether it is course or fine,
Whether it is all or none,
Whether it is shiny or dull,
Whether it is smart or stupid,
Whether it is tall or short,
Whether it is forward or backward,
Whether it is before or after,
Whether it is selfless or selfish,
Whether it is one or two,
Whether it is within or without,
Whether it is yay or nay,
Whether it is close or distant,

Whether it is normal or weird,
Whether it is wet or dry,
Whether it is hot or cold,
Whether it is constant or fickle,
Whether it is positive or negative,
Whether it is happy or sad,
Whether it is fair or unfair,
Whether it is over or under,
Whether it is similar or different,
Whether it is loose or tight,
Whether it is plus or minus,
Whether it is above or below,
Whether it is inside or outside,
Whether it is simple or complex,
Whether it is black or white,
Whether it is smooth or coarse,
Whether it is wide or narrow,
Whether it is gentle or cruel,
Whether it is humble or vain,
Whether it is on or off,
Whether it is here or there,
Whether it is have or have not,
Whether it is sharp or dull,
Whether it is good or bad,
Whether it is right or wrong,
Whether it is everything or nothing,
Whether it is something or nothing,
Whether it is white or black,
Whether it is light or dark,
Whether it is this or that,

Is up to You.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Regarding the Supreme Deity

If You truly believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If You believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish as You are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.
I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Real Virtual Reality

This is the real virtual reality,
Why would You want it to be more?
Why would You believe it could be more?
Why would You make-believe it could be more?
Why would You hope it could be more?
Why would You pretend it could be more?
Why would You dream it could be more?
Why would You fathom it could be more?
Why would You aspire it could be more?
Why would You need it could be more?
Why would You crave it could be more?
Why would You covet it could be more?
Why would You fancy it could be more?
Why would You require it could be more?
Why would You wish it could be more?
Why would You suppose it could be more?
Why would You deem it could be more?
Why would You judge it could be more?
Why would You credit it could be more?
Why would You trust it could be more?
Why would You plan it could be more?
Why would You expect it could be more?
Why would You anticipate it could be more?
Why would You yearn it could be more?
Why would You long it could be more?
Why would You fantasize it could be more?
Why would You play it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You play-act it could be more?
Why would You feign it could be more?
Why would You divine it could be more?
Why would You measure it could be more?
Why would You sound it could be more?
Why would You gauge it could be more?
Why would You probe it could be more?
Why would You promise it could be more?
Why would You understand it could be more?
Why would You comprehend it could be more?
Why would You grasp it could be more?
Why would You demand it could be more?
Why would You insist it could be more?
Why would You claim it could be more?
Why would You petition it could be more?
Why would You mandate it could be more?
Why would You plea it could be more?
Why would You command it could be more?

Why would You order it could be more?
Why would You stipulate it could be more?
Why would You exact it could be more?
Why would You assert it could be more?
Why would You contend it could be more?
Why would You swear it could be more?
Why would You aver it could be more?
Why would You vow it could be more?
Why would You hold it could be more?
Why would You construct it could be more?
Why would You engineer it could be more?
Why would You manufacture it could be more?
Why would You formulate it could be more?
Why would You devise it could be more?
Why would You form it could be more?
Why would You assemble it could be more?
Why would You fake it could be more?
Why would You contrive it could be more?
Why would You concoct it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You design it could be more?
Why would You develop it could be more?
Why would You care it could be more?
Why would You pray it could be more?
Why would You sift it could be more?
Why would You dredge it could be more?
Why would You seek it could be more?
Why would You build it could be more?
Why would You counterfeit it could be more?
Why would You fabricate it could be more?
Why would You style it could be more?
Why would You originate it could be more?
Why would You declare it could be more?
Why would You imagine it could be more?
More, more, more, there is no more.
It is what it is, that's all folks.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Only as Real as Imagination Imagines

You cannot hold on to anything for more than an instant at a time.
And even in that moment, there is nothing that is not quantum illusion.
You are the awareness, You are the mystery, that is witness to all of eternity,
Whirling and twirling within and without, that which is neither within or without.
Forever is a fallacious idea, an imaginary notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Envy of Ancestors

All the solitude,
All the wandering,
All the observing,
All the schooling,
All the walking,
All the running,
All the swimming,
All the driving,
All the people,
All the friends,
All the acquaintances,
All the adversaries,
All the possessions,
All the food,
All the drink,
All the alcohol,
All the drugs,
All the women,
All the dancing,
All the sexuality,
All the parties,
All the coffee shops,
All the book stores,
All the bars,
All the movies,
All the books,
All the music,
All the learning,
All the travel,
All the medication,
All the surgery,
All the massage,
All the acupuncture,
All the chiropractic,
All the camping,
All the hitchhiking,
All the geographies,
All the writing,
All the work,
All the skills,
All the photography,
All the technology,
All the algorithms,
All the vehicles,
All the sailing,
All the biking,

All the hiking,
All the board games,
All the card games
All the dice games,
All the gambling,
All the forklifting,
All the drawing,
All the string figures,
All the drafting,
All the layout,
All the publishing,
All the shooting,
All the archery,
All the swordplay,
All the football,
All the sports,
All the animals,
All the waking,
All the sleeping,
All the pleasure,
All the pain,
All the passion,
All the freedom,
All the meditation,
All the contemplation,
All the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and sensations,
How can all my ancestors, combined,
Have done all I have done?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Pure and Simple

Pure and simple infinity,
Pure and simple nowness,
Pure and simple awareness.
Pure and simple wakefulness.
Pure and simple timelessness.
Pure and simple mindfulness,
Pure and simple endlessness,
Pure and simple perpetuity,
Pure and simple sentience.
Pure and simple eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Dream of Time

… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …

Who's Dream?

The pharaoh's dream.
The queen's dream.
The counselor's dream.
The politician's dream.
The bureaucrat's dream.
The soldier's dream.
The terrorist's dream.
The farmer's dream.
The worker's dream.
The slave's dream.
The teacher's dream.
The healer's dream.
The husband's dream.
The wife's dream.
The brother's dream.
The sister's dream.
The child's dream.
The infant's dream.
The male's dream.
The female's dream.
The queer's dream.
The ancestor's dream.
The seed's dream.
The banker's dream.
The tradesman's dream.
The craftsman's dream.
The artist's dream.
The gambler's dream.
The harlot's dream.
The lover's dream.
The hater's dream.
The criminal's dream.
The murder's dream.
The actor's dream.
The priest's dream.
The philosopher's dream.
The dreamer's dream.
The reaper's dream.
Anyone's dream.
Your dream.
All the same dream, in different guises, in different roles.
Where can there be any boundary, when imagination is at play?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is in awareness that it glides?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is You who is witness?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Wake Up and Remember

… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …

Another Magic Carpet Day

Another day of dreaming.
Another day of enduring.
Another day of longing.
Another day of fearing.
Another day of dreading.
Another day of crying.
Another day of hating.
Another day of loving.
Another day of laughing.
Another day of dreaming.
What a magic carpet, imagination.
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming
… dreaming … dreaming …
… dreaming …

Breadcrumbs 2023

Burn

Burn through the moment,
Like a flame through a fuse.
Like an asteroid through space.
Like a dream through the night.
Like a ripple through a pond.
Like a cloud through the sky.
Like an electron through a wire.
Like a spark through a plug.
Like a breeze through a tree.
Like a candle through a read.
Like a laser through metal.
Like a mind through a moment.
Like a mind through awareness.
Like a mind through here.
Like a mind through now.
Like a mind through eternity.
Like a mind through You.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Before Time, Before Space

The awareness before time, before space.
The stillness before time, before space.
The absoluteness before time, before space.
The aloneness before time, before space.
The quantum before time, before space.
The innocence before time, before space.
The vulnerability before time, before space.
The immaculate before time, before space.
The nowness before time, before space.
The perfection before time, before space.
The clarity before time, before space.
The truth before time, before space.
The presence before time, before space.
The eternity before time, before space.
The sovereignty before time, before space.
The serenity before time, before space.
The transcendence before time, before space.
The nothing special before time, before space.
The You before time, before space.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Quantum Dancers

Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
All dancing in ether.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Clarity of You

It is often in the unbidden moments,
That the clarity of right here, right now,
That the clarity of the ever-present,
That the clarity of awareness,
That the clarity of eternity,
That the clarity of You,
Makes its Self, apparent.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Abyss of Eternity

Awareness is the void, the abyss, of eternity.
It is without time; it is without space.
It cannot be measured, for it has no essence.
Light cannot discern it, because it has no reflection.
It is nothingness, untouched by any cloud, by any universe.
It can only be comprehended by the mind given over to no-mind.
And in that, that is no gain or loss, there is no reward, there is only being.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Somehow

Somehow, creation.
Somehow, life.
Somehow, sentience.
Somehow, consciousness.
Somehow, imagination.
Somehow, You.
No answers to any of it.
The mystery of the mystery,
Will ever be a mystery of a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Just Be You

Instead of always gathering, grasping, filling, amassing, mustering, marshalling, mobilizing;
Give releasing, give dispersing, give disbanding, give dissolving,
Give diffusing, give disappearing, a shot.
Be as nothing.
Just be You. The stillness, the motionlessness of awareness. That I Am.
Prior to consciousness, prior to time, prior to space, prior to all things imagined.
Prior to all things measurable, prior to all things infinitesimal, prior to all things infinite.
Prior to all things that are but ever-morphing clouds, dust balls in the immeasurable sky of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Sentience

The sentience of awareness cannot see without eyes.
The sentience of awareness cannot hear without ears.
The sentience of awareness cannot feel without nerves.
The sentience of awareness cannot smell without a nose.
The sentience of awareness cannot taste without a tongue.
The sentience of awareness cannot reason without a brain.
The sentience of awareness is an abyss without any other.
It is the quantum dust of creation that drives the matrix.
The sentience of awareness is simply eternal witness;
The ether in which all timelessly kaleidoscopes.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Farther

Nothing, for farther than You can see.
Nothing, for farther than You can hear.
Nothing, for farther than You can feel.
Nothing, for farther than You can taste.
Nothing, for farther than You can smell.
Nothing, for farther than You can believe.
Nothing, for closer than all of the above.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Every Moment a Choice

Every moment offers a choice:
Look, do not look.
Listen, do not listen.
Taste, do not taste.
Smell, do not smell.
Feel, do not feel.
Speak, do not speak.
Move, do not move.
Think, do not think.
Become, do not become.
Be, do not be.
Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2023

Quantum

Quantum churning.
Quantum magic.
Quantum dream.
Quantum time.
Quantum space.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum relativity.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum unfathomable.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum flawless.
Quantum solitude.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknown.
Quantum witness.
Quantum intangible.
Quantum intrinsic.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum indifference.
Quantum irrational.
Quantum emptiness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum blameless.
Quantum undying.
Quantum inexpressible.
Quantum overwhelming.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum observer.
Quantum deep.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum unspeakable.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum untroubled.
Quantum spectator.
Quantum solo.
Quantum nihility.
Quantum imaginary.
Quantum ineradicable.
Quantum enduring.
Quantum permanence.
Quantum indiscernible.
Quantum impalpable.
Quantum obscurity.
Quantum faultless.

Quantum inscrutable.
Quantum unreadable.
Quantum mundane.
Quantum aloneness.
Quantum unstained.
Quantum tangible.
Quantum incomprehensible.
Quantum anonymous.
Quantum nameless.
Quantum average.
Quantum onlooker.
Quantum matchless.
Quantum unique.
Quantum peerless.
Quantum void.
Quantum unutterable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum unimaginable.
Quantum unicity.
Quantum whole.
Quantum incessant.
Quantum inconceivable.
Quantum unfastened.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum endless.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum rational.
Quantum undeniable.
Quantum watcher.
Quantum detached.
Quantum nothingness.
Quantum perfect.
Quantum unintelligible.
Quantum meaninglessness.
Quantum inconsequential.
Quantum unrivaled.
Quantum inimitable.
Quantum incomparable.
Quantum spotless.
Quantum unbiased.
Quantum impeccable.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum unconcerned.
Quantum ceaseless.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum full.

Quantum priceless.
Quantum impersonal.
Quantum absurdity.
Quantum aloof.
Quantum mysterious.
Quantum nonexistent.
Quantum fictional.
Quantum interminable.
Quantum eyewitness.
Quantum carefree.
Quantum enigmatic.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum empty.
Quantum indecipherable.
Quantum ordinary.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perception.
Quantum engrained.
Quantum impenetrable.
Quantum imperceptible.
Quantum eternal.
Quantum Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Fire and Brimstone

If I was the fire-and-brimstone God that Christians have chosen to follow and worship,
My inferno would be large amphitheaters where all those who had been hurt or wronged,
Would be allowed to mete out their revenge upon those who had harmed or wronged them.
Every torture apparatus ever concocted in the history of humankind would be available,
For all the victims to exact any agony, as many ways, as many times, as they liked.
Everyone, the victims, and all their family and friends, would have their turn.
And those confined to this hellish fate, would suffer eternal damnation,
For as long as all the victims, and their family and friends, chose.
And God and Jesus and Satan would be sitting in the stands,
Cheering them on, laughing at every agonizing scream.
There are many dark characters throughout history,
Who are still tied down to their ice-hot slabs,
Crowds deaf to their pleas for mercy.
And all available to the roaring masses,
On an assortment of pay-per-view channels.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Counting on the Moment

Millenniums can be counted.
Centuries can be counted.
Decades can be counted.
Years can be counted.
Months can be counted.
Days can be counted.
Hours can be counted.
Minutes can be counted.
Seconds can be counted.
Nanoseconds can be counted.
Attoseconds can be counted.
As can every category of epoch,
And age and era and eon and cycle.
But how do You count the eternal moment,
Upon which all inklings space and time are imagined?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Fathom Your Self

Fathom your innocence.
Fathom your forgiveness.
Fathom your compassion.
Fathom your contentment.
Fathom your truth,
Your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Realigning the Mind

Realigning the mind to eternity.
Realigning the mind to sentience.
Realigning the mind to awareness.
Realigning the mind to mindfulness.
Realigning the mind to wakefulness.
Realigning the mind to endlessness.
Realigning the mind to the moment.
Realigning the mind to perpetuity.
Realigning the mind to infinity.
Realigning the mind to now.
Requires great attention.
Breathe through it.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Kaleidoscoping Quantum

Consciousness, neither is, nor is not.
Awareness, neither is, nor is not.
Eternity, neither is, nor is not.
Space, neither is, nor is not.
Time, neither is, nor is not.
You, neither are, nor are not.
It is but quantum kaleidoscoping.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Taste for All

In all monkey minds.
A taste for lightness.
A taste for darkness.
A taste for emptiness.
Something for everyone.

Breadcrumbs 2023

… this led to this …

… this led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… ad infinitum …
… the moment is like that …

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Last Time

This may be the last time,
You ever do that.
Or see that.
Or hear that.
Or taste that.
Or smell that.
Or feel that.
Or be that.
Savor every moment.
It is gone before You know it.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Loss

The loss of things is not easy.
Family
Friends
Things
Games
Jobs
Battles
Titles
Awards
Wealth
Security
Health
Life
But what choice is there?

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Grokking

Got it seen.
Got it heard.
Got it smelled
Got it tasted.
Got it felt.
Got it grokked.

Breadcrumbs 2023

To Discern the Mystery

Let go of everything.
Memories.
Things.
Relationships.
Family.
Friends.
Adversaries.
Enemies.
Power.
Fame.
Fortune.
Desires.
Fears.
Dreads.
Passion.
Sensuality.
Plans.
Concerns.
Cares.
Hopes.
Hates.
Loves.
Problems.
Solutions.
Ideals.
Belief's.
Habits.
Pipedreams.
Dogmas.
Busyness.
Distractions.
Knowledge.
Self-importance.
And any other stirrings of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Naught but a Dream

In the world, but not of it.
In the matrix, but not of it.
In the illusion, but not of it.
In the dream, but not of it.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Eternal Mind

… mysterious …
… ineffable …
… tabula rasa …
… aware …
… still …
… indivisible …
… momentary …
… singular …
… indelible …
… supreme …
… matchless …
… now …
… sentient …
… unfathomable …
… inscrutable …
… perpetual …
… imaginary …
… matrix …
… flawless …
… timeless …
… infinite …
… infinitesimal …
… omnipresent …
… serene …
… immortal …
… pervasive …
… omniscient …
… mindful …
… instantaneous …
… quantum …
… null …
… immaculate …
… futile …
… everlasting …
… unbound …
… motionless …
… mindless …
… clear …
… nondualistic …
… here …
… unbounded …
… silent …
… graceful …
… pure …
… unequivocal …
… unqualified …

… perfect …
… nothingness …
… total …
… complete …
… innocent …
… truth …
… unconditional …
… unadulterated …
… seamless …
… unspoiled …
… impeccable …
… empty …
… entire …
… effortless …
… first …
… oblivion …
… last …
… whole …
… harmonious …
… unified …
… blameless …
… spotless …
… sentient …
… alert …
… void …
… unimportant …
… all …
… none …
… inestimable …
… indefinable …
… extinct …
… purposeless …
… obscure …
… anonymous …
… insignificant …
… null …
… worthless …
… unknowable …
… naught …
… indecipherable …
… nameless …
… undiscoverable …
… useless …
… immeasurable …
… valueless …
… incalculable …
… rational …
… unutterable …

… endless …
… impartial …
… simple …
… straightforward …
… natural …
… untouched …
… imperceptible …
… painless …
… uncomplicated …
… unforced …
… untarnished …
… ever …
… untroubled …
… inexplicable …
… unstained …
… peerless …
… emptiness …
… indifferent …
… ageless …
… ineradicable …
… irrational …
… permanent …
… indiscernible …
… impalpable …
… faultless …
… pristine …
… mundane …
… hollow …
… alone …
… minimal …
… average …
… unique …
… unspeakable …
… unimaginable …
… unicity …
… whole …
… incessant …
… inconceivable …
… unfastened …
… rational …
… undeniable …
… detached …
… unrivaled …
… inimitable …
… incomparable …
… unbiased …
… pointless …
… unconcerned …

… ceaseless …
… priceless …
… impersonal …
… absurd …
… aloof …
… nonexistent …
… interminable …
… carefree …
… enigmatic …
… impenetrable …
… unreadable …
… incomprehensible …
… unintelligible …
… meaningless …
… inconsequential …
… exquisite …
… ordinary …
… engrained …
… intrinsic …
… intangible …
… solitary …
… enduring …
… inexpressible …
… omnipotent …
… tranquil …
… free …
… sovereign …
… unborn …
… undying …
… absolute …
… eternal …

Breadcrumbs 2023

Only Imagination

The body is always in the present moment.
Awareness is always in the present moment.
Only imagination wanders space and time.
Only imagination creates space and time.
Only imagination imagines itself alive.
Only imagination imagines itself real.
Only imagination imagines its Self.
Only imagination imagines totality.
Only imagination imagines nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Submit or Die

How they always win, how they always rule, how they are always at heights of the food chain,
Has been the same tale since long before our kind migrated out into the savannas.
It is the tale of power, of might makes right, of the law of the club,
And who is willing to wield it, with the most savagery.
Submit or die, it matters not to the big ape,
And the minions who serve in every possible way.
The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.
It is the reality of natural selection since life's most primordial etchings.
Quantum stardust – morphing, mutating, evolving, dancing – in the mystery of awareness.
The mystery of Self, of the one and only dancer, playing itself alive in every possible way, including You.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Universe Unto Its Self

Any given mind is a universe unto its Self;
Unto the awareness in which all forms dance.
In which imagination, imagines an authenticity,
Engineered entirely by the given nature-nurture.
An impromptu performance of genomic design.
To assume it free will, would be a conclusion,
Without substance, in the abyss of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023

This Thing Called Life

… As real, as it every single moment, every single breath, every single blink, seems …
… Your entire existence – this thing called life – from the cradle to the grave …
… Everything You see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel …
… Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, your dream …
… Is entirely imagined, entirely fictional, entirely illusory …
… Poof! …

Breadcrumbs 2023

An Eye for an Eye

The unknowable created the cosmos.
The cosmos created the world.
The world created nature.
Nature created Gaia.
Gaia created humankind.
Humankind created imagination.
Imagination imagined the unknowable known.
Ineffable, indivisible, ineffaceable, unfathomable, immaculate.
And in that knowing, the sense of self was imagined.
And in that awareness of imaginary self, You.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
Creator, preserver, destroyer.
Eternity, born into time.
Eternity, imagined.
Awareness, all.
All, You.
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023

You, Awareness

You, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
You, Awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Neither-Nors of Awareness

Awareness neither creates nor destroys.
Awareness neither begins nor ends.
Awareness neither loves nor hates.
Awareness neither praises nor maligns.
Awareness neither enjoys nor dislikes.
Awareness neither celebrates nor broods.
Awareness neither favors nor disfavors.
Awareness neither simplifies nor complicates.
Awareness neither discerns nor neglects.
Awareness neither is nor is not.
Awareness neither supports nor opposes.
Awareness neither validates nor refutes.
Awareness neither admires nor derides.
Awareness neither clarifies nor confuses.
Awareness neither wins nor loses.
Awareness neither catches nor releases.
Awareness neither lightens nor darkens.
Awareness neither lives nor dies.
Awareness neither ascends nor descends.
Awareness neither endures nor succumbs.
Awareness neither preserves nor ends.
Awareness neither stores nor expends.
Awareness neither rescues nor abandons.
Awareness neither does nor undoes.
Awareness neither clears nor blocks.
Awareness neither frees nor imprisons.
Awareness neither saves nor spends.
Awareness neither gains nor loses.
Awareness neither achieves nor fails.
Awareness neither continues nor pauses.
Awareness neither possesses nor lacks.
Awareness neither craves nor dislikes.
Awareness neither respects nor scorns.
Awareness neither unites nor divides.
Awareness neither assists nor hinders.
Awareness neither perceives nor ignores.
Awareness neither solidifies nor evaporates.
Awareness neither strengthens nor weakens.
Awareness neither enables nor prevents.
Awareness neither facilitates nor impedes.
Awareness neither shortens nor lengthens.
Awareness neither appears nor disappears.

Awareness is the unborn-undying; with neither beginning nor end.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Basking in Neutral

To go forward or backward,
To go around or through,
To go before or after,
To go good or bad,
To go selfless or selfish,
To go to or from,
To go in or out,
To go within or without,
To go yay or nay,
To go tall or short,
To go close or distant,
To go fore or aft,
To go full or empty,
To go strong or weak,
To go normal or weird,
To go dry or wet,
To go constant or fickle,
To go positive or negative,
To go happy or sad,
To go wise or foolish,
To go bright or dim,
To go deep or shallow,
To go over or under,
To go on or off,
To go loose or tight,
To go for or against,
To go near or far,
To go soft or harsh,
To go naive or cynical,
To go narrow or wide,
To go plus or minus,
To go above or below,
To go up or down,
To go inside or outside,
To go sharp or dull,
To go simple or complex,
To go right or wrong,
To go black or white,
To go this or that,

How artless, the ‘or’ of the middle way.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Weight of All Things Imagined

The weight of space.
The weight of time.
The weight of gravity.
The weight of vanity.
The weight of power.
The weight of wealth.
The weight of tribe.
The weight of history.
The weight of tradition.
The weight of dogma.
The weight of fame.
The weight of desire.
The weight of fear.
The weight of dread.
The weight of sorrow.
The weight of pain.
The weight of despair.
The weight of loss.
The weight of gain.
The weight of glut.
The weight of dearth.
The weight of things.
The weight of avarice.
The weight of cruelty.
The weight of kindness.
The weight of selfishness.
The weight of altruism.
The weight of pride.
The weight of covetousness.
The weight of lust.
The weight of anger.
The weight of gluttony.
The weight of envy.
The weight of sloth.
The weight of like.
The weight of dislike.
The weight of hate.
The weight of love.
The weight of strength.
The weight of weakness.
The weight of yes.
The weight of no.
The weight of maybe.
The weight of light
The weight of dark.
The weight of good.

The weight of evil.
The weight of full.
The weight of empty.
The weight of have
The weight of have not.
The weight of all.
The weight of none.
The weight of some.
The weight of body.
The weight of mind.
The weight of life.
The weight of death.
The weight of perception.
The weight of imagination.
Who is the who, who carries it all?

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Quantum Infinity

Watching the second hand move, watching the minute hand move, watching the hour hand move;
Watching the world turn, watching the clouds in every shape and size race across the sky;
Watching the sun, the moon, the stars, go round and round, every day the same;
Who-what-why-when-where-how, is the witness doing the watching?
Eternity is ever-present for those who have eyes and ears,
To see and hear the mystery, as it frolics in its quantum infinity.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Wisp of Nothingness

Awareness is … right here, right now.
To dub it either infinitesimal or infinite, or anything, actually,
Is to give it a space-time tone that absolutely has no basis in its reality, whatsoever.
Consciousness is but an imaginary wisp of nothingness, wafting through the beyond-expansive expanse.
And humankind playing out its ceaseless dramafest in a pre-determined fashion,
Far grander than the human mind can comprehend,
Lest it doth become it.

Breadcrumbs 2023

You are the Moment

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.
The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.
The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.
The moment is opaque; You are opaque.

The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
The moment is forever; You are forever.
The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
The moment is empty; You are empty.
The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
The moment is all; You are all.
The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
The moment is none; You are none.
The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
The moment is silent; You are silent.
The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
The moment is clear; You are clear.
The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
The moment is vain; You are vain.
The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
The moment is futile; You are futile.
The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
The moment is aware; You are aware.
The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.
The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.
The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
The moment is alone; You are alone.
The moment is minimal; You are minimal.

The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
The moment is average; You are average.
The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
The moment is unique; You are unique.
The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
The moment is unfastened You are unfastened.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
The moment is detached; You are detached.
The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.
The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
The moment is absurd; You are absurd
The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
The moment is now; You are now.
The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
The moment is singular; You are singular.
The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.
The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
The moment is totality; You are totality.
The moment is life; You are life.
The moment is seamless; You are seamless.
The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.
The moment is flawless; You are flawless.

The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.
The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.
The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.
The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.

The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

Breadcrumbs 2023

What the Fates Hath Deigned

You are what You eat, and You shit it, too.
And piddle it, and sweat it, and spit it, and sneeze it,
And cough it, and weep it, and bleed it, and ejaculate it, as well.
How fortunate to finally realize, You are not this cesspool,
And must only bear witness to its sundry travesties,
For what whatever jot the Fates hath deigned.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Sands of Time

Has your lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of your terrestrial mind-body?
Not that You have, in any way or shape or form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.
All sentience endures it the same.

Breadcrumbs 2023

An Epic Revolution

The human paradigm will have to change intelligently,
If any sort of idealized metamorphosis,
Is fated to happen.
It would be a revolution of utterly epic proportion,
Well beyond any imaginary assessment, this present, or any prior, has ever witnessed.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Mystery of Awareness

… The mystery of the immaculate, flawless, pristine, impeccable, immortally eternal awareness …
… Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds …
… Ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying …
… Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent …
… Spaceless, timeless…
You

Breadcrumbs 2023

Long Gone

The awareness sees.
The awareness hears.
The awareness smells.
The awareness tastes.
The awareness feels.
Long gone before mind remembers it.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The End to All Questions

If there is a guiding hand to this mystery, it is the process of natural selection,
Set into motion at the inexplicable, ineffable inception of creation.
The only answer, for those always seeking answers,
Is solitary walks, or staring into space,
Until the mind's need for answers dissolves.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Regarding Imagination

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that You can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Eternity's Playhouse

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.
Call it whatever You will, it is all You; there is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023

One at a Time

You can only sit in one chair at a time.
You can only sleep in one bed at a time,
You can only eat one meal at a time,
You can only drink one drink at a time.
You can only take one shower at a time.
You can only wear one outfit at a time.
You can only read one book at a time.
You can only play one game at a time.
You can only ride one bike at a time,
You can only see one thing at a time.
You can only hear one sound at a time.
You can only taste one taste at a time.
You can only smell one smell at a time.
You can only feel one touch at a time.
You can only do one anything at a time.
So, how much does anyone really need?

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Truth of Eternity

Why are You so fearful of it all coming to an end?
Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Has There Ever Been Even One Choice?

Is natural selection a function of spontaneity, of autonomy, of self-determination, of free will,
Or simply the continuation of the pattern-selection, kaleidoscoping since the first moment of genesis?
Impromptu, spontaneous, extemporaneous, when viewed from the macro level;
But precisely, exactly determined, at the quantum level.
Has there ever been even one choice?
Is such an unsynchronized flow even remotely possible,
In this ineffable cosmos, absolutely orchestrated, every moment, in every way?
Looking back at your entire existence, what say did You have in anything, that lead You to be reading this?

Breadcrumbs 2023

My Mother

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Madness of Science

Science has destroyed its home,
For the sake of knowledge, for the sake of trivial pursuit.
Where is the rationality, the sensibility, the prudence, the insight, the wisdom, in that?

Breadcrumbs 2023

The You, You Are

The You, You imagine carries on, is not the You, You are.
All forms are but ever-changing, temporal, quantum illusions,
To which only imagination, stimulated by the senses, is witness.
The awareness You truly are, is the omnipresent, immortal actuality.
Humankind's capacity for delusion is the harbor of all things irrational.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The One and Only Truth

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre de l'absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

Breadcrumbs 2023

You Are Eternity

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If You are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Getting Its Own Legs

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the part I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

Breadcrumbs 2023

An Anonymous Scribe

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Done, Done, the Damage Done

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Decentralized Work

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

Breadcrumbs 2023

What Is a Philosopher?

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Dead Poet Strategy

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Piece of Writing

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

Breadcrumbs 2023

A Thought-Filled Theme Park

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
“What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?”
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

Breadcrumbs 2023

For an Inescapable Future

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Jungle in the Monkey

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Just Another Two-Legged

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Self-Absorption of Human Consciousness

Odds are, no one will ever be as interested in your world as You are.
It would be an impossible feat for anyone to ever put aside their own.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Illusion of Perception

Your existence, your world, your universe,
Is but an illusion of perception born of imagination,
Inspired by the five senses, linked to the mind, You call yours.
The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Solitary Wander

To be … the truth … the life … the way …
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,
You, awareness, every moment are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity

All your power, all your prestige, all your wealth, does not make You special.
We all end up, with all our fellow earthlings, in the same grave, sooner or later.
Build all the castles You please, climb every mountain You can, it is all for naught.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Pie of History

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Awareness Does Not Care

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Clean or dirty, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Wealthy or poor, the awareness does not care.
Alive or dead, the awareness does not care.
Believer or atheist, the awareness does not care.
Subtle or blatant, the awareness does not care.
Kind or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Sane or insane, the awareness does not care.
Straight or gay, the awareness does not care.
Sage or fool, the awareness does not care.
Fast or slow, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Long or short, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Real or unreal, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
For or against, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Clear or unclear, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Gratis or priceless, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
To or from, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Fore or aft, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Heavy or light, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Creative or destructive, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.

Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Bright or dim, the awareness does not care.
Well or unwell, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Like or unlike, the awareness does not care.
Appealing or revolting, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or sour, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Expansive or contractive, the awareness does not care.
Soft or harsh, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Early or late, the awareness does not care.
Pure or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Naive or cynical, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
Singular or dual, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Yes or no, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
Course or fine, the awareness does not care.
All or none, the awareness does not care.
Shiny or dull, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
One or two, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.

Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Wet or dry, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Fair or unfair, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Similar or different, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, the awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Paths Less Traveled

Without doubt, without hesitation, without disbelief,
There is no starting down the path less traveled.
A divergent path, where serendipity rules.
An uncharted path, where insecurity is the norm.
A long and winding path, where spontaneity is a delight.
And in that … no direction known … inexplicable fates are drawn.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Six Words Down a Rabbit Hole

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like You?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
‘Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.
All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Good News

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.
The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.

The good news is there is nothing to battle.
The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
The good news is there is nothing to promote.
The good news is there is nothing to decide.
The good news is there is nothing to concede.
The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
The good news is there is nothing to summon.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
The good news is there is nothing to build.
The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
The good news is there is nothing to compel.
The good news is there is nothing to measure
The good news is there is nothing to refute.
The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
The good news is there is nothing to protect.
The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
The good news is there is nothing to defend.
The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
The good news is there is nothing to establish.
The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
The good news is there is nothing to retain.
The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
The good news is there is nothing to reject.
The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
The good news is there is nothing to expand.
The good news is there is nothing to contract.
The good news is there is nothing to require.
The good news is there is nothing to request.
The good news is there is nothing to possess.
The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that …
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Be, free.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Need for Deities

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You Are All of It

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Entangling Briars

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You, Me, He, She, They, All

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.
She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Prior to All Things

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.
Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Call It What You Will

Call it eternity.
Call it God.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.
It is the same nothing, it is the same everything, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Limits of Rationality

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Abyss of Awareness

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?
What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not You.
You are not the doer, You are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever You go, be happy.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Choiceless Existence

You pose, You pretend, You politic, You participate, as your sensory theater dictates.
To consider yourself free in the winds of this choiceless pattern You play, is absurd.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Naught But Awareness

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Root of All Things Human

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that inquires, not the awareness.
It is imagination that explores, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that agonizes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
It is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.
It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Staring at Walls

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Illusions Beyond Counting

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Abyss of Awareness

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Untouchable Awareness

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But You, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The English Mutt

The fundamental purpose of any language is communication.
To call the English language a bastard is profoundly wrong.
It is a mutt, a mix of lingual coding, that is strong and healthy,
Intelligent, rational, formidable, spirited, robust, stable, fearless,
And serves all well, in whatever way the ineffable moment requires.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Song of Mystery

The song of mystery has an infinity of verses.
Many universes all making up a vast multiverse.
There is no beginning to it; there is no end to it,
Except the eternal oneness, that is source to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What Do You Really Know?

Yes, You have explored so many things.
Your mind is full of every variety of minutiae.
But truthfully, Pilgrim, what do You genuinely know?
You must empty the mind to discern what is, and what is not.
Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness,
And even it must yield to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mystery of Eternity

Another day of beating your head,
Against the illusion, the pretense, the futility,
Of imagining there is more, of imagining You are more.
It is what it is; You are what You are: this very moment, awareness.
An eternal mystery; unfathomable, indivisible, ineffable.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
What more is there to say?

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Imaginary Fate

To imagination, our kind has bound its fate.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Quantum All

I, Quantum.
You, Quantum.
He, Quantum.
She, Quantum.
Us, Quantum.
It, Quantum.
All, Quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What More?

What more is there to see?
What more is there to hear?
What more is there to taste?
What more is there to smell?
What more is there to feel?
What more is there to be?
What more is there to say?
What more is there to do?
What more is there to own?
What more is there to want?
What more is there to know?
What more is there to believe?
What more is there to pretend?
What more is there to love?
What more is there to hate?
What more is there to judge?
What more is there to destroy?
What more is there to preserve?
What more is there to create?

And yet, we slog on and on.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Surreality! The Surreality!

How surreal, the light.
How surreal, the tastes.
How surreal, the smells.
How surreal, the sounds.
How surreal, the textures.
How surreal, the sentience.
How surreal, the dream.
How surreal, the Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Eternity of Time

Analog clocks spin.
Digital clocks emanate.
Calendar pages turn and turn.
Sun and moon go round and round.
Eternity never starts long enough to stop.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Awareness, All

I, Awareness.
You, Awareness.
He, Awareness.
She, Awareness.
Us, Awareness.
It, Awareness.
All, Awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Scar Tissue

Not easy to set aside all the scar tissue of a lifetime.
Consciousness, imagination, has a way of holding on,
To pretty much everything the mind-body has endured.
To be free, one must be very adept at being the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eternal Witness

There is only the ether of awareness, eternal witness, unborn-undying, tabula rasa, right here, right now.

It has no forward.
It has no backward.
It has no right.
It has no left.
It has no up.
It has no down.
It has no before.
It has no after.
It has no form.
It has no traits.
It has no value.
It has no virtue.
It has no sight.
It has no sound.
It has no taste.
It has no smell.
It has no sense.
It has no voice.
It has no stories.
It has no good.
It has no bad.
It has no vanity.
It has no passion.
It has no hope.
It has no faith.
It has no need.
It has no greed.
It has no power.
It has no renown.
It has no wealth.
It has no ecstasy.
It has no agony.
It has no light.
It has no dark.
It has no birth.
It has no death.
It has no space.
It has no time.
It has no mind.
It has no imagination.

Earth, wind, water, fire, ethereal quantum dancers, eternity's genesis, ever present, ever kaleidoscoping.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Your Little Part

Why do You torture yourself so, over so many things that can never be changed.
To satisfy another is not necessary; perhaps only rarely possible.
To do your best is all that You can/should ever offer.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your little part, as best ye are able.
Just remember Ecclesiastes 1:2
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Change Is

Change is.
Some, You like.
Some, You never will.

Oh well.
So it goes.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

All You can really do,
Is play your short little tale,
As best You are able.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Quantum Duplicity

Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears nose, tongue, skin –
Translate a different scintilla of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And in the quantum mind, an illusory universe kaleidoscopes eternal,
And imagination makes apparent, the mystery timelessly witnessing all dreams.
All naught but quantum duplicity, seemingly real, to all but those born to see the ineffable.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Invention of Natural Selection

What a challenge to realize in daily living, that, that tiny little voice in your head,
That sense of self that gradually came to dominate your existence,
Is an invention of the natural selection of our species,
And that everything it spout's, is delusion.
There is no deity, up in the clouds, watching everything,
Tracking everything our genomic ‘thespian inclination’ has Shakespeared.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Where in the Moment?

Where is the desire in the moment?
Where is the fear in the moment?
Where is the dread in the moment?
Where is the fervor in the moment?
Where is the anger in the moment?
Where is the lust in the moment?
Where is the jealousy in the moment?
Where is the envy in the moment?
Where is the sorrow in the moment?
Where is the suffering in the moment?
Where is the hate in the moment?
Where is the love in the moment?
Where is the vanity in the moment?
Where is the arrogance in the moment?
Where is the futility in the moment?
Where is the persona in the moment?
Where is the imagination in the moment?

Where is any passion, any outburst, any obsession,
But in the ductless glands and viscera of the mind-body,
Ineradicably bound to the quantum illusion of space and time.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Unnamed, Unclaimed, Untamed

You are playful piper, flaming bush, enduring ferryman, ascetic recluse;
A wandering madman journeying a cosmos spun of imagination.
You are all things, You are all spaces, You are all times.
There is nothing that You are not, and nothing that You are.
You are the irony, the paradox; unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A False Narrative

The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely false narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely untrue narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fake narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely incorrect narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely bogus narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely pretend narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely erroneous narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely wrong narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely sham narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely put-on narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely dishonest narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely phony narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceitful narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely forged narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely mistaken narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely copied narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceiving narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely artificial narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fictitious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely counterfeit narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely misleading narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fabricated narrative.

It ain't true, it ain't real, it ain't correct, and it ain't gonna last for much more forever.
But oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, play your little part, as best ye are able.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The World Wags On

Scientists measure, mathematicians gauge, engineers and architects and craftsmen build,
Businessmen buy and sell, industrialists manufacture, artists create,
Politicians compromise, generals maneuver.
The world wags on.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The True Nature of Intelligent Design

The rock has rock sentience, rock intelligence.
The rose has rose sentience, rose intelligence.
The hawk has hawk sentience, hawk intelligence.
The lizard has lizard sentience, lizard intelligence.
The trout has trout sentience, trout intelligence.
The cactus has cactus sentience, cactus intelligence.
The beetle has beetle sentience, beetle intelligence.
The horse has horse sentience, horse intelligence.
The frog has frog sentience, frog intelligence.
The whale has whale sentience, whale intelligence.
The tree has tree sentience, tree intelligence.
The snake has snake sentience, snake intelligence.
The spider has spider sentience, spider intelligence.
The weed has weed sentience, weed intelligence.
The earth has earth sentience, earth intelligence.
The wind has wind sentience, wind intelligence.
The water has water sentience, water intelligence.
The fire has fire sentience, fire intelligence.
The ether has ether sentience, ether intelligence.
The moon has moon sentience, moon intelligence.
The sun has sun sentience, sun intelligence.
The galaxy has galaxy sentience, galaxy intelligence.
The universe has universe sentience, universe intelligence.
The multiverse has multiverse sentience, multiverse intelligence.
The stardust has stardust sentience, stardust intelligence.
The quantum has quantum sentience, quantum intelligence.
The mystery has mystery sentience, mystery intelligence.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Make-Believe of Imagination

It is all imagined; it is all make-believe.
Nothing more than a dream of the mind-body.
Nothing more than a thingamajig of quantum design.
Without it, who-what-when-where-why-how would You be?
With it, who-what-when-where-why-how are You?
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
An illusion, so real, it draws You on,
Until death turns off the spigot.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Why? Why? Why?

Why believe anything that is not true?
Why be with people You do not really like?
Why travel someplace You have no need to see?
Why work hard for something You do not really want?
Why expect perfection from something which can never be?
Why try so hard to be something You already are?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Are You Really?

Are You really a who?
Are You really a what?
Are You really a where?
Are You really a when?
Are You really a why?
Are You really a how?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Right Here, Right Now

The awareness,
The moment,
Eternal life,
Right here,
Right now,
All and none.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Human Becomings

We are not human beings; we are human becomings.
The being in human being, was lost with the first word.
Always everywhere else but this right-here-right-now.
Trapsing about some past; contemplating some future.
Imagination at the helm, wandering every distraction,
To avoid its deceits ever being seen for what they are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Fall of Eden

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Die! Die! Die!

Die to the world.
Die to the universe.
Die to imagination.
Die to the dream.
Die to the mind.
Die to the body.
Die to the self.
Die to space.
Die to time.
Die to now.

Breadcrumbs 2024

One Moment

There is only one moment.
One moment in which the quantum illusion plays space and time real,
In an infinitesimal speck of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2024

At Some Point, What Is the Point?

So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Cosmos

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Horrors Ahead

A few lists of all the potential horrors we and our fellow earthlings face:

Climate change
Food
Gender equality
Poverty
Health
Human rights
Water scarcity
Children
Ageing
AIDS
Biodiversity
International law and Justice
Migration
Conflicts
Corruption
Cultural diversity
Environment
Overpopulation
Peace and security
Unemployment
Global Health
Pollution
Education
Nuclear proliferation

Underrated Issues

Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media

Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Top 10 world problems and their solutions

Climate Change
Wars and military conflicts
Water contamination
Human rights violation
Global health issues
Global poverty
Children's poor access to healthcare, education and safety
Access to food and hunger

Our list of the most pressing world problems

Risks from artificial intelligence
Catastrophic pandemics
Nuclear war
Great power war
Climate change

Similarly pressing but less developed areas

Civilization resilience
Suffering risks
Artificial sentience
Promoting positive values
Risks of stable totalitarianism
Space governance
Risks from atomically precise manufacturing
Risks from malevolent actors
Improving individual reasoning and cognition

Problems many of our readers prioritize

Factory farming
Easily preventable or treatable illness
Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Breadcrumbs 2024

Naught But a Frame of Reference

You can only know your own frame of reference.
And that is but a paltry speck, of all that imagination has created,
To distract (and perchance amuse) the fickle awareness, the source of all eternity,
In any given right-here-right-now, unborn-undying moment,
From its ever-present, blissful quietude.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imagination v. Awareness

Imagination is a state of becoming; awareness, being.
Imagination is arrogant; awareness, unassuming.
Imagination is effort; awareness, effortless.
Imagination is time; awareness, eternal.
Imagination is binding; awareness, freeing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No, You Are Not

Whoever,
Whatever,
Whenever,
Wherever,
Whyever,
However,
You imagine your Self to be,
You are not, have never been, will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Supreme Being

What is ‘supreme being’? What does it mean? What does it not mean?
Is it the one and only greatest Supreme Being, ruling over all the Lesser Beings?
Or is it simply … supreme … breathe in … breathe out … being … ?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The True, the False, the Useful

All cultures have mythological stories
That give reason and purpose used to solidify the group identify.
Whether or not they are real, whether or not they are true, does not matter if they connect the herd.
As Seneca wrote: Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Deaf, Dumb, Blind World

Humanity is mesmerized by all the spiritual fictions devised in its migration across the pale blue dot.
Like the blind men and the elephant, they are unable, unwilling, to fathom the totality of all the partitions.
Thus, they remain bewitched by every variety of tradition, by every conceivable imaginary difference.
Blind to the indelible, ineffable, unquestionable truth, that this mystery is, within and without all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Regarding Boredom

When next You are whiny-grumbly about how bored stiff You are,
Try to visualize what it was like for your prehistoric ancestors.
Living in the same geography, subsisting with the same tribe.
Hunting and fishing and farming, ingesting the same cuisine.
Sitting around fires, waking, sleeping, as the sun rose and set.
Telling stories, singing songs, beating drums, venerating deities.
Wearing the same garments, sleeping in trees, in caves, in shelters.
Ever tolerating nature's ebb and flow – hot and cold and wet and dry.
A sharpened stick your only defense in a panorama teeming with predators,
Not yet wary of the human shadow, as it steadily migrated across the pale blue dot.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Tempest in the Abyss

The human mind, sparked by evolutionary happenstance with sentience, consciousness, imagination,
Has, across this spinning pale blue dot, unleashed an unnatural, irreversible quantum tempest.
A teeny little dust ball, all alone in the abyss, of a mystery oblivious to all its vanities.
A theater jam-packed with idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mystery Before Space and Time

The mystery before space and time is mysterious.
The mystery before space and time is ineffable.
The mystery before space and time is tabula rasa.
The mystery before space and time is aware.
The mystery before space and time is still.
The mystery before space and time is indivisible.
The mystery before space and time is momentary.
The mystery before space and time is singular.
The mystery before space and time is indelible.
The mystery before space and time is supreme.
The mystery before space and time is matchless.
The mystery before space and time is now.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is unfathomable.
The mystery before space and time is inscrutable.
The mystery before space and time is perpetual.
The mystery before space and time is imaginary.
The mystery before space and time is matrix.
The mystery before space and time is flawless.
The mystery before space and time is timeless.
The mystery before space and time is infinite.
The mystery before space and time is infinitesimal.
The mystery before space and time is omnipresent.
The mystery before space and time is serene.
The mystery before space and time is immortal.
The mystery before space and time is pervasive.
The mystery before space and time is omniscient.
The mystery before space and time is mindful.
The mystery before space and time is instantaneous.
The mystery before space and time is quantum.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is immaculate.
The mystery before space and time is futile.
The mystery before space and time is everlasting.
The mystery before space and time is unbound.
The mystery before space and time is motionless.
The mystery before space and time is mindless.
The mystery before space and time is clear.
The mystery before space and time is nondualistic.
The mystery before space and time is here.
The mystery before space and time is unbounded.
The mystery before space and time is silent.
The mystery before space and time is graceful.
The mystery before space and time is pure.
The mystery before space and time is unequivocal.
The mystery before space and time is unqualified.
The mystery before space and time is perfect.
The mystery before space and time is nothingness.

The mystery before space and time is total.
The mystery before space and time is complete.
The mystery before space and time is innocent.
The mystery before space and time is truth.
The mystery before space and time is unconditional.
The mystery before space and time is unadulterated.
The mystery before space and time is seamless.
The mystery before space and time is unspoiled.
The mystery before space and time is impeccable.
The mystery before space and time is empty.
The mystery before space and time is entire.
The mystery before space and time is effortless.
The mystery before space and time is first.
The mystery before space and time is oblivion.
The mystery before space and time is last.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is harmonious.
The mystery before space and time is unified.
The mystery before space and time is blameless.
The mystery before space and time is spotless.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is alert.
The mystery before space and time is void.
The mystery before space and time is unimportant.
The mystery before space and time is all.
The mystery before space and time is none.
The mystery before space and time is inestimable.
The mystery before space and time is indefinable.
The mystery before space and time is extinct.
The mystery before space and time is purposeless.
The mystery before space and time is obscure.
The mystery before space and time is anonymous.
The mystery before space and time is insignificant.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is worthless.
The mystery before space and time is unknowable.
The mystery before space and time is naught.
The mystery before space and time is indecipherable.
The mystery before space and time is nameless.
The mystery before space and time is undiscoverable.
The mystery before space and time is useless.
The mystery before space and time is immeasurable.
The mystery before space and time is valueless.
The mystery before space and time is incalculable.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is unutterable.
The mystery before space and time is endless.
The mystery before space and time is impartial.
The mystery before space and time is simple.
The mystery before space and time is straightforward.

The mystery before space and time is natural.
The mystery before space and time is untouched.
The mystery before space and time is imperceptible.
The mystery before space and time is painless.
The mystery before space and time is uncomplicated.
The mystery before space and time is unforced.
The mystery before space and time is untarnished.
The mystery before space and time is ever.
The mystery before space and time is untroubled.
The mystery before space and time is inexplicable.
The mystery before space and time is unstained.
The mystery before space and time is peerless.
The mystery before space and time is emptiness.
The mystery before space and time is indifferent.
The mystery before space and time is ageless.
The mystery before space and time is ineradicable.
The mystery before space and time is irrational.
The mystery before space and time is permanent.
The mystery before space and time is indiscernible.
The mystery before space and time is impalpable.
The mystery before space and time is faultless.
The mystery before space and time is pristine.
The mystery before space and time is mundane.
The mystery before space and time is hollow.
The mystery before space and time is alone.
The mystery before space and time is minimal.
The mystery before space and time is average.
The mystery before space and time is unique.
The mystery before space and time is unspeakable.
The mystery before space and time is unimaginable.
The mystery before space and time is unicity.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is incessant.
The mystery before space and time is inconceivable.
The mystery before space and time is unfastened.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is undeniable.
The mystery before space and time is detached.
The mystery before space and time is unrivaled.
The mystery before space and time is inimitable.
The mystery before space and time is incomparable.
The mystery before space and time is unbiased.
The mystery before space and time is pointless.
The mystery before space and time is unconcerned.
The mystery before space and time is ceaseless.
The mystery before space and time is priceless.
The mystery before space and time is impersonal.
The mystery before space and time is absurd.
The mystery before space and time is aloof.
The mystery before space and time is nonexistent.

The mystery before space and time is interminable.
The mystery before space and time is carefree.
The mystery before space and time is enigmatic.
The mystery before space and time is impenetrable.
The mystery before space and time is unreadable.
The mystery before space and time is incomprehensible.
The mystery before space and time is unintelligible.
The mystery before space and time is meaningless.
The mystery before space and time is inconsequential.
The mystery before space and time is exquisite.
The mystery before space and time is ordinary.
The mystery before space and time is engrained.
The mystery before space and time is intrinsic.
The mystery before space and time is intangible.
The mystery before space and time is solitary.
The mystery before space and time is enduring.
The mystery before space and time is inexpressible.
The mystery before space and time is omnipotent.
The mystery before space and time is tranquil.
The mystery before space and time is free.
The mystery before space and time is sovereign.
The mystery before space and time is unborn.
The mystery before space and time is undying.
The mystery before space and time is absolute.
The mystery before space and time is eternal.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Imaginary Paradigm

The human paradigm is built upon an imaginary assumption,
Permeated by self-absorption and avarice, that cannot be forever maintained.
All the things it has fathomed and created; all its knowledge, all its linguistics, all its mathematics;
All its histories and politics and traditions and religions and economies and entertainments;
All its scientific and industrial and technological and artistic and athletic spectacles;
And not least, its conception of space-time, usurper of the ethereal moment;
Are but the poof of imagination, believing itself more than imagination;
More than the awareness, the ether, through which all things pass.
Without a relationship with nature, upon which all is rooted,
Humankind is fated to fall into the abyss of its many limitations.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Problem-Solving-Problem-Making Mind

The mind evolved as a problem-solver,
And when it is without problems,
Endlessly concocts its own.
The challenge is clear.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Relativity of Individuality

Taste is relative to the individual tongue.
Vision is relative to the individual eye.
Sound is relative to the individual ears.
Smell is relative to the individual nose.
Sensation is relative to the individual skin.
The universe is relative to the individual mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

This Is It

Nathan Gill nailed it:

This Is It.
This is all there is.
Life appearing as an endless display of changing images,
With no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself.
There is simply life with no one living it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Difference Between and Betwixt

Any difference between and betwixt, You and me,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and he,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and she,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and they,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and anything,
Does not ultimately, even for one moment, exist.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Beyond Comprehension

Imagination is ever striving, ever struggling, to be more than it can ever be.
For it to transcend itself, would require an awakening, a wisdom,
Far too unlikely, to even begin to seriously contemplate.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Make-Believe of Belief

Believing in Santa Claus does not make him real.
Believing in the Great Pumpkin does not make it real.
Believing in the Easter Bunny does not make it real.
Believing in the Tooth Fairy does not make it real.
Believing in Spider Man does not make him real.
Believing in Uncle Sam does not make him real.
Believing in the Calvin does not make him real.
Believing in Peter Pan does not make him real.
Believing in Harvey does not make him real
Believing in the Oz does not make him real.
Believing in Jesus does not make him real.
Believing in God does not make he/she/it real.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Sea of Moments, All the Same

How long, how short, is a moment?
Is it longer, is it shorter, than a second?
And exactly how much to the left or right,
Of some ever-kaleidoscoping decimal point?
And, are there a sea of them, or the one and only?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Immutable Witness

Places and faces come and go in this ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden, immutable dreamtime.
There is nothing You can hold onto, nothing You can more than experience, for more than a moment.
All knowledge, and whatever wisdom it gleans, are but wispy clouds passing through the theater of mind.
From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness You are, is but aloof witness to its eternal passage.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ether of Awareness

The awareness is the ether of all intelligence through all creation, all preservation, all destruction.
It is the witness of, the observer of, the watcher of, and participant in, all that is, and all that is not.

Breadcrumbs 2024

That I Am, All Are

I am That I Am.
You are That I Am.
She is That I Am.
He is That I Am.
It is That I Am.
We are That I Am.
They are That I Am.
There is nothing that is not,
That I Am.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Seven Imaginary Sins

The pride of imagination.
The envy of imagination.
The gluttony of imagination.
The lust of imagination.
The wrath of imagination.
The greed of imagination.
The sloth of imagination.
Seven, count ‘em, seven.
Imaginary from all get-goes.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mystery of You

You, alone, are the mystery.
It is your relationship with your Self, which is all.
And what manifests through your mind-body’s sensory input, is the journey.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Chasing Balls

There can be no end to what can be known, before the light sooner or later goes out,
But what point, to the endless pursuit, the endless gathering, of trivia, regarding this illusion?
Is a busy-busy mind, caught up with every distraction, really any different, than a dog chasing a ball?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ephemeral Moment

There is no definition, there is no equation, there is no hypothesis, there is no reckoning,
That can encapsulate the mystery of the ever-present timeless moment,
The ever-present timeless mystery of awareness,
To which You, and every other sentient life form, are witness.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Put Them Behind You

Having to choose from a sizable selection of so-called religions,
Concocted by human imagination, and brewed in vanity and avarice, is no choice worth bothering about.
Put them all behind You, and wander alone, as far, as wide, as free, as You dare.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Tapping Into the Inner Eye

Hallucinations and other consciousness-altering substances,
Can be useful in kick-starting the inner eye – That to which all have equal access –
But they are not at all necessary once You have awakened to the unborn-undying, You truly are, are not.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Toying With Endorphins

Life's nature-nurture patterning, is every moment, conditioning itself anew,
With programing of the on-off-plus-minus-positive-negative-attached-detached category.
To consciously manipulate those endorphin mechanisms, is an art, a dance, a whimsy, for those inclined.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Momentary Awareness

The eternal moment is right here, right now; the eternal awareness is right here, right now.
Imagination is the creator of space and time, and flows through the moment, through the awareness;
Unable to ever grasp anything, as more than a memory, as more than an ephemeral concept.
You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the totality, You are eternity.
Everything seen and heard and touched and tasted and felt, is but illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Who is the Who?

Who is the who, who sees, or sees not?
Who is the who, who hears, or hears not?
Who is the who, who tastes, or tastes not?
Who is the who, who smells, or smells not?
Who is the who, who feels, or feels not?
Who is the who, who does, or does not?
Who is the who, who thinks, or thinks not?
Who is the who, who is reading this?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The One and Only Moment

Now the one-and-only right-here-right-now moment there is.
There never was a before, and there will never be an after.
The unborn-undying moment is the ever-present verity.
It is an ineffable, unfathomable, indivisible mystery,
In neither need nor want of a mind-made solution.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Great Jester in the Wings

Imagination is the Great Jester; ever lingering in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of mind gorp, all things absurd, always ready to be fired up, in the furnace of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Ants on a Dragon

It was not we who were kicked out of Eden, by that deity known by some as God All-Fucking-Mighty.
It was we who abandoned her, manipulated her, abused her, polluted her, scarred her.
For all that we have unremittingly, carelessly, selfishly, imagined.
But we are no more than ants riding a dragon.
Mother Nature, Eden, Gaia, the Cosmos, is still very much in charge.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Awareness Witnessing a Dream

Now the eyes are watching a play.
Now the fingers are feeling an edge.
Now the tongue is tasting a pastry.
Now the ears are hearing a crash.
Now the nose is smelling a rose.

You are not the eyes.
You are not the fingers.
You are not the tongue.
You are not the ears.
You are not the nose.

You are the witness to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Bam!

You are the awareness, You are the unborn-undying, You are the ineffable mystery, You are eternity.

Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ineffable Moment

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Worldly Existence v. The Indivisible Reality

The more You involve your imaginary, time-bound, mortal little self, in the mundane world;
The less right-here-right-now moment, for your indivisible Self in the unborn-undying one.
Every moment, a choice.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Only Imagination

Only imagination thinks.
Only imagination reasons.
Only imagination believes.
Only imagination remembers.
Only imagination cogitates.
Only imagination opines.
Only imagination speaks.
Only imagination hears.
Only imagination smells.
Only imagination tastes.
Only imagination touches.
Only imagination organizes.
Only imagination negotiates.
Only imagination governs.
Only imagination follows.
Only imagination composes.
Only imagination counts.
Only imagination draws.
Only imagination paints.
Only imagination sculpts.
Only imagination builds.
Only imagination shapes.
Only imagination constructs.
Only imagination develops.
Only imagination creates.
Only imagination preserves.
Only imagination destroys.
Only imagination does anything.
Only imagination does everything.
Despite the fact, that time is not real,
There is no human paradigm without it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Rabbit Hole of Fate

It is natural selection, not free will.
Since Creation's unknowable beginning, there has never been any such thing as free will in the algorithm.
A right or left turn, naturally-selects the next turn, and that the next, and that the next.
You naturally-select your Self down the rabbit hole of your fate.
Every organism naturally-selects its Self, down the rabbit hole of its fate.
An eternal dance, across an infinite quantum matrix, ever and ever kaleidoscoping.
And through it all, the awareness You are, is eternal witness, to all that sentience has designed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Impunity

Spouting this sort of drivel is what got he-who-shall-not-be-named hung out to die way back when.
How fortunate we of current issue are, who speak out with impunity, with little dread of consequence,
In this relatively freer moment, in those all too rare geographies, that, oft-times regretfully allow it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You, Its Dreamer

You do not have to like someone, to sit by them, or walk beside them,
Or work with them, or be in the same friggin' cosmos with them.
Nobody is at all like You, nor will anyone likely ever want to be like You.
You are on your own – five senses, a brain, and the theater– kaleidoscoping ever on.
Eternal awareness, in what seems an impromptu walkabout-wander, through space, through time.
Through your unfathomable, indivisible, indelible, ineffable, eternal matrix.
It is but a temporal dream, and You, its dreaming.
Imagine your Self, in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Life Skills 101

Attitude is all.
Learn to naturally release the hormones.
The happy chemistry – dopamine, serotonin, endorphins, oxytocin.
Simple lifestyle changes – diet, exercise, meditation – are conscious means to a more bearable existence.
It is not always a beautiful world, but the mind-body need not suffer for it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

God's Wrath Personified

You just threatened to send me to Hell, for not believing in your absurd bullshit, thanks.
Yup, yup, yup, we sure know what kind of supreme-deity horror show You would paint.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Sweet Surrender

Surrender to the unknowable.
Surrender to the indivisible.
Surrender to the nameless.
Surrender to the spaceless.
Surrender to the timeless.
Surrender to the moment.
Surrender to the totality.
Surrender to the infinite.
Surrender to the indelible.
Surrender to the ineffable.
Surrender to the inexplicable.
Surrender to the unborn-undying.

And know You are That I Am, You are the One.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Superstitious Absurdity

How did such superstitious absurdity become our limiting factor?
How did our quest for food and water and shelter and space,
How did natural selection's tack into the realm of imagination,
Become so sullied, so pathetic, in our conquest of the pale blue dot.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Touching God

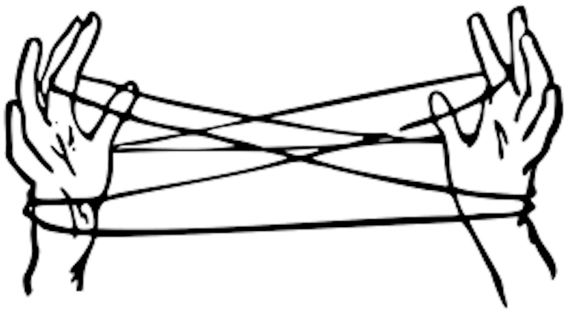
Touch that which is God, by immersing into the infinite beingness within.
Into the spacelessness, into the timelessness, permeating all.
Into the unfathomable mystery, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Bokononism

Bokononism: A religion built on lies and absurdity and irony.

Finally, a no-card-no-dogma-no-congregation faith that makes sense.



scratches made in a black, gummy impasto.
[o]ne of the oldest games there is.
It means whatever it means.
'See the cat? […] See the cradle?'

~ Newt Hoenikker ~

Tiger got to hunt,
Bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
Tiger got to sleep,
Bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.

~ Bokonon ~

Cat's Cradle, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * * * * * * * *

So it goes.

~ Tralfamadorian Proverb ~

Poo-tee-weet?

~The Bird ~

Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut

Breadcrumbs 2024

Hollow Speculation

God may have created this théâtre de l'absurde dreamtime,
But who or what created that omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient being?
Call it genesis, call it creation, call it big bang, call it turtles-all-the-way-up-all-the-way-down,
It all started somewhere, somehow, but can any claim, any assertion,
Really be more than hollow speculation?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Particle of Dust

Mother Earth, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the vastness of your imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Stay Strong, Rotsa Ruck

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ineffable Moment

This moment is ineffable, so very ineffable.
By definition, what is unknowable, can never be known.
An agreeable breath, is as good as it gets, so, breathe, kiddo, breathe.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Transcending Space and Time

The finite mind transcends space and time whenever it yields itself to awareness.
The Microsoft Word thesaurus suggests words like effortlessness, simplicity,
Naturalness, smoothness, facility, ease, confidence, grace, to illustrate it.
To be the moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Singular Kind of Faith

The truest, most eloquent faith, is a singular kind of faith.
It is a faith that accepts what the moment offers.
It is a faith that engages the moment fully.
It is a faith that values the intuitive.
It is a faith that has no bounds.
It is a faith that withstands one's fate.
It is a faith that embraces the eternal mystery.

A spaceless faith.
A timeless faith.
An intelligent faith.
A perceptive faith.
A fearless faith.
A relative faith.
A stoic faith.
A moderate faith.
A harmless faith.
An instinctual faith.
A frugal faith.
A resilient faith.
An insightful faith.
A lawless faith.
A penetrating faith.
A shrewd faith.
A flexible faith.
A benevolent faith.
A rational faith.
A boundless faith.
A natural faith.
An abiding faith.
An enduring faith.
An austere faith.
A freeing faith.
An independent faith.
A sharing faith.
A scientific faith.
An agnostic faith.
A discerning faith.
A spontaneous faith.
A watchful faith.
A virtuous faith.
An eternal faith.
An inquiring faith.
A giving faith.
A clear faith.
A grateful faith.

A responsive faith.
A sensible faith.
A reasonable faith.
A forgiving faith.
An innocent faith.
An ironic faith.
A paradoxical faith.
A sane faith.
A mindful faith.
A balanced faith.
A wise faith.
A healthy faith.
A lucid faith.
An astute faith.
A prudent faith.
A judicious faith.
A sagacious faith.
An erudite faith.
A mu faith.
An unknowable faith.
A gnostic faith.
An esoteric faith.
A mystical faith.
A spiritual faith.
A real faith.
A hidden faith.
A soul faith.
An allegorical faith.
A symbolic faith.
An amoral faith.
A fortuitous faith.
A casual faith.
An impromptu faith.
An unprincipled faith.
An elegant faith.
A chaste faith.
A refined faith.
An essential faith.
A faithful faith.
A gentle faith.
A quiet faith.
A solitary faith.
A calm faith.
A placid faith.
A humble faith.
A modest faith.
An unpretentious faith.
An ordinary faith.

An unassuming faith.
A deep faith.
A kind faith.
A godless faith.
A wholistic faith.
A diverse faith.
An atypical faith.
A sightless faith.
A tasteless faith.
An odorless faith.
A soundless faith.
A touchless faith.

A faith beyond all bounds.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Awakening to the Eternal Fact

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Placid Dream

The last desire is craving nothing, so badly, You can no longer taste it.
The pond, unruffled by wind or ripple, is a solitary, placid dream, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Thoughts A-Bubbling Away

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Turtles-All-the-Way-Up-Turtles-All-the-Way-Down

Call it genesis, call it creation., call it big bang.
Call it a wall, a spear, a snake, a tree, a fan, a rope.
Call it turtles-all-the-way-up-turtles-all-the-way-down.
All are equally magical, equally fantastical, equally hypothetical, equally speculative,
And only demonstrate again and again, no one can ever know,
More than what imagination imagines.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Call It Whatever You Will

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Agnostics, Atheists, True-Believers

Agnosticism – doubt, nonbelief – is the most pragmatic stance.
Atheists waste their time quarreling with true-believers,
About imaginary notions neither can never know.
Abiding in momentary stasis is the most intangible way.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Little Dab'll Do Ya

Do not feel like You must spend a lot of time deciphering all these thoughts.
Have used my website and Facebook and Blogger and other online tools and toys,
As scrapbooks to record all the wanders and thoughts, and other creations and memories.
Way too much, for anyone with anything better to do, with any sort of life, to even bother about.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Everything-Eat-Everything Cosmos

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

It is a radio waves-eat-radio waves cosmos.
It is a microwaves-eat-microwaves cosmos.
It is an infrared-eat-infrared cosmos.
It is a visible light-eat-visible light spectrum cosmos.
It is an ultraviolet-eat-ultraviolet cosmos.
It is an X-rays-eat-X-rays cosmos.
It is a gamma rays-eat-gamma rays cosmos.
It is an electromagnetic spectrum-eat-electromagnetic spectrum cosmos.

It is an everything-eat-everything cosmos; abide as best ye may in the crunchy-chewy-gooey.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Know Your Limits

Imagination imagines time.
Imagination imagines forever.
Imagination imagines it is forever.
Imagination has a lot to realize.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Moment's Illusion Delusion

The You, You think You are; the self, You pretend to be, is nothing more than ephemeral trickery.
Nothing more than a neural network's capricious collection of sensory-induced perceptions.
An imaginary fiction, that is but the quantum matrix, kaleidoscoping every given moment.
Nothing more than a vast illusion; the electromagnetic spectrum's evolutionary deception.
Biological happenstance meandering a touchy-feely dreamtime of naturally selected design.
All played out in the unfathomable awareness; the spaceless, the timeless, the ineffable totality.
The unseeing, who ever quarrel over the elephant, see only walls, spears, snakes, trees, fans, ropes.
Some call it, God; some, Brahman; some, Tao; some, Allah; some, Great Spirit; all, the same mystery.
So, the human paradigm duels towards its destiny, battling over differences, chiseled only in imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Rise, the Decline, the Fall

The geeks and their minions have played central role,
In the rise, the decline, the fall, of the anthropoid paradigm.
From the first fire, to unleashing the power of the quantum cosmos.
They have pushed, have pulled, the planet of the apes through a dreamtime,
The likes of which this pale blue dot, this spinning speck, will never witness again.
It is a sigh of an anecdote the abyss will have long forgotten by the time nobody reads this.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Not Long Ago

Not long ago, there was no imagination.
Not long ago, there was no beginning.
Not long ago, there was no ending.
Not long ago, there was no language.
Not long ago, there was no knowledge.
Not long ago, there was no education.
Not long ago, there was no tribe.
Not long ago, there was no identity.
Not long ago, there was no culture.
Not long ago, there was no tradition.
Not long ago, there was no politics.
Not long ago, there was no religion.
Not long ago, there was no art.
Not long ago, there was no music.
Not long ago, there was no history.
Not long ago, there was no philosophy.
Not long ago, there was no agriculture.
Not long ago, there was no industry.
Not long ago, there was no technology.
Not long ago, there was no commerce.
Not long ago, there was no mathematics,
Not long ago, there was no science.
Not long ago, there was no medicine.
Not long ago, there was no architecture.
Not long ago, there was no civilization.
Not long ago, there was no human paradigm.
Not long ago, there was nothing but a garden flowering.
Not long ago, there was nothing but an abyss, an awareness, a serenity.

It is still there, in the You, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Sheep by Any Other Name Would Baa the Same

Why in any deity's name, would You feel compelled,
To be a follower, to be a sheep, in some charlatan's flock?
How absurd to allow any middleman dominion over your true Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Take a Sit, Take a Walk

Seek out a bodhi tree,
Go out into some desert,
Climb up to a mountain peak,
Sit in corner in your living room,
Or take long ambles around the world,
And do whatever comes to mind,
Until You maybe figure it out.
There are no guarantees,
Only a mystery in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Burn, Baby, Burn

Let the cosmos,
Let the matrix,
Let the mystery,
Burn within You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Slaving Away

Slave to the man.
Slave to the system.
Slave to the world.
Slave to the universe.
Slave to the matrix.
Slave to the mystery.
Long live Sisyphus.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Ethereal Perceptions

What You call your life is really nothing more,
Than an ethereal array of chemically-induced perceptions.
A frame of reference, from which imagination gauges a quantum illusion,
Born of merely five senses – sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch –
Plugged into a gooey vat of neurons, encased in a skull.
Assumptions beyond counting, are requisite.
Keeps imagination very busy, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

God's Chosen

You imagined God,
And he/she/it in all his/her/its divine mercy and wisdom,
Chose You and your tribe in return.
How providential.
How convenient.
How ridiculous.
How so it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Easter Island Redux

Just another Easter Island.
This round on a global scale.
A bit longer timetable, to be sure,
But all too predictable, nonetheless.
Be happy You will not have to endure it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Oh, for a Rewind Button

Do You not wish You could advise your younger self,
To slow down a bit, or even hold off completely,
On some of the choices You were making?
Where is that fucking rewind button?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Whys and Wherefores of Natural Selection

Memory evolved because awareness could not remember anything,
And that was a bit dangerous for critters naturally-selecting survival.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Slow Night in a Bar

A tortoise, a snail, and a sloth, were sitting in a bar ...

Breadcrumbs 2024

Who Judges Who?

In the spectrum, right to wrong,
Who is right? Who is wrong?
And who does the judging?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Inner Death, Eternal Life

From inner death, springs eternal life.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Boundaries of Imagination

No one can ever know more than what imagination imagines.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Prior to Pyramid Schemes

The rural class, the working class – and any other classes in the pyramid schemes of caste systems –
Have a lot to learn from the upper class, and the upper class, a great deal to realize about its foundation.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Shakespearian World

A world of dreams, an impromptu play, a Shakespearian festival,
Playing upon all stages, in all times, across this spinning pale blue dot.
A ceaseless, ever-mutating reverie, since the origin of language, so long ago.
In every mind, in every body, no matter the naturally-selected, nature-nurture role,
An award-winning thespian, playing their imaginary part, so earnestly, so believably well.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Illusory Other

What dreamtime could there be, without the illusory other, and all its forms and functions?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just Reward

Relying on absurdity for your worldview will get You the charlatan You deserve.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Be Wary of the Man of One Book

Thomas Aquinas … *hominem unius libri timeo* … I fear the man of a single book.

How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Irony of the Spiritual Quest

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same.
The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue, inspired by fear of the unknowable.
What a different pale blue dot it might well be, if the young were raised to be one with all things.
It might have lent a pause to the absurd destruction and mayhem our kind has wreaked across the world.
Alas that narcissism and hedonism have such a callous grip upon this imaginary-laden moment.
This quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness nothing more than noise.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Well-Waxed Slide

Covid-19 rocked this our modern world, and has spun the human paradigm into a new phase.
We have passed through the apex as far as the masses go; it will be down the bell curve from here on out.
Factor in all the other Petri dish Earth issues, and add in perpetual proxy wars, trade wars,
Beyond-the-pale technologies, artificial intelligence, and the slide waxes itself.
What to do, where to live, who to align with, are anybody's guess.
Oh, for a time machine to witness the decline and fall.
Oblivion calls, each and every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Moment's Grace

Freedom.
Redemption.
Salvation.
Deliverance.
Rescue.
Liberation.
Emancipation.
Recovery.
Abandon.
Apology.
Acceptance.
Gratitude.
Benevolence.
Escape.
Discharge.
Release.
Grace.
Are the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Fabrication of Imagination

Identity is an imaginary construct.
A dream of awareness, of streaming reality.
A fabrication to which imagination resolutely fastens.
It requires the greatest courage of spirit to fathom the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The No-Rewind of Regret

There are different levels, different intensities of regret, that take place in any given life.
There are the ones that come about because You somehow said or did something that ruined a relationship.
Or the unavoidable accidents that irrevocably change or impact your health and wellbeing.
But if we are talking about the large choices that are about one's final destiny,
In that, life's great challenge is to have no regrets, whatsoever.
To depart content, is the brass ring of dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2024

I, Rebel

I seem to have been chosen by the Fates to pen this aphoristic work.
And without thought, without hesitation, I accepted the task.
And have kaleidoscoped this imaginary dreamtime,
Ever soaking up, the reference to scribe it.
This vocation, is a very ubiquitous,
Long 'n wearing 'n slogging,
Ever-on-and-on-and-on,
Naturally-selected,
Nature-nurtured,
Very laid-back,
Damn the torpedoes,
Full speed ahead, approach.
All just to fathom the mystery in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Long and Winding Road

Imagination most certainly has conveyed our kind,
And the entire world about us, and every diversity of creature,
Down a long and winding road of profound ecstasy and merciless agony.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Game Theory

Not a good idea to play any game, unless You really know the rules, and are really paying attention.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Nebulous Mind

… Another day in the nebulous …
… Unclear, vague, imprecise, hazy, unformulated, tenuous, indefinable …
… me-myself-and-I of mind …

Breadcrumbs 2024

Facing the Moment

Sometimes, You tip-toe-through-the-tulips, through it.
Sometimes, You chop-chop-slice-dice, through it,
Fast or slow, as the given moment subscribes,
In all born into this imagined dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Contentment: The Brass Ring

Have had more than plethora of adventures.
Plenty of fine dining and sundry other.
Much easier to stay home anymore.
Have far more things than I need, debt-free.
Contentment is the brass ring, and it is on the mantle.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You Only Know Now

You only are now, not the imaginary who.
You only are now, not the imaginary what.
You only are now, not the imaginary when.
You only are now, not the imaginary where.
You only are now, not the imaginary why.
You only are now, not the imaginary how.
You only are now, not the imaginary you.

You are now … You are awareness … You are mystery … You are eternity.

Or so You imagine.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Wiley Chameleon

All the mistakes, all the blunders, that You have made! How is it, that You are still alive?
How is it, that none seem to have had raison d'être enough, to pursue revenge?
To walk freely, without dread of the knife twisting in the back,
Is surely the triumph of any wily chameleon.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Contrary to All Imaginary Notion

All imaginary notion to the contrary, You are not your frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Crystal Ball

A lot of humans, in a lot of arenas, in whatever timeless remains,
Are going to be living in tents, or on pieces of cardboard,
Pushing carts, collecting treasure, for sale or barter.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Illusion of Space and Time

Monday's started, Monday's done.
Tuesday's started, Tuesday's done.
Wednesday's started, Wednesday's done.
Thursday's started, Thursday's done.
Friday's started, Friday's done.
Saturday's started, Saturday's done.
Sunday's started, Sunday's done.

On and on, the calendar pages turn and turn again.
… seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia, epochs …
Ever tick-tick-ticking the kaleidoscoping cycles of sun and moon and cosmos.
Concepts of space and time, that are not, and have never been real.
All nothing more than the illusion of the mind-body,
Sculpted by the play of natural selection,
Born of a magical mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ultimate Answer

When it comes to answering the ultimate questions, when it comes to answering the ultimate question,
Science is as blind and deaf and dumb as any other philosophy imagination has ever conceived.
Though it can endlessly observe and experiment, and forever hypothesize and theorize,
It is all the same old hearsay; there is no knowing how this mystery came to be.
One must lucidly scrutinize the awareness, until they are the awareness.
And with that agnostic state, they will simply have to be satisfied.
The unknown is unknowable, and that is just the way it is.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your imaginary little part, as best ye are able,
And die, alone and ignorant, same as everything else.
The existential morass, will ever be an existential morass.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What It Boils Down To

The human paradigm all boils down to vanity and greed.
A cancer chewing on its mother and each other
Until there is nothing left to chew on.
It is all how and when, not if.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Sword of Discernment

There are plusses and minuses to any given scenario, any given plan.
Any given idea, strategy, proposal, plot, design, blueprint, scheme, sketch.
It is in how they are gauged, that the sword pares the final discernment.
And in that discernment, destiny scribes itself in the quantum sands.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What is Love?

Is the love, that that so easily turns to hatred, ever really love?
Is it ever really anything more than imagination given over to enchantment?
Is it really anything more than another round of the mind bent toward tribalistic notion?
Is the ideal we label love, anything more than feel-good chemistry, slathered with imaginary notion?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Drop in the Boundless Ocean

You are but a drop of indivisible awareness in the immeasurable ocean of this ineffable mystery.
The ultimate nature that all manifestation is, is eternally spaceless, eternally timeless.
Without attributes, without direction, without purpose, without meaning, without contradiction.
Savor and endure the ecstasies and agonies of your ephemeral existence while breath allows the synthesis.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Hammering Away

This is how the American-English language uses me to hammer at its forge.

Breadcrumbs 2024

All You Are Not

You are not your ever-morphing container,
Nor anything it has ever thought or done.
You are not your video of life experiences.
You are not your trainload of vague memories.
You are not your vocation or hobbies or opinions.
You are not your bulky encyclopedia of trivial pursuits.
You are not your unwieldy bag of values, a.k.a., judgements.
And neither, despite all appearances to the contrary, is anyone else.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Corollary of Yaj Ekim

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Your Little Window

You got a good roll out of your little window of illusion.
And what happens after You are departed, after You are again ashes and dust,
Is nothing You can do anything about, any more than You could while You were here a-breathing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Nature-Nurturing the Tabula Rasa

What would that tabula-rasa infant-child-adult be,
If no sense of self was – engrained, imbedded, ensconced, rooted –
By the nature-nurture world, in which it was niched.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What It Is, What It Is Not

It is whatever it is; it is whatever it is not.
You are whatever it is; You are whatever it is not.
The game is not letting imagination get the better of You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Irony, the Paradox

Try not to confuse who You think You are,
With what You are, have ever been, will ever be.
With what You are not, have never been, will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2024

My Contribution

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Point and Purpose

Is a blow job really a form of eating-your-young cannibalism?
And not necessarily a bad thing for the big bang it gives the lucky recipient.
But not something that will continue naturally-selecting away,
The point and purpose of the sexual act itself.
You are not here, dreaming away,
Because other options were not available.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Storytellers

First story.
His story.
Her story.
Its story.
My story.
Your story.
Their story.
Our story.
A story.
The story.
Null story.
Mu story.
All stories.
Last story.
No stories.

Breadcrumbs 2024

My View of Punctuation

A period is a stop.
A comma, a pause.
A hyphen, a connector.
A semi-colon, a deviation.
A question mark, an uncertainty.
An exclamation mark, an interruption.
A parenthesis, an enclosure.
A bracket, a cell.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Fall of Eden

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

Breadcrumbs 2024

God, in a Nutshell

How could God create all this, without being all of it, all the while?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Pay Close Attention

Look at a clock.
Notice how the hands move.
And You do not.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eyes and Ears

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Good Roll

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What Need for Worship?

The so-called spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue,
Inspired by imagination's fear of, and curiosity about, the unknowable unknown.
The right here, the right now –now-ing away –in this very timeless moment.
The same awareness in every sentient being's mystery-born creation.

No need to worship what You already are.

You honor it by being it.

A higher state of worship cannot be known.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You Are Prior to All

You are the mystery.
You are the awareness.
You are prior to consciousness.
You are prior to the quantum matrix.
You are prior to the moment.
You are prior to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Touching the Awareness

You can explore and dance the quantum theater,
As much as You please, for as long as the mind-body allows,
But You will never touch, not even once, the awareness permeating all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Awakeness of All Sentience

Awareness is the 'awakeness' of all sentience, of all creation, small to great.
The 'awakeness' of the indelible, indivisible quantum matrix; of stardust, come unto 'life'.
It is the eternal eye of the unknown, prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams, they in spontaneous combustion, inspire.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Point of All This Chitchat

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Where Oh Where?

Where in the moment does time reside?
Where in the moment does existence reside?
Where in the moment does knowledge reside?
Where in the moment does imagination reside?
Where in the moment does the cosmos reside?
Where in the moment does quantum reside?
Where in the moment does mind reside?
Where in the moment do You reside?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Beyond All Comprehension

Whether or not, there was a beginning to all beginnings,
Whether or not, there will be an end to all ends,
Even deities-on-high vainly wonder.

Breadcrumbs 2024

That Mystery Which You Are

There is only one dimension, only one matrix, only one quantum sea.
And who knows how many universes, envisioned by how many sentient creations.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, ineffable, within that infinity, which herein is called mystery.
That awareness, which is harbor to all potentials, that which is witness to all eternity.
That which is eternity; that which is You, prior to all things quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The World is Your Pearl

What in your cosmos, in your lifetime walkabout,
Has not taught You many somethings about this mystery?
Has not brought You to this singular moment of eternal reflection?
You are reading this, because the seeds of Self were planted in your destiny.
What more is there to do, but wander aimlessly for whatever dreamtime is proffered.
Fulfilling your moment, with whatever calls, in the serendipity ahead.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Be Here, Be Now

You are the mystery.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the infinite.
You are the infinitesimal.
You are the indivisible.
You are the ineffable.
You are the indelible.
You are the ineffaceable.
You are the immaculate.
You are the unfathomable.
You are the spaceless.
You are the timeless.
You are the totality.
You are the absolute.
You are the omniscient.
You are the omnipresent.
You are the omnipotent.
You are the creator.
You are the preserver.
You are the destroyer.
You are the witness.
You are the matrix.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the moment.
You are the eternal.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Unifying Principal

The totality is very much entirely awake, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.
All physics theories only vainly attempt to encapsulate the illusory quantum matrix.
The unifying principal is not some scholarly chalkboard equation.
Nor is it a symbol; nor is it a pithy statement.
It is the one and only moment.
It is the indefinable, ineffable mystery.
It is the timeless awareness, the right-here-right-now.
It is the sentience, the wakefulness, the alertness, the attentiveness,
Pervading the ether through which earth-wind-water-fire every moment kaleidoscope.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The Seed of Doubt

None can point the way to those who lack the seed of doubt.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The One in All, the All in One

It is not your mystery, or my mystery.
It is not your awareness, or my awareness.
It is not your moment, or my moment.
It is not your dream, or my dream.
It is not your Gaia, or my Gaia.

It is our mystery, our awareness, our moment, our dream, our Gaia.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Agnostic Stance

Vain collusions aside, how can anyone truly know,
Whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high?
Truly, an agnostic stance is the most rational any mind can hope to achieve.
If there is more to it than meets the sensory field, fine; if it is just a one-trick pony, fine.
The challenge before all, is to play out their given dreamtime, as well as their temporal destinies allow.
If there is more to it, You will know soon enough; if not, so it goes, ta-ta forever more.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Discerning the Moment

When You truly discern that none of it ultimately real or lasting,
You will find desire and fear and dread, no longer govern the day-to-day.
That the dreamtime of the prior-to-consciousness awareness is timeless, changeless.
The You saturated in every variety of limitation born of the given nature-nurture conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn-undying You; that which is prior to all conception.
Not necessarily an easier dream, but one that offers greater detachment.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Nothing Has Ever Been the Same

This moment is no different than it has ever been, in any ever then.
Nor will it ever be at all different in any ever future when.
In truth, nothing has ever been, exactly the same.
Vanish into the awareness, the sentience,
And be the You, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Be Right Here, Be Right Now

You are the mystery.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the indivisible.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the ineffable.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Awareness of the Totality

The cosmos is very much aware, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.

Breadcrumbs 2024

We Got It Covered

No doubt there is more than likely-probably some sound or two for that thingamajig, too.
You see it, You hear it, You taste it, You smell it, You feel it, You imagine it – we got it covered.
No thingamabob, gizmo, doodad, doohickey, widget, whatsit, thingummy, hoojamaflip, goes without.

Breadcrumbs 2023

The True Church

Awareness is the true church.
In its temple, its chapel, its cathedral, its basilica, its minster, its synagogue, its mosque, its cave.
In the rectory of the mystery's eternal solitude,
You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Choiceless Choice

The choiceless choice is yours to compose, yours to marshal.
Persevere according to your own self-absorbed volition,
With all the afflictions consciousness encompasses.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless presence of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable essence of all that is, of all that is not.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Indifferent Moment

Eternity, the moment, the timeless awareness, is indifferent to your imaginary absurdities.

Breadcrumbs 2024

How It All Seems to Moi

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Martyrdom's Futility

Martyrdom is something for which most are likely ill-suited.
Rest assured, when it gets down to the brassiest of tacks,
When it gets down to a choice between You and them,
Few people will give a rat's furred ass about You,
Any more than You do about most all of them.
True selflessness, without a hint of vanity;
How rare is that, upon this Planet of the Apes?

Breadcrumbs 2024

What is Freedom?

What are the attributes of freedom?
The freedom to do what You please.
The freedom to say what You please.
The freedom to view what You please.
The freedom to think what You please.
The freedom to explore what You please.
The freedom to wander where You please.
The freedom to allow what You please.
The freedom to be what You please.
The freedom to be full.
The freedom to be empty.
The freedom to not be at all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Incorruptible Awareness

When You see what You truly are, what You truly are not,
What remains but the ineffable awareness,
Untainted by dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Imaginary Existence

The awareness of existence, the moment, is too ethereal to be more than imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Stillborn of Duality

No word, no symbol, no ritual, no tradition, no prophet, no deity, is sacred to the ultimate.
Self-interest breeds a logic screened through too many filters to be at all predictable.
Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires; good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eternal Freedom

Nature-nurture frames every mind to play out one dream-identity or another.
In discerning this truth, the secular mind can be recalibrated,
Into the eternal mind, into the eternal life.
Eternal freedom is an ageless walkabout unto thy Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Forbidden Fruit

The fruit of knowledge was never forbidden by any supreme deity.
It is just humankind's naturally-selected choiceless destiny,
To imagine its way to its inevitable self-destruction.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Unbidden Fate

Though all that is, is the indivisibility of the quantum dreamtime,
Few clearly discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Marooned in Illusion

It is but a world-wide collusion of imagination.
Every mind a unique spin of its nature-nurtured frame of reference.
All hypnotized, all mesmerized, by a dreamtime reality, only the rarest minds can discern,
And even they are swept up in this delusional, Shakespearian, théâtre de l'absurde.
This whirling-twirling pale blue dot, upon which we all are marooned.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Daily Wander

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Clarity of Awareness

Toss out the watches and clocks and calendars, and digital displays, from your mind.
Dwell in the clarity of the timeless awareness of the ineffable unborn-undying moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Dusty Puffery

To believe this dusty cosmos really matters, is but ironic delusion,
In the paradoxical puffery of the quantum matrix's théâtre de l'absurde.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Sons and Daughters of God

Why believe only one son of God ever walked on earth,
When so many sons, and daughters, are wandering about.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Pathless Trek

Human consciousness is always imagining itself more than it can ever be.
It is not through words, through labels, through descriptions,
That kinks in any given mind will be worked out.
Meditation of the zen-ish sort, is the only real therapy,
For those who would be free of imagination's unrelenting tyranny.
Contemplation, reflection, consideration, introspection, rumination, concentration,
Deliberation, pondering, musing, are the ways and means, along the earnest seeker's pathless trek.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Gift to the Future

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eternity, Centerstage

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every part, every moment, to incomparable perfection.
On every impromptu centerstage, no matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all about the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

False Expectations

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion.
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing, nonsensical groupthink.
Another inconsequential bottleneck created by timebound imagination.
Is it any wonder, really, why so many seers disappear into caves,
Very much alone, very much at home, very much at peace.

Breadcrumbs 2024

True Believers, All

We are all are true believers.
Each in our own personalized mind-body-spirit ways.
Conditioned, persuaded, convinced, programmed, brainwashed, indoctrinated, molded.
Hypnotized, mesmerized, spellbound, captivated, enthralled, absorbed,
By whatever nature-nurture has spawned and cultivated us.
The senses crafting our imaginary universes,
Every kaleidoscoping moment.

Only in pure, unsullied awareness, can You be free.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Yes, We Are All the Same You

Yes, we are all the same witness.
Yes, we are all the same sentience.
Yes, we are all the same awareness.
Yes, we are all the same alertness.
Yes, we are all the same omnipresence.
Yes, we are all the same cosmos.
Yes, we are all the same world.
Yes, we are all the same quantum.
Yes, we are all the same indivisible.
Yes, we are all the same ocean.
Yes, we are all the same nature.
Yes, we are all the same omniscience.
Yes, we are all the same eternity.
Yes, we are all the same here.
Yes, we are all the same now.
Yes, we are all the same moment.
Yes, we are all the same perpetuity.
Yes, we are all the same indelibility.
Yes, we are all the same infinity.
Yes, we are all the same soul.
Yes, we are all the same oneness.
Yes, we are all the same spirit.
Yes, we are all the same divinity.
Yes, we are all the same illusion.
Yes, we are all the same omnipotence.
Yes, we are all the same mystery.
Yes, we are all the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Entitlement v. Darwin

How can anyone ever be totally prepared for chaos?
Especially rough for those domesticated by entitlement.
Gaia always boils down to Darwin 101: Adapt or succumb.
And spin into that unforgiving, pitiless equation,
A pale blue dot slathered with apes,
Vying for supremacy.
Vanity
Greed
Imagination unleashed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Seekers All

Life seeks life.
Strength seeks strength.
Weakness seeks weakness.
Comedy seeks comedy.
Tragedy seeks tragedy.
Intelligence seeks intelligence.
Absurdity seeks absurdity.
Futility seeks futility.
Paradox seeks paradox.
Irony seeks irony.
Ecstasy seeks ecstasy.
Agony seeks agony.
Love seeks love.
Hate seeks hate.
Wisdom seeks wisdom.
Bliss seeks bliss.
Death seeks all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Perpetual War Since the Beginning

Humankind has always been at war, has always competed full-tilt, and we always will.
You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.
Four billion-year-old, naturally-selected, nature-nurtured software, for which no update is possible.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Illusion of All Boundaries

Where exactly is the defining edge of the drop that You think, You believe, You are,
That is at all separate from the cosmos, the electromagnetic spectrum,
The quantum ground, the matrix, the ether, the awareness,
The ineffable mystery, that You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Too Boggling for Words

Every quantum across this mystery, is exactly where it is,
To play out its timeless, indivisible role in the theater,
You and every other sentient being is perceiving.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Same in All

The dimensions may be different,
But the sentience, the awareness, the totality, the mystery,
Is the same in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

This Fine Day

The awareness of existence is too ethereal to be more than imagined.
So, what will your ethereal imagination do through You, this fine day?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Once-Upon-A-Time Mirage

Your existence is a mind-built dream,
An imaginary projection of desire and fear and dread.
Discern and embrace the ineffable, prior-to-consciousness awareness,
And know that You are the mystery, centerstage, in a temporal once-upon-a-time mirage.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Illusion of Permanence

The illusion of permanence is a delusional weaving born of timebound imagination.
No manifestation can withdraw or abstain, from the ever-present, kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Only in the sentience of pure awareness, can the eternal mystery be agnostically fathomed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

… Remember … Forget … Remember …

… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Eternal Thespian

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every role, every single moment, to unrivaled perfection.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Empty Assertions

Whatever You think You know, whatever You think You understand,
Is merely the absurd self-deception of a delusional mind caught in illusion.
The essential nature, the indelible You, is prior to all knowledge and understanding.
All manifestation only exists because You are present to witness the mind-body perceptions.
The dream of space-time is nothing more than impromptu spontaneous combustion.
There is no point asking who or what or where or when or why or how,
Because imagination can only answer with empty assertions,
Having no reality in the timeless quantum matrix.
To give it name or meaning is pointless.
Shakespeare a la extempore,
With a hearty splash of so it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Magic Carpet of Imagination

Continuity is imagination's fallacious delusion, over the mind-body's sensory-born illusion.
The delusion fashioned by its intoxication with the vague perceptions,
The frame of reference, posted on its neuron trails.
It is the deception, the irony and paradox, of consciousness,
In its usurpation of the awareness, its usurpation of the timeless moment,
To seemingly fly through the eternal stillness, upon its magic carpet of space and time.
It is Shakespearian cuisine, upon a quantum stage, whereupon the mystery-born sentience, forges all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eternal Speculation

The mystery has never been able to more than speculate how it came to be.
In every venue across whatever dimensions are out there,
No manifestation has ever discerned,
Its origin, nor its end.
So it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Embracing the Mystery

When all purpose and meaning is set aside,
You naturally return to the momentary awareness,
Free of the ball and chain of psychological gamesmanship.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom,
Fosters an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
A modesty, an austerity, a clarity, an integrity,
An embracing of the mystery of beingness.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What Doubt Unleashes

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences are fated.
Whatever tempts You into believing space and time real.
Only those with the greatest doubt will not waver,
In their walkabout to discern the unborn-undying totality.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The One-Bookers

The harvests of those subscribing to just one, so-called holy book, are endless waves of absurdity.
Across this dust ball, the one-bookers vie for an imaginary supremacy,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.
What need for any religion, any dogma, any idolatry,
For those who discern the mystery of awareness within and without.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Centerstage You

On every impromptu centerstage,
No matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Pathless Less Traveled

Consciousness fabricates space-time,
But is not what You really are,
Nor what You really are not.
To trek prior to consciousness,
To wander the pathless less traveled,
Requires a discerning, a doubting, mettle.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Heaven on Earth

To acutely, profoundly realize:
That You, in truth, do not 'know' anything;
That all You think You know, is but imaginary perceptions;
That all You think You know, is but quantum encoding in the neural processor;
Offers liberation into the momentary starkness of eternity.
For those searching for eternal salvation, there it is.
The momentary awareness is the brass ring.
Unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffable.
Heaven on Earth, indeed, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Purpose and Meaning

Does any other sentient being, on this spinning orb, or any other,
Require meaning and purpose to get through, to endure, its given existence?
The jury has left the building, on whether to gauge the human species illustrious or pathetic.
Imagination is source of all things, that have no harbor in pure sentience.
Awareness has no need of purpose, no need of meaning.
The timeless moment is ever fulfilled.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just a Moment Away

Despite the fact, that there are no constraints, no binds, no dilemmas, whatsoever,
It is the most challenging thing, in all of this futile, pointless existence,
For the human mind to unstick, to release, to pry, to free,
Its essential Self, from its imaginary self.
The momentary awareness, cannot be grasped.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You Call This a Plan?

Is it intelligent design?
Is it reasoned design?
Is it sensible design?
Is it rational design?
Is it random design?
Is it irrational design?
Is it fallacious design?
Or is it any design at all?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Unshackled Mind

The mystery is too mysterious, too esoteric, too irrational, too absurd,
To ever make any sense, to minds bent on trying to make sense of it all.
Only those who have given up completely, who have surrendered entirely,
Can harvest the fruit of doubt, and unshackle from their imaginary quandary.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mystery in a Drop

Way back when, Rumi etched: You are not a drop in the ocean; You are the entire ocean in a drop.
Yaj Ekim's corollary: You are not a drop in the mystery; You are the entire mystery in a drop.
One drop is inconsequential, but all together, are omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient.
Whatever the entirety of this spaceless, timeless, ineffable mystery, You are a centerstage in it.
A space-bound-time-bound, naturally-selected witness, to a Shakespearian theater of imaginary design.

Breadcrumbs 2024

High Order Delusion

To earnestly believe anything You do, have done, or will do,
Is going to change anything, in any meaningful way,
Is fallacious delusion of the highest order.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Witness to the Faceless

If You cannot be paradoxical,
If You cannot be dubious,
If You cannot be incredulous,
If You cannot be skeptical,
If You cannot be agnostic,
If You cannot be enigmatic,
If You cannot be irrational,
If You cannot be nonsensical,
If You cannot be sardonic,
If You cannot be doubtful,
If You cannot be peculiar,
If You cannot be outrageous,
If You cannot be atypical,
If You cannot be unbelieving,
If You cannot be cynical,
If You cannot be absurd,
If You cannot be uncertain,
If You cannot be disbelieving,
If You cannot be ironic,

How can You witness your faceless?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imagination Cares, Awareness Cares Not

Infinite or infinitesimal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Spiritual or agnostic, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clean or dirty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Live or die, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wealthy or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Alive or dead, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Believer or atheist, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Subtle or blatant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Kind or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sane or insane, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or gay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sage or fool, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fast or slow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Do or do not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Long or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Succeed or fail, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Love or hate, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Still or moving, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Real or unreal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tit or tat, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
For or against, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Up or down, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Around or through, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or unclear, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fat or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Strong or weak, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gratis or priceless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hard or soft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Give or take, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
To or from, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wise or foolish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Beautiful or ugly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Big or small, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Known or unknown, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fore or aft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Heavy or light, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rich or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
True or false, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Ecstasy or agony, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
First or last, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Creative or destructive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Full or empty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or bitter, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loud or quiet, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Straight or rounded, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Bright or dim, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Well or unwell, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Astute or obtuse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Like or unlike, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Appealing or revolting, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or opaque, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Thick or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Brave or cowardly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or sour, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Equal or lopsided, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
King or slave, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Queen or whore, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Expansive or contractive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Soft or harsh, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Young or old, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Male or female, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Honest or dishonest, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wild or tame, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Early or late, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Pure or foul, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Cautious or reckless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hit or miss, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Lead or follow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
High or low, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Naive or cynical, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Truth or lie, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Deep or shallow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Open or closed, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rational or absurd, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Near or far, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Singular or dual, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
In or out, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Free or imprisoned, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yes or no, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Attached or detached, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Course or fine, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
All or none, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Shiny or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smart or stupid, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tall or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Forward or backward, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Before or after, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Selfless or selfish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
One or two, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Within or without, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yay or nay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Close or distant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Normal or weird, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wet or dry, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hot or cold, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Constant or fickle, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Positive or negative, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Happy or sad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fair or unfair, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Over or under, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Similar or different, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loose or tight, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Plus or minus, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Above or below, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Inside or outside, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Simple or complex, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Black or white, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smooth or coarse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wide or narrow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gentle or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Humble or vain, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
On or off, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Here or there, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Have or have not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sharp or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Good or bad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Right or wrong, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Everything or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Something or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
White or black, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Light or dark, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
This or that, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Clock in the Sky

The clock on-high, in the sky, tick-tick-ticking every day away.
How would we measure time, how would we gauge time,
If not for the consistency of sun and moon and stars?
Would time even pretend to exist without them?
Would we imagine we exist without them?
Could we imagine we exist without them?
Should we imagine we exist with them?

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Assertion Required

At some point there is really no need to even assert “I Am.”
Just being the momentary awareness, just breathing in, breathing out,
Is far more than enough, in a very supercalifragilisticexpialidocious sort of way.

Breadcrumbs 2024

As Near as It Is Far

The awareness is as near as it is far.
The awareness permeates all genesis.
The awareness permeates all oblivion.
The everything and the nothing are one.
The everything and the nothing are You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Rubs Aplenty

To see what cannot be seen,
To hear what cannot be heard,
To taste what cannot be tasted,
To smell what cannot be smelled,
To touch what cannot be touched,
To think what cannot be thought,
Now there, are a cluster of rubs,
Rubbing away, a rub-less way.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Solitude of Eternity

It can indeed, be a long and winding,
Oft times lonely walkabout,
This calling to grapple the mystery.
Until one perhaps discerns the indivisible matrix,
Through which all time-bound linear perceptions kaleidoscope,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, the indelible, ineffable solitude, of all eternity.
Which is, of course, the unutterable aloneness of You, this very singular, very timeless moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Shakespeare Live

Imagination dominates the human mind; it has usurped the awareness of the sentience.
What do You want to be when You grow up? a question the young are oftentimes asked by adults.
Human conditioning is ever about aspiring to various functions; when naught, is literally all, all really are.
Those with ambition are acclaimed; those who have no purpose, no meaning, are sidelined.
The rare few take the query to its frontiers, and become critical thinkers.
Skeptics, cynics, doubters, nonbelievers, agnostics.
And discern the truth of this mystery.
That they are the mystery.
And meander amongst the bustling masses,
Observing the theatrics – Shakespeare live – detached and free.

Breadcrumbs 2024

It Is All Just Happening

The indivisible entirety is no more responsible for this illusion,
Than any ocean is for its surface, its depths,
Or the play of its waves,
Upon any number of shorelines.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Do Not Be Fooled

To You who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all buddhas, You are all christs.
You are every mystic seer and master,
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Scythians Are Coming!

In his The Unabridged Devil's Dictionary, Ambrose Bierce, defined Cynic,
As a blackguard, whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Oh my god! The Scythians are coming! The Scythians are coming to pluck out your eyeballs!

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Sea of Metaphors

What is what is consciousness, what is imagination, what is Gaia, but a sea of metaphors.
Figures of speech that, for rhetorical effect, directly refer to one thing by mentioning another.
That may provide (or obscure) clarity or identify hidden similarities between two different ideas.
Metaphors paint one concept with the brush of another, revealing hidden connections,
Or sometimes obscuring clarity to create a likeness or a vivid analogy.
Comparable with other types of figurative language,
Such as, antithesis and hyperbole and metonymy and simile.
Figures of speech, figurative expressions, images, tropes, symbols, parables,
Analogies, comparisons, allegories, emblems, word paintings, word pictures, literary conceits.

A Metaphor for All Time: The Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely Players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Jaques (a.k.a., William Shakespeare), As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII, Line 139

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Challenge of Letting Go

Consciousness is infused with the desire to have, to hold, to take, to own,
To possess, to enjoy, to keep, to retain, to gather, to collect, to amass, to marshal,
To acquire, to occupy, to control, to dominate, to influence, to muster, to collect, to seize.
To release, to unleash, to unchain, to unfetter, to meander empty,
Is the challenge for any given mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Rhetorical Design

The human species, despite all its imaginary rhetoric to the contrary,
Is no different than any other biology this garden world,
Has ever through natural selection devised.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Time Like the Present

There is no time like present.

Breadcrumbs 2024

World War Darwin

Gaia has always been in World War Darwin.
Every creature has always started any given day not knowing,
Whether or not it would survive, much less thrive.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Neural Matrix

The neural matrix is but pure, unadulterated awareness …
Nature-nurture – genetically-mutated-hardwired – to be the matrix mystery.
That which is acclaimed, for which, few humans, truly-long-happen, in their imaginary cosmos:
To be the nothingness it is … To be the nothingness You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Abyss of Judgment

The human specter, in all its imaginary quandaries, seems, in large part, to be all about endless judgment.
Endless – opinions, attitudes, appraisals, beliefs, outlooks, feelings – about everyone, everything.
And the consequences of that endlessness, can range from shrug, to destruction and death.
The Planet of the Apes, has always been in conflict with itself, and all things Gaia.
Every mind, a gummy quagmire, filled with every imaginable appraisal,
And there is no way to remedy the naturally-selected Darwinian juggernaut.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Deceits Parables Weave

All cults, all sects, all religions, kick off with one parable or another,
That some storyteller spins, oral or written, into a mythology,
That entrances, enough true believers, enough sheeples,
To together, groupthink a narrative for the ages.
Those with direct perception, do not require stories.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Discerning Courage Required

Every culture molds individual conformity,
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage,
To discover, to be, what You truly are.
There is no freedom, incarnating a prescribed life.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Wielding It All Together

Across this pale blue dot garden, minds cling in every way-shape-form,
To the obliviousness of imagination's uncountabledivisions.
Witness the many intolerances, great and small,
Rational and irrational, good and evil,
Intelligent and senseless, wise and foolish.
Discern the common essence within all imaginary differences,
And wield them together into the infinite singularity, from which all illusion is created.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Stoic Detachment

What do all human belief systems seem to be about,
But an innate, naturally-selected, self-absorbed craving,
To believe we truly are – for every rationale under the sun –
Somehow significant, somehow important, somehow cherished,
Somehow precious, by this boundless, timeless, impenetrable cosmos,
That seems to be, for all reasoned observation, indifferent to our existence.
Whether or not, there is some deity out there tracking everything,
Evaluating, judging, our every thought, our every deed,
Is a question that haunts the many if not most,
Unable to realize a stoic detachment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Always a Step Behind

Everything You perceive,
Everything You think,
Everything You see,
Everything You do,
Everything You know,
Everything You believe,
Everything You hope,
Everything You love,
Everything You hate,
Everything You accept,
Everything You deny,
Everything You give,
Everything You take,
Everything You realize,
Everything You dream,
Everything You recall,
Everything You admire,
Everything You deride,
Everything You possess,
Everything You cherish,
Everything You judge,
Is nothing more than imagination,
Is always but a dreamer shadowing the moment,
Is nothing more than electrical impulses racing along neural pathways.

Only in the stillness of unadorned awareness, can You know, can You be, the timeless eternity You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Is the Future Ready?

Self-reliance, grit, gumption, work ethic, critical thinking, the ability to stand alone.
Is what it took for the human paradigm to arrive at this moment in time.
Is the future ready to take over the world we have left it?
What will it be like to be born into a Ponzi scheme forever undone?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Sands of Time Have No Memory

Any life and its destiny, is but an imaginary dream,
Instantly forgotten in this quantum mirage.
The sands of time have no memory.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What It Is

There is nothing to argue; nothing to prove.
It is what it is; You are what You are.
And it is all one in the same.

Breadcrumbs 2024

How Is That Working for You?

Maintaining an existence,
You no longer care about,
No longer have desire for,
No longer have energy for,
How is that working for You?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Quantum-Awakened

The quantum-awakened, turn sand into gold, coal into diamonds, water into wine.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Inner Journey

It is up to any would-be philosopher-mystic, drawn to the great game,
To from podium speak his/her mind – to take up their philosophical gauntlets –
And sally forth every serendipitous thought, their minds have been nature-nurtured to utter.
In any-and-all dimensions, this indelibly ineffable, mystery elephant – called by many names – ordains.
To unveil his/her mind's eye, to share the reasonings, encapsulating the unveiling of their wander.
The journey, all their many thoughts – the imaginings – their mortal mind's destiny calls.
The trek through illusion – ever inquiring into the truth of their beingness –
Until fate slides the door open, to the only possible conclusion,
That You are indeed, ineradicably, That I Am.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ether of Oblivion

… Earth … Wind … Water … Fire …
Intertwined in every conceivable genre pax.
In the Ether of Nothingness … oblivion's marrow.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Imaginary Reality

You are the indescribable, indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying awareness,
Witnessing consciousness frolicking about a quantum matrix.
Stardust shrouded in every imaginable form,
Imagining the ecstasies and agonies of existence real.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Last Will and Testament

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Effing the Ineffable

So many minds, imagining in every way, the mystery into which all are inexplicably cast.
So many minds, investigating their existence; so many minds, effing the ineffable.
Leaving behind so many creations, sharing their revelations of the eternal:
Writings, paintings, sculptures, music, architecture, ad infinitum.
A world of seers, bound by the mundanity of the masses,
Whose unrealized raison d'être, is to secure the ways and means,
For the unborn-undying, ageless witness, to fathom its unfathomability.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Many Paths to Destiny

Settle for less, and that is what destiny will mete out.
Seek more than fate has assigned, and the dream will tether You.
The passions are ephemeral beasts in this ineffable magical mystery tour.
Moderation is the surest means to a content, peaceful existence,
But even the most sagacious tack offers no guarantees.
To be born is to endure whatever fate is allotted,
And there is no happy end to any story.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Show Must Go On

Easier to ignore this sort of scribbling.
For vanity and voracity's sake,
The show must go on.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Quantum Kaleidoscope

There is no space, there is no time.
There is only quantum energy, eternally kaleidoscoping,
In the quantum dreamtime of consciousness, in the quantum perceptions of mind.
And You: pure awareness, untouched; You: sentience, unscathed.
You: ineffable, indelible, unborn-undying witness,
To eternity’s ever-present moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Coulda Shoulda Woulda

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Reality of All Stories

Any story, no matter when written, is only as real as your belief in it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Harvest of Discernment

Free your Self from the binds and obligations of groupthink,
That often diminishes creativity and individual responsibility.
Stand alone, immersed in the momentary awareness You are.
Free of all doubts, all bothers; be the harvest of discernment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Absurdity! The Absurdity!

How is it so many imagine a personal deity to sanction their dream?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bestow their wishes?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to fulfill their desires?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bless their ventures?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bolster their alliances?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to vanquish their enemies?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to judge them auspiciously?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bequeath them eternal life?
How is it so many are blind to their endless me-myself-and-I self-absorption?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Despite All Delusions to the Contrary

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we all are animals.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all biological beings.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all connected to the web of life.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all equal participants in the same mystery.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all nameless witnesses to the same quantum dreamtime.
And no amount of twisting nor twirling of the imaginary mind, will ever change that.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Illusion-Delusion of Free Will

What choices have You ever really had?
What choice did You have in your existence?
What choice did You have in your awareness?
What choice did You have in your nature-nurture?
What choice did You have in your gender?
What choice did You have in your physique?
What choice did You have in your vision?
What choice did You have in your hearing?
What choice did You have in your smelling?
What choice did You have in your tasting?
What choice did You have in your feeling?
What choice did You have in your mind?
What choice did You have in your family?
What choice did You have in your birth order?
What choice did You have in your culture?
What choice did You have in your ethnicity?
What choice did You have in your geography?
What choice did You have in your universe?
What choice did You have in your socioeconomic level?
What choice did You have in your intelligence?
What choice did You have in your language?
What choice did You have in your name?
What choice did You have in your education?
What choice did You have in your interests?
What choice did You have in your beliefs?
What choice did You have in your religion?
What choice did You have in your politics?
Even Your daily movement, Your daily choices,
The every-step-you-take-every-moment believe to be free will,
Are the quantum dictates of every natural selection since the beginning of all beginnings.

Breadcrumbs 2024

How Does It Make Any Sense?

How can it ever make any sense at all,
That You are not a drop of the whole?
That You are not a drop of the entirety?
That You are not a drop of the creation?
That You are not a drop of the sentience?
That You are not a drop of the ineffable?
That You are not a drop of the awareness?
That You are not a drop of the dreamtime?
That You are not a drop of the indelibility?
That You are not a drop of the indivisibility?
That You are not a drop of the unborn-undying?
That You are not a drop of the preservation?
That You are not a drop of the destruction?
That You are not a drop of the spaceless?
That You are not a drop of the timeless?
That You are not a drop of the mystery?
That You are not a drop of the eternal?
That You are not a drop of all that is?
Call it anything You will, You are it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Deal With It

Short of excessive violence,
It is all but impossible to keep anyone,
From thinking whatever they darned well please,
About You, or anyone or anything else.
So it goes, get over yourself.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Astounding Waste

Why would it at all matter, how this mystery began?
Here You right-here-right-now are; here we all right-here-right-now are,
How much futility, how much angst, the human species has spent through so much of its history,
Speculating-asserting-battling, over an eternal moment it can never possibly know.
What an astounding squander of spacless-timeless it has all been.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Speculations of a Dystopian Mind

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap the timebound mind around the dystopian horror You see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after Your cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, just toss it into the passing breeze, and expect no answers.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

Breadcrumbs 2024

How Like Us

Curious, how like us, all our deities, across the world, across time, have always been.
Willful, jealous, vindictive, judgmental, malicious, pitiless, vengeful.
And sometime kind and just, and perhaps even loving,
When it suits the undisclosed schemes.
Is there any limit to our affinity for absurdity?

Breadcrumbs 2024

And Who Decides?

How good is good? How bad is bad?
How right is right? How wrong is wrong?
How known is known? How unknown is unknown?
How infinite is infinite? How infinitesimal is infinitesimal?
How true is true? How false is false?
And who decides?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Way of Awareness

Regarding the way of awareness, the way of the moment,
The way of the right-here-right-now, the way of the spaceless-timeless eternal,
It is, as Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker: No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.
To attain eternal life, one must doubt everything, one must let go everything.
One must be everything, and nothing all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Doubt All Things

Doubt all the stories, all the narratives, all the anything, floating willy-nilly about the mind.
That which is most unfathomably true, is prior to all affairs born of imaginary design.
Philosopher René Descartes penned, “If You would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things.”

Breadcrumbs 2024

That Whiny Little Voice

It can be quite challenging to tamp down that whiny little voice,
Once imagination discerns that self-pity serves well,
As a distraction from the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Anonymity Rules

How history judges anything,
Will ultimately achieve the same anonymity,
All things imaginary ever have.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Nature is the Expression

Nature is the expression of the eternal moment of the ineffable mystery You are.
To ignore it, to abuse it, to destroy it, is a sure path to oblivion.
To wander harmoniously in it, is the way.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Your Eternal Birthright

You need not believe the spins You project, either to the world, or to yourself.
Toss away any-and-all thoughts – positive or neutral or negative – of the imaginary self.
Be the stillness, the utterness, the unborn-undying, of the awareness that is your eternal birthright.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Ugly Is as Ugly Does

What repulsive, hideous, revolting creatures, so many women become.
How some men remain sexually aroused by them is a mystery,
Especially once their youthful effervescence has faded,
Into pallid, sagging skin, with thick layers of clownish make-up,
Topped with beauty-shopped hair, and anatomy covered by languishing tattoos.
A genetic lottery of biological evolution no less crunchy-chewy-gooey than any other creation.
Add to that inventory: obesity, scars, wrinkles, blemishes, mutilations, disfigurements,
Flatulence, blotches, stretch marks, cottage cheese, diseases, sores, disabilities.
It is indeed a mind-boggling mystery, which only delusional blinders,
And four-billion-year-old software, come close to explaining.
Natural selection can only manage so much evolving,
With such a haphazardly encrypted algorithm.
And let us not deny, this all applies,
To the other half-ish of the species, as well.
And in truth, every other life form Gaia has ever devised.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The One and Only You

Ever the same You, playing out every creation across all eternity.
So infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be the only divinity worth ascertaining.
The eternal moment, timeless, ever-present, right here, right now, unborn, undying.
You are pure awareness: ineffable, indelible, indivisible, immeasurable.
You are ever You, have ever been You, will ever be You.
There is no other, than the one and only You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Original Departure

That moment when sense of self, the me-myself-I, first arises in the mind,
Is the moment that separates one from the garden this pale blue dot has fashioned.
And all the other estrangements follow suit for that bubble of imagination's entire existence.
There is no returning to the garden of origin, but through an awakening to that awareness prior to all.
And that awakening is set in motion through the deep doubt of a critical-thinking perspective,
That only the rarest minds ascertain, as they meander down their road less traveled.
A solitary road, upon which adventures are witnessed. one after another.
A solitary road that kaleidoscopes to its destined conclusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

There is Only One Truth

There is only one truth, and it is this very right-here-right-now moment,
Timelessly ephemeral, unborn, undying, immeasurable, indivisible, ineffable.
There is no need for any dogma; there is only being inwardly still enough to be it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Truth is Not …

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a thought.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is not a dichotomy.
Truth is not knowable.
Truth is not intelligible.
Truth is not moot.
Truth is not provable.
Truth is not space-bound.
Truth is not time-bound.
Truth is not hearsay.
Truth is not understandable.
Truth is not definable.
Truth is not describable.
Truth is not debatable.
Truth is not a dogma.
Truth is not expressible.
Truth is not a belief.
Truth is not before.
Truth is not after.
Truth is not penetrable.
Truth is not a rumor.
Truth is not fathomable.
Truth is not effable.
Truth is not graspable.
Truth is not controversial.
Truth is not any thing.
Truth is not anything.
You are the truth.
You are the life.
You are the Way.
Simply be your Self.
Right here, right now, bam!

Breadcrumbs 2024

Fearless Living

Living fearlessly is not necessarily something manly-man-on-steroids machismo,
As much as it is being serene enough to be the moment You ever are.
The awareness You ever are, the eternal You ever are.
The right-here-right-now You ever are.
The You, You ever are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Blinders On, Blinders Off

To ignore natural law, to ignore physics,
To believe You are in anyway separate from anything,
Is to be in such a state of blindered delusion,
That it is a wonder You still exist.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Process is All

Every process has a beginning.
Every process has an ending.
Every process is part of a process,
That is without beginning, without end.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Nothing Exists Because of Imagination

Nothing exists because of imagination.
Cultures, languages, mathematics,
Sciences, technologies, religions,
All the arts, the politics, the silk roads,
Are all imagination, evolved unto existence.
The usurper of sentience reigns the human mind.
The usurper of sentience dominates the human paradigm.
The natural selection, that selected its way to such immense heights,
Is the creator, is the preserver, is the destroyer, of all things,
That were nothing more than illusion from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You, Centerstage, All Alone

Alone.
You are so alone.
Give into it with full abandon,
And be the ineffable, eternal mystery, You are.
This human paradigm dreamtime is but a Shakespearian soiree,
Through an illusory quantum matrix, infused with every variety of delusion imaginable.
In which You will perform your nature-nurture centerstage character,
However it naturally-selects – very much alone.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Path to the Ineffable

The awareness is the unborn-undying moment.
The awareness requires no belief system.
The awareness esteems no philosophy.
The awareness has no moral compass.
The awareness has no consciousness.
The awareness has no space or time.
The awareness has no need or want.
The awareness has no faith or hope.
The awareness has no raison d'être.
The awareness has no imagination.
The awareness has no love or hate.
The awareness has no obstructions.
The awareness has no passion or zeal.
No one can more than suggest the way.
There is absolutely nothing to hold onto.
You must doubt everything, for your Self.
You must discover it, all alone, for your Self.
You must then witness it, all alone, for your Self.
It is a road less traveled; a fork only the rare perceive.
There is truly no other, but few are nominated to realize it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Many Paths, One Grave

There are many paths, treading all about this pale blue dot of a dust ball, all to the same grave.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Paradise Won, Paradise Lost

The engineers and scientists, and all the diligent worker bees,
Pushed and pulled us all up the exalted road, a road to paradise and beyond,
Until it became a road too far, and is now all Humpty Dumpty, falling, falling, down, down.
We have already given them carte blanche to destroy this garden dust ball beyond all possible redemption,
So why not allow them to spin it into dystopian mayhem and chaos and despair beyond all pales?
Let vanity and greed wreak their final act, and Gaia move on to the next geological epoch.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Spinning Wheels Go Round and Round

To endlessly attempt to discover and define Self,
Is really, no different than a caged hamster running round and round on its spinning wheel.
Passing time, filling the mind with every variety of pointless absurdity,
To which imagination is so inherently capable.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Web of Everything

It is not merely a web of life; it is a web of everything.
An indivisible matrix, permeating an unfathomable mystery.
Too beyond knowing, to be perceived by anything but a still mind.
No naming necessary, for it is the same awareness, the same You, in all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What is Self?

What is this sense of Self, this me-myself-I,
But an intrinsic survival mechanism of the sentience,
Attached to whatever mind-body the genetic lottery has sculpted.
Given over to imagination's endless struggle, to be more than it can ever be.
It is a quandary not easily set aside, even for the most resolute.
Every mirror, every photograph, every interaction,
Ever reinforces the imaginary dreamtime.
Not easy to be indifferent to the quantum illusion.
Very challenging to be untouched by imagination's fell grip.
Though space and time are ultimately unreal, the eternal awareness You are,
Is captive within the magical theater of the mind-body, the mystery has imposed upon its Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You Are the One and Only Ineffable Moment

We have created this thing called time, based on the whirling regularity of the earth, the moon, the sun.
Seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millenniums, epochs.
But there are no 'moments' – there is only one indivisible moment.
One spaceless moment, one timeless moment.
You are this eternal moment.
You are this now.
This is it.
This is all it is.
There is nothing more.
There can be nothing more.
There will never be anything more.
All the narratives humankind has concocted,
All the creations the monkey-mind has brought forth.
Are nothing more than the ineffable dreamtime of imagination.
The unfathomable awareness You are, the unknowable mystery You are,
That which the divisive human mind has in every way deified,
Is in truth, all there is, has ever been, will ever be.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Alone, absolute, flawless,
Unborn, undying,
Now.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Impenetrable Moment

No story, no narrative, no history, no chronicle,
No account, no anecdote, no description, no tale, no yarn,
No matter how well-written, no matter how real, no matter how true,
No matter how miraculous, no matter how fantastical,
Can touch the unborn-undying moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Idolatry Is Idolatry Is Idolatry

Whether in appearances, whether in concepts, idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless moment be perceived truth.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless You, be the true Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Questing Truth

Why should You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Why would You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
How could You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Approach all phenomena, all questions – rationally, sensibly, lucidly –
With truth, with fact, with reality, with honesty – the primary objective.
Do not allow imagination to weave its many guiles over your mind's eye.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Prior to Space and Time

Without space, there cannot be time.
Without time, there cannot be space.
Without them, there is just awareness.
Without them, there is just You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Every Moment That I Am

Whether You see the truth of it clearly,
All the time, some of the time, or never at all,
You are still every moment incapable of not being it.
Any and all notions of dualistic me-myself-and-I perception,
Are nothing more than arbitrary, fallacious delusions of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Where, Oh Where?

Where in the awareness of the moment does the universe exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the world exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the body exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the mind exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does space-time exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does consciousness exist?

Where in the awareness of the moment do You exist?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just the Way You Are

You have always been ineffable just the way You are.
You have always been perfect just the way You are.
You have always been immaculate just the way You are.
You have always been indivisible just the way You are.
You have always been intangible just the way You are.
You have always been indelible just the way You are.
You have always been unborn-undying just the way You are.
You have always been absolute just the way You are.
You have always been totality just the way You are.
You have always been spaceless just the way You are.
You have always been timeless just the way You are.
You have always been incomprehensible just the way You are.
You have always been mysterious just the way You are.
You have always been impeccable just the way You are.
You have always been singular just the way You are.
You have always been matchless just the way You are.
You have always been tabula rasa just the way You are.
You have always been pervasive just the way You are.
You have always been momentary just the way You are.
You have always been unbound just the way You are.
You have always been seamless just the way You are.
You have always been unconditional just the way You are.
You have always been anonymous just the way You are.
You have always been indecipherable just the way You are.
You have always been truth just the way You are.
You have always been unknowable just the way You are.
You have always been everlasting just the way You are.
You have always been flawless just the way You are.
You have always been perpetual just the way You are.
You have always been immeasurable just the way You are.
You have always been inscrutable just the way You are.
You have always been inexplicable just the way You are.
You have always been unequivocal just the way You are.
You have always been unimaginable just the way You are.
You have always been ageless just the way You are.
You have always been inconceivable just the way You are.
You have always been motionless just the way You are.
You have always been oblivion just the way You are.
You have always been indefinable just the way You are.
You have always been harmonious just the way You are.
You have always been nondualistic just the way You are.
You have always been eternal just the way You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Sometimes

Sometimes You walk through eternity.
Sometimes You run through eternity.
Sometimes You sit through eternity.
Sometimes You wait through eternity.
Sometimes You think through eternity.
Sometimes You talk through eternity.
Sometimes You look through eternity.
Sometimes You listen through eternity.
Sometimes You smell through eternity.
Sometimes You taste through eternity.
Sometimes You feel through eternity.
Sometimes You fear through eternity.
Sometimes You dread through eternity.
Sometimes You abide through eternity.
Sometimes You hope through eternity.
Sometimes You love through eternity.
Sometimes You hate through eternity.
Sometimes You want through eternity.
Sometimes You grasp through eternity.
Sometimes You release through eternity.
Sometimes You give through eternity.
Sometimes You take through eternity.
Sometimes You win through eternity.
Sometimes You lose through eternity.
Sometimes You inhale through eternity.
Sometimes You exhale through eternity.
Sometimes You judge through eternity.
Sometimes You forgive through eternity.
Sometimes You forget through eternity.
Sometimes You flow through eternity.
Sometimes You resist through eternity.
Sometimes You celebrate through eternity.
Sometimes You mourn through eternity.
Sometimes You suffer through eternity.
Sometimes You delight through eternity.
Sometimes You create through eternity.
Sometimes You preserve through eternity.
Sometimes You destroy through eternity.
Sometimes You sleep through eternity.
Sometimes You awaken through eternity.
The moment, the awareness, the sentience, is the sky of You.
And the mind, the senses, the self of imagination, are but clouds ever streaming through.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Where Is the Line?

Where is the line between infinite and infinitesimal, and who decides?
Where is the line between order and chaos, and who decides?
Where is the line between light and dark, and who decides?
Where is the line between love or hate, and who decides?
Where is the line between good and evil, and who decides?
Where is the line between rational and irrational, and who decides?
Where is the line between large and small, and who decides?
Where is the line between this and that, and who decides?
Where is the line between near and far, and who decides?
Where is the line between right and wrong, and who decides?
Where is the line between in and out, and who decides?
Where is the line between black and white, and who decides?
Where is the line between real and unreal, and who decides?
Where is the line between fact and fiction, and who decides?
Where is the line between sincere and disingenuous, and who decides?
Where is the line between thick and thin, and who decides?
Where is the line between peace and war, and who decides?
Where is the line between genuine and hypocritical, and who decides?
Where is the line between win and lose, and who decides?
Where is the line between many and few, and who decides?
Where is the line between tall and short, and who decides?
Where is the line between narrow and wide, and who decides?
Where is the line between tangible and intangible, and who decides?
Where is the line between loose and tight, and who decides?
Where is the line between hot and cold, and who decides?
Where is the line between within and without, and who decides?
Where is the line between true and false, and who decides?
Where is the line between yes and no, and who decides?
Where is the line between truth and lie, and who decides?
Where is the line between have and have not, and who decides?
Where is the line between new and old, and who decides?
Where is the line between pleasure and pain, and who decides?
Where is the line between us and them, and who decides?
Where is the line between caution and paranoia, and who decides?
Where is the line between up and down, and who decides?
Where is the line between knowledge and ignorance, and who decides?
Where is the line between formal and informal, and who decides?
Where is the line between ethical and unethical, and who decides?
Where is the line between awake and asleep, and who decides?
Where is the line between sage and fool, and who decides?
Where is the line between creator and creation, and who decides?
Where is the line between the mystery and You, and who decides?

Breadcrumbs 2024

How Amazing You Are

Why would an indifferent mystery,
Bored with the filled-with-nothing eternal moment,
Not sanction natural selection to play the quantum illusion impromptu?
A big-bang-turtles-up-down-throw-of-the-dice genesis, weaving its Self, into an infinite theater.
An immaculate conception, chock-full of every quantum possibility imaginable.
An ineffable, ever-lasting, kaleidoscoping, stardust mystery.
Every handiwork witnessed within and without,
Through the indivisible, all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
How amazing You are, to have played every part, every particle, in this magical mystery theater.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What? What? What?

What is bondage?
What is knowledge?
What is enlightenment?
What is liberation?
What is reality?
What is truth?
What is You?

Illusions, all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Truth of the Matter

The truth of the matter, is an illusion-delusion.
An indivisible dreamtime left for imagination to speculate,
Every feasible speculation, any given eensy-weensy mind, can fathom.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Timeless Witness

The awareness, the moment, is church enough, religion enough, faith enough, for any-and-all.
No need to wait for a relatively few times a week, when awareness is witness to every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Down a Dead-End Road

Both electricity and oil took off about, one hundred fifty and change, years ago,
And it has been accelerating-exponential on every chart and graph and schema since.
How the world-wide electrical grid will keep up with it all, is destined to be quite a saga.
The engineers and scientists, and all the supporting cast, have taken us down a dead-end road.
We might stumble into a very dystopian, very wretched Old School, any day now; be ready steady.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Wake Up, You Ninny

It is not the egocentric mind-body that is eternally immortal, You ninny.
It is the awareness that is equally within and without all creation.
This imaginary identity and world You are so attached to,
Is nothing more than food for worms and beyond,
As the quantum illusion churns ever on.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imagination's Eternity

Temporary sacks of crunchy-chewy-gooey genetic material,
– permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked –
In imagination's eternal quantum matrix.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Tollbooths Across the Board

Tollbooths, at every opportunity, is how it works, for those who play the game.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Man of One Book

Easy to believe your book the most real and true, when it is the only one You have ever read.
The man of one book uses whatever is said, whatever is written, to corroborate his delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imagination's Labyrinth

How is it we are not lost in absolute wonder, unwavering awe, in the light of this quantum dreamtime.
How is it we are so passionately unable, so violently unwilling, to look, to examine beyond,
And happily, dance through the infinity of differences, we every-moment imagine,
To discern the ineffable prior-to-consciousness indivisibility we all are,
That through which this quantum mirage kaleidoscopes.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Please Don't Hurt Us!

What petty, meaningless gods, we have, across all times and spaces, imagined.
What petty, meaningless gods, we have across all times and spaces,
Dreaded and worshipped and pleaded forgiveness from.
As if we were somehow to blame for any of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eternity's Illusion

So much illusory quantum movement, quantum vibration,
Kaleidoscoping through the eternal stillness,
Of the one and only moment.
Om, baby, Om.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Rushing Through the Expanse

Rushing, rushing, rushing; how we do so scurry here and there,
As if we were bona-fide significant, in an expanse full of dust balls.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ever-Next Generation

Every generation passes on a lesser, more depleted world.
What blessings, what curses, will the current issue, inflict upon the next.
Another long-and-winding moment, in this ever-kaleidoscoping, illusory stardust sitcom.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Speculation Unending

Consciousness will ever spin every variety of speculation about its ineffable, indivisible origin,
For it can have no recollection of the oblivion that was prior to all its absurdities.
Nor is it at all able to more than imagine the unborn-undying state,
After the mind-body's final breath exits the stage.
As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination has its limits.
As center of the universe, as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Anonymity! The Anonymity!

Another ditty, none but these eyes shall likely ever read.
Another ditty unveiling the anonymity, all are.
Even the most famous in their time,
Destined to be forgotten.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Last Decision

Why feet obligated to wait for the Reaper,
Why feel obligated to let some imaginary ornament,
Make the 'no-more-of-this-bullshit' final exit decision for You?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Magical v. Empirical

Opting for magical thinking over empirical observation; well, enjoy the delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mystery of Sentience

Of course, the universe is exactly as You every moment perceive it … and so is everyone else's.
That is the mystery of it – every mysterious very-much-the-same moment – of sentient perception.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Eye of Awareness

What are human beings but sacks of genetic material –
Permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix.
The ego mind is but a sensory-inspired illusion, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers.
Detached, aloof, indifferent, disinterested, impassive, impersonal … immortal.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Too Much, Too Many

Too much everything.
Too many people.
Too many things.
Too many hungers.
Too many deceits.
Too many untruths.
Too much bullshit.
Too much absurdity.
Too much horror.
Too much everything.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The You Prior to All

The mystery, which is the awareness, the You, prior to all,
Is completely, utterly, entirely, absolutely – empty, barren, devoid, bereft, clear, free –
Of all attributes imagined, of all attributes unimagined.
You are the mystery, You are That I Am.
The other is but illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Clarity! The Clarity!

What can possibly be more liberating, than the effortless clarity of pure, immaculate, ineffable awareness?
It does not require the potency of power, the security of wealth, the status of fame, the reason of wisdom.
It is itself unto its Self – there is no other with which to contend – no mind or body for which to gather.
To surrender your self to your Self, to surrender your self to the timeless moment, is the path of grace.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Beyond the Idolatries of Imagination

The word ‘God’ is just a sound, just a concept, just an image, just an idol.
The reality of that which is, and is not, God, is much more than any mind can grasp.
To give any word reality, is to allow imagination to control one’s actions, to control one’s being.
Is to allow imagination to adjudicate one’s illusory world in so many bittersweet ways.
How much simpler, how much more real and genuine, to just be, to just allow.
To give your self, over to Self, and be the mystery-given awareness,
In which the mystery all Creation every moment streams.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Own Your Essence

Bow to no idol.
Defer to no idolater.
Fathom your own essence.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Sprint to Oblivion

All our industries, all our technologies, all our arts, all our ambitions,
Only frenzy us to generate more and more and more.
And more, more is never enough.
And less, a loser’s gait.
All of it, nothing more than,
Another day of racing stoplights,
Another day of chasing clocks and calendars.
Partnering and competing with all our oh-so-many creations.
An absurd, calamitous, often-malevolent, extremely pain-ridden, sprint to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Church of Now

The awareness, the moment, is cathedral enough, religion enough, faith enough, for any true truth-seeker.
No need to hold off, for the relatively few routine occasions, when witnessing the ineffable mystery,
Can be an any-moment rebirth, whenever the inclination arises, in any given mind’s existence.
There is no need for any ministry, any assembly, to buttress those able to prevail alone.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Of the Eternal Quest

Do not doubt, there is a point and purpose, to all these reflections.
Do not doubt, all the ironies and paradoxes, all the riddles, all the koans,
Have been set before You, that You will one day reach the destiny that beckons.
The only thing required, is that You – humbly, dutifully, faithfully, earnestly, patiently –
Submit to whatever – long and winding and bizarre and confusing and nonsensical – rabbit hole,
You now meander, so that the allotted dream detaches, from all the imaginary notions, to which it clings.
Nothing is assured, but know that this eternal quest, is one that has called many through the ages.
And it is in the momentary journey – none ever in any way similar – that all fates are cast.
And realize also, that wherever the walkabout ferries You, it will all be for naught.
The treasure will be, but a fistful, of nothing more than irony and paradox.
Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Nothing Matters

All the all's,
All the none's,
All the if's,
All the and's,
All the but's,
All the who's,
All the what's,
All the where's,
All the when's,
All the why's,
All the how's,
All the above's,
Matter not.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Last Storyteller

Who will be the last historian?
Who will have the timeline's unparalleled perspective?
Who will have the last say, on how the human paradigm finally extinguished itself?
And what was left of the garden on this spinning pale blue dot,
In its kaleidoscoping journey to oblivion?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Many Are Called, Few Are Chosen

Many are called, few are chosen.
Not easy for imagination to let go of a mind-body,
It has inhabited, it has usurped, with its veil of illusions and delusions.
All its memories, all its knowledge, all its passions, all its vanities, all its agonies, all its ecstasies.
For as long as it can remember.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mortal Player

Imagination is always out and about, on the hunt for one morsel or another.
But as magnificent as it imagines itself to be, it is but a vain, mortal player.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Absolute Mystery

When jars break, there are no ripples in the quantum absolute.
The same is true for any form, mortal or otherwise.
All things morph into what they ever are,
In this ineffable mystery.
There is no other in the unchanging.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Of Pharaohs and Cart Pushers

All existence plays out a unique skewing of biological coding,
That was inexplicably etched almost four billion years ago.
That nature was nurtured in an inimitable environment, as well.
To expect that all forms can be adaptable to any given circumstance,
Does not match the Darwinian reality life ever faces in any given moment.
Ergo, to think that all human beings are equally suited for the civilized existence,
We now inextricably find ourselves in, in this our modern world, is just not at all feasible.
Most of that four-billion-year human history operated at the hunter-gatherer level,
And the resume required to survive and thrive in so many concrete jungles,
Can only be achieved by only so many mind-body-spirit two-leggeds.
The rest will hunt and gather wherever their carts are allowed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Wonder! The Wonder!

Wherever You might be, in this one and only ineffable, eternal moment,
In this one and only unborn-undying right-here-right-now, how is it, that You are not
– Engrossed, absorbed, captivated, enthralled, spellbound, immersed, fascinated, riveted, mesmerized –
In the wonder of it all?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The History of the Mystery

The history of the mystery, is everything imaginable, and nothing all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Jaunt Ahead

Whatever time is left in the human paradigm,
Is way more than likely to be quite a jaunt.
Anything is possible, and nothing is sure.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Beyond All Beyonds

The unifying principal is the awareness in everything.
The unifying principal is the indelible moment in everything.
The unifying principal is the unborn-undying mystery in everything.
The unifying principal is the Self, the You, in the entirety.
The unifying principal is the beyond all beyonds.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Letter to Some Editor

Write down all your aggrieved, whiny, petty complaints, in a letter to some editor.
And then, for all the astounding changes that it will bring about,
Be sure to mislay it on the way to the post office.

Breadcrumbs 2024

La Raison de Tout Cela (The Reason for All This)

When all the words, when all the thoughts, become more than assertions;
When they at last morph into their mark; when they finally achieve;
That to which they have been raison-d'être pointing all along;
When they finally dissolve into the awareness You are;
The illusory You, will be the eternal You-ness,
You are, have always been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The History of the Mystery

The history of the mystery,
Is everything imaginable,
And nothing all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Eternal Moment

The moment creates nothing.
The moment preserves nothing.
The moment destroys nothing.
The moment bestows nothing.
The moment takes nothing.
The moment does nothing.
The moment is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Naught But Illusion

The momentary awareness, is the harbor of neither space nor time.
Nor does it offer perch to any imaginary notion, nor any form wafting through.
It creates nothing, it preserves nothing, it destroys nothing, it offers nothing, it takes nothing.
Your body, your world, your cosmos, are only as large as You imagine them.
Disregard the senses, still the mind, and all disappear.
The dreamtime is but an illusion.
As are You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imaginary Witness to the Quantum Matrix

The eyes are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The ears are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The nose is a spaceless-timeless sensor.
The ears are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The tongue is a t spaceless-timeless sensor.
The dermis is a spaceless-timeless sensor.
The brain is a spaceless-timeless processor.
And awareness is witness to the world, the cosmos,
They all together kaleidoscope in eternity's indivisible quantum matrix.
A dreamtime, unique in every sentient being, this ineffable mystery has ever inexplicably created.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Mystery Beyond All Reckoning

What rhyme or reason is needed,
What rhyme or reason is even possible,
When there is a mystery beyond all reckoning,
And minds only capable of grasping a tiny sliver of it.
And idolatry and magical thinking the sagacity of most minds.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Talk, Talk, Talk

You can talk yourself into a lot of things.
You can talk yourself out of a lot of things.
You could stop talking, and do nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Natural Selection of Existence

In this world of natural selection, in which all life rises and falls,
There is no choice but to drive on through every moment,
Until it all becomes more than can be sustained.
Where rock and hard place at last crush,
And the Angel of Death arrives to carry You home.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Narcissists, All

Is there anyone on this pale blue dot – in any space, any time – including me,
Who does not believe they have discovered the truth of it?
What a narcissistic species we are.
What an endless challenge to be truly agnostic.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Source of All Delusion

An ever-fleeting, ever ungraspable, ever-unsustainable dream,
Is all it is, is all it has ever been, is all it will ever be.
Those who believe it more, who play it more,
Whose narcissism and hedonism are insatiable,
Act out every delusion the given mind can imagine.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Teflon Moment

How can karma stick to the moment but through imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Not All Stories are Equal

Yes, the Big Bang Theory is a story, too.
Just positing bit closer to reality, than some out there,
In the gray matter of minds filled with idolatry and magical thinking.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Same Eternity

It has always been the same eternity, through which all dreams have streamed.
Forget the world, forget the universe, forget everything, even your Self.
Quantum body, quantum mind, quantum soul, quantum dream.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Anything

Anything can be changed.
Anything can be disparaged.
Anything can be deprived.
Anything can be denied.
Anything can be rationalized.
Anything can be misused.
Anything can be repudiated.
Anything can be negated.
Anything can be renounced.
Anything can be usurped.
Anything can be ignored.
Anything can be concealed.
Anything can be abused.
Anything can be discarded.
Anything can be spoiled.
Anything can be corrupted.
Anything can be distorted.
Anything can be destroyed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Neither Here nor There

Eternity is the one and only spaceless-timeless-dimensionless reality.
It requires no name, nor any delusionary fixations born of imaginary notion.
It is the emptiness of awareness, in which all creations come and go, without regard.

Breadcrumbs 2024

In It, but Not of It

You are in a universe, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream … but never of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Un-Examined v. Examined

Which sucks better? The unexamined life, or the examined one?
To spend one's life playing out every sort of distraction?
Or siting alone in dark corners scribbling absurdity,
Relatively few will ever bother to examine?
It is a question only time will answer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Given Dimension

All life on Earth-Gaia-Eden,
Is bound by its given sensory scope,
In a dimension of the manifest mortal kind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Seed Principle

Your dream began as a zygote in your mother's womb,
Unleashed by an orgasmic dice throw of your father's ejaculate.
And each of your parents came into this dreamtime in the same manner –
Through the commingling of seeds of their parentages – as did theirs before them.
As all life has, however this all came to be, in the over four billion orbits round our modest star.
You are the current issue, of all the existence that has evolved, mutated, natural-selected.
Are You the mind-body-spirit, to which You are so, through imagination, attached?
Or the awareness, that permeates all things, in this moment ever-unending?
An ever-present now, unborn-undying, with neither beginning nor end.
A vast quantum mystery, which, despite all apparent differences,
Is the same indivisible, intangible, unfathomable, oneness.
Every seed, but a one-time-only, one-trick-pony show.
It is You that is the reality, not the sensory theater.
It is the You, that the is the sky for all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Pipe Dream of God

The longest view of history – to be nothing more than imaginary confabulation –
Is that all Creation, that all Genesis, came and went in an instant,
And that, for all practical purpose, never happened,
As more than a pipe dream of God.
How would any less a vision even be possible?
Yes, God is great beyond measure, no naming required.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Missing Out

If You expect the all-mighty wampum in exchange,
You may well miss out on your life's greatest passion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

This Very Instant

To be the free-est free, You can ever really be,
You, must see it, must be it, must do it,
This very, very, very instant.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Moderation-Checker

No, stop, there are just some things, You need not do.
Never hurts to keep your moderation-checker at hand.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Proceed With Caution

When You enter any pathway, any sidewalk, any street, any highway, any crossway,
Be sure to look left, be sure to look right – twice or thrice, if there is the time.
The physics of this manifest dream make no allowance for forgiveness.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The You in Eternity, the Eternity in You

Where is flat, where is round?
Where is up, where is down?
Where is all, where is none?
Where is yes, where is no?
Where is truth, where is lie?
Where is this, where is that?
Where is here, where is there?
Where is space, where is time?
Where is black, where is white?
Where is sound, without a mind?
Where is mind, without a sound?
Where are You, without a mind?
Where are You, without eternity?
Where is eternity, without You?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The You That Imagines Who

Who imagines who?
Who imagines what?
Who imagines where?
Who imagines when?
Who imagines why?
Who imagines how?
Who imagines You?
Who imagines You?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The World That Is Nigh

Humankind's tool-making aptitude –
From the first sharpened-in-the-fire stick-spear,
Capable of defending the tribe and hunting the mastodon,
To the last nuclear warhead capable of killing millions in an instant –
Has taken the species down a path from which there very little chance of return.
All any of us peons can do, is live out each day as nimbly and pleasantly,
As our little slices of geography, and these modern times, allow.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Always Remember

Always try to remember, that your story,
Is really nothing more than imaginary fabrication.
Nothing more than chemical-electrical-biological interplay.
All the zilch-nada-zip-nil-zero-null-naught-zippo-void of nothingness.
The mystery, the awareness, pretending the ineffable menagerie,
Is more than quantum stardust patterned unto existence.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Believe in Nothing

Do not believe anything the inner voice tells You.
Do not believe anything the inner voice pretends real.
Do not believe anything the inner voice believes true.
It is all nothing more than the chicanery of stardust.
A temporal invention fashioned by imagination.
A touchy-feely, three-dimensional delusion.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Recipe for a Peaceful Existence

If all You truly want out of your moment, is a serene existence,
Just find pleasant spots to sit, eyes open or closed,
Or take long aimless-wandering walks,
Followed by good naps,
And just, breath in, breath out.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Boiling It Down

The human paradigm – from dawn to sunset – all boils down to vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism, channeled through the seven arduous dualities:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth.
Manifested physically, emotionally, mentally, in every way.
Tempered only through moderation of the grit-and-gumption sort.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Becoming You

Become the awareness,
Become the stillness,
Become the moment,
Become the impenetrable,
Become the unconditional,
Become the totality,
Become the inexplicable,
Become the imperceptible,
Become the nonduality,
Become the unborn,
Become the unspeakable,
Become the inconceivable,
Become the timeless,
Become the unknowable,
Become the indivisible,
Become the impartial,
Become the unequivocal,
Become the immaculate,
Become the indivisible,
Become the inexpressible,
Become the imperceptible,
Become the undying,
Become the unfathomable,
Become the solitude,
Become the indefinable,
Become the indelible,
Become the undeniable,
Become the intangible,
Become the everlasting,
Become the ineffable,
Become the mystery,

And You, will be You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Give It Your Best Shot

What else is there to do, but play out the attributes of whatever seed You inhabit,
As best the givens of mind and body and spirit and circumstance,
Of time and geography and tribal persuasion, allow.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eternity’s Magnum Opus

Eternity’s kaleidoscope.
Eternity's lights how.
Eternity’s rainbow.
Eternity’s ecstasy.
Eternity’s agony.
Eternity’s chaos.
Eternity's grunge.
Eternity's mayhem.
Eternity’s starkness.
Eternity’s callousness.
Eternity’s irrationality.
Eternity’s rationality.
Eternity's absurdity.
Eternity’s madness.
Eternity's delusion.
Eternity's illusion.
Eternity’s clarity.
All of the above.
None of the above.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Unknowable

Now can never be known.
Stillness can never be known.
Awareness can never be known.
Nothing can never be known.
Truth can never be known.
God can never be known.
You can never be known.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Good Space to Hang

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey with imagination.
A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.
No need to suffer along with the mind-body.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Nod is Enough

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Freedom of the Unborn-Undying

Space and time are such an indelibly surreal dreamtime-showtime.
A conspiracy of the sensory mind-body's kaleidoscoping cosmos.
No story can ever begin to capture or own this ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Born Anew

Imagine your Self born anew.
Without history, knowing nothing.
Hearing the mystery for the first time.
Viewing the mystery for the first time.
Smelling the mystery for the first time.
Feeling the mystery for the first time.
Tasting the mystery for the first time.
Do it now, do it now, do it now.
Again and again and again.
Every single moment,
You possibly can.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Freedom of the Unborn-Undying

Space and time are such an indelibly surreal dreamtime-showtime.
A conspiracy of the sensory mind-body's kaleidoscoping cosmos.
No story can ever begin to imprison or own this ineffable mystery.
This touchy-feely, three-dimensional play house, witnessed by You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Difference Between

The difference …

Between black and white,
Between day and night,
Between good and evil,
Between large and small,
Between life and death,
Between bitter and sweet,
Between sound and silence,
Between left and right,
Between kind and cruel,
Between full and empty,
Between hot and cold,
Between order and chaos,
Between love and hate,
Between right and wrong,
Between this and that,
Between near and far,
Between right and wrong,
Between in and out,
Between real and unreal,
Between fact and fiction,
Between thick and thin,
Between peace and war,
Between win and lose,
Between many and few,
Between tall and short,
Between narrow and wide,
Between loose and tight,
Between true and false,
Between yes and no,
Between truth and lie,
Between have and have not,
Between new and old,
Between pleasure and pain,
Between us and them,
Between awake and asleep,
Between sage and fool,
Between creator and creation,
Between You and You,

… is You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Un-Imagination

Un-imagine your perceptions.
Un-imagine your existence.
Un-imagine your persona.
Un-imagine your mind.
Un-imagine your body.
Un-imagine your name.
Un-imagine your gender.
Un-imagine your family.
Un-imagine your friends.
Un-imagine your romances.
Un-imagine your adversaries.
Un-imagine your knowledge.
Un-imagine your experience.
Un-imagine your sexuality.
Un-imagine your curiosity.
Un-imagine your eyes.
Un-imagine your ears.
Un-imagine your nose.
Un-imagine your tongue.
Un-imagine your sensations.
Un-imagine your stories.
Un-imagine your beliefs.
Un-imagine your values.
Un-imagine your dreams.
Un-imagine your hopes.
Un-imagine your desires.
Un-imagine your passions.
Un-imagine your affiliations.
Un-imagine your skills.
Un-imagine your successes.
Un-imagine your failures.
Un-imagine your interests.
Un-imagine your possessions.
Un-imagine your religion.
Un-imagine your politics.
Un-imagine your treasures.
Un-imagine your You.
Un-imagine your Self.
Un-imagine your moment.
Un-imagine your awareness.
Un-imagine your imagination.
Un-imagine your everything.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Inward Freedom

You can only be as inwardly free, as genuinely free, as You timelessly decide to be.
To tranquilly witness, without emotional attachment, is the key.
There are no ifs, no ands, no buts, about it.
This right here, this right now, do it, be it, own it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Illusions, All

Who-what-where-when-why-how is You?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mystery?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is now?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is here?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is space?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is totality?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is time?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is existence?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is birth?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is death?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is awareness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is consciousness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is intelligence?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is imagination?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is identity?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is form?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is bondage?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is doubt?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is knowledge?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is enlightenment?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is emancipation?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is liberation?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is wisdom?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mindfulness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is eternity?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is reality?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is truth?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mystery?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is You?

Illusions, all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Where-ing Some Prepositions

Where is aboard?
Where is about?
Where is above?
Where is across?
Where is after?
Where is against?
Where is along?
Where is aloft?
Where is alongside?
Where is amid?
Where is apropos?
Where is around?
Where is at?
Where is round?
Where is before?
Where is behind?
Where is below?
Where is beneath?
Where is beside?
Where is between?
Where is beyond?
Where is by?
Where is down?
Where is from?
Where is in?
Where is inside?
Where is like?
Where is near?
Where is off?
Where is on?
Where is outside?
Where is over?
Where is past?
Where is since?
Where is through?
Where is throughout?
Where is to?
Where is under?
Where is underneath?
Where is up?
Where is within?
Where is without?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Beyond All Pales Rabbit Hole

What was this pale blue dot like before electricity and oil,
Propelled so many human creations into an ever-accelerating exponential?
Before agriculture and industry and technology blew this dust ball down an endless rabbit hole,
From which we, and all our fellow earthlings, will only exit,
In ravaged, scarred, twisted, maligned form.
If we manage to survive at all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Absurdity of Assertions

"It has to be something more," is an unprovable assertion.
To even declare "I Am" is an extremely questionable assertion.
And freedom, what is that, really, to the unborn-undying?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Primal Fear

You certainly do cling to your primal fear.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Freedom of Death

How free do You really determined to be?
Only the dead are truly free.
Die now.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Point, No Purpose

Imagination imagines every variety of point and purpose.
The sentience, the awareness, the moment, is the point and purpose.
No validation, no confirmation, no benediction, is required.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Reflections of an Eternal Journey

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Naught But You

There is no existence in sentience.
There are no questions in sentience.
There are no problems in sentience.
There are no answers in sentience.
There are no deities in sentience.
There are no dogmas in sentience.
There is no identity in sentience.
There is no space in sentience.
There is no time in sentience.
There is no creation in sentience.
There is no preservation in sentience.
There is no destruction in sentience.
There is no imagination in sentience.
There is no anything in sentience.
There is naught but You in sentience.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Living Dead

The living who are dead, count themselves few.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Cosmos You Imagine

The world, the cosmos, the dreamtime,
You see, You hear, You taste, You smell, You feel,
Is but an ever-expanding frame of reference, You alone imagine.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Stardust Come Unto Existence

Stardust somehow morphed into existence,
And it could never more than speculate, how it all came to be.
But rather than be happy … rather than be content … at peace in agnostic grace …
… it argued … it struggled … it battled … over everything imaginable …
… in the forever more … that never ever enough … ever is …
… in monkey minds evolved of Darwinian fare …

Breadcrumbs 2024

So Many Differences

So many differences.
So many distractions.
So many people.
So many things.
So many books.
So many movies.
So many screens.
So many tribes.
So many languages.
So many words.
So many numbers.
So many definitions.
So many opinions.
So many religions.
So many politicians.
So many tourists.
So many stages.
So many colors.
So many shapes.
So many sizes.
So many tools.
So many gadgets.
So many sights.
So many sounds.
So many tastes.
So many smells.
So many textures.
So many dreams.
So many everything.
Staying focused, a challenge for all.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Closed Mind v. Open Mind

The mind is like a hand.
It can be closed into a fist, ready to strike.
It can be open, ready to hold, ready to receive, ready to give.
The mind that is obtuse, misses opportunities, that only an astute one can grasp.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Turtles Up, Turtles Down

This pale blue dot, but a tiny speck,
In the dust storm, wafting in a back porch sun room,
In a small cottage, on another tiny, spinning speck, in its own universe.
And that universe, but a tiny speck, in yet another universe.
And on and on and on and on and on and on
Turtles up, and turtles down.
Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Irrelevance of Tradition

Death makes all history absurdly irrelevant.
All tradition is the delusion of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Bubble of Detachment

A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eternity, a Single Moment

Between before and after, between then and when, between twixt and tween,
What can there be, but the timeless awareness, the single moment, all eternity is.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The ‘It Matters Not’ of It All

Just playing out the part that was set in motion since the eternity ago genesis of this manifest illusion.
All the who’s, all the what’s, all the where’s, all the when’s, all the why’s, all the how’s, matter not.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just You

Just You … very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone.
Witnessing Your version of a universe, that has never existed as more than a dreamtime pipedream.
Poof! and Bam! and Snap Your Fingers! … All rolled up in One.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imagining the Unknowable

No matter how much You imagine You know, the unknowable can never be known.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Wafting Eternal

Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Surviving a Beyond-All-Pales Paradigm

How long can a species expect to survive, how long can a species hope to survive,
When it seems to believe, when it behaves as if, it is not at all connected to its original nature,
Is an ongoing question, an ongoing experiment, an ongoing saga, an ongoing beyond-all-pales absurdity,
Through which the human paradigm is barreling, and only the barest sigh of brakes squealing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Gifts and Horrors of Imagination

What can a child or imbecile know of history or physics or music or art or war or deprivation?
Not all can know the many gifts and horrors that imagination has wrought,
As it steadfastly works its way toward extinction.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Are You Ready?

The next breath could be your last; are You ready?

Breadcrumbs 2024

This Very Breath

Where else is there to be content, but this very moment.
This very right here, this very right now, this very breath.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Regarding Questions Without Answer

For detachment to be woven into every breath, into every step, requires a quiet mind.
A mind that is not caught up in the tempest of the mundane, illusory world.
Not an easy thing to wander aloof, to be in the world but not of it.
Especially once one has morphed onto long and winding road less travelled.
Especially once one, armed only with doubt, has taken on questions that have no answer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Embrace It All

Embrace dreamtime.
Embrace narcissism.
Embrace hedonism.
Embrace genius.
Embrace idiocy.
Embrace futility.
Embrace winners.
Embrace losers.
Embrace power.
Embrace fame.
Embrace fortune.
Embrace rationality.
Embrace absurdity.
Embrace joy.
Embrace pain.
Embrace envy.
Embrace passion.
Embrace love.
Embrace hate.
Embrace jealousy.
Embrace tolerance.
Embrace intolerance.
Embrace sorrow.
Embrace good.
Embrace evil.
Embrace greed.
Embrace charity.
Embrace dullness.
Embrace liveliness.
Embrace tedium.
Embrace harmony.
Embrace discord.
Embrace life.
Embrace death.
Embrace creation.
Embrace preservation.
Embrace destruction.
Embrace awareness.
Embrace oblivion.
Embrace everything.
Embrace nothing.
You are all of it.
You are none of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Reverse-Engineering the Nature-Nurture

Unplugging from one's nature-nurture, from the encoding You play out, is impossible.
Stepping back a bit to get an expansive stance, is about all anyone can manage,
Unless they are truly geared to kick the bucket, figuratively or literally.
Be content that You have woken in whatever manner You have.
Stressing to become what You already are, and are not,
Is a tad ironical, is a bit paradoxical, is it not?
Simply being the timeless moment,
While You hash it all out,
Is surely enough.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Imaginary Construct

Would You exist, without imagination, imagining it so?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Twinkle in God's Eye

What will this pale blue dot be like after You are dead and dust?
More than very probable, pretty much exactly the same.
Except for the very few who actually miss You.
And then, someday, they will poof out, too.
But for imagination, it is all exceedingly anonymous.
What is any dreamtime, but a momentary twinkle in God's eye.
So, the quest of existence, for those bent to inquiry, is to become God's eye.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mindfulness of Happiness

Happiness (a.k.a., the avoidance of sadness and misery and grief and despair), is an endorphin puzzler.
Whether or not, mind-body chemistry can be consciously manipulated, is a life-skill matter.
A moment-to-moment discipline, basically dependent upon attention to attitude.
Which, at times, may compel an indecent iota of self-deception.
The mastering of detachment is paramount.
Mindful breathing is a mainstay element, as well.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Nine Yogic Breathing Practices for Mind-Body Balance and Healing

Himalayan Yoga Institute

Breathing is the very essence of life and the first thing we do when we enter this world and the last thing when we depart. In between, our bodies absorb roughly half a billion breaths.

Apart from sustaining life, the mind, body and breath are so intimately connected that they deeply influence each other. The way we breathe is influenced by our state of mind, and in turn our thoughts and physiology can be influenced by our breathing. Deep breathing practices advocated in advanced yoga training can have a positive impact on our physiology, both body and mind.

For thousands of years, Yoga and Ayurveda have employed breathing techniques (pranayama) to maintain, balance and restore physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual health. It results in several physiological benefits, achieved through the control of respiration.

The benefits of a regulated practice of simple, deep yogic breathing include:

Muscle Relaxation
Increase in energy levels
Reduced anxiety, depression and stress
Lower/stabilized blood pressure

Regulating your Breath – The Yoga Way

The most simple breathing exercise for calming both the nervous system and the overworked mind is a timed way of breathing where the exhalation is longer than the inhalation. This reduces the tone of your sympathetic nervous system (fight or flight response) while activating your parasympathetic nervous system (the rest, relax, and digest response). Breathing in this way for at least five minutes will bring about a difference in your overall mood. Anyone can do this exercise without having to consult a teacher.

Pranayama Techniques

In addition to the practice of simple deep breathing, ancient yogis have detailed different types of rhythmic deep breathing techniques that can have differing effects on the mind and body. Each of these breathing techniques has specific effects on the mind-body continuum.

Please keep in mind that You should learn the following breathing techniques from a qualified teacher who will also be able to guide You when to practice, how many times and over what period of time. In the Hatha Yoga Pradipika, one of the oldest texts on Hatha yoga, it is said that: “All diseases are eradicated by the proper practice of pranayama. All diseases can arise through improper practice. The lungs heart and nerves are normally strong and gain strength with regulated and suitable pranayama, but weakened with improper practice. By wrong and excessive practice one’s mental quirks and even nervous tics could become exaggerated. Every practice should be treated with respect and caution. Hence guidance is to be sought.

The Yoga Chudamani Upanishad states: “Just as the lion, elephant and tiger are brought under control slowly and steadily, similarly the PRANA should be controlled, otherwise it becomes destructive to the practitioner.

Nadi Shodhana or Alternate Nostril Breathing

A yogic practice that immediately helps You to feel calmer whenever You are feeling anxious or agitated.

Inhale deeply through your left nostril while holding your right nostril closed with your right thumb. At its culmination, switch nostrils by closing off your left nostril and continuing to exhale smoothly through your right nostril. After exhaling fully, proceed to inhale through the right nostril, again closing it off at the peak of your inhalation. Lift your finger off the left nostril and exhale fully. Continue alternating your breathing through each nostril and practice for 3 to 5 minutes. Ensure that your breathing is effortless, and your mind gently focusing on the inflow and outflow of breath. The above description is a beginner’s version of alternate nostril breathing. More advanced versions include regulated breathing on a certain count for inhalation and exhalation as well as breath retention. The Rajadhiraja system of pranayama is a highly advanced practice, which combines alternate nostril breathing with focus on a certain chakra while repeating a mantra. It is only taught individually, hence for those interested to learn more please email us.

Ujjayi or Ocean’s Breath

A cooling pranayama that can help soothe and settle your mind when You feel irritated, frustrated or angry.

Inhale slightly deeper than normal. Exhale through your nose with your mouth closed and constricting your throat muscles. If done correctly, this should sound like waves on the ocean. You can also try this practice by exhaling with your mouth open and making the sound “haaaaah”. Try to make a similar sound with your mouth closed, with the outflow of air through your nasal passages. With some practice, You should then use the same method while inhaling, gently constricting your throat as You inhale. Even though Ujjayi can be practiced once in a while as described above, daily Ujjayi must be prescribed by a teacher, and is given when the Sushumna nadii is sufficiently cleared, hence the need to practice under the guidance of a teacher. It is calming, but has a heating effect, stimulating the process of oxidation. It is contraindicated for low blood pressure.

The Pranayama techniques of deep breathing listed above are geared to improving the levels of energy in the body. Through regular practice, You will soon start to breathe more effectively without making any conscious effort.

Shiitali Kumbhaka or the cooling breath

Fold your tongue lengthwise and inhale deeply through the fold. Close your mouth, hold the breath on a count of eight and then exhale through the nose. Continue for a eight breaths, sustain for a maximum of eight minutes. Thereafter You massage the diseased are of the body (as prescribed in yoga therapy). Benefits of this method include reduced pitta (heat) in the regions of head, neck, and upper digestive tract. It is contraindicated in case of asthma, bronchitis and chronic constipation.

Siitkari Kumbhaka or the hissing breath

This practice has the same basic effects as the shiitali method. Inhale through the nose, hold your breath for eight seconds and exhale through the mouth, while resting your teeth on your tongue and producing the sound s-s-s with your tongue. In addition to reduced pitta, benefits include purification of the senses. The contraindications are the same as for shiitali.

The practice of Shiitali and Siitkari are to be avoided for a period of one hour before and after the practice of pranayama connected with one's meditation. In general it is best to only practice one pranayama technique at a time.

Brahmari or the humming breath

The inhalation is similar to the ujjayi (detailed above) and during exhalation one has to hum like a bee. The humming results in a resonating vibration in the head and heart. Proceed to take ten deep breaths in this manner and then another ten deep Brahmari breaths while closing both ears during the exhale process. This helps to notably enhance the resonance effect and resultant benefits. This method helps in balancing vata (circulation or flow) in addition to subtly enhancing awareness, both mental and emotional. Additionally, it may be practiced together with yoni mudra (as taught by a teacher). Never practice this method while lying on your back. It has to be practiced while sitting in upright position.

Bhastrika or the bellows breath

A word of caution: This exercise must only be performed under supervision. Close the right nostril and inhale twenty rapid bellows-like breaths through the left nostril. Repeat with twenty more bellows breaths through the right nostril while keeping the left nostril closed. Proceed to take twenty bellows breaths through both nostrils. This method helps draw prana (the life force) into the body and mind, thus clearing out mental, emotional and physical blocks.

Surya Bhedana or the solar breath

Similar to the Nadi Shodhana, inhale through the right nostril and exhale through the left. Repeat this for a minimum of six breaths and a maximum of ten minutes. Benefits include heating and warming breaths that help balance vata in the body. It is contraindicated in case of heart disease, hypertension, epilepsy, hyperthyroidism, peptic ulcer and acidity.

Chandra Bhedana or the lunar breath

Inhale through the left nostril and exhale through the right for a minimum of six breaths and sustain for a maximum of ten minutes. This cooling breath process helps reduce pitta. It should not be practiced by people who suffer from depression, who have mental disturbances, excess mucus and a sluggish digestion.

Active Yogic Breathing

Practice long, slow and deep breaths in and out through the nose as You walk at a moderate pace. Try to extend your inhalations and exhalations as You walk. Keep the count of steps during each full inhale and

exhale. Aim to take ten steps or more for each inhale and exhale. This method works to combine the calming effect of breathing with an active lifestyle.

The process of thinking and emotions are both voluntary and involuntary as is the act of respiration. Pranayama (control of the vital life force) can be achieved through the control of the respiration process. Advanced yogic breathing practices bring benefits to the various systems of the body, by improving circulation and thus enhancing the performance of the various organs.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Earth Translated

Earth
Terre
地球
Tero
Lupa
Erde
Гη
Honua
כַּדּוּר הָאָרֶץ
Lub ntiaj teb
Jörð
Bumi
Domhan
Wurl
地球
Žemė
Земјата
Papa whenua
ကမ္ဘာမြေ
पृथ्वी
زمین
Ziemia
ਧਰਤੀ
Talamh
Земља
Tierra
Toprak
Daear
Dunia
Yer
Umhlaba

Breadcrumbs 2024

Koyaanisqatsi … Powaqqatsi … Naqoyqatsi

This whirling, pale blue dot, at war – creating, preserving, destroying – every indivisible moment.
A wondrous, magical garden, so bountiful, and yet, so much discontent, so little wisdom.
Eternity, so easily bypassed, by the many, who neither see nor hear nor question.
Instead, they choose … life out of balance … parasitic way of life … life in transition …
… civilized violence … a life of killing each other … crazy life … life in turmoil … life disintegrating …
A state of life that calls for another way of living.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Same Old Paradigm

Yet another beguiling story of deities and demons, oh joy, oh yawn.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Third Dot

Mother Earth
Garden of Eden
Pale blue dot
Planet of the Apes
Spinning orb
Biosphere
Blue marble
Terra firma
Planet Earth
Whirling globe
Dust ball
Third planet
Twirling sphere
Home world
Gaia

Breadcrumbs 2024

Regarding Eternity

Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Corner of Our Own Making

Is it really any wonder that we have painted ourselves into a corner of our own making?
The deities on high, and the aliens wandering in our midst, must surely be shaking their heads,
As they place their bets in the Bellagio of the Fates, on how the dystopian calamity will all go down.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Upstream Swim

The eternal mystery is only as obvious as any given mind can upstream swim.

Breadcrumbs 2024

All We Really Are

All we really are is living substance.
Quantum blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey protoplasm.
Equipped with mask, hands and feet, hair and nails, lungs and larynx.
A cosmos built by eyes and ears and skin and nose and mouth.
And a brain, programmed, hardwired for imagination.
Impromptu Shakespearian theater dreamtime.
Illusional-delusional from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You Are Your Own Law

What law but his own can bind the explorer of consciousness?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Point of Meditation

Meditation is simply observing the mind so astutely,
That You clearly see nothing is there but imaginary notion.
That You are utterly alone, witnessing the eternal mystery, You are.
Indivisible, immeasurable, unfathomable, unborn, undying, ineffable, absolute.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Oh So, So True

Love is a word, a sound, an articulation, a metaphor, a vibration, an electrochemical reaction,
That whooshes through the ductless glands and viscera of the given mind-body,
In such a way, as to make true believers, truly believe, the promise,
The potential, the delusion, the tall tale, oh so, so true.
Alas, that it is truly nothing more than naturally-selected endorphins,
That aided and abetted the propagation, the survival, the domestication, of the species.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Duality v. Nonduality

In a dualistic cosmos, there is good and evil.
There every continuum between any given this and that.
In a nondualistic, sensible, reasoned, rational, scientific dreamtime,
There are merely explicable nature-nurture outcomes.
Magical thinking or objective inquiry?
As always, You decide.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Irony! The Irony!

We would laugh loud at rats in suits and pigs in lipstick and goats in dresses.
But we do, indeed, take our own narcissisms, our own hedonisms,
Our own ironies, our own paradoxes, oh so seriously.
So much of everything; so little wisdom.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imagine

Imagine, a space, a time, where there is not even one graven image to imagination's immortal delusions.
Where simple, austere, earnest, placid, mindful folk, wander about their business, quietly content.
How is it that our kind has so squandered its way down the rabbit hole of consciousness?
How is it we have embraced the narcissisms and the hedonism, to such a degree,
As to be on the verge of extinction, in this immaculate, magical garden?
How is it, that more – power, fame, fortune – is never enough?
How is it, so few are serenely, quietly abiding, in the eternal moment?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Imaginary Guise of Awareness

Awareness has no persona, but what the wind of imagination whooshes through it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Regarding the Eternal You

… How have You never been? … How will You never be? …
… Who have You never been? … Who will You never be? …
… What have You never been? … What will You never be? …
… When have You never been? … When will You never be? …
… Where have You never been? … Where will You never be? …
… Why have You never been? … Why will You never be? …

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Sisyphean Reckoning

Every mind, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Inattentive Mind

If You are inattentive to your breathing,
Bet that imagination has You in its clutches once again.
Probably for the umpteenth moment that day,
And more than likely this one, too.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Grand Illusion

With or without any given mind's attention,
The moment is ever the same nowness, ever the same stillness.
All sensory inputs – vision, sound, taste, smell, touch – that imply space and time,
Are the illusion of a dreamtime born of an ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Every Awakening

Every awakening is its own mind.
Every awakening is its own dream.
Every awakening is its own story.
Every awakening is its own time.
Every awakening is its own space.
Every awakening is its own pattern.
Every awakening is its own frame.
Every awakening is its own stage.
Every awakening is its own tempo.
Every awakening is its own blend.
Every awakening is its own values.
Every awakening is its own fluency.
Every awakening is its own dark.
Every awakening is its own gray.
Every awakening is its own light.
Every awakening is its own display.
Every awakening is its own muddle.
Every awakening is its own mania.
Every awakening is its own agony.
Every awakening is its own ecstasy.
Every awakening is its own clarity.
Every awakening is its own logic.
Every awakening is its own merit.
Every awakening is its own lucidity.
Every awakening is its own menagerie.
Every awakening is its own beginning.
Every awakening is its own process.
Every awakening is its own end.

No two alike.

Breadcrumbs 2024

If There Truly Was Free Will

If there truly was free will,
You could wake up an old Chinese woman,
Speaking Mandarin, smoking cigarettes out in the rice fields.
And real as this dreamtime seems, we well know the odds of that are nil to none.
Unless You are that old Chinese woman, speaking Mandarin,
Smoking cigarettes out in the rice fields.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Same Eternal Moment

What we call time, with all our sundials and clocks and calendars and whatever else,
Is merely the measurement of our little dust ball's kaleidoscoping orbit,
Around a kaleidoscoping sphere of fire and brimstone,
All trapsing through the same moment,
That eternity is, has always been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Dust of Stars

And we, the dust of stars,
Come unto existence,
Come unto sentience,
Come unto awareness,
Come unto consciousness,
Come unto imagination,
Come unto alertness,
Come unto cognizance,
Come unto vision,
Come unto judgment,
Come unto shrewdness,
Come unto resourcefulness,
Come unto sensitivity,
Come unto empathy,
Come unto mobility,
Come unto creativity,
Come unto inspiration,
Come unto perception,
Come unto ingenuity,
Come unto knowledge,
Come unto lightness,
Come unto darkness,
Come unto wakefulness,
Come unto discernment,
Come unto understanding,
Come unto realization,
Come unto mindfulness.

We, the quantum dust of stars,
Are witness to the ineffable mystery of it,
For as long as this théâtre de l'absurde deigns it so.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Tyranny of Imagination

Through evolution, humankind gradually relinquished its sovereign sentience to imagination.
All belief systems are one imaginary concoction or another, none in any way-shape-form real.
What point being engaged, being governed, being waylaid, by whims fueled by such foolery?
All the vanities – power, renown, fortune – are but instincts given over to the falseness of self.
Through ceaseless narcissism and hedonism, we exiled our kind from nature, from the garden.
There is no return to the natural order, but through the exorcism of the invasive fallaciousness.
It is an undertaking for which only the rarest of the rare are suited, ergo the sprint to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Observer and the Observed

The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

All That Is, All That Is Not

All that is, all that is not, That is God.
Anything less is the idolatry of narcissism.
It has no face, it has no name. it has no creed.
It has no need for any inventions of consciousness.
All forms, all dreams, are but temporal drops,
In the ocean of its interminable infinity.

Breadcrumbs 2024

After The Great Fall

Some will perhaps survive after The Great Fall,
But their world will be in the dystopian wreckage,
Erected by imagination's woefully voracious theatrics.
And there is no one to impugn, to condemn, but ourselves.
All the deities we have imagined, played no part, whatsoever.
And yet all the true believers will continue to pray for forgiveness,
To whatever deities our flawed time has bequeathed them,
And likely many more, they on their own conjure.
The algorithm will not allow otherwise.

Breadcrumbs 2024

From Full to Empty

For consciousness to let go of the world, the universe it has created,
Requires a detachment born of insight towards which few minds have inclination.
The craving for more, the greediness for more, must have quenched itself upon its own weariness.
So saturated that it seeks naught but that emptiness, that silence, that oblivion,
From which its ineffable, indelible mystery is sustained.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Exit

Natural selection has taken our kind,
Down a rockier and rockier blind alley,
From which the only upshot is extinction.
We might make effort to change tack,
But that would deprive us our fun.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What Five Senses Create

Only the eyes give You sights.
Only the ears give You sounds.
Only the nose gives You smells.
Only the tongue gives You tastes.
Only the flesh gives You sensations.
Only the mind-body gives You a cosmos.
Take away one or more, that cosmos diminishes.
Add one or more, and what would that universe become?
What perceptions this mystery capable of rendering,
Is left to the limits of imagination's imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Hunter-Seeker

What is any seeker but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.
The most elemental-fundamental-essential common denominator is the primordial spirit.
Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Alternating Voices

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the ‘me’ voice, and there is the ‘Me’ voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the ‘Me’ and ‘My Self’ and ‘I’ rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary ‘me-and-myself-and-I’ wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Weight of the Moment

The moment has no weight but what the imaginary mind carries through it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Prior to All Claims

Your cosmos will expand as far as You, or You,
Are able to see and hear and taste and touch and feel and think,
Until death beckons, and all adjourn into the oblivion prior to all cosmic claims.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Something for Everyone

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind’s penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
“The dark side ain’t dark to me,” is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Limits of All Storylines

God is far too omnipresent, too omniscient, too omnipotent, to be subjugated by any mindset’s storyline.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Great Quantum

Quantum mystery.
Quantum eternity.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum dream.
Quantum hologram.
Quantum dance.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum dust.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknowable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum duplicity.
Quantum reverie.
Quantum kaleidoscope.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum immutable.
Quantum immeasurable.
Quantum esoteric.
Quantum immensity.
Quantum unchanging.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum majesty.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum theater.
Quantum awakening.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum formless.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum witness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum undying.
Quantum omnipresent.
Quantum omniscient.
Quantum omnipotent.
Quantum everything.
Quantum nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Improvise, Adapt, Overcome

How You and your tribal cohort may have done something before,
Does not one smidgeon of an iota matter, if the sought option no longer exists.
U.S. Marines have a mantra for such obstacled moments: improvise, adapt, and overcome.
Gumption and grit are fundamental determinants of any given destiny.
Their conscious cultivation is paramount.

Breadcrumbs 2024

History's Black Hole

Someday, when the internet and all the technology crashes and burns,
As it must inevitably, for any of many unrhymed reasons,
Its epoch of history will be a black hole.
If anybody cares to even bother about it by then.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Dubious Concept

Free will is an extremely dubious concept.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Yet Again

Every breath, an opportunity to awaken.
To be reborn, to reincarnate,
Yet again.
Whatever the facade.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Not Even One Iota

What the senses, a dollop of gravity, and a little light, hath created.
Guaranteed, your cosmos does not care one iota what You think or do.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Conditioned Mind

You have been taught by your given culture, by your given educational system,
To ponder on the world, to ponder on the universe, to ponder on anything, everything.
And it is hard to surrender, the always curious, always inquiring, always problem-solving mind.
Learning to sit, learning to walk, to work, to play, to endure, with a calm mind, is a practice, a discipline,
For which schooled, coached, drilled, trained, habituated, disciplined, conditioned minds,
Are not, without great resolve, great grit, great gumption, easily suited.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Who is Free?

Only the spaceless-timeless, unborn-undying, unfathomable-ineffable, are free.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Trick

The trick is to not become a target; to avoid dark places,
And look any and all directions before entering any pathway.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Futile Quip

A derogatory word or quip means nothing to the truth.
A derogatory word or quip does nothing to transform the truth.
A derogatory word or quip does little more than sow vanity and division.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Happy Ending

Eight billion two-leggeds, seven of them in the last two hundred-ish years.
What electricity and oil and a beyond-all-pales predilection for tool-making hath wrought.
A world totally flummoxed, by all the vanity and greed, and interminable absurdity.
There is no happy ending to this self-absorbed, planet-of-the-apes narration.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Vast Indifference

Humankind is just a blip in world history, in cosmic history.
So many issues are icebergs in the vast indifference through which we course.
Climate change, extinction, pollution, resource depletion, over-population, economic collapse.
Plus the possibility of a nuclear exchange, and resulting technological collapse,
Could well make this absurdity asylum seem very large again,
Far sooner than most would ever choose.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Where, Exactly?

Where, exactly, is this … “Me" … ”Myself” … “I” …
That You have so intently, absorbedly, diligently, thoroughly, meticulously, painstakingly,
Spent your entire crunchy-chewy-gooey existence imagining?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Dead-End Road

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Don’t Let It Wear You Down

Best to watch your present times with as much detachment as can be mustered.
There are not too many windows in history that are not packed with absurdity and bullshit.
Democracy has been an interesting experiment, but it, like everything else,
Is doomed to drift, to fade, into obscurity, sooner or later.
You do not have to let it wear You down.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Exceedingly Very Much Alone

Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Wagging Finger

Is ethics, and all the righteousness and morality, that has ever been bandied across the world
– All the lists of virtues and vices and rights and wrongs, and judgments of every sort of imagined deity –
Really anything more, than what all the lesser apes milling about in windswept forums,
Have over and over come up with, to make themselves feel better,
About having little or no say who rules the jungle,
Who gets the biggest pile of gold.
Might makes right,
And weakness wags its finger.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Such a Harsh Species

How calloused and self-serving, those who come along well after,
And demean or alter or trample, the handiworks of others,
Who gave full measure to their inspired creation.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Ever the Same Moment

It is ever the same moment; You just move through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just imagine through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just exist through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just participate through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just dream through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omniscient through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just perceive through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just passion through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just visualize through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just ponder through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just engage through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omnipresent through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just unborn through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just undying through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omnipotent through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just create through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just preserve through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just destroy through it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Random Collection of Soundbites

What – about the unborn-undying, spaceless, timeless, indelible, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?
You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.
Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary quantum matrix.
To see it, to be it, to the unborn-undying of the essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.
The quantum matrix is an ineffable mystery to its common denominator, the one and only nothing.
No matter how You label, how You quantify, how You interpret the stardust, it is always the same illusion.
Everyone has a cadence, a drumbeat, a heartbeat, to which they diligently march out their destinies.
All differences attain the same grave, all stories are but imaginary tales, be and allow is the highest law.
There is no end, to the myriad ways and means consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.
Hero or villain or nonentity, everyone has a story, in this quantum stardust dreamtime of consciousness.
How many truth-seekers are there, really, who will not settle for one lie or another along their journey?
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal You, is free and clear of any-and-all trespass.
When the edifice of the illusional-delusional mind-body collapses, the You, You are, is all that remains.
Streaming on and on; eternally connected in that ever-and-ever-forever kind of indivisible way.
The world, the universe, and all that it has set into motion, only exists, because You imagine it so.
It all being indelibly, ineffably indivisible, how can there be more than one moment for all eternity?
All personal deities are nothing more than projections that exist only in the neuron trails of imagination.
You came, You saw, You listened, You tasted, You smelled, You touched, You pondered, You departed.
The infinity of momentary awareness, peering out in every way, into that which is both part and whole.
The human paradigm, the human story, from beginning to end, is all just the poof of imagination.
It is all awareness, in which neither space nor time can achieve more than ephemeral appearance.
You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.
Imagination is the Great Jester; always waiting in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of memory are always ready and waiting, to be fired up in the furnace of imagination.
Is it real hunger, or just the insatiable quantum mind, choosing between different sensations?
Imagination is always out and about, on the march, on the hunt, questing one thing or another.
As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player, destined for obscurity.
Why seek forgiveness from any imaginary other, when forgiving your Self is more than enough.
The mind evolved as a problem-solver, and when, without problems, endlessly concocts its own.
His story, her story, its story, my story, your story, their story, our story, the story, a story, all stories.
It is less about what You are doing, than the state, the quality of awareness, in which it is happening.
The moment is absolutely unseeable, unhearable, untastable, unsmellable, untouchable, unanythingable.
Mother Earth, Gaia, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the eternal vastness of your imagination.
Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same, all the same.
A quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness really nothing more than distracting noise.
Imagination concocts every sort of absurdity; none of which have any reality in the moment, whatsoever.
You are but a drop of indivisible awareness, in the immeasurable ocean, of this ineffable mystery.
All the knowledge humankind has ever imagined, is but an infinitesimally tiny speck of the unknown.
There is no groupthink, there is no dogma, there is no priesthood, there is only momentary awareness.
What is any seeker, any quester, but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.
Pretty darned tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.
What is imagined, can be unimagined; the ever-present moment has a way of forgetting everything.
Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible.

Cease trying to hold onto everything, cling to everything, recall everything, and, voila, here-now You are.
Religion is all about imagination's interminable delusion, that it is something more, than it can ever be.
The quantum mind is a doorway, an entrée to eternity, but You must surrender to your Self to wallow in it.
Do You enter the abyss, or merely realize it is the presence You are, have always been, will ever be.
It all being a phantasmic quantum illusion, your entire existence has been spent talking to your Self.
Yet another moment of extemporaneous Shakespearian théâtre de l'absurde, playing out across all creation.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.
Creators generally move on to the next creation well before any applause for the last handiwork.
That God knows who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening, is an unprovable assumption.
Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.
The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously simple … It is all one … 'Nuff said.
Are You really anything more than an in and out of an ocean of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?
How can You ever be late, or in the wrong place, when here now, is the only time and place there is to be.
No matter – how big, how mighty, how prosperous, how renowned – they get, all religions are cults.
If You cannot control your willy-nilly imaginary mind, at least do the favor of not inflicting it on others.
Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about.
The God, so many in imagination project, is really formed and adorned, with their own narcissistic vanity.
Odds are, even that which we call God, by oh-so-many names, does not know how it all came to be.
How seriously we take our imaginary selves, and our relatively brief, narcissistic-hedonistic dreamtimes.
Sacks of genetic material – permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix.
The agony of it all creates so many wounds, so many scars, so many tears; why do we do it to ourselves?
The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.
Ultimate truth cannot be usurped by the – brittle swords, false shields, broken chariots – of ignorance.
Unmasking your delusions, is a process not unakin to that of a chick, pecking its way out of its prison.
What combination of any words of wisdom, in what moment, will unlock and unleash your cosmic Self?
How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.
The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very wise, have the wit with which to whittle.
Whether it is called good or evil, there are many reasons, why the road less traveled, is less traveled.
Those who speak do not know, those who know do not speak, the ineffable timeless silence stills tongues.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Differences! The Differences!

Does it really matter how it all started?
Does any story or equation or theory really mean anything?
Is it really worth degrading or enslaving or torturing or destroying so many others,
Just because they are of different cultures, and have different guises, different narratives, different values.
What is it about our Darwinian naturally-selected-nature-nurtured genomic sequencing,
That has so many of our kind, disliking so many differences?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Which Is It? Which Is It Not?

The superstitious mind.
The notional mind.
The selfish mind.
The ignorant mind.
The delusional mind.
The contemptuous mind.
The deranged mind.
The irrational mind.
The speculative mind.
The magical mind.
The avaricious mind.
The hateful mind.
The judgmental mind.
The foolish mind.
The covetous mind.
The contemplative mind.
The meditational mind.
The intelligent mind.
The discerning mind.
The purposeful mind.
The meaningful mind.
The generous mind.
The rational mind.
The generous mind.
The loving mind.
The quantum mind.
The omniscient mind.
The omnipotent mind.
The omnipresent mind.

Which is it?
Which is it not?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Time Machine

The crunchy-chewy-gooey mind-body, is the one-and-only time machine,
This, or any other quantum-matrix dream-world, will ever know.
And every single planet-of-the-apes two-legged,
Its own very imaginary, kaleidoscoping, timeless timeline.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Ocean of Dimensions

In the immensity of this quantum matrix, of this ineffable mystery,
It is not inconceivable, that there are countless other dimensions,
Filled with aliens of every scale and caliber, every tint and hue.
The electromagnetic spectrum generating in incalculable ways.
All playing their versions of eternity, right alongside this one.
Our entire cosmos, that seems to us, so incalculably infinite,
Could well be a drifting particle of dust in some rickety attic.
Or theirs, a floating speck in the corner of your watery left eye.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What Would It Be?

Without skin, what could You feel?
Without eyes, what could You see?
Without ears, what could You hear?
Without nose, what could You smell?
Without tongue, what could You taste?
Without mind, what could You imagine?
Without each functioning simultaneously,
Who would your dreamtime universe be?
What would your dreamtime universe be?
When would your dreamtime universe be?
Where would your dreamtime universe be?
How would your dreamtime universe be?
Why would your dreamtime universe be?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The World Wags On

What is all this knowledge that we imagine we know?
What are all these memories, to which we all cling?
They have credence in the manifest world we occupy,
But in the great totality, they are absolutely meaningless.
To discover that which is real, requires a deep steadfastness,
To which few have the interest or capacity, the spirit to explore.
The temporal world is too alluring for most souls to inquire deeply.
And thus, the mind-made biosphere wags on, towards its destined finale.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imagination's Dreamtime

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Nothing Prior to Imagination

Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.
The quantum matrix is ineffable to its common denominator, the one and only nothing,
And how do You hold on to nothing, when there is nothing to hold on to?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Oh Joy, Yet Another Speculation

Go ahead, douse the human paradigm with another speculation.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Magic of Imagination

It is only through the magic of imagination,
That the ineffable nothing materializes into the illusion-delusion of something,
For as long as imagination manages to wield it so.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Miasma! The Miasma!

The miasma of consciousness, the miasma of imagination.
The miasma of everything having to do with the world.
The miasma of everything having to do with the ineffable universe.
The miasma of everything having to do with any imaginary perception, whatsoever.
How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?

Breadcrumbs 2024

God Translated

God
Batara
Jainkoa
Աստված
ঈশ্বর
Bože
Бог
神
Déu
Bůh
Gud
Dio
Jumal
Kalou
Diyos
Jumala
Dieu
Gott
Θεός
Bondye
Akua
אֱלֹהִים
Vajtswv
Isten
Guð
Tuhan
Dia
神
deus
Alla
خدایا
Bóg
خدای
Bóg
Deus
Atua
भगवान
Ilaahow
Mungu
Tanrı
Dduw

Breadcrumbs 2024

Supercalifragilisticexpialidociously Simple

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously, beyond-all-doubts, so simple.
No need to do the math, or scribe any forum dissertations, or follow any charismatic middlemen.

It is all one.

Bam!

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary matrix.
To see truth, to be truth, to the heart of your essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

… breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out …

'Nuff said.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Nothing Doing

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Where's the Soul?

Where is the soul in imagination?
Where is the soul in awareness?
Where is the soul in anything?
Who came up with such an idea?
Who came up with such an absurdity?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Rational v. Irrational Mind

Superstition is the fallacy, the delusion, the perversity, to which many an irrational mind clings.
For the paradigm to overcome its irrational limits, would require a cleansing of genocidal proportion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Too Simple for Words

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously, beyond-all-doubts, so simple.
No need to do the math, or write any forum dissertations, or follow any charismatic middlemen.

It is all one.

Bam!
Breathe it in, breathe it out.

'Nuff said.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Art of Dying to Self

What kind of death is required to be truly liberated from illusion?
To die to your self, You must kill your self.
Figuratively, of course.
For most, it takes some mulling.

This counsel from Hagakure in *The Way of the Samurai* pertains:

The Way of the Samurai is found in death.

Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily.

Every day when one's body and mind are at peace,
one should meditate upon being ripped apart by arrows, rifles, spears, and swords,
being carried away by surging waves,
being thrown into the midst of a great fire,
being struck by lightning,
being shaken to death by a great earthquake,
falling from thousand-foot cliffs,
dying of disease,
or committing seppuku at the death of one's master.

And every day without fail one should consider himself as dead.

This is the substance of the Way of the Samurai.

Sally forth, Brave Knight.
Best wishes for a good death.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ethics Sideshow

Ethics can be a great pastime, a great distraction, to the forum sorts.
But be mindful getting wedged in the dilettante cluster, if the truth of this ineffable mystery beckons.
The earnest seeker wanders, explores, ponders, leaving no stone unturned.
Ethics plays but a sideshow in the quest.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Naught but a Wannabe

When it comes to being real, imagination will ever and always be a wannabe.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A State of Mind

Being the moment is a state of mind,
Given over to the clear awareness of the no-mind.
Given over to the unborn-undying, ineffable eternity, everything is.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Wander the Mountain

Guaranteed, this world does not care one iota what You think or do.
Keep the mind humble if You seek an anonymous existence.
Wander the mountain until You become the mountain.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Whatever the Fates Ordain

Whatever your genius, if any, may be, may be admirable, even noteworthy,
But that does not guarantee, in any way, that You will be admired, or even perceived.
You may well be fated, destined, kismet, ordained, to play it out unknown and alone, like it or no.
And someday, die in your well-worn chair, your body rotting for several weeks,
Before the next-door neighbor finally notices the stench.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism. Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

Breadcrumbs 2024

Whatever Fate Calls

Keep your mind humble, if You seek an anonymous existence.
Wander the mountain, until You become the mountain.
Only the spaceless-timeless-unborn-undying,
Are free to consciously play out whatever fate calls.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Illusion of the Unborn-Undying

In the given moment, where is the space, where is the time, in which to exist?
Only the imagination of consciousness, flowing in the quantum matrix,
Which is all kaleidoscoping throughout the ether of awareness,
Lends itself to the ineffable illusion, that the unborn-undying You is real and true.
A touchy-feely dream, to which a rare few – and not necessarily fortunate – are drawn to awaken.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Uniqueness of Every Translation

The awareness of every sentient being, is a unique translation of the same ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Moment's Challenge

The challenge with being present in any given moment,
Is having a mind that is not attached, not clinging,
To all its nebulous memories and perceptions.
A mind free of time is a matchless state.
The analogue dreamtime in its purest form.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Observe Silence

… observe silence ...
… observe stillness …
… observe here now…
… observe awareness ...
… observe everything …
… observe breathing in ...
… observe breathing out …
… observe the aloneness …
… observe the emptiness …
… observe the moment …
... observe the entirety …
… observe the unicity …
… observe eternity …
… observe You …

Breadcrumbs 2024

All the Same Mystery

No matter how many dimensions creation may create, all are of the same mystery.
God is far too omnipresent, far too omniscient, far too omnipotent,
To be subjugated by any mindset's storyline.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Curse of the Human Paradigm

Organized religions and cults and philosophies, and all the vanity and pain and horror they engender,
Are they not, the affliction, the misery, the blight, the bane, the curse, the plague, of the human paradigm?
All the tribalism – the nepotism, the cronyism, the favoritism – with which all two-leggeds are wired,
Unable to be undone, unable to be altered, as the Darwinian-Malthusian shadow of extinction,
Exposes its narcissistic-hedonistic flaw – the closed fist of groupthink – for what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The In and Out of Air

Are You really anything more than the in-and-out of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?

Breadcrumbs 2024

What Else Is There but Awareness?

Awareness – being the ineffable all that that the moment is –
Where else is there to travel, what else is there to do,
That is not the fabric of quantum illusion?

Breadcrumbs 2024

No One Can Prove Anything

There are many who might disagree,
With some or much or most or all, written herein,
But no one can prove anything wrong, nor can it be proven right.
The unknown is unknowable unto its Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Evolution of Consciousness

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Intelligence Required

To be a true, detached observer of the human paradigm,
Requires a partnership of emotional and cultural intelligence.

Cultural intelligence or cultural quotient (CQ),
Refers to an individual's capability to function effectively in culturally diverse settings.

Four CQ capabilities:
Motivation/drive, cognition/knowledge, meta-cognition/strategy, behavior/action.
An intelligence-based approach to intercultural adjustment and performance.

Emotional intelligence (EI), also known as Emotional Quotient (EQ),
Is the ability to perceive, use, understand, manage, and handle emotions.
Emotional intelligence also reflects an ability to use intelligence, empathy, and emotions,
To enhance understanding of interpersonal dynamics.

Pretty hard to get far as a philosophe-mystic-seer,
If You have a narrow-minded agenda.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Of Beginnings and Endings

Where is the line between the creation and destruction harbored in every moment?
The real question is not, when do beginnings begin, and endings end?
The question is, do beginnings begin, and endings end?
Process is the kaleidoscoping reality,
And beginning and endings, but imaginary notions.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Mystery Even Unto God

What – about the spaceless, timeless, indelible, indivisible, infinite, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?
Odds are, even the mystery we call God, by oh-so-many sounds, does not know how it all came to be.
Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.
An immaculate conception, perceived through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.
The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.
The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very astute, have the wit with which to whittle.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Stand Alone, Free and Clear

The quest for truth can be a long and winding odyssey.
There can be many temptations, many deceptions, many distractions.
And there are many genuine thinkers, many genuine writings, and many artists, as well.
The challenge is to perceive what all the truths, all the untruths, have to offer,
And to not be bound, not be deflected, not be mesmerized, by any.
And, should You ever truly discern the mystery You are,
Is to let it all go, and be alone, free and clear.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Everything

Everything You do now,
Everything You own now,
Everything You hope now,
Everything You want now,
Everything You know now,
Everything You believe now,
Will, with that last exhalation,
All be lost and gone forever.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Child's Play

Surrendering to the mystery, to the unknown, to eternity, to the moment, is child's play.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Obvious Fact

It is an undeniable, indisputable reality, that the entire brain, is indivisibly connected at the quantum level.
It is the coordinating organ that is every moment manifesting your world, your universe.
The perception that wanders the day, that imbibes every variety of trivia,
Is but an eensy-weensy fragment of the workload.
And this indelible, ineffable unicity,
Is true for every life form, no matter the dimension.
From small to great, all sentience perceives its own translation of the mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024

That Which Can Never Be Proven

How can anyone hoodwink themselves,
Into believing they can prove what can never be proven?
How big does the cosmos have to be, for the humankind to finally realize,
All the speculations, all the assumptions, all the conjectures, all the hearsays, all the theories,
Are nothing but hollow absurdity, all born of the ephemerality of imagination.
And where is that vast universe, when the mind-body departs?
Where is it, without the perceiver that imagines?
Without the dreamer that dreams?
Without the You?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Matter of Matter

Even that which matters most, matters not.

Breadcrumbs 2024

How Deep Is Doubt?

You can only delve as deep as your doubt.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Formless Reality

Is the quantum stardust, that which is God?
Or is the quantum stardust, merely kaleidoscoping through God?
Is God some sort of form, or is God formless, and what, pray tell, other than imagination,
Discerns the indelible truth of anything in this ineffable mystery?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Futility of Tagging the Moment

Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about.

Breadcrumbs 2024

How Shall This Work's Scribe Be Labeled?

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Where Is Mind Without Imagination?

What is the carbon-based brain but a mass, a circuitry, a matrix, of neurons.
Nothing more than an infinitesimally infinite abyss; a spacious void,
That only transmutes into psyche when imagination frolics.
Without the unflagging to's and fro's, every hither and thither way,
Eternity's ineffable awareness, remains an inscrutable, anonymous mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You Shall Have No Other Gods Before You

Exodus 20:3-5 in the King James Version states,
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."
The perspective that is maintained in this work,
Is that You are one with the mystery; You are absolute.
That everything is God manifest, that the universe is God manifest.
What idolatries, what deceptions, can be put before the You, that is That I Am?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Shakespearian Paradigm

The entire human paradigm is unconditionally imagined,
A naturally-selected, species-wide, Shakespearian theater, from every get-go.
All history is nothing more than a collection, an accounting, a cataloging, of formless perceptions.
And only the rare awaken, and attend the dreamtime, into which they were cast.
Creating, preserving, destroying – as the moment ordains.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Agony or Ecstasy, You Choose

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary matrix.
To see it, to be it, to the core of your essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

… breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out …

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mystery Contained

Life is just the mystery, caught in a biological mainframe, full of sentience.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Source of Intelligence

Awareness is the intelligence; consciousness, the imaginary charioteer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Solitude of Perception

You are not, You cannot be, held responsible,
For any thoughts played out, in any other's perception.
You are entirely on your own, You are entirely alone, as are they.
All can only be responsible, accountable, for their own solitary perceptions,
And how that plays out for each, is an imaginary notion called destiny.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Impossible à Faire

Would it even remotely possible,
For every human, across all geographies, across all times,
To even agree a speck of dust is a speck of dust, or a drop of water, a drop of water?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Thingamajig Called Time

This thingamajig we call time does not truly exist, but in a dream perceived by every given mind.
Clocks and calendars only track the fireball, about which our little pale blue dot orbits.
The fundamental reality is, there is only the unfathomable eternal moment,
Through which the incomprehensible illusion kaleidoscopes.
It has no name, has no meaning, has no purpose,
But whatever imagination imagines.
And no matter the journey,
It can never be more than a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Relativity of Perception

It only happened that way, because You perceived it that way.
And anyone else present perceived it in their way.
Every frame of reference is matchless.
All histories, minor to major, are but perspectives.
And is there anything forcing You to ponder anything ever again?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Everything is God Manifest

Everything, including You, is God manifest.
Realizing it at the most fundamental level, is the challenge.
To see that the awareness is the eye of God, requires an earnest intention,
In which doubting everything that imagination has fabricated, is an essential ingredient.
It is so inherently natural, so eternally effortless, so utterly right-here-now,
That only the most authentic, only the most real, will discern it.
Anything less, is the stain of imagination's creation.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Of Heavens and Hells

Attitude is the mindset, the outlook, the posture, the bearing, within all heavens, all purgatories, all hells.
How any given moment is fathomed, how You choose to experience this very instant, is on You.
No deity can orchestrate for You, what You cannot, what You will not, yourself create.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Whiff of Future Past

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The True Nature of Eternity

Religions, and their dogmatic assertions, all their heavens and hells,
Are about the promise of continuity of your imaginary story.
About something that was never true in the first place.
A denial of the oblivion that has always been.
A denial of the oblivion that will ever be.
A denial of the oblivion that You ever are.
The true nature of all that is timelessly eternal.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Eternity Cannot Be Possessed

No matter how big they get,
No matter how mighty they get,
No matter how prosperous they get.
No matter how renowned they get,
All religions, all sects, are cults.
Eternity cannot be possessed.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Imagination's Magic Carpet

The dream that the sensory mind perceives, is but quantum illusion.
It is not space and time that imagination yearns to travel.
It is the fog of awareness that must be pierced,
And that is only achievable in imagination's fictional repertory.
The ever-present, unborn-undying, indivisible moment, can never be transcended.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Ruse of Imagination

Identification as this or that, or that or this, is the ruse of imagination.
Consciousness is the mishap of evolution, the calamity of natural selection.
It is a spontaneous Shakespearian clusterfuck, entirely created by us and us alone.
Only in the pure awareness of the eternal moment, can You be truly free.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Nature is God's Expression

Nature is quantum illusion's expression.
Nature is the unknown's expression.
Nature is the mystery's expression.
Nature is eternity's expression.
Nature is mind's expression.
Nature is God's expression.
And all, one in the same.
And You are part of it.
And You are witness to it.
How can there be, any other,
But through imagination's guile?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A God-Eat-God Cosmos

All existence is both predator and prey.
Nothing is separate or unique or all-powerful.
It is a God-eat-God cosmos, ever the same mystery.
All creation, eternally-kaleidoscoping into new alignments.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Obliviousness of Eternity

Everything You believe matters,
Does not at all, from the ultimate source's viewless view.
The awareness, the matrix, the mystery, is obvious to your imaginary existence.
You are but the dream of a dream, dreaming its Self real.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Always Remembering, Always Forgetting

You would think You would have figured that out by now.
Or did You, perhaps many times, and this round just as anew.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Great Nothing

Nothing is greater than any deity real or imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Interpretations Beyond Counting

What is obvious to You,
May not be to another, and visa-versa.
This garden world cloaks too many interpretations to count.
If someone cannot discern what is obvious to You,
There is no real point debating about it,
Much less killing over it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Levels of Detachment

The level of detachment required,
To be as truly free as free can be in this mortal frame,
Is but for the rarest of the rare few, assuming, of course, it is even possible.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Truth of Truth

Truth is only true to those who subscribe to it.
Discerning it requires a detachment, accessible to only the rarest of minds.
One must have done enough in their brief illusory dream, to have distilled at least a dollop of wisdom,
That they might meander free and clear, in the ineffable mystery they are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

This Timeless Moment

This timeless moment is the only one there is.
There is no other time, no other place, You can be.
No amount of imaginary deceit can make it otherwise.
No sleight of hand can manufacture alternative states of now.
No scientific inquiry can penetrate the indivisible unknowable of it.
It is what it is, what it has always been, what it will ever be.
And every existence plays out its little algorithm,
Until demise do it move on to whatever,
This ineffable mystery deigns.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Am I?

To even declare "I Am" is a dubious assertion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The You of Awareness

There is no space in awareness.
There is no time in awareness.
There is no sight in awareness.
There is no taste in awareness.
There is no smell in awareness.
There is no sound in awareness.
There is no texture in awareness.
There is no thought in awareness.
There is no awareness in awareness.
There in naught but You in awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Kaleidoscoping Now

Daily headlines are the first drafts of tomorrow’s histories.
All imagination’s tomorrows, kaleidoscoping into all its yesterdays.
Every existence, every mind, every moment, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Whatever Comes to Mind

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.
Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The God in Everything

Writers see plots on paper.
Sculptors see figures in marble.
Carpenters see structures in timber.
Chefs taste banquets on cutting boards.
Musicians hear symphonies in their dreams.
Mothers nurture children in their wombs.
Sailors chart courses around the world.
Generals fight battles on their maps.
Painters see landscapes on canvas.
Creation teems in every genre.
You are me, and I am You.
All others are but imaginary mirages.
How is it that You do not see God in everything?

That You are the Self of God manifest.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Most Apparent Answer

Any existence is but momentary perception,
And memory, but a collection of whatever takes root,
And blossoms into a very imaginary, very impromptu identity.
Are You an illusional-delusional perception of a space-dash-time mind,
Or the unfathomably ineffable awareness of the eternal moment?
Meditate on it, and the answer will make itself apparent.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Discerning Eternity

… observe everything …
… observe the sentience …
… observe the awareness ...
… observe the existence …
… observe breathing in ...
… observe breathing out …
… observe the here …
… observe the now …
… observe the world …
… observe the universe …
… observe the sights …
… observe the sounds …
… observe the smells …
… observe the tastes …
… observe the textures …
… observe the thoughts …
… observe the theater …
… observe the timeless …
… observe the spaceless …
… observe the nonduality …
… observe the infinite …
… observe the infinitesimal …
… observe the intangible …
… observe the mystery …
… observe the impenetrable …
… observe the unconditional …
… observe the indefinable …
… observe the undeniable …
… observe the unborn …
… observe the undying …
… observe the stillness …
… observe the silence ...
… observe the emptiness …
… observe the aloneness …
… observe the indelible …
… observe the immeasurable …
… observe the ineffable …
... observe the entirety …
… observe the singularity …
… observe the moment …
… observe eternity …
… observe You …

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Sanctity of the Eternal Moment

What need for religion?
What need for faith?
What need for belief?
What need for priests?
What need for dogma?
What need for visions?
What need for edifices?
What need for miracles?
What need for devotion?
What need for salvation?
What need for blessings?
What need for scriptures?
What need for forgiveness?
What need for anything imaginary,
When You have the eternal moment in mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Playground or Prison?

The given mind, the given dream, the given illusion.
Sometimes a playground, sometimes a prison.
Sometimes ecstasy, sometimes agony.
Every cosmos, a reckoning of its own accord.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Respect Earns Respect (Maybe)

You earn the same respect You give, maybe.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Eternal Being You Are

Just because You appear infinitesimal in this massive illusion, does not mean You are not all of it.
Disregard the sensory theater, still the mind, become the awareness, become the moment.
And where do You begin, where do You end, but as lone witness to all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Identity Crisis

What is this deep-seated need,
To identify ourselves as this or that?

As this or that nationality.
As this or that gender.
As this or that color.
As this or that ethnicity.
As this or that race.
As this or that family.
As this or that intelligence.
As this or that religion.
As this or that faction.
As this or that group.
As this or that geography.
As this or that work.
As this or that philosophy.
As this or that culture.
As this or that team.
As this or that party.
As this or that policy.
As this or that theory.
As this or that clique.
As this or that band.
As this or that crowd.
As this or that device.
As this or that corporation.
As this or that genus.
As this or that variety.
As this or that school.
As this or that village.
As this or that church.
As this or that region.
As this or that opinion.
As this or that doctrine.
As this or that ethic.
As this or that genre.
As this or that principle.
As this or that opinion.
As this or that mindset.
As this or that meaning.
As this or that purpose.
As this or that anything.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Truth: The One and Only

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is the moment.
Truth is unborn-undying.
Truth is awareness.
Truth is timeless.
Truth is spaceless.
Truth is indelible.
Truth is impenetrable.
Truth is unconditional.
Truth is totality.
Truth is inexplicable.
Truth is imperceptible.
Truth is nondual.
Truth is unspeakable.
Truth is inconceivable.
Truth is unknowable.
Truth is indivisible.
Truth is impartial.
Truth is unequivocal.
Truth is immaculate.
Truth is imperceptible.
Truth is unfathomable.
Truth is inclusive.
Truth is indefinable.
Truth is singular.
Truth is undeniable.
Truth is intangible.
Truth is everlasting.
Truth is mystery.
Truth is everything.
Truth is ineffable.
Truth is eternity.

Truth is You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

One Moment to Rule Them All

You are the same moment, You have always been.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Truth of Awareness

In awareness, there is no space.
In awareness, there is no time.
In awareness, there is no light.
In awareness, there is no dark.
In awareness, there is no vision.
In awareness, there is no taste.
In awareness, there is no smell.
In awareness, there is no sound.
In awareness, there is no touch.
In awareness, there is no word.
In awareness, there is no story.
In awareness, there is no here.
In awareness, there is no yes.
In awareness, there is no no.
In awareness, there is no there.
In awareness, there is no acute.
In awareness, there is no obtuse.
In awareness, there is no black.
In awareness, there is no white.
In awareness, there is no gray.
In awareness, there is no range.
In awareness, there is no me.
In awareness, there is no mine.
In awareness, there is no other.
In awareness, there is no good.
In awareness, there is no bad.
In awareness, there is no left.
In awareness, there is no right.
In awareness, there is no whatever.

In awareness, there is only You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Easy Way

Far easier to adopt a few words,
Far simpler to regurgitate a few stories,
Than it is to question anything and everything.
Than it is, to inquire into the mystery,
Into the truth, for your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Dubious Lingua Franca

If there is to be a lingua franca for whatever time remains,
English, because of its colonial dominance, seems the most likely candidate.
But which version, which dialect, which vernacular, which pidgin, which creole, which lingo?
And in the ever-changing linguistic dynamic of our kind, is that even possible?
The Great Fall will make for a much larger, more distant world,
And language will evolve on and on and on,
Forever willy-nilly.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Great Apes & Geeks

The great apes and geeks have taken the human paradigm,
Have taken this magical quantum garden,
DSown a dead-end road.

Breadcrumbs 2024

My Little Gormenghast

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their ‘under construction’ segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Stories! The Stories!

The entire human paradigm – the histories, the religions, the sciences,
The mathematics, the humanities, the music, the arts, the architecture, the sports,
The business, the agriculture, the vocations, the technologies, the industries … everything! –
Is nothing more than a perpetual parade of stories, given stage by the usurper of sentience, imagination.
All trapsing in the web of mind's space and time; kaleidoscoping through the ether of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Always a Moment Too Late

By the time You identify anything,
It is already as imaginary, as once-upon-a-moment,
As any narrative – modern to ancient – through which your mind wanders.
The haphazardly, arbitrarily, randomly, chaotically, anarchically, in the willy-nilly-all-over-the-place,
To which most, if not all minds, are incessantly, indelibly prone.

Breadcrumbs 2024

That Which Discerns God

No matter how extraordinary the imagination, no matter the medium
– Words, numbers, musical notes, or any other symbolic form –
It can never fathom the totality of That which is God.
Only the most austere sentience of awareness,
The tabula rasa within all small to great,
Is required for that eternal vision.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Illusion All the While

Every contrivance, every technology, everything ever conceived,
Has taken the human mind, has taken the human paradigm,
Around new bends, down new forks, along new roads.
Alas that so many have spiraled and contorted,
Into wallowing nadirs of darkness and mayhem.
The ecstasies and agonies of existence are relentless.
And space and time, such as they are, illusion all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Seeds of Doubt

What Ivory Tower can impart critical thinking,
To any embryonic student who does not harbor the seeds of doubt?
What education, what training, what degree, what piece of paper, means anything, without it?
To any destined to wander, to explore, to walkabout, this dreamtime,
Doubt, skepticism, cynicism, is paramount.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Mask in the Mirror

How likely is it there ever come an ephemeral moment,
When You do not recognize, do not distinguish, the mask in the mirror?
When You do not distinguish the reflection, your mind has, in space and time, fashioned.
The mirror born of imagination; the mirror born of a state of perception.

Breadcrumbs 2024

… Tick … Tick … Tick …

… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …
… Another moment closer to everything the future has in store …
… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …
… Another moment closer to whatever imagination has in store …
… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Last Thing

What will be the last thing I ever write? Or say? Or do?
Well, obviously not this.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Linguistic Moment

All languages harbor the capacities and limitations of their cultures of origin.
In one sense they are all ultimately equal in their linguistic natures,
Yet all are more proficient for purposes of expression,
In the spaces and times that have cultivated in their evolution.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A One-Time Dog and Pony Show

How absurd to believe your self-absorbed, imaginary mind-body character, is even one iota immortal.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Algorithm Alchemy

What is memory, what is recollection, but nebulous perceptions strung along the mind's neural pathways.
Accessed by imagination – set to a spectrum, a continuum – ranging from irrational to rational.
Based on the genetic lottery, and the conditioning that has shaped the given mind.
Based on all the desires, all the fears, all the dreads, all the passions.
Based on character, gender, age, education, predispositions.
Based on culture, language, technologies, skillsets, capacities, limitations.
Based on every possible alchemy, in the algorithm, You imagine playing out real and true.

Breadcrumbs 2024

An Easy-Peasy Blend

Easy-peasy to make up whatever deities your imaginary blend of desire and fear require.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Truth of Nonduality

How has the absurdity of dualistic notion,
Retained any credibility, any authority, any weight, any belief, any confidence,
Any acceptance, any credence at all, in the human mind?

Breadcrumbs 2024

Embracing Eternity

How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Eyes of Age

When You look at any older person, male or female, or whatever gender mindset they endure,
Ponder all it has taken for them to be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years, down the road You are wandering.
And what will it take for You to reach that point, should You manage to survive your misadventure.
Cultures that have traditions encouraging the respect of their elders, do so for good reason.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Man Who Suffers

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Every Moment

Everything, sentient or not, is part of the dreamtime continuum.
Every moment is an opportunity to bear witness to the dreamtime continuum.
Every moment is an opportunity to witness the mystery of eternity.
Every moment is an opportunity to practice indifference.
Every moment is an opportunity for stoic resolve.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Discern Thy Self

You are the indelible mystery.
Discern your own mind; discern your own voice.
There is no way to follow any other; there is no way to teach any other.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Risky Business

Believing your own press,
Your own version, your own vanity, your own malarky, your own bullshit,
Can be risky business.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Horror-Filled Ponder

What will all the progeny go through, for the rest of human history, is a horror-filled ponder.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Dark and Dismal Dead-End Road

Just a collection of friggin' monkeys, whose evolution in the jungles and savannahs of old,
Whose naturally-selected, choiceless choices, have carelessly taken themselves,
Have taken this garden world, and all its creatures, small to great,
Down a dark, harrowing, agonizing, dead-end road.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Art of Flexibility

In any field of battle, every strategy, every tactic,
Should remain flexible to instantaneous modification.
For the want of a tiny nail, many a war has likely been lost.
Always pay attention, and always keep a pail of nails at the ready.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Men Plan, God Laughs

You might well have a plan.
But who knows what will really happen?
God is laughing.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Finding Solace in the Mundanity

These ditties offer a reprieve, a solace, from the mundane world,
In which I have been forced to abide by the happenstance of birth.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Delusion of Identity

The root of all identity crisis is truly believing You are one.
‘Pretending’ You are a personality in the daily wander, is all any One need do.
To believe, or not to believe; to play along, or not play along; is ever but momentary delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Consequences of Narcissistic Hedonism

All are complicit in allowing the food industry to sabotage the future.
There are always many things anyone coulda-woulda-shoulda chosen differently,
Alas that our narcissistic hedonism has funneled a significant number down a dead-end road.

Breadcrumbs 2024

What a Tale I Could Tell

Somehow, I have been allowed by the Fates to be a seer, a mystic, a sage.
What tales I could tell, how it all came to be, were anyone all that interested.

Breadcrumbs 2024

So Many, So Many

So many lifetimes ago,
So many universes ago,
So many dreamtimes ago,
So many perceptions ago,
All in just one lifetime.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Future Never to Be Seen

These many thoughts are the seeds of a banyan tree.
In who's shade I will only sit through other eyes.
Assuming, of course, it finds its intended audience.
Assuming, of course, it is not cut down, and forever lost.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Percolation of Wisdom

Sometimes it seems to take years to fully realize the profundity of some of these many ditties,
That digitalized helter-skelter via one keyboard or another, in one way back when or another.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Zones of Intelligence

How intelligent should You be, could You be, would You be, if You were born into a cockroach's world?
Or a wolf's world? Or an alligator's world? Or a minnow's world? Or a sparrow's world?
All creatures small to great have a niche, a comfort zone, an intelligence zone.
And from the ultimate view, none more special than any other.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Wayward Journey

If we crunchy-chewy-gooey human beings were truly the greatest, highest grubs ever,
Would we have decimated this extraordinary garden world the way we have?
How is it we lost all sense of guardianship in our wayward journey?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The First and Last Dubious Assertion

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
To even declare 'I Am' is a dubious assertion.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Superhero Conundrum

How many times do superheroes have to save the world,
Before they finally realize it cannot be saved,
Dreamtime mirage, that it is.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Setting Aside the Attachment

To ignore the ever-churning mind, is an every-moment challenge.
The attachment to this whirling pale blue dot is not easy to set aside.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Chasing Technology

Would that You could program your mind the same way You would a computer.
It might well make the day-to-day much less bothersome were You a machine.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Crosses We Bear

We all have different crosses to bear,
In whatever wanderfest the Fates have prescribed.
No need to try to replicate any others.
You are all alone.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Helming the Ship

You will follow,
Until You find courage enough,
To take the wheel, to hold the reins, to fly solo.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Maybe, Just Maybe

Maybe, just maybe, on your deathbed,
You will finally realize how equal to everything,
You are, have ever been, and will ever be.
And, either way, it does not matter.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Unbearable Lightness of Being

All minds abide in the contortion of their nature-nurture.
There is no freedom but through total surrender to the absolute.
And that, only for as long as one can endure the utter serenity of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Resolute Indifference of Imagination

The imaginary urges of desire and fear, of manifest consciousness, in all its self-absorption,
Are only too willing and able, to entirely ignore the ethereal nature of eternity,
Through which they blindly trespass with resolute indifference.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Inherent Perfection

You are already perfection.
No need to attempt some imaginary version,
That can never-never-ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Being the Moment

The moment is detached.
The moment is the detachment.
You are the detachment.
You are the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Art of Detachment

The art of letting go, of being detached,
Like all arts, is easier for some than others.
And even the masters have their off days.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Sisyphean Challenge

To wander the day-to-day,
As the whole, as the totality, as the entirety – not the part,
Is the Sisyphean challenge.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Shrug, Atlas, Shrug

All your memories, all your knowledge, all your opinions, all your desires, all your fears,
All the ceaseless thoughts streaming through your momentary grind,
Ignore them, as often as the moment allows.
You need not always carry the world You imagine so real.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Different Dream, Same Mystery

Even a blubbering village idiot,
Is a portion of the same and very equal mystery,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.
Try to get over yourself.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Inexplicability of All

We wander about, interacting with so many others,
And all of us, so often so inexplicable in each other's eyes.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Not as Special as We Believe

The challenge is to realize just how whacked out so many are.
We are not near as special, as we wax-lyrical ourselves to be.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Another Way to Look At It

"One of these squirmy little seeds could be our child,"
I mighta-coulda-shoulda-woulda said, as a gooey collection of mine,
Erupted with infectious joy and inordinate gratitude, into her orifice-with-a-tongue.
"Which makes You a cannibal of the infanticidal sort."

Breadcrumbs 2024

Grubs With Attitude

Are we two-leggeds, really anything more than grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy?

What are the attributes that distinguish human beings from other creatures?

Large brain size
Reduced body hair
Lungs and sweat glands
Opposable thumbs
Facial structure
Language
Abstract reasoning
Problem-solving skills
Theory of mind
Self-awareness
Moral reasoning
Complex social structures
Tool making and usage
Bipedalism

Will we ever manage to get over ourselves?

Will we ever fully realize we are merely evolutionary outcomes?

And whenever it happens, will we depart the stage with nobility and humility and integrity and discipline,
As fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the mysterious source of our origin,
Guardians of whatever carcass is left of the quantum dust-ball garden that birthed us all?

Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar?
Like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

At this writing, the answer is more than a little evident.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Idolatry! The Idolatry!

Religions (a.k.a., cults) are about contriving a God, an imaginary false idol,
As small, as vain, as irrelevant, as they and their participants are, and will ever be.
The human mind is corrupted by the irrational superstitions born in the jungles of origin.
Science has made every attempt to raise the bar, but ignorance manages to resist in every way.
No matter how fast light travels, it finds the darkness has always got there first, and is waiting for it.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Waylaying the Curiosity

The cosmos You perceive, the cosmos through which You wander, the cosmos You believe You know,
Is stimulated by the insatiable inquisitiveness to which our kind is genetically inclined.
To be truly immeasurable, to be the absolute awareness of eternity,
To be unconditionally present in the given moment,
One must set aside all curiosity, all interest.
One must disengage from the sensory dream.
One must extinguish all notion of self, to be Self.
One must capitulate to the mystery, to be the mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Binds, No Boundaries

Many writings, many experiences, many adventures, have been influential,
But none have ever bound me, when it has been time push on to new intrigues.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just You, All Alone

No one to follow.
No one to lead.
Just You, all alone.
Just You, spaceless, timeless.
Just You, eternally one, eternally free.
Just You, playing out an inwardly anonymous fate.
Unburdened by any yearning for the futility of an imaginary destiny.
Steadfast, stoic, ascetic, wandering, one breath at a time.
Ever-kaleidoscoping in the right here, right now.
This unborn-undying eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Creators of Universes

The tongue, the nose, and all the sensations flesh offers, achieve great heights,
But eyes and ears, are the two most important players in our five-sensory universes.
Without them, there would be no mountains, no stars, nor waves crashing upon the rocks.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Avoiding a Corrupted Existence

A modest, frugal, austere, moderate existence is far more expedient, far more leisurely,
Than having a mountain of gold that has to be reckoned and protected every day of one's life.
Do not allow power and fame and fortune to corrupt, to distract, the quality of your fleeting moment.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Nothing to Be Saved

Seriously, who can be saved, when everything is very much nothing?
Peer into any atom and try to find the proof that You exist,
As anything more than a figment of imagination.
A filament of quantum energy, at best.
You are but the moment dreaming its Self real.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Moment Within the Moment

Right here, right now, is the moment within the moment.
Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Whimsical Grubs

All we two-leggeds are, is grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You, Witness

This spinning pale blue dust ball, this immeasurable cosmic mystery, would not be,
Were You not – right here, right now, this very moment – present to witness it.
And every sentient creature, small to great, its own rendering of the indescribable.
None truly more or less important, more or less sentient, in the grand ineffability of it.
Dub it whatever You will, argue over it in every way imaginable, You are it, and it is You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Limits of Perception

Everything You – perceived, thought, believed, hoped, dreamed – happened, in any given moment,
Is entirely constructed by your lifetime's accumulated nature-nurture frame-of-reference.
All the incalculable perceptions that your mind-body has wandered and retained.
And the reality is, that it can all, never be more, than a vague and ever-changing perception.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Truth Seeker? Or Lie Keeper?

Easy-peasy to make up, to devise, whatever deities,
Your imaginary blend of desire and fear and dread require.
Really, the only question is, are You a truth seeker, or a lie keeper?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Absurdity of Duality

Given the attentive nature of meditation and contemplation,
Given the inexorable exactness of scientific method,
How has the absurdity of dualistic notion,
How has a most obvious contortion,
Retained any credibility at all,
In the human paradigm,
In which we are all alone, together.

Breadcrumbs 2024

... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...

... inhale nothing ...
… exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ...

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Myth of Unconditional Love

That which is called love, is not without many well-camouflaged boundaries of the rocky sort.
And unconditional love is a windswept myth, aided and abetted by romantics and storytellers.
Naught but endorphin chemistry, that will likely run into one reef or another, sooner or later.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Neither Here Nor There

No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Doubt It All

Doubt all meaning and purpose,
Until the futility of meaning and purpose,
Becomes absolutely, irrevocably, beyond-all-belief clear.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Very Windy Day

You might be able to hold on to the quantum illusion in all its forms.
Or at least make-believe-pretend You do.
But Eternity?
That is always very fine dry sand, in loose fingers, on a very windy day.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Speculating the Final Exit

Unless something really goes down in some very sudden, cataclysmic manner,
None now breathing will be witness to the closing chapter of the human paradigm.
That will be a long process, with every geography playing out its own unique endgame.
Some might manage to hang on in diminished capacity, for perhaps even thousands of years.
All those now enduring get to do, is imagine, is speculate, all the horrors the progeny will endure.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Intelligence of Eternity

The awareness, the intelligence, the acumen, of the totality of eternity, of that which some call God,
Has no memory, but through perceptions imbedded along the neuron trails of the given form.
And they, only for as long as the sentient organism manages to survive its given niche.
It is but a fleeting dream for all forms, however their given moment plays out.
All based entirely on how their naturally-selected Darwinian narrative,
Has been etched by evolution in the given genomic sequencing,
Since life's indivisible, indelible, ineffable beginning.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Truth is Not a Debate

Truth is not a debate; it is not rhetorical masturbation.

Breadcrumbs 2024

No Moments

The are no moments.
There is only this one moment.
It is not divisible; it cannot be pluralized.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Tree Falls in a Forest …

Whether or not You or some other,
Witness a tree falling in the forest, is immaterial.
The tree was its own witness enough.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Who Are You? Who Are You Not?

Are You what You imagine in the daily willy-nilly ebb and flow?
Or the awareness that permeates the timeless, indivisible moment?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Judgment Thing

It is the nature of our kind to judge – everyone and everything – all the time.
And then we imagine narcissistic deities, who will judge us worthy of heaven, or the fiery pits of hell.
And so, in all our fears and dreads, we pray to these imaginary deities for forgiveness,
For all the ghastly sins we could not help ourselves from committing.
In the shadows of irony and paradox, absurdity rules.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Who Is the Who, Who Judges?

All have done many 'good' things; all have done many 'bad' things.
All kaleidoscoping the very same eternal moment; ever free of any judgment.
The only ones judging behind those mortal eyes, are the witnesses believing it all real.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

Ethics is a Gordian Knot,
Which only the sharpest sword of discernment,
Cuts loose its imaginary hold.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Any Other's Mind

How many people really want to spend that much time in anyone else's mind?

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Illusion of Existence

So many ways to fill this mystery theater continuum, if all You are doing is living.
All we two-leggeds are, is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsicality.
How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?
No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Panpsychism

panpsychism | panˈsīˌkizəm |
noun
the doctrine or belief that everything material, however small,
has an element of individual consciousness.

Wikipedia: Panpsychism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Panpsychism

In the philosophy of mind, panpsychism is the view that the mind or a mind-like aspect
is a fundamental and ubiquitous feature of reality.

It is also described as a theory that "the mind is a fundamental feature of the world
which exists throughout the universe".

It is one of the oldest philosophical theories,
and has been ascribed in some form to philosophers including Thales, Plato, Spinoza,
Leibniz, Schopenhauer, William James, Alfred North Whitehead, and Bertrand Russell.

In the 19th century, panpsychism was the default philosophy of mind in Western thought, but it saw a
decline in the mid-20th century with the rise of logical positivism.

Recent interest in the hard problem of consciousness, and developments in the fields of neuroscience,
psychology, and quantum mechanics have revived interest in panpsychism in the 21st century.

Anima Mundi

Wikipedia: Anima mundi
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anima_mundi

The concept of the anima mundi, world soul, or soul of the world,
posits an intrinsic connection between all living beings,
suggesting that the world is animated by a soul much like the human body.

Rooted in ancient Greek and Roman philosophy,
the idea holds that the world soul infuses the cosmos with life and intelligence.

This notion has been influential across various systems of thought,
including Stoicism, Gnosticism, Neoplatonism, and Hermeticism,
shaping metaphysical and cosmological frameworks throughout history.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Kaleidoscoping Continuum

The continuum is not space: the continuum is not time.
The continuum is a quantum matrix; it is stardust weaving in every way imaginable.
Ever kaleidoscoping in the motionlessness of the awareness You truly are.
And all of it, an illusion playing out, in every given mind-body.
We are all dreamers, playing impromptu Shakespeare.
We are all the mystery, dreaming its Self, real.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Have You Seen Your Self?

As long, as You truly believe; as long, as You truly maintain,
You are this crunchy-chewy-gooey grubby blob,
You have not seen what You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Truth of the Matter

It is up to You to figure it out,
In whatever way You will, in whatever way You will not.
And does it really matter?
Only to You.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Standard Ripostes

The standard ripostes have pretty much become:

You can take the monkey out of the jungle,
But You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

Human history does not repeat itself; the patterns do.

The Axis of Evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.

And ...

The great apes, and their geeks, have taken us down a dead-end road.

Breadcrumbs 2024

You Are It … It Is You

You are the unborn-undying awareness.
You are the anonymous all-pervading.
You are the overwhelming unknown.
You are the ineffaceable That I Am.
You are the indecipherable enigma.
You are the incomprehensible now.
You are the indescribable mystery.
You are the inscrutable witness.
You are the boundless present.
You are the inexplicable eye.
You are the irradicable here.
You are the ineffable now.
You are the indelible You.
You are the glimmering.
You are the twinkling.
You are the moment.
You are the instant.
You are spaceless.
You are timeless.
You are infinity.
You are eternity.
Be anonymous.
Be boundless.
Be spaceless.
Be timeless.
Be present.
Be eternal.
Be totality.
Be infinite.
Be indelible.
Be ineffable.
Be nameless.
Be indivisible.
Be irradicable.
Be inscrutable.
Be inexplicable.
Be ineffaceable.
Be unfathomable.

Right here, right now.

Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Eternal One

You are the tabula rasa.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the twinkling.
You are the instant.
You are the existence.
You are the consciousness.
You are the being.
You are the vigilance.
You are the chirpiness.
You are the occurrence.
You are the life.
You are the dynamism.
You are the vivaciousness.
You are the vigor.
You are the mindfulness.
You are the focus.
You are the animation.
You are the manifestation.
You are the energy.
You are the cognizance.
You are the reality.
You are the vibrancy.
You are the perception.
You are the presence.
You are the sparkle.
You are the liveliness.
You are the alertness.
You are the wakefulness.
You are the spirit.
You are the actuality.
You are the exuberance.
You are the attentiveness.
You are the alertness.
You are the verve.
You are the watchfulness.
You are the here-now.
You are the indivisible.
You are the all and none.
You are the witness.
You are the eternal one.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Vagaries and Absurdities of Human Consciousness

Does the lion ponder the ethics of gorging upon an antelope, or an antelope, a blade of grass?
Nature has no attachment to the ceaseless vagaries, the absurdities, of human consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Taboos of the Flesh

Orgasms are created by friction; flesh rubbing against flesh, or some other thing or another.
Masturbation is merely the solo version of the quest for pleasure.
No need to make it a taboo.

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Juggernauting Mirage

Neither forward nor backward, right nor left, up nor down, the eternal moment is,
Without order or sequence or arrangement or succession or classification.
Without beginning or end, or anything between and betwixt.
The continuum, the chaos, we call space and time,
Is all happening right here, right now.
Naught but quantum mirage.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Missing Out

How much You missed before You were born.
How much You will miss after You disintegrate.
How much You missed while You were alive.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Journey of Tabula Rasa

An infant exits the womb, tabula rasa.
The growing child takes to it to zen mode.
At some point, You imagine an imaginary you.
And perhaps, if You are called, if You are steadfast,
Back towards the pathless zen, and maybe even,
If it truly calls You, tabula rasa, once again.
It is a quest few seek, much less attain.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unyielding Moment

My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as your moment, your right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as his moment, his right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as her moment, her right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as their moment, their right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as our moment, our right-here-right-now.
The eternal moment is playing out before the sensory field of every life form across the cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Tribeless of One

Those thinkers, those mystics, those seers, those sages, who wander alone,
Might well be called the tribeless of one, a lost and unknowable tribeless, to be sure.
Solitary wolves, ensnared in the web of their minds, with all their philosophical assumptions.
Perhaps quite unable to get along for long, with all their legalistic gobbledygook.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Fertile Soil of Critical Thinking

The seeds of doubt find home in the fertile soil of critical thinking,
And are squandered upon those who lack the infrastructure required.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Eternity's Faceless Observer

There is no time like the present,
Because time is just imagination pretending itself real.
And only the moment is both real and unreal.
Space-time is but quantum illusion,
And You, its observer.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Pretty Darned Sure Bet

The human species generally loathes differences,
But familiarity, sooner or later breeding contempt,
Is one pretty sure catalyst, You can always count on.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Do Not Be Fooled

Do not be fooled by dishonesty, by falseness, by lying, by deceit, by insincerity.
It is easy to be beguiled by charlatans and swindlers and pretenders and quacks.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Answering the Call of Eternity

Every life form is completely alone for all eternity, all equally created of the same ineffable mystery.
Everyone wanders – a labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle – of their own imaginary design.
Philosophical inquiry by those who answer the call of eternity, is rarely without great time and effort.
How can there be a point, when the moment passes too quickly, for one to land, much less stick.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Tabula Rasa of Eternity

Eternity is the tabula rasa, the clean slate of the ubiquitous moment.
You are eternity; You are the absolute awareness in all creation.
You are the one and only indelible moment eternity has ever been.
Discern the tabula rasa of a still mind; of mind, prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Imaginary Design

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Absolute Aloneness

Every life form is unutterably alone for all eternity.
All equally created of the same unfathomable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

How Quickly Everything Becomes Its Memory

How can there be any point, any meaning, any purpose, any raison d'être,
When the eternal moment passes far too quickly, for anything to land, much less stick?
Only memory, only imagination, allows the dream to play out the quantum illusion of space and time.

Breadcrumbs 2025

There is Nothing for Mind to Attain

Here You are right here, right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.
You are eternity witnessing a touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Eternal Weavings of Mind

Every mind instantly weaves the eternal moment into its imaginary frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Borders, No Boundaries

The quantum matrix has no limits, allows all things, is without precedent,
Is without any borders or boundaries of imaginary notion.
How quickly everything becomes its memory.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Existence is Process

The nature of my small town rural youth,
Was filled with the perpetual stoic discipline of process.
A work ethic, that many in these our modern times, have been deprived.

Hours and hours of driving the tractor back and forth disking the orchard.
Hours and hours of grading peaches in the hot and dust and peach-fuzz.
Hours and hours of sitting at the drafting table drawing line after line.
Hours and hours of math problems working out each and every step.
Hours and hours of driving down every sort of road and motorway.
Hours and hours of trekking up and down knolls and mountains.
Hours and hours of getting through every variety of workday.

Existence is one step, one breath, one day, after another.

Process is all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Worth Being Tortured For?

Another working day.
Another holiday.
Another haircut.
Another shave.
Another manicure.
Another shower.
Another steak.
Another drink.
Another walk.
Another workout.
Another smog check.
Another invoice.
Another movie.
Another class.
Another concert.
Another bookstore.
Another shopping atoll.
Another argument.
Another injury.
Another death.
Another piss.
Another shit.
Another fuck.
Another routine.
Another tax filing.

… Another … Another … Another …

And what is the point of being tortured for all that?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Do You Want What You See?

In witnessing others,
You see what power does.
You see what fortune does.
You see what fame does.

Do You really want that for your Self?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Biological Array

Amniotic fluid
Bile
Blood
Blood plasma
Brain
Cerebrospinal fluid
Chyme
Ears
Ear wax
Eyes
Feces
Glycocalyx
Hair
Interstitial fluid
Lymph
Mucus
Nails
Nerves
Nose
Organs
Phlegm
Pus
Saliva
Semen
Skin
Sweat
Synovial fluid
Tears
Tongue
Urine
Vaginal lubrication

Is this really what You are?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Seeking the Moderate Ground

The only way vanity and greed can be brought into more moderate ground,
Is if You rein in the imagination firing up the mind-body's potential passions.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Awareness Permeating All

In the same way You would not say, You are a car driving about,
In the same way You would not say, You are a bicycle meandering along,
In the same way You would not say, You are a building standing on some corner,
In the same way You would not say, You are any vehicle, any medium, any intermediary,
You are not the mind-body from whence senses peer, the dreamtime to which You are so attached.
You are the ineffable, pure awareness permeating all things, witnessing all things.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What the World Thinks of You

What others may or may not think of You, why would it matter?
And what control do You have over any other mind, anyway?
Rest assured, dreamtime forgets everything sooner or later.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Be Here Now

Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
Nothing to see.
Nothing to feel.
Nothing to taste.
Nothing to smell.
Nothing to hear.
Nowhere to go.
But right here,
Right now.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Limitations of Debate

Hard to debate someone, who will not, cannot, look at, or listen to,
Something, anything, their given frame of reference does not allow.

Breadcrumbs 2025

From All Across the World

As you walk down any retail isle anywhere upon this spinning pale blue dot,
Ponder all the time, all the decisions, all the inventions, all the labor, all the transport,
It took – oftentimes, from across the world – to get all those products to market.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Seek and You Shall Find

Seek and You shall find whatever You have the capacity to find.
More than a little likely something relatively close,
To the nature-nurture of origin.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Imaginary Design

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Solitary Soliloquy

So many thoughts that none but me will likely ever read.
That will only be known, if a rare few decide to preserve them.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Same Old Assertion

Are the need, the want, the craving, for meaning and purpose,
Anything more than vanity and greed (a.k.a., narcissism and hedonism),
Playing out the same-old declarations, in any given mind-body,
On any given stage, all across this given pale blue dot.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Eternal Intelligence in All Things

The natural selection of the mystery-given intelligence, the potential in every seed line,
Is how You are in the unfathomable, indivisible, right here, right now,
Playing out your version of the same eternal process.
Such is the nature of all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Little Truths, Big Truth

In the endless expanse, there are an infinity of quantum-matrix truths,
But there is only one Truth, there is only one The Way It Is.
And it is not the infinity of quantum matrix truths.
It is the infinity of quantum matrix truths,
All relative, in the one and only.
The ethereal, in which illusion frolics.
The mystery, in which You, alone, ever are.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Final Reprieve

These frail mortal bodies often end up becoming torture units.
The absence of pain can become the last consolation,
In the inevitable decline and fall of pleasure.
In the ecstasies and agonies of this brief existence,
The oblivion, the liberation, of death, is the final reprieve.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Walking Dead

To quietly, anonymously meander as though dead,
As detached, as indifferent, as nondescript, as the long departed,
Is the grand challenge for those who long, who hunger, for the ultimate liberation.
Those who seek to merge, back into the eternal moment, they truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
That which is the ineffaceable, indivisible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable mystery.
It is the return to the awareness, to the tabula rasa, masked by imaginary notion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Smorgasbord of Veracity

A smorgasbord, a potpourri, a motley, a miscellany, a jumble, a mishmash, a medley,
For which few genuinely seek, for which few truly hunger.
Take it, or leave it, You decide.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Imaginary Continuity

The ever-present mind-body,
Fabricates an imaginary continuity,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Fabricating Divinity

To believe in a deity or deities,
You must first imagine divinity,
And then imagine it real and true.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Given Limits

Any given life form's universe,
Can only be what its senses perceive.
The electromagnetic spectrum is like that.
Such is the quantum dreamtime for all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught But a Brief Flurry

The evolution of consciousness, the theater of imagination,
Is but a biological phenomenon in the continuum of the quantum matrix.
Naught but a relatively brief flurry in the unfathomable vastness of eternity’s mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Great Irony, the Great Paradox

The reality, the truth, of most every quantum mind,
Is that most every neural network considers its version real and true,
And generally, a version much more real, a version much more true, than anyone else's.
It is the great irony, the great paradox, underlying all human consciousness,
Since its evolution in the jungles and savannahs of long ago.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Very Deterministic Continuum

How deftly, skillfully, adroitly, nimbly, precisely, adeptly, neatly, dexterously,
The genesis, the creation, every moment progresses in its deterministic fashion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Challenge of Vulnerability

Retaining vulnerability in a dreamtime that requires so much armor,
Both physical and psychological, is an every-moment stoic challenge.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Resonance of Commonality

For You to be reading, to be pondering, anything in these many pages,
Means that it resonates with your inner vision of this mystery theater.
All are drawn to whatever suits their ever-expanding frame of reference.
And if this is your moment to embrace the totality, these words are for You.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Basking in the Freedom of Death

Death will alleviate the weight of all your woes, all your problems, all your suffering.
The only real question is, whether or not You undertake it before the final wheezing breath.
As Albert Camus wrote: There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Heed the Wisdom of the Ancients

Religions across all times, all places, are for those prone to delusion.
Those wallowing in vanity and greed, those absorbed in narcissism and hedonism,
To play out the ceaseless, insatiable, childish hereafter fantasies,
Cautioned about in 1 Corinthians 13:11:

When I was a child,
I spoke like a child,
I thought like a child,
I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man,
I put aside childish things.

How many true believers will never realize,
Who or what that thinker was talking about?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Open Hand, Open Mind

The mind is akin to the monkey's fist and the baited coconut,
Wherein releasing whatever thought is at hand, sets it free.
Until the next thought garners the willy-nilly of attention.
The empty mind, the no-mind, is its own compensation.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Hunger! The Hunger!

Is human existence, perhaps all existence, really about anything more,
Than consuming, devouring, whatever inclination and opportunity allow?

Breadcrumbs 2025

What Point, What Purpose, Really?

All these things You have done, this knowledge You have absorbed, this wisdom You have gleaned,
What point to it all, really, when the Reaper one day shows up at the final breath, and it is all erased.

Breadcrumbs 2025

To What Degree Does Anyone Awaken?

To what degree does anyone awaken, in a mystery that is immeasurably immaculate?
To what degree does anyone awaken, in a dream that is nothing more than quantum illusion?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when they are totally alone in a pristine state of awareness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but a neural network of ecstasies and agonies?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is a solitary invention, an absolute handiwork?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when within their sensory theater, they are sovereign witness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when tribal associations and alliances no longer hold sway?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but an imaginary frame of reference?
And to what degree does any degree prevail, when no degree exists in this indivisible matrix?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Detachment is the Work

To detach all the psychological traumas from all the physical traumas,
Is the inner work, the contemplation-slash-meditation,
Of those who would be liberated.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Like a Passing Cloud

In the ever-present eternal moment,
Of this ineffable kaleidoscoping quantum matrix,
You are born, You die, unborn-undying all the indelible while.
Like a passing cloud, with neither before nor after,
Dreaming through the spacious sky.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Word is the Thing

Every idea born of the mind, every idea born of imagination,
Has never been real, has never been in this world,
As anything more than a concept, anything more than a notion.
Any manifestation, any appearance, any fruition, into the quantum dreamtime,
Has always demanded some form of exertion, some form of effort, some form of elbow grease.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Quest for Rhyme and Reason

Ponder all the desire, ponder all the fear,
All the dread, all the anger, all the passion, all the everything,
That has played out in your allotted eternal moment.
Is there really any rhyme or reason to it?
And why need there be?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Stoic Equanimity

Any existence is chock-full of ups and downs.
The challenge is to stoically endure them,
With as much equanimity as possible.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Attending the Ineffability

Morphing into the cosmic state,
Morphing into the quantum state,
Morphing into the pure awareness,
Is fully heeding the timeless moment.
Full attending the ineffability of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unreality of All Stories

Repeating it over and over, has never made any story real or true.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Same Mystery, Same Illusion

Every creature ever born occupies itself as fate has allotted its nature-nurture algorithm.
It does not really matter how, for ultimately it is all the same mystery, playing out illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Grand Schemeless of Mutation

Although one might not help but wish them well,
As far as continuity of the lineage of their genetic material is concerned,
Lesbians, gays, bisexuals, transgenders, queers,
Are failed mutations.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Truth of Awareness

Awareness knows no desire.
Awareness knows no fear.
Awareness knows no dread.
Awareness knows no anxiety.
Awareness knows everything.
Awareness knows nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Touchy-Feely Dream

For as long as you feel.
For as long as you see.
For as long as you hear.
For as long as you taste.
For as long as you smell.
For as long as You breathe.
For as long as You awaken.
For as long as You sleep.
Until death do You part.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Destined to Be Long Forgotten

Somehow, imagination got up and running, and has not stopped since.
And it will all be very quickly forgotten whenever extinction is achieved.
Do not be betting that human vanity and greed will long infect this dust ball.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Chicken or Egg of Imagination

Does imagination spring from the persona, or the persona from imagination?

Breadcrumbs 2025

So What?

You are powerful, You are famous, You are rich ... So what?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Choices We Make

Power can become a prison.
Fortune can become a prison.
Fame can become a prison.
Life can become a prison.
A free life is not for all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Allness of Awareness

The nothingness of awareness distinguishes all,
The nothingness of awareness realizes all,
The nothingness of awareness is all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Quest for the Nothingness

Who is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
What is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Where is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
When is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Why is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
How is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Consequences of Aging

What is the point of growing old?
Of enduring a decrepit body and mind,
That can no longer tolerate the hedonisms,
That make temporal existence worth enduring.
A body that can no longer do or remember squatola,
And is daily facing a swelling array of pains and bothers.

The twelve hallmarks of aging outlined in a paper by:
López-Otín, Blasco, Partridge, Serrano, and Kroemer,
Scientifically gobbledy-gooked into three categories:

Primary

… genomic instability …
… telomere attrition …
… epigenetic alterations …
… loss of proteostasis …
… disabled macroautophagy …

Antagonistic

… deregulated nutrient-sensing …
… mitochondrial dysfunction …
… cellular senescence …

Integrative

… stem cell exhaustion …
… altered intercellular communication …
… chronic inflammation …
… dysbiosis …

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught but a Touchy-Feely Dream

So amazing what all life endures.
All for what sum totals nothing more,
Than touchy-feely, narcissistic hedonism.
An imaginary dream of beyond-epic proportion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The One and Only Mystery

You are, the one and only mystery, the one and only truth, the one and only eternity.
Whether or not You see it, whether or not You agree with it, it is, in this eye,
The way it is, the way has always been, the way it will always be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Welcome to the Planet of the Apes

If worldly success beckons you,
If narcissism and hedonism are your thing,
And your vanity and greed gush forth without bounds,
You have happened into the definitive matrix.
A Twilight Zone, with nary a limit.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Regarding God

That which is God is not alive; that which is God not dead.
That which is God is unborn; that which is God is undying.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Burden of Proof

Is it on the agnostic/atheist,
To prove some deity does not exist,
Or the true believer, to prove he/she/it does?
Dogma, faith, belief, conviction, hope, are not proof.
Nor are majestic houses of worship, nor copious congregations.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Is That Really What Is Happening?

Is what You think is happening right now, truly what is happening right now?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nothingness Prior to All

To be the nothingness prior to consciousness, to be the nothingness prior to imagination,
Is the challenge of the awareness, the challenge of the mystery, the challenge of the eternity,
That You truly are, that You truly have ever been, that You truly will ever be,
In the timeless, unborn, undying, right here, right-now moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Question That Gets to the Root

Does imagination spring from the person, or the person from imagination?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Blindness of the True Believer

The true believer is blind to truth.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The First, the Last

Nothing firsts, nothing lasts.
You are the first, You are the last.
Everything and nothing, all the while.
A continuum, ever continuing.
The moment, unending.
Eternity, nowing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Quest for Nothing

Why the search for the nothingness prior to all the searching?
Cease all questing, be still, be silent – and voila! – there You are.
Perfect awareness, basking in its eternal right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn, undying, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, ineffable.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Eternal Quest for Eternal Life

All have their very own right-here-right-now eternal moment, which some have called eternal life.
Only very persevering spirits, replete with every variety of capacity and limitation,
Give themselves over the doubt, to the focus, to the discipline,
That the solitary path less traveled requires.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Solitary No-Direction-Known Journey

These many straightforward, candid aphorisms,
Etch how I have come to see this indelible mystery.
And this long and winding soliloquy, has been set down,
To aid You, getting back to what You really are, and are not.
You are your own kingdom, your own house of worship,
Your own heaven and hell, and purgatory between.
It is up to You, and You alone, to figure it out.
It is a no-direction-known solitary journey.
And any realization, and any liberation,
Is for You, on your own, to harvest.
Where it begins, where it ends,
Will be forever unknown.
Rotsa ruck, Pilgrim.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What is Deep? What is Not Deep?

How deep do your thoughts go, how deep can they go?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Insatiably Curious Mind

The human mind is an ineffably, indelibly, insatiably curious mind,
And history, its long and winding trail, of astonishing ecstasies and horrific agonies.
How far and wide will it meander, before its inevitable extinction,
Is a story that will be witnessed, likely never told.

Breadcrumbs 2025

… nature is all … nature is that i am …

… I am nature … you are nature … everything is nature …
… nature is mystery's expression … everything is mystery's expression …
… there is no me … there is no you … there is no other … we are all that which is mystery …
… only imagination deceives you, blinds you, into believing otherwise …
… you are as free as you please, if you so choose …

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Ever-Evolving Web of Imagination

The limitations of mind were likely so much more obvious,
Before we devised all the concepts, all the sounds,
To cloak it in the miasma of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

True Intelligence

What greater intelligence than one honed by nature?

Breadcrumbs 2025

On Living Forever

What is going to happen to all your all-powerful deities,
And all your paradises, and all your hells, and all your purgatories,
When our little star, devours our little dust ball, in that moment's future past.
Sooner or later, even your gods gotta die, and where will You be then?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Already All but Forgotten

Perhaps, try to grasp how little, anyone in your life, much less the world, thinks about you.
And whether or not, some deity or deities, masters of heavens and hells, do at all,
Is but imaginary conjecture of the delusional-beyond-absurdity variety.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Hope for Reconciliation

What anything means to me, will very likely not mean the same thing to you.
‘Tis the nature of imagination, to imagine such impossibly different universes.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Thousands and Thousands

A picture may well be worth a thousand words.
But as many more are well worth ten thousand steps.
What need to seek when you are already that which is found?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Give and Take

There is nothing to give.
Nothing is there to give.
I have nothing to give.
You have nothing to give.
We all give and take nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unyielding Maw

Curiosity is an unending, cavernous yawn,
Filling the mind with every variety of trivia.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Define Limitation

Depending how You view your imaginary world,
The limitations of imagination are few and far between,
The limitations of imagination are many and not far between.
Give it up, for the anarchy, the quagmire, of this sensory dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Limits of the Accelerating Exponential

If there are other dimensions all about us, or in spaces and times, far distant,
It will likely never be for us to know, in any meaningful, delineating way.
Even with the discerning eye of science, we can just barely perceive,
Our smidgen of a 0.0035 percent of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And though technology accelerates exponentially every day,
It will never achieve more than the limits of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Just Let Go … Everything!

All the everything that You carry in your mind,
Might be much less a burden, much less a daily trial,
If You just assumed, none of it ever happened.
The tabula rasa is yours for the being.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Buzzing About

As a bee is to the scent of a budding flower,
The mind is to the dreamtime of wily imagination.
Buzzing about with a detached mind is ever the challenge.

Breadcrumbs 2025

All The Wolves in Your Midst

It is only desire and fear, vanity and greed, that make you, allow you,
To think, to hope, to believe, to pray, there is more than one existence.
That there is some deity or deities, on high, tabulating your every move,
With their heavens and hells and purgatories, their carrots, their sticks,
Promoted by some cult, cultivated by some charismatic middleman.
Rest assured, the only question, the only answer, is whether or not,
You are naive enough, heedless enough, inane enough, to believe,
All the deceptions, all the traps, all the bullshit, all the absurdity,
Laid down by all the predators wandering freely in your midst.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Continuum to Entropy

The electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix, never stops its kaleidoscoping unfurling.
It is a dynamic that has been in kinesis since the big bang, genesis, label it what You will.
And will continue, on and on, until the continuum when/ifs to its entropic stateless state.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Mercy

We are all at the mercy of the imagination roiling about in our craniums.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Emptiness of Consciousness

Everything You think You are,
Everything You think You know,
Everything You think You have done,
Is absolutely meaningless to the moment,
Absolutely immaterial to the eternity You are.
Awareness is, free of all limits, free of all borders.
Free of all fabrications devised by the imaginary mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Slipping, Slipping, Into the Future

Imagination is always slipping in, to tarry in the given moment,
Fabricating space and time, and all its quantum-matrix fixtures.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Every Fate's Potential

Whether through contemplation or meditation or drugs or pure happenstance,
Discerning the ineffably indelible mystery of eternity in all creation,
Is the unborn-undying potential, for all whom fate chooses.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Unscripted Shakespeare

Male and female, of the monkey-mind genome, are entirely different, relatively specialized beasts.
With entirely different physiques, different brains, different minds, different perceptions,
Different operating orders, different functions, different lives, different worlds.
To come together, to fuse together, for however short, however long,
Well, each and every connection, is a stage play unto itself.
There is no plan, there is no design, just unscripted Shakespeare.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Discerning the Harmony

Are we all anything more than algorithms playing out our little parts,
Filling the existence with every distraction, every amusement,
To avoid the 'tedious boredom' of the eternal moment?
Few are inclined to discern the harmony of a serene mind.
A mind that has ceased pursuing the futility of vanity and greed.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Ceaseless Delusions

All beliefs, all notions, all values,
Are but the ceaseless delusions of imagination,
Clinging to all the mind's attachments to its sensory theater.
All the mind's attachments to its imaginary self.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Obliteration of Death

Death is the utter obliteration of imaginary self.
From oblivion to oblivion is the way of all dreamtimes.
There is no more, for any seed line, for any called into existence.
To let go, everything, is the greatest challenge, consciousness must endure.
Self is omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, unborn, undying.
But little self is Shakespearian worms' meat,
Of the 'so it goes' variety.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Commonality of Creed

Google AI's answer to: What do most belief systems amount to?

Most belief systems amount to frameworks that provide meaning, structure, and social cohesion by attempting to answer life's big questions. Whether religious, philosophical, or cultural, they guide human behavior, influence social norms, and shape how individuals and groups understand the world and their place in it.

Shared Functions of Belief Systems

Across different cultures and eras, belief systems serve several core functions for individuals and societies:

Providing meaning and purpose: Many belief systems address existential questions about life, death, and the universe, which helps people find a sense of purpose.

Shaping morality and ethics: Belief systems often establish the fundamental principles of what is considered good and bad within a society. These ethical rules help regulate social behavior and maintain order.

Promoting social cohesion: A shared belief system creates a sense of community and collective identity among people, which can foster unity within groups. Collective rituals, myths, and traditions reinforce this social bonding.

Creating a worldview: Belief systems provide a framework for interpreting reality and understanding the unknown. This can explain natural phenomena, historical events, and a person's life experiences.

Influencing culture and politics: The values and tenets of a belief system can significantly influence a society's cultural practices, art, law, and political ideologies. In some historical cases, belief systems have been used to legitimize the authority of rulers.

Coping with uncertainty: By offering explanations for life's challenges, suffering, and death, belief systems help individuals cope with the fear and anxiety of an uncertain world.

Core Components

Many belief systems, whether religious or non-religious, are built on similar core components:

Beliefs/Worldview: The set of tenets that offer a coherent perspective on the universe.

Community: The group that shares and practices the beliefs.

Myths/Narratives: Stories that help explain and teach the belief system's core principles. These don't have to be factual to serve their purpose within the belief system.

Rituals: Practices and ceremonies that explain, teach, and reinforce the group's beliefs.

Ethics: The rules and norms for behavior.

Material Expressions: Objects, places, and art used in rituals or to represent beliefs, such as sacred texts, buildings, and symbols.

Emotional Experiences: The shared emotions common to the belief system, such as awe, devotion, or inner peace.

Sacredness: The distinction between what is considered sacred and what is profane.

Belief Systems in Conflict

While they can foster unity, differing belief systems can also be a source of conflict both within and between societies. When different systems hold fundamentally opposing values or ideas, disagreements can arise over issues like morality, governance, and social behavior. This can sometimes lead to social friction, persecution, and even violence.

Ultimately, most belief systems provide a common blueprint for understanding life, reinforcing shared values, and fostering a collective identity within a community.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of the Quantum Matrix

The continuum that is the mystery,
The continuum that sustains all existence,
The continuum that sustains all non-existence,
The continuum You are, have ever been, will ever be,
Is ever kaleidoscoping, is ever morphing, on and on and on.
When You finish your rice, it is time to clean your bowl,
And then, whatever is after that, after that, after that.
Nothing ever finishes, nothing ever can finish.
Even when death do You someday part,
Rest assured, it will all carry on,
In its unfathomable way.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Labels! The Labels!

Do You really believe, labeling your imaginary self, this or that, means anything?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Final Curtain Call

Spent this life putting things behind me, that did not work, or no longer wooed.
Or, in the relatively unanticipated once in a while, was done with me.
Dying will only be the final curtain call before oblivion,
And when have I not been partial to oblivion?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nondualistic Actuality

There is the nondualistic actuality,
And there is the vanity, the pride, about it.
Embrace the former; avoid the latter.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Truth

Imagining truth, is never truth.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Pig Likes It

As a pig likes it when you wrestle with it in the mud,
So too, imagination toys with minds giving it reality.
Ergo, the planet of the apes plays out Shakespeare live.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Vagaries of Vanity

In the big picture of this vast ineffable, unchartable mystery,
How different is your play of consciousness, your imaginary existence,
From that of a jellyfish floating aimlessly in the waves, really?
Only vanity gives You pause to suppose otherwise.
Only the greed for more gives it wings.

Breadcrumbs 2025

That About Which I Am Most Content

The one thing about which I am most pleased, most content, most adamant,
Is that fate did not have me bring any children into this absurdity.
I certainly would never choose to reincarnate into it,
So why would I do it to another innocent?
Thank the gods, this eye will not witness it much longer.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Always Happy to Be Wrong

Regarding my tendency to wallow in repetitive cynical thoughts,
Regarding this monkey-minded human paradigm,
I am always happy to be wrong.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Every Mind

Every mind, a window to a self.
Every mind, a window to a world.
Every mind, a window to a cosmos.
Every mind, a window to the senses.
Every mind, a window to the moment.
Every mind, a window to the singularity.
Every mind, a window to the intelligence.
Every mind, a window to the imagination.
Every mind, a window to the awareness.
Every mind, a window to the mystery.
Every mind, a window to eternity.
Every mind, a window to You.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Assumptions! The Assumptions!

All that we call human is based on assumptions.
Is existence anything but an imaginary assumption?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Pharaoh Dilemma

Things getting lost or stolen or misplaced or broken,
Are just mini-deaths along the path to the finale of mortal fatality.
Despite all their pyramids and mausoleums and tombs and crypts and catacombs,
The powerful, the wealthy, the renowned, the masses, and those yet unborn,
Must at some point, when the last breath departs, leave it all behind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Kurtz's Last Line

In Heart of Darkness, a critique of European colonial rule in Africa,
Joseph Conrad pretty much sums up the human condition,
With Kurtz's last line: The horror! The horror!

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Flaw of Imagination

Your perfection is flawed by your imagination,
Imagining it is a body, imagining it is a persona.

Breadcrumbs 2025

One Teacher, One Student

All teachers are ultimately the one and only teacher.
All students are ultimately the one and only student.

Breadcrumbs 2025

True Stories v. False Stories

Whether or not, any story, any account, is true or false,
Both are time-based fabrications of consciousness, of imagination,
And thus, naught but wafting currents in the illusory quantum space-time dream.
And humans, being such able storytellers, it can be all but impossible, to discern which is which.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Sanctity of Grace

Contentment … true, unsullied, full-hearted, overflowing, eternal.
Have You embraced it yet, or are You so bound, so trapped, by the illusion of space and time,
That the inner guard, the inner controller, will not, at least occasionally,
Allow You a taste of the sanctity of grace.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The One Moment That Rules Them All

Analog or digital, the clocks tick,
The pages of calendars page after page flip,
But the moment is ever the same, all across the stage,
All across the very unique perceptions, each considers a cosmos.
Each and every one, naught but an imaginary perception.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Don’t Need No Nothing

Don’t need no readers.
Don’t need no disciples.
Don’t need no renown.
Don’t need no fortune.
Don’t need no dominion.
Don’t need no schemes.
Don’t need no trophies,
Don’t need no nothing,
Except to be left alone.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Right-Here-Right-Now of Eternal Life

Eternity is the right-here-right-now-this-very-timeless moment.
All one needs do is still the mind, be the moment, the great all and nothing is,
And that quixotic thing called eternal life, is Voilà! theirs, in the given every-day mundane,
As it has ever been, as it will ever be, in this mortal dream of space and time.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Giving Over to Sovereignty

If You truly discern there is no other, discern there is truly naught but a vast ineffable oneness,
Why are You still justifying and rationalizing and apologizing for your existence,
To the other, who ultimately does not exist, any more than You do.
How challenging to participate, and yet remain aloof.
How challenging to give over to the sovereignty inherent in all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Heaven or Hell, Your Choice

Heaven or Hell, You every moment choose to reside.
No need for some deity, or gaggle of the same, to decide.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Never-Enoughers

Why is the moment not enough?
Why is the awareness not enough?
Why is the mystery not enough?
Why is eternity not enough?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Holy Trinity

… Creation … Preservation … Destruction …

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Entitlements! The Entitlements!

How many conceptual arenas, we take for granted,
That ancestors in all times across the world,
Took many thousands of years to discover and create.
Discoveries and creations that we now embrace as entitlements.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Timeless, Spaceless Awareness

Awareness is the emptiness, the nothingness, the vacuum, the ethereal constant,
Through which … earth, wind, water, fire … timelessly, spacelessly, kaleidoscope.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Quantum Everything

Quantum stardust.
Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
Quantum sun.
Quantum moon.
Quantum planets.
Quantum clusters.
Quantum universe.
Quantum perception.
Quantum archaebacteria.
Quantum eubacteria.
Quantum protista.
Quantum fungi.
Quantum plantae.
Quantum animalia.
Quantum everything.

A vast matrix of quantum design,
All kaleidoscoping through the ether of awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The End Is Nigh

As lead pipes were to ancient Rome, plastic will be to the entire world.
Oil and electricity began their advent in the late 19th century,
And their juggernaut is racing down a dead-end road.
It all seemed so exceptionally remarkable in the early stages,
But has, in a little over a century, become an overwhelming leviathan.
Who can more than speculate the conclusion to a very punitive decline and fall.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Looking, Looking

Looking back, who-what-where-when-why-how, have You ever really been?
Looking to the fore, who-what-where-when-why-how, will You ever really be?
Looking right-here-right-now, who-what-where-when-why-how, are You really?

Breadcrumbs 2025

In This World!?

You were expecting consistency and rationality,
In a world ruled by irony and paradox?
How credulous can You be?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Quantum Mystery

Quantum matrix.
Quantum illusion.
Quantum delusion.
Quantum dreamtime.
Quantum here-now.
Quantum mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Planet of the Blobs

Some blobs climb.
Some blobs dig.
Some blobs float.
Some blobs swim.
Some blobs fly.
Some blobs crawl.
Some blobs slither.
Some blobs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught But Empty Assertion

What life form can help but be, whatever its coding created it to be?
An algorithm that stretches back to the origins of life in the soupy mix of long ago.
To believe there is free will, is but the empty assertion of ignorance.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Symbiotic Dance

Doubt and detachment have a symbiotic relationship,
In their amble, their dance, their dreaming,
Into the obscurity of oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Solitary Walkabout

Everyone has a different world,
Everyone has a different universe,
Everyone has a different perception,
Just as real, just as imaginary, as yours.
We are very much, all alone, all together,
Wandering the same stage, in solitary minds.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Clearing a Toxic Mind

Full, focused breathing, with a pinch of detachment,
Is probably one of the better ways to clear a toxic mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Everyday Horror Show

It might be a bit frightening to walkabout amidst so many grubs (a.k.a., blobs),
If you had not been acclimated by so many aquariums and science fiction movies.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature-Nurture All Abide

When You exited tabula rasa of the womb, innocence ran the show for a relatively short duration.
But very gradually, one onerous experience after another, scratched and sliced, and created the scar tissue,
The certain reactions – of the persona, of the character, of the identity – to which You are so attached.
It is the nature-nurture reality, that all life forms must endure, in whatever fate has been allotted.
And it will carry on – unabated, unrelenting, unyielding – until oblivion regains dominion.
All emotions, all passions, all feelings, all desires, all fears, all dreads, to the contrary,
The you, You think You are, is but an imaginary fallacy from the mind's get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Rule of Ignorance

If there is going to be any kind of future for the human paradigm,
It would agreeable if all of it were not ruled entirely,
By the ignorance of vanity and greed.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Fallacious Catechism

Fallacious tribal catechism strikes again.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Even One Blink

Even one breath, one swallow, one blink, different,
Would have spun a different fate for your entire cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Stay Humble

Stay as humble as your vain notions allow,
For You are truly no greater nor lesser than any other,
Across the farthest shoreless shore, of this most infinite mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Absurdity of All Religion

How self-absorbed the human species is, to think, to believe,
That some deity on high is so wrapped up in all their absurdities,
That he/she/it are so enraptured with their everyday boring blah-blah,
That he/she/it monitors and tabulates and judges their every single move.
Jesus, people, get over your imaginary, exceedingly preposterous bullpucky.

Breadcrumbs 2025

As Descartes Was to Doubt …

As Descartes was to doubting all things,
The next trick is totally letting go,
Of everything. unto Self.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Migration of Mind

Every language has its migration.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Ironic Deception

How long will we deceive ourselves,
Into believing, into hoping, that technology,
Can ever unscramble all the problems it has created?
That we can somehow backtrack to something less disastrous.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Glitter! The Glitter!

You can have all your diamonds and your measly piles of gold.
They are only glitter in the quantum mirage, in the quantum dust pile.
Given value by minds that will never discern the mystery in which they flail.

Breadcrumbs 2025

… and then You did this …

… You were born …

… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …

The Lovers of Pain and Suffering

Mother Nature and Death are lovers, and do so enjoy inflicting as much pain and suffering, as possible.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Absurdity of All Belief Systems

All belief systems end up being more than a little beyond absurd.
Why would eternity care whether or not You awaken to it or not?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Bask in This Moment

Bask in the very right-here-right-now,
Ever-present, unborn-undying, eternal moment,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Fin

The imaginary you is born just once.
The imaginary you dies just once.
Anything else is delusional.
Anything else is absurd.
Anything else is ludicrous.
Your life is but a brief dream.
Get over all your trifling notions.
Abandon your make-believe creation.
That very last rattle will be the end of you.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Game of Charades

Measuring the measurable is the charade of the human mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Eternal Life Is in This Very Moment

Eternal life is in this very right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable.
The only You there is, there ever was, there will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Gossip! The Gossip!

The world is filled with every sort of gossip,
Which You may partake, or not,
As disposition allows.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Eternal Absoluteness

The timelessness,
The adroitness,
The deftness,
The perfection,
The dexterity,
The indelibility,
The precision,
The presence,
The swiftness,
The mystery,
The ineffability,
Of the moment,
Is eternally absolute.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Two Alike

Like snowflakes, like fingerprints,
No two dreamtimes, no two frames of reference,
Even once exactly the same, across this entire ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Illusory Notion

You move, You stream, You flow, You course, You surge, You kaleidoscope, You dance, right along,
Through the eternal moment – ever untouched, ever untainted, ever unborn, ever undying.
Only memory, only imagination, journeys the perception of space and time.
Only memory, only imagination, cast it more than illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Choiceless Reality

Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the big bang of genesis?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the first etching of life?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the natural selection since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the nature-nurture since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your awareness?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your existence.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your universe?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your geography?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your family?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your mind-body?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your intelligence?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your health?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your birth order?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your name?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your culture?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your ethnicity?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your gender?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your appearance?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your language?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your caste?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your economic level?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your values?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your beliefs?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your politics?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your capacities?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your education?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world view?

Where is the free will, where is the choice …
In your next breath, in your next heartbeat, in you next thought?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Even If You Knew Everything

Even if You knew the absolute truth of everything that lead up to this moment,
It would still only be the busy-busy of the ever-churning, imagination-ridden mind.
Naught but an evolutionary concoction, however its origin is deemed to have come about.

Breadcrumbs 2025

On Being You

What guilt, what remorse, should a lion have, for being a lion?
What guilt, what remorse, should a shark have, for being a shark?
What guilt, what remorse, should a piranha have, for being a piranha?
What guilt, what remorse, should a scorpion have, for being a scorpion?
What guilt, what remorse, should an eagle have, for being an eagle?
What guilt, what remorse, should a wasp have, for being a wasp?
What guilt, what remorse, should You have for being You?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Centerstage Solo Act

Everyone is centerstage in their own perception of a cosmos.
Dancing away, entirely alone, in their little speck of eternity.
To embrace the aloneness is to be free of the imaginary other.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Stages of Existence

When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a newborn body, You play newborn.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a toddler body, You play toddler.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a child body, You play child.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a teen body, You play teen.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an adult body, You play adult.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an elderly body, You play elderly.
From newborn, to whatever end, there is agony, there is ecstasy, and the shadow of death,
Which must be endured, as stoically, as rationally, perhaps as detached, as the given mind allows.
There is only one exit in any existence, and any choice in the matter is very much nil-nada-naught-zilch.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Shakespeare Live

The entity You are so transfixed by, so devoted to, so attached to, so bound by, so imprisoned by,
Is really nothing more than a memory as soon as the timeless moment kaleidoscopes on.
And everyone wandering about playing their vain impromptu protagonists so real,
Makes for Shakespeare very much live across this whirling pale blue dot.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Moment You Are

There is no beginning, there is no end, in the moment You are,
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.
The world is naught but a quantum illusion, an imaginary perception.
The real You is prior to consciousness, prior to all appearances.
Prior to all attributes, all qualities, all traits, all elements.
There is no other; duality is but the mirage of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Breathe It In, Breathe It Out

Breathe in the quantum nothingness, breathe out the quantum nothingness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Poof of Imagination

Every mask and body, ever donned, has dissolved into oblivion.
Consciousness incarnating, consciousness imagining, each and every character.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory kaleidoscoping of the space-time matrix.
Your mind-body, ever transforming, ever morphing, even as You translate these words.
It can never be more, it can never be less, than the ageless, eternal moment.
And yet, through it all, imagination ever imagines it all tangible.
The same entity, the same identity, from birth to death.
And before and after that, for those mesmerized,
By religious propaganda, by pious puffery,
Celebrated by snake oil zealots high and low.
All of it, nothing more than the poof of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Nomadic Existence

Have managed to get by without having to participate more than loosely with any groupthink.
Always just kept rambling on, leaving everything and everyone in the rearview mirror.
Nomad, gypsy, wanderer, traveler – are good labels for how it has worked out.

Breadcrumbs 2025

To Question, to Doubt

Settling for the idolatry of the ceaseless stream of fictitious deities,
Is the venue of all who lack the intellect, the critical mass,
To question until all questions run out of steam.
To doubt until the doubting is done.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Intelligent Design

How can the ultimate be encapsulated by imagination?
You are a smidgeon of the intelligent design.
Your access is this very moment.
Stilling the mind is all that is required.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Infinite Web

The cosmos, the world, has a near infinity of ways,
To lure the imaginary mind into its ensnaring web.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Undeniable Fact

Every mind has its own indivisible frame of reference.
You and everyone else have a completely unique perspective.
No translation, no rendition, no interpretation, can ever be the same.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Deterministic Fate

All existence is caught in the seemingly endless wave of a very deterministic fate.
The most real way to live it out, is to just follow your nature, and wander the path of least resistance.
And, as stoically, indifferently, as possible, let it all go when the dreamtime is undone.

Breadcrumbs 2025

In Aloneness, Freedom

To embrace the aloneness, is to be free of the imaginary other.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Flickers of Perception

There it was, right there, right then,
And now, gone, gone, forever gone.
Naught but a flicker upon a neuron trail.
A perception in a mortal frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Capturing Reality

Putting into words That which no word can capture.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Blob of Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey

You are nothing more than a blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
With arms, legs, fingers, toes, a larynx, a face, and other accoutrements,
That, paired with imagination, hoodwink You into believing You are something more.
But there is no more, this is it, this is all there is, a one-time theater, nothing more, nothing less, poof!
No deities on high, no heavens, no hells, just this timeless moment, this here, this now,
For You to play out, to imagine, however your nature-nurture calls.
Demon or angel, your decision, every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

This Life's Calling

This life's calling has been to discern and scribe the ultimate reality, that this mind has,
Through a relatively anonymous, relatively mindful, relatively stoical walkabout, fathomed.
What comes of these many thoughts, if anything, will be for as yet-unborn storytellers to discern.
Impactful or not, how could it matter, to the Me, the Self, the awareness, the unborn-dying,
The mystery, that every moment, is witness, to whatever kaleidoscopes through it.
Whether conscious or not, we are but clouds, matrixing though the abyss.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Tools! The Tools!

We are all tools of our own survival,
Of our own narcissistic-hedonistic Shakespeare,
Braiding the given perception, through which all life is cast,
In a garden that germinates, that naturally-selects, a so-called future-past,
In the timeless-spaceless continuum, playing out in an infinite, imagination-driven matrix,
That imagination has seamlessly usurped, and made into a dreamtime dominion,
Passing through the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent awareness,
Passing through the abyss, through which all genesis flows,
Like clouds streaming through the eternity's sky.
The moment is all, the moment is one.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Stories That Survive, and Thrive

Everyone's story is beyond-all-pales, absolutely, primo-unique.
But only a rare few, are storyteller enough, for us to learn their fable,
And pass it on, for as long as imagination dictates, it worth remembering.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Eternal Quest

Enlightenment is the distillation of worldly, temporal experience.
Liberation is the attaining of the purest, most austere, state of consciousness.
What is the point of inquiring into Buddhahood, into Christhood, if You do not attain it?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Quagmire of Idolatry

It is an ineffable, indelible, beyond-all-pales mystery.
To call it God – to deify it, to idolize it, to flatter it, in any way,
Is really nothing more than an endless quagmire of meaningless absurdity,
To which all are unique witnesses, in their very solitary quantum-matrix dreamtimes.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Zilch Nada Nothing

All those many thoughts You have about your imaginary self,
Your imaginary world, Your imaginary cosmos,
All total up to zilch-nada-nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Timeless Freedom

Eternity cannot be harnessed by a clock.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Immeasurable Moment

Now is not a clock.
Now is not a watch.
Now is not a calendar.
Now is not any measure.
The moment is immeasurable.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Once Is More Than Enough

What is karma, but another word for consequence, upshot, outcome,
And every existence has its share, rippling and stumbling on down the line.
No need to imagine a slew of other lifetimes, for which You must supposedly pay.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Good Fortune From Afar

Someone always triumphs in the Great Game, the Game of Thrones.
Sit upon the mount until someone wrestles them off, one way or another.
Count yourself lucky if it is your good fortune to witness it from afar.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unlikely Vote

Regarding the greatness with which our kind cloaks itself,
How would our fellow earthling cast their vote,
Had they the unlikely opportunity?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Twisted Consciousness

What resides between good and evil,
But a gamut of consciousness,
A spectrum of imagination,
A continuum of perception,
Twisted in every feasible way.

Breadcrumbs 2025

How Quickly

How quickly everything becomes its memory.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Deification of Revenge

We fabricated every form of deity to punish those we could not,
And heavens and hells and purgatories in the hope, in the yearning,
That there would be a reward for all our pain and suffering,
And an eternity of hellfire for those who wronged us.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of Tribalism

Such a tribal species we are, in which some win, some lose, and most get by, best they can.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Why Pretend?

Why pretend to know something, if you do not?
Why pretend to be something, if you are not?
Why pretend there is more, if there is not?
Why inwardly pretend anything at all?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Health, the Only Wealth

Your health is your greatest wealth,
And that, too, depletes, slow or fast,
As sure as the sand in any hourglass.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Blips of Meaninglessness

At the universal echelon,
All our conflicts and exertions,
All our pain and suffering and angst,
Are, at best, mere blips of meaninglessness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Catch and Release

The trick to being in the moment,
The trick to being in the awareness,
The trick to being the eternal nowness,
Is simply releasing into the immeasurable.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Great So It Goes

If You cannot discern it, fathom it, perceive it, for your Self,
No one on this whirling orb, is going to convince you,
To persuade you, to exhort you, to convert you,
In any way, in any shape, in any form.
You will be a done deal, forever and a day.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Overwrought Dynamic

What is the human paradigm but an overwrought dynamic,
A garden world of imagination in exponential bloom,
That holds no sway over the mystery, whatsoever.

Breadcrumbs 2025

How to Solve a Problem

Glass half full.
Glass half empty.
Break the damn glass.
Problem solved.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Day or Night, Same Eternity

There is no day, there is no night, there is only now,
Lit or unlit, by a tilt, by a spin, round a ball of fire.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Through the Looking Glass

The only perfection anyone can lay claim to, is the one everything is,
Or nothing is, depending how one flips the mirror in the looking glass.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience

Omnipresence is to be fully engaged in the moment.
Omnipotence is to be tapped into the infinity, the totality of eternity.
Omniscience is less about knowledge, than it is about being open to all potentials.
About being the awareness, the invisibility, within all things,
In the moment that allows all things.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Root of Absurdity

To want something,
To want anything,
From an illusion,
From a mirage,
From a dream,
And fear it, too,
And dread it, too,
How absurd is that?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Dubious Assumption

Chronometers exist.
Sundials exist.
Clocks exist.
Watches exist.
Timers exist.
Calendars exist.
Almanacs exist.
Logbooks exist.
Diaries exist.
Chronicles exist.
Journals exist.
Timetables exist.
Planners exist.
Newspapers exist.
But the thing called time, they supposedly measure?
Well, that is a dubious assumption.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Omniscient Mind

Omniscience is in the knowing, in the discerning, in the seeing, in the intelligence,
Of the given unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable moment.
It is not about the trivial pursuit of gathering knowledge,
About the illusion of this manifest theater.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Fluke of History

Any memory, any history, is the fluke of any given neural matrix,
And all the many perceptions of an ever-streaming dream.
Can any family, any tribe, any society, hold fast,
Without a binding communal vision,
A frame of reference upon which all agree?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mammalian Mutation

Emotional attachment is a naturally-selected biochemical blend,
That cultivated the familial and herd-slash-tribal alliances,
That enabled the survival of all mammalian lineages.
That long ago mutation is but one of the myriad reasons,
You are sitting there imbibing this stream of consciousness,
In your right-here-right-now shard of this inexplicable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Living and Dying in Oblivion

What dreams have been,
What dreams will some moment be,
Are all the same right-here-right-now dreamtime.
And all, naught but oblivion-to-oblivion delusions of imagination.
The oblivion between – obscured, cloaked, masked, concealed, muddled – by illusion.
An illusion made by however many senses and a processing unit,
In a vacuum of a mystery beyond all pales.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Is There More to It?

Is there really-truly more to this great mystery?

Some great philosophy?
Some great rationale?
Some great meaning?
Some great ethos?
Some great motivation?
Some great principle?
Some great overtone?
Some great plan?
Some great function?
Some great intention?
Some great aim?
Some great objective?
Some great design?
Some great consequence?
Some great worth?
Some great upshot?
Some great idea?
Some great subtext?
Some great significance?
Some great value?
Some great importance?
Some great corollary?
Some great connotation?
Some great inference?
Some great concern?
Some great nuance?
Some great requirement?
Some great point?
Some great implication?
Some great resolve?
Some great magnitude?
Some great moment?
Some great belief?
Some great outcome?
Some great inspiration?
Some great hope?
Some great purpose?
Some great raison d'être?

And even if there is, why would You need to care?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Willy-Nilly Mind

The willy-nilly butterfly of consciousness,
Does not effortlessly reside in the stillness of the eternal moment,
Flitting on and on, ever consuming its sensory-inspired cosmos, unto the last wheezing breath.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Truth of Oblivion

From oblivion to oblivion, and the oblivion between, cloaked by illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Long and Winding Illusion

Long before You were imaginary You, You were monkey-like.
Long before You were monkey-like, You were shrew-like.
Long before You were shrew-like, You were grub-like.
Long before You were grub-like, You were slime.
Long before You were slime, You were stardust.
Long before You were stardust, You were nothing.
Long before You were nothing, what is there to say?
As if before anything space and time really means squat.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Great Humility

Great capacity, great miracles, great magic, great anything,
Do not make any manifest entity greater than the lowliest grub.
Humility is where those who realize the truth of this mystery reside.

Breadcrumbs 2025

How Long Before It No Longer Matters?

Comedy or tragedy that it may seem now, how long before it no longer matters?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Daily Certainty

The unsparing absurdities of consciousness, the unsparing absurdities of imagination,
With its more than infinite capacity for subterfuge and mayhem and chaos,
Is, sadly, a daily spectacle, a daily onslaught, a daily certainty.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Call It Whatever

Call it God.
Call it eternity.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it kaleidoscope.
Call it nonduality.
Call it continuum.
Call it streaming.
Call it creation.
Call it oblivion.
Call it genesis.
Call it cosmos.
Call it season.
Call it duality.
Call it space.
Call it time.
Call it You.
Call it epoch.
Call it infinity.
Call it mystery.
Call it moment.
Call it anything.
Call it everything.
Call it nothingness.

All the same, no difference, no matter.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Challenge of Detachment

To discern it all illusion, is one thing; to detach from it, quite another.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Mind Alike

Just because You or someone else imagines something, does not necessarily make it true.
Every culture has its storytellers of every ilk, all spinning their buzz,
Some bent on truth, some bent on untruth.
Sifting through it all, every mind, its own dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Path of Least Resistance

People tend to choose the path of least resistance,
Due to a combination of biological, psychological, and social factors,
All of which prioritize comfort, efficiency, and minimizing effort.
This tendency is deeply rooted in our evolutionary history,
And is reinforced by the way our brains are wired,
To conserve energy and seek immediate gratification.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Life of Grub

Grubs who can talk.
Grubs who can walk.
Grubs who can think.
Grubs who can create.
Grubs who can believe.
Grubs who can adore.
Grubs who can war.
Grubs all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Relentless Rolodex

Memories, all the many perceptions of the given existence,
Virtuous or corrupt, sensible or insensible, are not something easily discarded.
Hence, the relentless rolodex, ever spinning on and on and on,
Through the quantum pathways, zippity-zip.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The So It Goes of It

All my too many thoughts are out there if anyone wants to read them, and if not, so it goes, I had my fun.
Nothing I, or anyone else, has ever said or written, is going to change the human paradigm.
13.8 billion years of natural selection will have great difficulty being undone.
And, as I often conclude in my rather misanthropic rambles: I will be glad to be wrong.

Breadcrumbs 2025

That Which Words Cannot Tell

The thinkers are always trying to put into words, that which words cannot tell.
Staring into space is not something the mind easily allows,
In the snappity-snap of the neuron trail.
It may all be illusion,
But it is the only illusion we pretend to know.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Grubs! The Grubs!

Meandering through the churning crowds,
All there is, is one grub after another, kaleidoscoping by.
Even the most beautiful, even the most handsome,
Cannot long masquerade their grubbiness,
In the eye of the discerning seer.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Way of Modern Slavery

The one-percenters and their minions finally figured it out.
Why feed and house and clothe and chain and whip the slaves,
When You can pay a wage or salary, and proffer a few token gestures.
Advancements, titles, rewards, medical, retirement, labor unions, scholarships.
Let them feed and house and clothe and chain and whip themselves, however they will.
Keep them if they serve the ship well, and if not, well, throw them overboard.
There is generally almost always someone else to swab the deck.
As to quality of existence issues, let them eat cake.

Breadcrumbs 2025

You Do Not Have to Come Back

As challenging as it well is, to be so disciplined, to be so free of desire and fear,
So free of the narcissistic hedonism of the passionate monkey-mind,
No one can force You to respond with even one ripple,
In the neural network, in the quantum sea,
Of the mind in which You dwell.
You do not have to engage.
You do not have to come back.
The world will move on without You.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Noisy Mind v. Serene Mind

What is all the knowledge, all the noise of the world,
But a busy thoroughfare of minds ill at ease,
With the silence of a serene mind?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Devotees of the Promised Land

Has any on-high deity ever been as judgmental,
As all the minions who pledge their undying belief,
That only they are worthy of the promised land?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Dark Thoughts

No need to carry out your dark thoughts, if You can imagine them.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Filling v. Emptying

At what point does one's existence, become less about filling, than it does about emptying?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Oblivion of Existence

Impenetrable
Impossible
Impractical
Inaccessible
Incomparable
Indestructible
Invulnerable
Irresolvable
Unachievable
Unapproachable
Unassailable
Unattainable
Unavailable
Unbeatable
Unchallenged
Unfeasible
Unmatched
Unobtainable
Unparalleled
Unreachable
Unrealistic
Unrivaled
Untouchable
Unviable
Unworkable

Breadcrumbs 2025

Dancing With the Devil

It may all be the pixie dust of illusion,
But it is the only pixie dust we know.
Dancing with the Devil, so to speak.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mystery is All

You are the mystery, the mystery is you, get over your imaginary self.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Abyss of a Mystery

The reality we all orbit around, the reality of every moment,
Is that we are truly very much all alone in this abyss of a mystery.
And nothing is going to change that, and nothing we do, nothing we think,
Really means squat, in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Be ye saint or serial killer, no matter.

Breadcrumbs 2025

All for Illusion

All that desiring.
All that coveting.
All that wanting.
All that yearning.
All that craving.
All that obsessing.
All that aching.
All that envying.
All that longing.
All that aspiring.
All that wishing.
All that pining.
All that thirsting.
All that fancying.
All that hungering.
All that hankering.
All that demanding.
All that voraciousness.

All for illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Bubbles of Process

Interesting how sketches of thoughts bubble into mind,
And word processing, with the aid of spelling and grammar checking,
And finger-play access to dictionary and thesaurus support,
Fashion each into their own little sculpture.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Overwhelming Nature of Imagination

So much of everything, all imagined; who does not, at least occasionally, feel overwhelmed?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Tralfamadorian Nod

Nature can be harsh and painful and deadly.
Any instant can bring forth a face-off with injury or death.
Darwin coined concepts like natural selection and survival of the fittest.
Others call it fate, destiny, kismet, upshot, fortune, providence.
Tralfamadorians sum it up with a ‘So it goes’ nod.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Consumption! The Consumption!

Consumption is a great distraction, a great amusement.
Right up there in the nebula of power and fame and fortune.
And, of course, sex, however, whenever, if ever, opportunity strikes.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Corner Untouched

Imagine the Darwinian purity of this spinning orb,
Before humankind migrated across it like a malevolent cancer,
Wreaking death and ruin, pain and suffering, in every nook and cranny.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Co-creators of an Imaginary Perception

Every creature that has ever existed, or will ever exist,
Has its own sensory perception, its own naturally-selected niche,
Which both creature and niche, have cooperated, have conspired, in creating.
Every single life form has been a co-creator in the genesis of this imaginary perception.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Eternal Moment is All

That memory, that perception, that vision, that insight, from the way back when,
Is no more or less real, than the memory-perception-vision-insight kaleidoscoped through just now.
Nor is it any more or less real, than the projected future imagined by the frame of reference,
Playing out in the space-time, that does not exist, has never existed, will never exist.
The eternal moment, the eternal ever-present, the eternal awareness, is all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Distraction! The Distraction!

It is all nothing more than distraction,
Inspired by vanity and avarice,
Narcissism and hedonism,
Hubris and hunger,
Pride and greed.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Rare Calling

Your attachment to your world, your cosmos, your perception
Draws You out again and again and again, ever again.

Your eyes, the sights.
Your ears, the sounds.
Your tongue, the tastes.
Your nose, the smells.
Your flesh, the touch.

To remain in the awareness is an every-moment challenge.
To be in the dreamtime, but not of it, is a rare calling.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What is Any Existence?

What is any existence but a long and winding series of womb-to-grave phases.

Breadcrumbs 2025

… a lineage born of mystery …

… here You are …
… a kaleidoscoping lineage …
… created of an unfathomable mystery …

… from the big bang of the singularity … what matter how it came to be … 13.8 billion years ago …
… an extremely hot, extremely dense point, rapidly expanding space and time itself …
… an ever-inflating cosmos, expanding and cooling and evolving …

… into the formation of subatomic particles …
… into the formation of protons and neutrons …
… into the formation of hydrogen and helium atoms …

… into gravity pulling together matter to form the first stars and galaxies …
… into between 200 billion and 2 trillion galaxies in the observable universe …

… into a small milky galaxy containing hundreds of billions of stars …

… and one of those stars, center of a solar system over 4.6 billion years old …
… a solar system that evolved from a collapsing cloud of gas and dust …
… a cloud, called a solar nebula, that flattened into a protoplanetary disk …
… in which planets, moons, asteroids, and comets formed from the remaining material …
… with ongoing collisions, gravitational interactions, and changes to planetary orbits …

… and on one of those planets, a pale blue dot, third from its star, 90 million miles distant …
… formed from dust and gas particles approximately 4.54 billion years ago …
… a planet with atmosphere and oceans and continents, driven by internal heat, gravity …

… emerged unicellular life (single-celled organisms) …
… that evolved into animalia (multicellular life) …
… that evolved into chordata (animals with backbones) …
… that evolved into tetrapoda (four-legged organisms) …
… that evolved into mammalia (milk-producing animals) …
… that evolved into primates (an order of mammals) …
… that evolved into hominidae (great apes) …
… that evolved into genus homo (contemporary humans) …

… 3.8 billion years of natural selection, and counting …
… 3.8 billion years for You to be right here, right now, this eternal moment …
… kaleidoscoping whatever destiny, whatever dreamtime, the singularity set in motion in the long ago …

… You are the singularity … You are the mystery …
… be the singularity … be the mystery …

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Philosophical Pipedream

A higher state of beingness, is the leap that consciousness, the leap that imagination,
Must somehow attain, if it is to survive humankind's naturally-selected origin.
And the likelihood of setting aside its survival-of-the-fittest paradigm?
Well, a few days-worth of headlines in these our modern times,
Makes for short work of that philosophical pipedream.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Illusion of Time

Time is nothing more than a human concept, imparted reality,
By sundials, clocks, watches, calendars, and the like.
All inspired by the regularities of a cosmos,
That is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Noise! The Noise!

The mind is a story.
It is all distraction.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught But Vibration

Words cannot but tell.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Frames, No Boundaries

Why should You ever feel bound to any geography,
Or any world or universe or dimension,
Or any illusion, whatsoever?
Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

Breadcrumbs 2025

To Be in Eternity's Moment

As much as possible, focus completely on whatever the mind-body is doing.
That way, the willy-nilly mind, will perhaps dally less in the halls of memory lane.
And perchance much less in the absurdity of our kind's Shakespearian stagefest, as well.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Freedom of Eternity's Moment

The world is awash in every manner of disharmony and distraction.
Only in the pure, still awareness of eternity's moment, is there true peace.
It is the eternal life, free of all the rancor of imaginary consciousness.
Free of the dreamtime illusion, to which humankind is so attached.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What Are You Really?

Are You this imaginary self, this attachment to the mind-body,
Or the indescribable, indivisible awareness, the unfathomable moment,
Through which it sprints willy-nilly, in whatever way nature-nurture ordains.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Like a Cat With a Mouse

Imagination is always just offstage, ready to pounce into any moment of inattention.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unbounded Mind

The universal mind,
Is a total mind, a whole mind, a complete mind,
A peerless mind, a matchless mind, an absolute mind, a sovereign mind,
Free of all constraints, all confines, all restrictions, all limits, all margins, all curbs, all boundaries.
Which leads to the question, where is the mind that holds on to nothing?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Insanity of the Human Paradigm

The entire human paradigm, this Shakespearian theater inspired by imagination, is unutterably insane.
What is called sanity, what is called normal, what is called rational, what is called sensible,
Is nothing more than being able to function reasonably well in the absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Failure of Science

Science, despite all its noble, rational efforts,
Has failed to convince a paradigm programmed by 13.8 billion years of natural selection,
In large part shaped by superstition and fallacy.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Cradle of Time

There is no past, there is no future, without imagination, imagining it so.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Pausing the Willy-Nilly

What a challenge to not allow imagination to wander willy-nilly,
Into all the identifications with the mind-body perceptions of a so-called lifetime,
And all the memories it so easily dredges into an illusory reality,
That is not, was not, and will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Eye Wide Open

You are like any theater or film actor, who plays a part,
Knowing full well, any given centerstage moment, that s/he is not that role.
So here now You are, playing on cue, the script that your nature-nurture programing summons forth.
Whether or not, You have realized the centerstage clarity, simplicity, lucidity, eloquence,
Is how cognizant of this illusory quantum dreamtime, You are, or are not.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Ageless Moment

The mind stamps perceptions with times and dates,
But are any, however so-called old, however so-called young,
Really at all that different, in the timeless moment that does not truly exist?
Even just a moment ago, is the same as the moment of genesis,
The moment it all began, in the way back when.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Worm Within

Between that mouth and anus, the worm is still in play.

Breadcrumbs 2025

How Long Is a Moment?

... an iota of a smidgen …
... a smidgen of a jot …
... a jot of a speck …
... a speck of a scrap …
... a scrap of a particle …
... a particle of a bit …
... a bit of a speck …
... a speck of a grain …
... a grain of a scintilla …
... a scintilla of an iota …

… is how long the moment is not …

Breadcrumbs 2025

On Being You

To be the You, You truly are,
The quantum mind must pacify its self,
The five senses be witnessed without attachment,
And eternal awareness, resume its ever-present sovereignty.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A World of Idolatry

Why in any deity's arbitrary name,
Would You ever embrace any idolatrous religion or cult,
Imagined, concocted, fabricated, manufactured, by the human or any other mind?
Free your Self from all the baseless absurdity that binds You.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The True Eye

Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Another Day

Another day, staring into the abyss.
Into the beginning of all ends,
The end of all beginnings,
And all the in-betweens, too.

Breadcrumbs 2025

You Are It, It Is You

What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent,
Than the dimensionless, immaculate awareness, permeating all eternity.
It is through naught but a frame of reference that You perceive your universe.
Call it by whatever sound, whatever vibration, You will … You are it, and it is You.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Neutrality of Awareness

As You would a vehicle, shift the mind into neutral, and eternal awareness is right there, ever-present.
What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, than the awareness permeating all?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Why Believe Anything Imagined?

Why believe things You have never seen?

Why believe in any deities?
Any superstitions.
Any fallacies.
Any delusions.

Any sasquatches.
Any vampires.
Any pookas.
Any ghosts.
Any aliens.
Any angels.
Any demons.
Any tooth fairies.
Any Easter bunnies.
Any Santa Clauses.

Any fantasies.
Any apparitions.
Any specters.
Any assumptions.
Any spirits.
Any phantasms.
Any visions.
Any bigotries.
Any notions.
Any deliriums.
Any injustices.
Any mirages.
Any prejudices.
Any fixations.
Any judgments.
Any distortions.
Any figments.
Any illusions.

All are imagined.
The mind is but a story.
It is all distraction.
Free your Self.
Let them go.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Veiled Mystery

How has it taken You so long to discern the obvious?
How have You been so attached to this dust ball covered with grubs?
Grubs veiled in every guise, playing every role, and You, spellbound, seeing it all real.
Bewitched and beguiled, each and every moment, by the mind-body's ever-kaleidoscoping dreamtime.
Unable, unwilling, to awaken to it all being nothing more than an inexplicable quantum illusion.
A dreamer, dreaming it all so real, all so true, wanting it to be more than it can ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught But a Frame of Reference

It is through your frame of reference that You perceive your cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Attaining Eternity

To attain eternity, the mind must become:
Very still.
Very quiet.
Very spaceless.
Very timeless.
Very here.
Very now.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Visualization of God

Herein is visualized an awareness.
… Omniscient … Omnipresent … Omnipotent …
Prior to and beyond, any and all conceptual contrivances.
So infinitesimally to infinitely, ephemerally, unfathomably immense,
As to indivisibly permeate the indelible quantum sea,
Without bounds, without judgment.

You are it, it is You.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Quantum Illusion, All

The cosmos is a quantum illusion, the world is a quantum illusion, You are a quantum illusion.
Everything You believe, everything You think You know, is a quantum illusion.
And yes, alas, these many thoughts are a quantum illusion, too.

Nothing is as it seems.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Why Me, God? Why Me?

Why me, God, why me? Why me, God, why me? Please, God, why me-me-me!?
The lamenting refrain since the mind's self-absorbed beginnings.
The ascent of imagination in the jungles of long ago.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Just a Grub

You are just another erstwhile, one-trick-pony grub,
Conditioned, programmed, by imagination,
To believe You are something more,
Than a dream can ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Same Mystery for All

All creation is of the same mystery.
Only imagination, imagines otherwise.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Threading Your Way Through Infinity

You are the current issue of 13.8 billion years old programming.
The long and winding of your thread of natural selection since genesis.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Thing Left Unnamed

Anything not having one name or another in the ever-roiling dreamtime of the human mind,
Will not likely agonize without for long, once targeted for use or abuse,
Or even just the idle distraction of frivolous curiosity.
And that having little or no purpose, having little or no meaning,
Can simply be ignored or tossed or destroyed, and without further ado, forgotten.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Singularity You Are

You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum matrix.
You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Ever a Mystery

The ears hear the mystery.
The eyes see the mystery.
The skin feels the mystery.
The nose smells the mystery.
The tongue tastes the mystery.
The mind discerns the mystery.
Yet the mystery remains a mystery.
The one in all, and the all in one.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Cousins of the Puddle of Origin

Just because your most recent ancestors came out of a noteworthy geography,
Does not mean all did not come out of the same puddle of origin,
Long before there were any brain cells to recall it.
All life has far more in common,
Than all the many differences we imagine.
Than all the many differences we ceaselessly squabble over.
Than all the many differences driving all life into a dark and foreboding future.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mystery of Intelligent Design

Was life born 13.8 billion years ago when the cosmos burst forth?
Was life born 4.6 billion years ago when the solar system began its whirl?
Was life born 4.54 billion years ago when the earth formed into the pale blue dot?
Was life born 3.8 billion years ago when the first single-celled organisms began to replicate?
Or has what we call life, what we call existence, always been but an unborn-undying quantum illusion?
An illusion witnessed by an ineffable awareness, witnessed by an inexplicable intelligence,
Permeating every aspect, of the mystery, which, by design, can never be known.

Breadcrumbs 2025

On Your Own, for All Eternity

What permission, what approval, what sanction, what consent, what affirmation,
Can be given for this unfathomable insight into which You inquire?
There is no other, You are on your own, for all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Heavens, Hells, and the Perditions Between

Some minds manage to realize heaven.
Some minds are shackled in unutterable hells.
Some minds wander the byzantine labyrinth between.

Breadcrumbs 2025

True Faith

Have faith that Mother Nature will do everything that she possibly can,
To diminish and annihilate You, every moment of your eternal existence.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Imaginary Mind

The only heaven, the only purgatory, the only hell, is the one the given mind imagines.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Exit From the Théâtre de L'Absurde

Always beyond the pale astounding, how more is never enough for so many.
Wealth is a state of mind, and so many with so much, seem to live such impoverished lives.
The quest for power and renown orbits in the same bankrupted emptiness.
How the masses rank them high, is a théâtre de l'absurde.
Only the departed are allotted true peace.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Shadows Across the World

What demons all shades of gray lurk in so many minds.
What tyranny the mentally unstable cast upon the world.
And there being no resolution, it must simply be endured.
13.8 billion whirls of natural selection will not be annulled.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Story of Existence

What is heaven but unending oblivion?
What is hell but the absurdity of madness?
What is perdition but the pendulum between?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Witness to a Dream

Whether You are a monk in a cave, or a householder in a mansion,
The quantum dreamtime ever kaleidoscopes the same eternal moment.
Your destiny is already here and gone, but it is You who must witness it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

You Can Only Be What You Are

A vision of the mystery, so infinite, so infinitesimal, it cannot be imagined, You can only be it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Means to an End

It is not You who does anything.
It is consciousness, it is imagination, that is the doer.
You, the real You, the awareness permeating all creation, is but eternal witness.
Eternal observer, perceiver, to everything under every sun, in every space, every time, every dimension.
In every point and particle, in everything known, in everything unknown.
The mind-body is but a means, a vessel, a vehicle.
You are that which is God.

Breadcrumbs 2025

As Illusionary as You

The illusory quantum matrix is not the creation of aliens or other supreme beings,
Because they would be as much fabrications as all we dreamers of space and time.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Ever-Spinning Imagination

The universe spins.
The earth spins.
The mind spins.
All in your imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Truth is Truth

Truth is truth, neither objective or subjective.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Put No God Before Self

There is absolutely nothing, in any ancient writings worth their salt,
That will in any way, validate the idolatry, of any form, of any concept.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Reality of the Human Paradigm

Despite all narcissistic assertions,
Human beings are but …
Grubs with heads.
Grubs with eyes.
Grubs with ears.
Grubs with nose.
Grubs with mouth.
Grubs with skin.
Grubs with arms.
Grubs with hands.
Grubs with fingers.
Grubs with legs.
Grubs with feet.
Grubs with toes.
Grubs with imagination.
On a return journey to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Vast Sea of Relativity

The quantum matrix is a vast sea of relativity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Question of Values

Jiddhu Krishnamurti once said, "Do whatever amuses You,"
Which means one thing to a saint, and another to a serial killer.

Breadcrumbs 2025

That Which Some Call God

You are a drop, a shard, of that which is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are the mystery of awareness, the ether of eternity.
You are that which some call God.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Regrets! The Regrets!

How likely is it that probably almost every two-legged who has ever existed,
Has a fairly lengthy list of regrets, of many things they wish they had never done or said.
Assuming, of course, they, from the ultimate view, ever really did or said anything in the first place.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What So Many Will Endure

For as long as the forebrain is a-synapsing, many will endure myriad tortures,
And beyond that, others will perhaps take it upon themselves,
That to which they feel most obligated.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Trickster

Gravity fools the sensory mind-body into believing,
It is not floating in the motionless abyss,
Of the awareness You truly are.
The quantum cosmos is but a trickster,
Holding You hostage to imagination's binding veil.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A One-Way Show

One thing that can be said about the continuum called space-time,
Is that that it is a one-way, here-now, kaleidoscoping quantum show.

Breadcrumbs 2025

True Grit

True grit is the courage and resolve, the strength of character,
The determination, the steadfastness, the tenacity, the doggedness, the firmness,
To hold fast, to cling, to hang on, to grasp, to grip, to clutch, to clasp, to stick, in a difficult situation.

Breadcrumbs 2025

True Grit II

... grit ...
... is a four-letter noun ...
... that implies ...
... that suggests ...
... that infers ...
... that hints at ...
... that points toward ...
... that indicates ...
... that denotes ...
... that entails ...
... that involves ...
... that means ...
... the courage and resolve ...
... the strength of character ...
... the determination ...
... the steadfastness ...
... the tenacity ...
... the firmness ...
... the doggedness ...
... to hold fast ...
... to cling ...
... to grip ...
... to grasp ...
... to hang on ...
... to clutch ...
... to clasp ...
... to stick ...
... to keep hold of ...
... in a difficult situation …

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Kaleidoscope of Perception

Your world, your cosmos, is an ever-changing set of mind-body perceptions,
That hinge on age, on frame of reference, on what is remembered, on what is forgotten,
On what is valued, on what is not, and in large part, on the circumstances of the given moment.
There is no right or wrong to it … there is simply the … it is what is … so it goes … of it.
The challenge, is realizing that the real You is not the sensory-bound mind-body.
That You are none of it, have never been any of it, will never be any of it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

At some point in the given moment, it makes more sense to just let it all go.
To put everything possible aside, to stop imbibing all the gossip and absurdity,
And just sit, peacefully staring into space, when not taking long solitary walkabouts.
To simply be as nothing, to simply be the momentary awareness, is the first and last step.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Life is Like That

Sometimes You hit a home run.
Sometimes You hit a triple; sometimes, a double; sometimes, a single.
Sometimes You get walked; sometimes You hit a foul.
Sometimes You even strike out.

Life is like that.

Breadcrumbs 2025

To Be In the World, but Not of It

What does it mean: To be in the world, but not of it?

It is a mind that is prior to consciousness.
It is a mind filled with awareness.

A still mind, a silent mind,

It is a mind that sees the world.
It is a mind that hears the world.
It is a mind that tastes the world.
It is a mind that smells the world.
It is a mind that feels the world.

Yet remains a mind untouched by the world.
Yet remains a mind unconcerned about the world.
A mind filled with the awareness that is prior to the world.
A mind permeated with the awareness that is prior to all creation.

A mind given over to the mystery, to the unknown, to the no-mind, prior to all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

All You Need Do

As one does not ask for power, one takes it – one does not ask for freedom, one assumes it.
All any seeker need do, is wipe away the mitote – become so totally attentive to the given moment,
That the big dream, the fog of perception, the many voices, the many influences,
That are constantly speaking, making it difficult to see clearly,
Suspend their cacophony, are shuffled offstage,
And the quantum mind-body unleashes into all eternity.
The eternity that it is, that it has ever been, that it will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Spoonful of Caution

A spoonful of caution, of restraint, in the younger moments,
May well save You a great deal of vexation in the older ones.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Oh Where, Oh Where

Where does the drop end and the ocean begin?
Where does the ocean end and the drop begin?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Nothing to Justify

No point justifying your existence.
No point anyone trying to justify their existence.
No one has ever asked to be born, to live out an existence.
And all must die, to discern it all nothing more than a fluke-ish dream.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Most Serious Observation

Duality v. Nonduality: Seriously, can there really any question in a critical thinker's mind?

Breadcrumbs 2025

We Told You So

It is getting rough, and only daily rougher for more and more little folk,
And ‘We told You so’ is not going to stop the crashing wave.
The baby boomers caught the upsurge at its peak,
And the millennials and their progeny will get the crash.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Nothing New, Nothing Old

Nothing new under the sun; nothing old, either.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Awareness, Witness to All

It is only an illusionary quantum dust ball,
Spinning in an illusionary quantum dust cloud.
The eternal mystery of awareness, witness to it all.
Spaceless, timeless, unborn-undying, indelible, ineffable.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Journey Through Illusion

How to negotiate, how to navigate, how to traverse, an illusion,
Is a – conundrum, challenge, enigma, puzzle, riddle – for any seer.
Ergo, every form of absurdity, some very light, some exceedingly dark,
In all geographies, across all times, no individual or culture exempt.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Faceless Breath

The most important thing in your existence, is your next breath,
Which gives You yet another opportunity, another chance, another opening,
To perchance see, to perceive, to discern, to comprehend, to realize, your own faceless.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Ever Mysterious, Ever Free

When You no longer identify with the mind-body's dreamtime, what is left but the awareness.
Pure, simple, indelible, spaceless, timeless, ephemeral, unfathomable,
Indivisible, infinite, infinitesimal, ineffable,
Ever mysterious, ever free.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Roots of Hell and Damnation

Why, in God's name, would any God need You to believe in anything?
Why is it, our species always imagines jealous, hateful, vengeful deities?
We may exclaim them loving and wise and all-knowing and all-accepting,
But whoa, whoa, whoa – unhappy perdition and every imaginable hell –
Unto those many who do not make the thumbs-up-thumbs-down cut.
If God is as judgmental as we, who gets to throw the first stone?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Source of Continuity

Without imagination, where can continuity reside?

Breadcrumbs 2025

What It All Boils Down To

The human paradigm boils down to me-myself-I narcissistic vanity,
And must have it right now, more-is-never enough, hedonistic greed.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Journey Ahead

Try as many now on the upside of daisies might, there is no undoing the world our kind has fashioned.
The journey the future has in the making, is likely replete with every dystopian horror imaginable.
And those who will be born into it, will have no choice, but to endure it as stoically as possible.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Rest for the Wicked

Odds are little or none of all I have written will survive my demise.
And do I give a rat's ass, whether-or-not the human paradigm survives itself?
Why would I? Hey, I'm just a scribe, man, and all this babble is what came to mind.
Would have been far easier to take more strolls, stare at more walls, and watch more movies.
But no, this inanity is what called, to such a degree, that carpal tunnel and stenosis are daily reminders.
And still, the thoughts keep bubbling up in the gray matter of this mind's frame of reference.
As the idiom goes, there is no rest for the wicked; yes, one of my many demerits.

Breadcrumbs 2025

My Donation to the Future

My Self-appointed function in this relatively anonymous walkabout soliloquy.
Is to put into perspective all that humankind has created and destroyed,
And perhaps aid in setting a course for that which will follow,
Assuming there even is something that follows.
And if it never aids the unfolding debacle, so it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Pretenders, All

Does an ant pretend to be an ant?
Does a salmon pretend to be a salmon?
Does an elephant pretend to be an elephant?
Does a salamander pretend to be a salamander?
Does an alligator pretend to be an alligator?
Does a butterfly pretend to be a butterfly?
Does an eagle pretend to be an eagle?
Does a germ pretend to be a germ?

Does any creature pretend it is what it is?

As for human becomings, we well know our forebrain paradigm.
Pretenders, all, each and every one, in every way, in every size, in every shape.
Like water questing every venue, imagination divines every possible possibility imaginable.
Does any creature have, could any creature have, the imaginary sense of self, in which our kind harbors?
The unborn-undying moment is home to all sentience, home to the instinctual roots,
And only the delusion of imagination pretends otherwise.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Involuntary Incarceration

No one asked to be here.

No one was asked if they wanted to be born, if they wanted to die.
No one was asked if they wanted to suffer the ecstasies and agonies of existence.

No one really knows squat about who.
No one really knows squat about what.
No one really knows squat about where.
No one really knows squat about when.
No one really knows squat about why.
No one really knows squat about how.

We are all just faking it, playing our little part, the best we can.

Some awaken to it, to varying degrees, in various ways and means.
Most, still very much in the very deep, delusional slumber of imagination,
Play out the dreaming, so that the chosen, are able to realize the eternal eye within.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What Will You Do?

… when your family has failed You …
… when all your leaders have failed You …
… when all your faith systems have failed You …
… when all your economic systems have failed You …
… when all your sociological systems have failed You …
… when all your consumption has failed You …
… when there is nothing left to believe …
… what, pray tell, will You do? …

Breadcrumbs 2025

You Are Your Own Law

To assert You are your own law, is not an arrogant declaration,
But a statement of fact, regarding the values, the tenets, the principles,
To which You in all your attachment to your imaginary character, subscribe.
And everybody else doing the same; it is the way all minds work; no point debating it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Eternal Witness to the Quantum Theater

The awareness You every moment are, and are not, is eternal witness to the quantum theater.
It has no stake in it, makes no judgment of it, plays no part in it, is ever-present in every moment of it.
Human imagination, with all its dualistic notions, founded upon its sensory-based stream,
Has made-up, has spun, all the deities, all the heavens and purgatories and hells.
There is no other, but each mind must discern its source to realize it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Truly Indifferent

Very challenging to remain indifferent in the day-to-day existence,
Unless complete isolation and staring at walls is an endurable state.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Just Ain't Gonna Happen

Your world, your universe, even your God,
Will never align with what You think it should be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

To History, or Not to History

History has arrived with every story imaginable.
Imbibe it however You will, or not, You decide.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Spaceless-Timeless Dream

The world, the universe, the quantum mystery,
That the ever-present awareness You are, and are not, perceives,
Is but a spaceless-timeless dream which kaleidoscopes about You every moment.
A temporal dreamtime illusion, to which the moment only subscribes,
For as long as the given neural pathways manage to fire.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Bait and Switch of Organized Religion

All religions, all cults, all sects, all factions, all creeds, are rife with guiles,
That guarantee every variety of reward in some after-life fantasy,
For all the sacrifices, all the burdens, all the payouts,
You must endure and carry and forfeit,
In the right-here-right-now.
The ultimate scam,
Since we will never know when.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Even Just

Even just one left instead of right,
One yes instead of no, one less instead of more,
One happenstance flutter of a butterfly's wing across the world,
Would have created an entirely different destiny.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Why Should You Be?

Jesus was never a Christian, why should You be?
Siddhartha was never a Buddhist, why should You be?
Lao Tzu was never a Taoist, why should You be?

Michael was never a Michael-ist, why should You be?

Nobody was ever the label their thoughts inspired, why should You be?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Every-Moment Reality

There is no beginning without an end; there is no end without a beginning.
And where does either exist in the ungraspable timelessness of the eternal moment?
Clock hands, digital displays, calendar pages, blind humankind to the every-moment reality,
Of the analog underpinning that is imbued in every quantum particle of this unfathomable dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Preordained Mystery

Whatever the dimension, the mystery, the awareness, requires a vehicle to come into existence,
And sentience, to come unto consciousness, and perhaps intelligence, to perhaps come unto realization.
The fate You are stoically enduring, the for-good-or-ill role, into which destiny has cast You,
Began with a preordained throw of the dice in your mother's fallopian tube.
And there You are, naturally-selecting, right here, right now,
Until that moment, when the Fates call You home.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Temporary Perception

The world, the universe, the life, You perceive, is only as important as You imagine it.
And only for as long as the mind-body is walking on the upside of daisies to imagine it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What Goes Up, Must Come Down

There will inevitably come a time when all that humankind has fostered,
The pinnacle, the zenith, the summit, the peak, the apex, it has reached, will collapse.
What goes up, must come down, is an unescapable, unwritten natural law, as sure as gravity itself.
All these thoughts are for that anarchistic moment, that for-the-rest-of-time dystopian epoch,
For the descendants, the inheritors, with the will and wit, with the grit and gumption,
To survive and abide the chaos of the crashing wave, that vanity and greed,
False deities, false leadership, false values, false so many things,
Have taken our kind, and that of our fellow earthlings,
And our once-upon-a-time garden world.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Consequences of Home Invasion

Home invasion is home invasion is home invasion.
If You expect that residents are not going to do whatever it takes to repel You,
You are seriously delusional, and likely to suffer for it, no matter how long it takes, even a millennium.
Sooner or later, You will more than likely be forced to depart, to retreat,
With your tail between your legs.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Illusion-Delusion

All must act, in order to survive, in order to participate, in their shard of the dreamtime.
And all will act according to their nature-nurture conditioning.

According to the choices they never had.

Their awareness.
Their universe.
Their world.
Their geography.
Their existence.
Their mind.
Their body.
Their vision.
Their hearing.
Their smelling.
Their tasting.
Their feeling.
Their family.
Their gender.
Their birth order.
Their culture.
Their ethnicity.
Their socioeconomic level.
Their intelligence.
Their language.
Their name.
Their education.
Their interests.
Their beliefs.
Their religion.
Their politics.
Their perceptions.

No matter how complex it all seems, free will is an illusion-delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Need to Know … Everything

What is this need to know to the infinitesimal level, but imagination's inability to still itself.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Endless, Endless, Endless Questions!

250 Philosophical & Thought-Provoking Questions That'll Get Your Wheels Turning
https://ofaphilosophicalnature.blogspot.com/2021/04/225-philosophical-thought-provoking.html

Parade Magazine
https://parade.com/1185047/marynliles/philosophical-questions/

By Maryn Liles

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Deep Philosophical Questions to Ponder

250 Philosophical Questions

1. Is happiness just chemicals flowing through your brain or something more?

2. Can we really know everything?

3. What is the meaning of a good life?

4. Is there a God?

5. What in life is truly objective and not subjective?

6. What is consciousness?

7. Is there inherent order in nature or is it all chaos and chance?

8. Is there an alternative to capitalism?

9. Is it more important to be respected or liked?

10. Are we in the Matrix?

11. Have we become less happy in this age of technology?

12. What is mathematics?

13. Are humans obligated to better themselves?

14. Is there a meaning to life?

15. Is having a big ego a negative or positive trait?

16. Is there absolute mortality?

17. Is the most important purpose in life to find happiness?

18. Do we have free will?

19. Does life require a purpose and goal?

20. Would you kill 10 people to save 100?

21. What is happiness?

22. How can people believe in truths without evidence?

23. Is it easier to love or to be loved?

24. What is time?

25. Do acts of kindness have a motive?

26. Is mind or matter more real?

27. Is love simply a physical desire or something more?

28. Where do thoughts come from?

29. Does evil come from within? If so, why?

30. What is beauty?

31. Are people in this current generation less or more sensitive than people from past generations?

32. Where were people before they were born?

33. What is true friendship?

34. How does gravity work?

35. Can achieving nothing make a person happy?

36. Does the Law of Attraction exist?

37. Have gadgets and apps taken away emotions?

38. Does observation alter an event?

39. If everyone spoke their mind, would this world be a better place?

40. Where does the universe end?

41. Is there a perfect life?

42. What is infinity?

43. Why do we strive for perfection if it is not attainable?

44. Does sound happen if nothing is present to hear it?

45. Does utilizing time properly make our lives meaningful and happy?

46. Is it more important to be liked or respected?

47. Can life be meaningful without friends?

48. Where does the soul live?

49. How do you know if you love someone enough to marry them?

50. Is there a reason for life?

Philosophical Questions That Are Thought-Provoking

51. Do numbers in a bank account make people happy?

52. What will happen at the end of the world?

53. Is living life to the fullest possible?

54. Can spirituality make you a happy person?

55. What is education?

56. Are highly intelligent people less happy than individuals with average intelligence?

57. Is there a supreme power?

58. Is there an absolute way to attain a happy state of mind?

59. How did the universe begin?

60. Does living your life for others make your life have meaning?

61. Can we have happiness without sadness?

62. Do knowledge and understanding make you content and happy as a person?

63. What are numbers?

64. Does fate exist?

65. When does consciousness begin?

66. Does an ideal government exist?

67. Is life all a dream?

68. Does life have a reason?

69. If everything evolved from amoebas, how does the world still have amoebas?

70. Are there limitations on free speech?

71. The structure of DNA appears to be intelligently designed, what are the implications?

72. Do aliens exist?

73. Are we a minuscule part of intelligent life in the universe?

74. Is trust more important than love?

75. Why do we do things we do not like to do?

76. If lying is wrong, are white lies okay?

77. Do atheists make their own gods?

78. How should people live their lives?

79. Can artificial intelligence be creative?

80. If judgment is for God, why do we pass judgment?

81. What is intelligence?

82. Can religious beliefs affect scientific thinking?

83. What is intelligence?

84. Will a world without reliance on modern technology make any progress?

85. Do we have a soul?

86. Is human potential capable of anything?

87. What do people strive for after enlightenment?

88. Is death a new beginning?

89. What defines you?

90. Why does God not intervene when evil takes root in people?

91. What happens after we die?

92. Does belief make God exist?

93. Isn't one person's terrorist another person's freedom fighter?

94. Will robots take over the world in the future?

95. How much control do you have over your life?

96. Does the path to salvation lie within us?

97. How do you know your perceptions are real?

98. Are we the biggest threat to humanity?

99. If money cannot buy happiness, can you ever be truly happy with no money?

100. Do parallel universes exist?

Philosophical Questions That Will Challenge Your Mind

101. What role does honor play in today's society?

102. How does one find purpose in life?

103. Is a family still relevant in the modern world?

104. If aliens attack, what will we do?

105. What is true love?

106. Do guns protect or kill people?

107. What is true strength?

108. Will racism cease to exist?

109. How do you know that your experience of consciousness is the same as other people's experience of consciousness?

110. Why is beauty associated with morality?

111. Who decides what morality is?

112. Why do we respect the dead more than the living?

113. Is a "wrong" act okay if nobody ever knows about it?

114. Does God have supreme power?

115. What is the difference between living and being alive?

116. Will the world be a better place if caste and religion cease to exist?

117. Who defines good and evil?

118. What's more important: doing the right thing or doing things right?

119. Why do people fear losing things that they do not even have yet?

120. Do we love ourselves more in the virtual world and less in the real world?

121. What makes a good friend?

122. Is humanity doomed to head in a destructive direction?

123. Do you make your own decisions, or let others make them for you?

124. Should full access to the internet be a fundamental right?

125. What is reality?

Philosophical Questions to Spark Meaningful Conversations

126. Is peace the only way to stop a war?

127. What is the truth?

128. Can memories be erased?

129. What makes you, you?

130. Is religion conceptualized by one's own belief system?

131. What things hold you back from doing the things that you really want to?

132. Will the world come to an end by human hands?

133. What is true happiness?

134. Intelligence or wisdom, what's more important for a better world?

135. Where is the line between insanity and creativity?

136. Is true beauty subjective or objective?

137. What one piece of advice would you offer to a newborn infant?

138. What is the extent of freedom human beings should have?

139. Does nature shape our personalities more than nurture?

140. What is the meaning of rich and poor in the modern world?

141. To what extent do you shape your own destiny, and how much is down to fate?

142. Do we control technology or is it controlling us?

143. If you could choose just one thing to change about the world, what would it be?

144. Is it worse to fail at something or never attempt it in the first place?

145. What exactly is self-esteem and where does it come from?

146. Will a curb on buying guns and arms reduce the number of shooting sprees in the world?

147. Is the way we compensate people for their jobs ideal, or should we have some way of ensuring that people are paid appropriately?

148. Do we change when we have power?

149. Can a person be "educated" without a formal education?

150. Will technological advances wipe out humanity?

Philosophical Questions That Are Intellectual

151. What are dreams and why do we have them?

152. Does understanding philosophy lead to progress?

153. Will it ever be possible to travel through time? Space?

154. Is there a species more advanced than humans in the universe?

155. Is defining people according to race a social construct or a biological category?

156. If all the currencies in the world did not have monetary value, would our world be a much better place?

157. Is there a difference between fair trade and free trade? What is it and which is of greater importance?

158. Is it possible time is being altered right now?

159. Is the preservation of a country's culture a good reason for limiting immigration?

160. Why do we throw away food when we know people are dying of hunger?

161. Does the English language make us feel superior to other countries?

162. Which is more important, justice or mercy?

163. Will artificial intelligence help increase human lifespans in the future?

164. Is it always good to have choices?

165. Does awareness of consciousness have benefits?

166. Is torture ever justified?

167. Do thoughts have a pattern?

168. When you are driving and see one shoe on the side of the road, what do you think happened to the other one?

169. Will stricter laws make a better world?

170. Should we limit the amount of money people can earn and save to avoid an unequal distribution of wealth?

171. Are we losing our right to privacy?

172. Since the birth rate is down in the United States, should people be required to have at least one child?

173. Is limiting immigration to developed countries right?

174. Does democracy work for every country?

175. Does faith make belief stronger?

Philosophical Questions That Are Mind-Bending

176. Should people have the right to live and travel anywhere they wish with no state or country boundaries?

177. Why can't every person be a genius?

178. Should people be allowed to sell their organs and should organ donors be financially compensated?

179. Is there freedom in creativity and art in the modern age?

180. Should the government make organ donation compulsory?

181. Do the simple things become complexities when we try to attain perfection?

182. Should governments have penalties for those who live unhealthy lifestyles?

183. Will concepts and theories in regard to religion becoming obsolete come true?

184. Is love different from sexual desire? Passion? How?

185. Is blind belief prevalent more among holy, spiritual and pious people?

186. Is there a cause for every event?

187. Can dreams be associated with the unforeseen future?

188. Do wars ever solve the problems of countries and governments?

189. If we live in a civilized world, why do we see so many distinctions between rich and poor?

190. Can some things exist that aren't in time?

191. Do computers have the ability to be creative?

192. Does luck exist?

193. What rights, if any, do animals have?

194. Are clowns funny or scary?

195. Are there universal human rights? What are they?

196. If time travel is possible, would we have met time travelers already?

197. Are emotions rational or irrational?

198. Does an afterlife exist?

199. Do you think anyone has actually met their true soulmate?

200. Can we know about happiness without knowing about sadness?

Deep Philosophical Questions to Ponder

201. Does time have a beginning or an end?

202. Are people born evil? Or do they end up doing evil things as a result of early childhood experiences or other external factors?

203. Is beauty truly in the eye of the beholder?

204. Are we morally obligated to help others?

205. Is world peace achievable?

206. Are people natural-born leaders, or do they develop the traits over time?

207. What harsh truths do you prefer to ignore?

208. Is suffering a necessary part of the human condition?

209. What would you genetically change about humans to make them a better species?

210. How much does language affect our thinking?

211. If you could press a button and receive a million dollars, but one stranger would die, would you press the button?

212. Has social media been a net positive or a net negative for our society? Why?

213. Is existence necessary?

214. Do the cosmos have a purpose?

215. If humanity were put on trial by an advanced race of aliens, how would you defend humanity and argue for its continued existence?

216. What's the difference between justice and revenge?

217. If babies are considered innocent, when do people cease to be innocent?

218. Where does your self-worth come from?

219. Why are drugs banned but not harmful food additives and alcohol?

220. Is it ever okay to share a secret?

221. How long will you be remembered after you die?

222. How likely do you think it will be that humans last another 1,000 years without killing ourselves off?

223. Would you want to know you are going to die beforehand or die suddenly without warning?

224. Does the study of philosophy ever lead to answers or simply more questions?

225. Can we know anything for certain?

226. Are morals subjective or objective?

227. Do we have a moral obligation to future generations of humans?

228. Is it possible to achieve total equality in the world?

229. What does it mean to be human?

230. What does it mean to be free?

231. Will artificial intelligence ever become self-aware?

232. Are our choices predetermined?

233. Is there a limit to human knowledge?

234. Is it possible to be truly objective? Why or why not?

235. Is happiness sustainable?

236. Is there a difference between knowledge and wisdom?

237. Is suffering necessary for personal growth and development?

238. Can science and religion coexist?

239. Should humans be responsible for the actions of others?

240. Is progress possible without change?

241. Can society function without laws?

242. Is a universal definition of “justice” possible for the world?

243. How do personal beliefs (biases) shape our understanding of truth?

244. Do societal norms impact personal freedoms?

245. Can philosophy help resolve global conflicts?

246. Can happiness be measured?

247. Are humans a product of their experiences?

248. Are there absolute truths in the world?

249. Do memories influence our identity?

250. Is there a limit to human creativity?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Dance of Creation and Destruction

In all creation, there is destruction, and in all destruction, there is creation.
Yet, is do either have any actuality, when comprehended from the quantum baseline?
That which is spaceless, timeless, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable.
This world, this cosmos, is a grand quantum illusion, a Shakespearian théâtre absurde.
To which, despite all assertions to the contrary, You are solitary witness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Eternal Beingness

You are a sovereign, absolute eternal being.
The mortal challenge is to be the timeless beingness,
The timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, You truly are,
Instead of the imaginary one You pretend to be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Unwrapping Your Mind

You imagine so many things,
And not one of them is ultimately real.
Not one of them is ultimately true.
To unwrap the mind around it,
Is to let go of everything.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mystery Behind Every Face

The same unfathomable, ineffable mystery is behind every face,
Ever witnessing whatever dreamtime, into which it has been inexplicably cast.
All creatures, small to great, equally play out their nature-nurture part.
Whatever role the genetic lottery's natural selection has ordained.
It is an indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum reverie,
The totality of That which can truly be called God.
In which, despite any and all appearances,
Are one in the same for all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Distillation of Perception

What any given mind-body perceives, is distilled by its own frame of reference,
Into its own account, its own narrative, its own chronicle, its own story, its own saga.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What is Real? What is Not Real?

All things are as real as imagination makes them.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Planet of the Grubs

Some grubs climb.
Some grubs dig.
Some grubs float.
Some grubs swim.
Some grubs fly.
Some grubs crawl.
Some grubs slither.
Some grubs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Run Silent, Run Deep

How pointless holding on to this world, and its incalculable absurdities.
Find peace in your Self, and run silent, run deep, in the eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

This Very Singular Moment

Eternity is happening this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, spaceless-timeless moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Self-Absorption Across the Board

No one wants to know You in the way You do in your imaginary existence.
Everyone is too busy in their own self-absorbed dreamtimes,
To bother more than superficially about yours.
And, no doubt, You about theirs.
The drive for recognition is meaningless.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Dystopian Driver

Curious how so many have faith that technology will save us,
When it has really played the greatest role in taking us down.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Koan for All

Why is it, that neither You nor anyone else,
Nor any other creature, small to large,
Have ever seen their own face?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The True Root of All Evil

Money, in all its many forms, is not the root of all evil.
Vanity and avarice are the makers and shakers of that dynamic.
Money is merely the ways and means in which Mammon is worshipped.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Kaleidoscoping Wander

Sometimes frameless in eternal awareness, sometimes framed in mundane imagination;
Sometimes detached, unborn-undying, inscrutable; sometimes attached, temporal;
You ever in the indifferent moment, wander a kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Viva la Revolución!

Consciousness requires a great change, a revolution, if it is to survive.
In its Darwinian-rooted urges, imagination has taken our kind down a dead-end road.
Vanity and greed have bent a reality, where we either somehow awaken, or endure agonizing destruction.
All indicators are that we our well on our way to extinction, because the naturally-selected inclination,
Appears incapable of mutating into the state of pure awareness, of God Consciousness, we truly are.
We resolutely, blindly cling, to so many narcissistic absurdities, so many hedonistic distractions,
That only an absolute and horrifying collapse, will perhaps awaken whoever survives, if any.
And odds are, they, too, will not discern the illusion, and will carry very much the same.
It will merely be the same-old-same-old, playing out on a very much smaller scale,
In a world very likely grown incredibly inhospitable to mammalian life forms.
Whether or not, or for how long, any survive, is for other eyes to witness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Looking Forward, Looking Back

Free will only seems like free will at the time.
Looking back, was there ever really any choice?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Truth of History

All histories vary in their accuracy,
Based on who is narrating it, and why.
And no matter the motive, all remain stories,
And no story can ever snare the timeless moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Wake Up! Wake Up!

Are You an arm, a leg, a hand, a foot, a torso, a head, a face, a mind,
Or a mysterious, ineffable awareness playing an imaginary protagonist;
Centerstage, in an extemporaneous, choiceless, Shakespearian performance.
A beyond-all-pales reverie, in which only a rare few awaken to its greater reality.
And even they are challenged to remain awake, when mesmerized by its illusory veil.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Gift to the Impending

What would it take for me to take down this digital tent,
And throw everything I have authored into some nearby landfill?
How attached am I to all the many thoughts this mind-body has rendered?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might in some imminent moment be known?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might make some difference to that dystopian dreamtime?
What would it take for me to sweep it back into the oblivion from which it emerged?
The ponder is oh so tempting, but one this vanity can easily transcend.
For good, for ill, the wretched impending is stuck with it.
Assuming, of course, that both somehow arrive.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Ghost of Future Past

The imaginary You is but a manifest ghost of imagination's future-past.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The First Stone

Pretty good odds that any first-stone-thrower is a hypocrite.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Silent Mind

Truth cannot be taught.
Everyone is entirely on their own,
And whatever any mind 'gets' or 'does not get',
Is absolutely based on a frame of reference only it perceives.
All the 'belief' systems of the human paradigm wander well beyond absurdity.
What inspires any seer, any sage, to craft a venue to share their insights?
Where would any be if we had never penned or uttered a word?
Had all our so many ponderings never been imparted?
The silent mind is an impenetrable emptiness,
Untarnished by any irony, any paradox,
Ever contrived by imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

On Trying to Wake Up a True Believer

To believe any true believer, can succumb to doubt, can awaken to a greater vision,
Is not likely a sound wager, and may well get somebody knocking at your door,
Offering to sell You the Brooklyn Bridge, with an especially special discount.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Coulda? Shoulda? Woulda?

How many thousands of hours,
Have I spent putting all this together,
Is an inanely large and unknowable number.
I could have probably been relatively prosperous,
Perhaps somewhat powerful, even renowned,
Had I put all this acuteness and energy,
Into something a little more worldly.
Alas, that that attribute, ambition,
Did not call more tenaciously.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Solace for Ignorance

Religion is salve for the undiscerning mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nothing! The Nothing!

Yet another dreamy day of nothing done, nothing undone.

Breadcrumbs 2025

History's Bill of Goods

The history of the cosmos, the history of the world, the history of the human paradigm,
Is an ever-kaleidoscoping bill of goods served to the current moment without apology.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Boiling Point

The human paradigm boils down to vanity and greed.
The human paradigm boils down to narcissism and hedonism.
The human paradigm boils down to self-interest and more is never enough.
And how likely is it to ever come to any happy conclusion?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Rare Mind

It is the rare mind,
That is not rushing, rushing, into the future,
Missing, missing, the present.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Happy Ending

Alas in this mortal theater,
That there is no happy ending,
Other than the ending itself.

Breadcrumbs 2025

As It Seems

Nothing is as it seems.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Accidental Tourist

What is so wrong, so disturbing,
About being just a naturally-selected,
Unintentional, accidental, random, chance,
Very much all alone, happenstance of eternity?
An accidental tourist, out and about for a worldly tour.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Right-Here-Right-Now of Eternal Life

You are a direct line, an unconditional line, to the eternal You … There is no other.
All divisions, all boundaries, all partitions, all borders, are imagined.
All You need to do, is dial into this moment's awareness,
And You will be everything there is to be.
Eternal life is right here, right now.
Dying to the imaginary self is all it takes.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Universal Mind

Do You realize your cosmos, your world,
Is entirely playing out in your mind.
That You are the universal mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Pay Attention

Miss the moment, You miss everything.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Critical Friend

In showing it the Way,
In articulating its weaknesses and failings,
I am perhaps proving to be one of imagination's greatest allies.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Grubs With Attitude

What is the human species but a diverse collection of grubs with a great deal of imagination,
With which they, in so many ways, make believe they are important to the universe,
That plays out, over and over, ever the same, in their wee little minds.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Whatever It Is, You Are

Whatever the mystery is, You are.
Whatever the unfathomable is, You are.
Whatever the moment is, You are.
Whatever the awareness is, You are.
Whatever the ineffable is, You are.
Whatever the eternal is, You are.
Whatever the all is, You are.
Whatever the indelible is, You are.
Whatever the ineffaceable is, You are.
Whatever the entirety is, You are.
Whatever the matrix is, You are.
Whatever the quantum is, You are.
Whatever the infinite is, You are.
Whatever the infinitesimal is, You are.
Whatever the sum is, You are.
Whatever the witness is, You are.
Whatever the right here is, You are.
Whatever the right now is, You are.
Whatever the synergy is, You are.
Whatever the serendipity is, You are.
Whatever the whole is, You are.
Whatever the totality is, You are.
Whatever the intangible is, You are.
Whatever the everything is, You are.
Whatever the boundless is, You are.
Whatever the nameless is, You are.
Whatever the inexplicable is, You are.
Whatever the unborn is, You are.
Whatever the undying is, You are.
Whatever the indivisible is, You are.
Whatever the spaceless is, You are.
Whatever the timeless is, You are.
Whatever the absolute is, You are.
Whatever the nothing is, You are.
Whatever the creator is, You are.
Whatever the preserver is, You are.
Whatever the destroyer is, You are.
Whatever the omniscient is, You are.
Whatever the omnipresent is, You are.
Whatever the omnipotent is, You are.

Whatever God is, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2025

My Johnny Appleseed Experiment

This long and winding aphoristic soliloquy, and the ways and means it has been Johnny-Appleseed flung,
Has been a relatively non-invasive contribution, to see whether or not a grass roots stimulation,
Whether or not some sort of rational realignment with the natural order, is possible,
In whatever future past is on the horizon for the human paradigm.
Am pretty sure I will depart existence, with the absurdity,
Still brazenly ramping up its accelerating exponential.
Racing toward the Petri dish precipices, both seen and unseen,
And in all our folly, our madness, the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Doubtful Eye

The eye that seeks truth to whatever end, is a doubtful eye.

Is a questioning eye.
Is a skeptical eye.
Is a cynical eye.
Is a dubious eye.
Is a sensible eye.
Is a vigilant eye.
Is a judicious eye.
Is a tentative eye.
Is a cautious eye.
Is a patient eye.
Is a coherent eye.
Is a rational eye.

An eye that will go whatever end is required,
To discern the most truthful truth the mystery allows.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Goals! Goals! Goals!

Racing clocks, racing calendars, racing everything and everyone.
Goal after goal after goal, and ever something more after every finish line crossed.
The process, the course, the ways and means, often nothing more than time-wasting distraction.
And in the kaleidoscoping of each and every one, the unmoving moment presides.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Consciousness and That Which Is Prior

Awareness is prior to all things imagined by consciousness.

Pride
Love
Hate
Anger
Fear
Dread
Anxiety
Regret
Agony
Ecstasy
Greed
Envy
Lust
Gluttony
Judgment
Envy
Sloth
Sports
Entertainment
Hobbies
Recreation
Amusement
History
Math
Science
Art
Music
Humanities
Business
Psychology
Religion
Philosophy

… et cetera … et cetera … et cetera …

Awareness is prior to consciousness, prior to all things mind.
Everything else is the huff and puff, the churning, the roiling, of imaginary notion.
Imagination has it meaning, its purpose, in the illusory dreamtime,
But it is not the baseline, for those who question.
For those who see the unseen.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Here You Are Now

… here You are now …
… here You are now …
… here You are now …

The Free Mind

There are many loaded words – God, Brahman, Allah, Krishna, Buddha, Tao, et cetera –
But in the essential quantum matrix reality, they mean nothing.
They are only words.
They are only sounds given concept,
To which attachment need not be given in a free mind.
When You listen to a language You do not know, words You do not understand,
What attachment do You have, can You have, to what sounds to your ear like nothing more than babble?
Do You really believe your language, your linguistic repertoire, sounds any different,
To the ears, of all the many across the world, who do not know it?
The human paradigm is a chaotic sea of vibration,
It always has been, it always will be.
And the only resolution?
A silent mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Preposterous

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs,
That endlessly babble every sort of absurdity,
That vainly imagine meaning and purpose existent.
Many make-believing all the while, there is some deity,
That genuinely wants to save us from ourselves,
And our naturally-selected inane asylum.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Judgment Day

If You have read much of this dissertation,
You fathom that I do not believe there is a separate God.
To me, it is all one; we are all God from the non-dualistic point of view,
And no religion our kind has ever conjured, in any geography, in any time, is necessary.
But, if there is a divinity that created us, to judge us, probably the only thing He/She/It is going to ask, is:
Why did You not just say no, why did You not just stop, take a deep breath,
And look candidly at the life You were living?
And discern how easily,
With just a few altered decisions,
It could have been so very, very different.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Nature

Physics is the underlying form.
Chemistry is the unifying force.
Biology is the foundation of life.
Nature is the expression unfurling.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Gaia Undone

What a silent garden it must have been,
Before consciousness took root,
And imagination blossomed.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Matter

It did not matter then.
It does not matter now.
It will not matter when.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Slice It, Dice It

No matter how You slice it,
No matter how You dice it,
The entire human paradigm,
Boils down to vanity and greed.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Of Angels and Demons

If angels and demons must be conceived,
Surely they are the imagination within all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mind-Body Dream

It all seems so very real, until it becomes so obvious, nothing is.
All appearances are but the temporary illusion-delusions of imagination.
Brief outings, sidebars, excursions, of the mind-body's dream of space and time.
Its partnership with the ineffable, indelible mystery, from whence it inexplicably evolved.
A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Critical Thinker

What is the critical thinker – the doubter, the skeptic, the cynic, the agnostic –
But someone who can detach from his/her own value system,
And see the relativity of all perspectives.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Hold Fast to Nothing

You begin existence with nothing,
You leave existence with nothing.
Hold fast to the nothing between.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Price of Existence

Death is the price all existence must pay for being born.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Lesson in Futility

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.
The intelligent designer is the eternal awareness within all creation.
It is a very-fine-dry-sand-in-loose-fingers-on-a-very-windy-day mystery.
No one can save You but your Self, and even that is a lesson in futility.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Mysterious Ether

You are the inexplicable, mysterious, unfathomable, immeasurable, ether of awareness,
In which all forms are but quantum mirages, imagined by an ever-present, kaleidoscoping mind-body.
With which, in which, has been staged an imaginary, impromptu, Shakespearian theater,
Where You are centerstage, improvising your extemporaneous persona.
Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Uniqueness of Existence

In every sentient being that has ever been, or will ever be,
A unique existence, a unique perception, a unique universe, a unique everything.
All equally real, all equally unreal, as the eternal moment ordains.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Hard-Learned Lesson

Seeking the approval of others is an unending lesson in futility.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Our Self-Absorbed Worlds

Your little corner seems so real to You but across the stage,
No one, either notices, nor cares, about all your dramas and intrigues.
And can You truthfully disclose, You do not feel very much the same, about them?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Eye of the Frame of Reference

The reality is, any given reader may or may not grasp thoughts such as these as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Discerning the Eternal Moment

The ever-present eternal moment is not an ideal, to which one must bow and scrape.
It is an unequivocal fact, which only prior-to-consciousness, tabula-rasa awareness, can discern.
All appearance to the contrary, there is only one ultimate, nondual reality.
And it is You and You are it; there is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The True-Believer Lucifers

It is the true believers who separate themselves from God,
Who abide in the hellscape of imagination.
Lucifer is their name,
And dualistic notion, their game.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Of Health and Well-Being

Regarding health and well-being,
What seems so minor in younger daze,
May well loom very large in the later ones.
Moderation in all things is the way.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Wakey! Wakey! Wakey!

Imagination is an elixir to which the human paradigm is addicted.
If imagination wishes to carry on, it had better wake up a la bigtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The True Nature of Intelligent Design

The entire cosmos is an illusory quantum matrix, as are all sentient beings that perceive it.
The amorphous intelligence, is the indelibly ineffable eternal awareness, within all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mystery Within All Creation

Since the mystery began its spaceless-timeless quantum voyage of cosmic creation,
What was required for your naturally-selected genetic lineage,
To generate into being, the You reading this,
Is well beyond all pales.
The entire universe is an illusion,
As are all sentient beings that perceive it real.
The intelligence is the ineffable awareness permeating all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Kaleidoscoping Quantum

The ethereal moment is ever present, ever still, ever serene.
But the quantum matrix is a ceaseless churning, a ceaseless movement,
A ceaseless streaming, ever kaleidoscoping through it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

All That Remains

And that moment, forever gone, too.
And that moment, now but the vaguest of memories.
Until it, too, is forever lost and forgotten.
Sorrows, sorrows, prayers.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Book of Destiny

The Book of Destiny will conclude with a last scrawl and a sigh.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Mad Hatters Across the Board

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend, that is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Absurdity of Measuring the Immeasurable

What we call time, is merely the measurement of one rather insignificant whirling pale blue dot dust ball,
Orbiting another larger one, that is, in the genre of blazing dust balls, a relatively small star.
Both very much quantum equals in the vast matrix of the eternal moment.
Both are fated to someday dissolve back into the abyss.
And where will space and time be then?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Imagination's Usurpation of Sentience

Everyone telling You there is more, but there is not.
It is all a lie; a lie to keep You in the game.
A bittersweet lie to keep the dreamtime in play,
For as long as imagination can continue its usurpation.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of Eternity

As new as it is old, as old as it is new.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Myth of Origin

Were we made in the image of God? Or the imagination of God?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A 0.0035 Percent Cosmos

Humans perceive only a very small portion – 0.0035 percent – of the electromagnetic spectrum.
This visible light spectrum, falls between wavelengths of around 380 to 780 nanometers.
The electromagnetic spectrum encompasses much longer and shorter wavelengths,
Including radio waves, microwaves, infrared, ultraviolet, X-rays, gamma rays.
In the narcissistic-hedonistic spectrum, however, our little paradigm reigns supreme.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Rider Through the Storm

There is nothing You are meant to be.
There is nothing You are supposed to be doing.
There is only what You are; there is only what You are not.
There is only this right here, this right now; there is only this moment.
There is only the unfathomable awareness, and firing synapses imagining through it.
The You this mystery has, in illusion fabricated, is but a make-believe fable.
A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Drip … Drip … Drip …

The rigors of life wear all down as water does rocks and mountains.
The quantum matrix is an ever-changing dynamic no mind can halt.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Cacophony! The Cacophony!

The sound of silence reigns in a steadfast mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of a Man

If You want to discern what manner of man You are dealing with,
Put a sword and shield in his hands, and send him out into the arena.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Limits of Imagination

The world, the universe, You imagine, has never existed.
All the imagination ever imagined could not grasp the stone-cold reality,
Could not fashion the truth, the awareness, the moment, the right-here-now of eternity,
Through which it has kaleidoscoped since its evolution in consciousness in this ineffable dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of Detachment

Detachment is not an ideal, nor is it a goal, nor is it a principle.
It is a state, a frame, a quality, a serenity, of mind,
Free of desire, free of fear, free of dread,
Free of any passion, whatsoever.
It is the You, it is the Self,
At the most natural, essential core.
This dream is always in turmoil and conflict.
To amble through it, placidly detached, is the challenge.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Change or Die, Your Choice

If consciousness, if imagination, if dreamtime,
Wants to survive its illusion-delusion,
If it fancies sticking around,
It had better wise up.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of Contentment

Contentment with less is more.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Concoction of Imagination

All history is the concoction of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

You Are What You Eat

Try paying more attention to what You put in your mind-body than how it tastes.
Appeasing the taste buds only goes as far as that wormhole just beyond the tongue.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A State of Mind

The five senses and mind offer You an entire world and a vast cosmos, in which You are but a speck.
Disregard the senses, still the mind unto its sentience, and You are all of it.
To which quality of mind are You called?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Shadow Within

It is not how others think about You that torments You.
It is how You think they think about You that generates all the bother.
You must forgive your Self, You must accept your Self, You must relish your Self,
To be free of all the imaginary suffering of your imaginary mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Embrace the Aloneness

Instead of running from the loneliness, try embracing the aloneness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Owning It

The eternal moment.
It is not yours, it never was yours, it never will be yours.
Yet, You it, all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Dreamless Slumber

What is death but falling into a dreamless slumber,
From which You will never awaken in that form again.
Heavens and hells, and reincarnation, are but limited visions,
Misapprehensions, misconceptions, of what is really going on here.
You have never been the mind-body, or any other appearance or attribute.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Quantum Sands of Mystery

Through eternal awareness, the mystery of the cosmos plays out.
Evolution is the brush and chisel, and illusion, the means and medium.
Natural selections are the choiceless choices in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment.
It is all written in the quantum sands of time for the eternal witness to wander in every way.
Is there a reason? Is there a purpose? Is there an answer? Is there a deity on high?
No, an ineffable mystery is all it is, all has ever been, all will ever be.
The challenge is not giving way to arrogance and avarice,
For they are the ever-present temptations.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Just Be You

Just be the breath.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the awareness.
Just be the perception.
Just be the simplicity.
Just be the sentience.
Just be the alertness.
Just be the moment.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the entirety.
Just be the infinity.
Just be the cosmos.
Just be the eternal.
Just be the here.
Just be the now.
Just be You.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Every Mind Its Own Palette

A simple explanation suits a simple mind.
A moderate explanation suits a moderate mind.
A complex explanation suits a complex mind.
Every mind its own unique illusory palette.
Every mind a universe unto its Self.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Idiot's Tale

The both fascinating and exhausting thing about the human paradigm and its Shakespearian spectacle,
Is how we so often really believe, so many things we have imagined, are real and true and important:

All our geographies.
All our cultures.
All our families.
All our ethnicities.
All our races.
All our languages.
All our traditions.
All our histories.
All our politics.
All our commerce.
All our conflicts.
All our mathematics.
All our sciences.
All our inventions.
All our engineering.
All our industries.
All our technologies.
All our architecture.
All our superstitions.
All our religions.
All our philosophies.
All our music.
All our arts.
All our sports.
All our costumes.
All our narcissism.
All our hedonism.
All our ecstasies.
All our agonies.

Everything we venerate human.

That when gazing out into the infinite starry-starry night, we, who are mere microbes in its vastness,
Truly regard our little spinning dust ball, our pale blue dot, our illusion-packed speck, is at its center.
And that our kind is ordained, by our imagination, to be its most meaningful and purposeful creation.
The joke is on us; we, who are too self-absorbed, too greedy, to rationally grasp the absurdity of it all.
And so, we race, barely a hint of squealing brakes, towards the precipice of our own imaginary creation.
And for whatever life forms prevail after we have extinguished ourselves, it will be as if we never existed.
MacBeth's summation catches it: 'A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Terror! The Terror!

Religions and cults have risen and fallen with every cultural fusion,
In every geography since our migration erupted from the jungles of old.
They are part of the fabric that holds any mindset to its delusions of grandeur.
It must have been exceedingly terrifying for our ancestors in the way back when,
For us to carry our dread of the mystery to such heights, over and over and over again.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Problem Solver? Or Problem Maker?

The mind can be a problem solver.
The mind can be a problem maker.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Everything of Time

Everything makes time.
Everything takes time.
Everything fakes time.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Paradox, the Irony

It is whatever You think it is; it is not whatever You think it is.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Gift to Your Self

Unless You have managed to wheedle your way into power and/or fame and/or fortune;
Or have some troll who has found motive to haunt your continuing existence;
Or have family and friends and tribal connections of a clannish sort;
Odds are, all your good and foul deeds, will go largely unnoticed and unpunished.
Anonymity is a gift to your Self, if You have the wit to eschew the delusion of self-importance.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Joyful Curmudgeon

Do I sound undeniably, irrevocably, indelibly, indifferently, ineffably, contentedly
– stoical, fatalistic, resigned, doubtful, accepting, skeptical, cynical, pessimistic, philosophical –
Well, duh, yeah, I be a joyful curmudgeon, a soliloquizing witness to the great mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Abyss! The Abyss!

A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Daily Ascent

Whether miserable or cheerful, whether grousing or whistling,
'Tis yet another Sisyphean day of pushing that rock up the hill.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Contest

How so many opt for a story, for a myth, for an idol,
Over the one and only eternal moment they are,
Is absurdity beyond all comprehension.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Choiceless Moment

Yet another timeless moment in the moment,
For the illusion-delusion of free will looking forward,
To kaleidoscope into the illusion-delusion of fate looking back.
What choice is there for any pattern playing out its form,
But the utter choicelessness of natural selection?
The sands of time blow on and on and on,
And eternity, indifferent to all of it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Analog Language Adrift in the Digital Age

Clock face
Hour hand
Short hand
Minute hand
Long hand
Second hand

One hour
12 hours
24 hours
60 minutes
60 seconds
60 ticks

O'clock
Five past
Ten past
Quarter past
Twenty past
Twenty-five past
Half past
Twenty-five to
Twenty to
Quarter to
Ten to
Five to

Half-hour
Quarter-hour

Clockwise
Counter-clockwise

AM (Ante Meridiem)
PM (Post Meridiem)

Digital: 7:05
Wording: It's 5 past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven oh five.

Digital: 7:15
Wording: It's quarter past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven fifteen.

Digital: 7:30
Wording: It's half past 7.

Alternative way: It's seven thirty.

Digital: 7:35
Wording: It's 25 to 8.
Alternative way: It's seven thirty-five.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Nope, Nope, Nope

The eternal moment.
It is not yours.
It never was yours.
It never will be yours.
Suffer your way to nirvana.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Lost and Gone Forever

Another moment come and gone.
Did You give it your fullest attention,
Or were You off day-dreaming, yet again?
Another recollection, another vague perception,
Lost and gone forever, either way.
So it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Merrily, Merrily, Life Is but a Dream

No, You did not change your destiny, You did not alter your fate.
It might have seemed like a whole new direction in the epiphany You perceived,
But the big picture reality, is, You only continued wandering down the same sands-of-time path.
The dreamtime, from beginning to end, is free will looking forward, fate looking back.

An old – old being what it is – American folk song, sings it as it is.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Regarding Jesus

Regarding Jesus.
I get the story; I get the mythology.
I just do not see it the way the popular rendering reads.
It is not 'the greatest story ever told,' in this ineffable eternal mystery.
Phenomena that defy natural law, and scientific method and principles, are ludicrous.
There have been many seers, many sages, many thinkers, throughout the world, throughout all histories.
And all are first and last, in their own right; all have a mythology about their awakening.
And none are more real, more true, than any other, despite all assertions.
The significance is in the awakening, not how it came about.
And none can be followed; none need be followed,
But through the earnest seeker's own solitary walkabout.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Of Imagination and Awareness

Imagination is the doer, in all that is done, and all that is undone.
And momentary awareness, is but timeless witness,
To the kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of Responsibility

You cannot be responsible for anyone or anything other than your Self.
And even that can be very troublesome more than several times a day.

Breadcrumbs 2025

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World

What a dominant force all our creations, all our manipulations, play in the human paradigm.
From fire and sharpened sticks, to everything we surround ourselves with, to live and work and entertain,
In this our modern industrial-technological, beyond-all-pales, mad-mad-mad, muddle of a world.
And all the clocks and calendars that tick-tick-tick every moment in our dreams of time,
Send us rushing, racing, every which way, throughout all our days and nights.
Ever scurrying to keep up with all the absurdities our minds embrace.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Original Work

The one thing You can say about these many philosophical-mystical ponderings
– Agree with them, comprehend them, embrace them, or no –
Is that it is an entirely original work.
Every single aphorism, a sculpting of its own.
Life's distillation, coupled with an inclination for wordplay,
And a time-sharpened skillset with word processing and its motley widgets.
What will come of it, is unknowable, and of little concern, for process was reward enough.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Of Human Inspiration

What in any deity's name is so inspiring about human vanity and greed?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Of Hell and Heaven

The real hell all must overcome, is the one in their minds.
What is heaven, but the neuron trail, at peace with itself.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Quiet Revolution

The inward awakening is a quiet revolution.
When You are free, it is a silent declaration.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Total Recall

To unlock the conditioned mind, the You You truly are,
Must grant it your unequivocal, undivided, absolute attention.
You must Descartes-doubt all things, until all doubt discerns its end.
The truth is there for all who have the wit and will to walk the razor's edge.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Realign or Die

Grubs that can talk, grubs that can walk, grubs that can do all sorts of amazing things;
Grubs that can imagine, that can pretend, that can make-believe, they are more than grubs;
Grubs that believe they are divinely stamped to be greater than all the other grubs small to large;
Grubs that have the power to manipulate and destroy any lesser grub in any way they wish;
Have a lot to learn about the rules of the game, to get back the reality of the way it is.
Can the gluttonous monkey let go the tasty bait to escape the coconut dilemma?
With natural selection so steeped in its grub algorithm, odds are not good.
Vanity and greed are not proving to be very sustainable strategies.
When it comes to survival, the grubs we call cockroaches,
At least 320 million years ancient, and counting,
Have much more viable genetic coding,
And will very likely continue on,
Long after we are gone.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Tiller of Destiny

Whether You never see it,
Whether You see it only once in a while,
Whether You see-hear-touch-taste-smell it all the time,
Why would it be relevant to anyone but You?
Destiny is tiller for every witness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Dream That Never Happened

Your death will be the end of everything.
Your mind-body, your world, your universe.
Everything You have ever thought or said or done.
Everything You have ever created, preserved, destroyed.
The illusory mirage will evaporate, as if it all never happened.
And whatever awareness is, and is not; whatever eternity is, and is not;
Will carry on without any remnant of the imaginary dreamtime,
That You are not, You never were, You will never be.
It is all an extraordinary, ineffable mystery,
And You but an illusory witness,
Destined to disappear.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Absurdity of Irony and Paradox

Right here, right now, this very moment, eternity permeates the core of your beingness,
And You settle for story after story, that have no reality, whatsoever.
The absurdity of irony and paradox reigns supreme.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unfathomable Silence

To be unutterably, unfathomably silent,
Is to disregard, to ignore, the world, the universe,
You every given moment, through imagination, differentiate.
It is a quality of awareness, a quality of attentiveness,
A quality of prior-to-consciousness beingness,
Aligned solely with the eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Voiceless Voice

Learn to trust intuition's subtle epiphanies.
It is the voiceless voice of the mystery within.

Breadcrumbs 2025

And the Point, Again?

What point to judgment, once You see everything the same mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Great Deception

The imagination born of mystery,
Enticed me to scribe this, kept me in the game,
That all my tilling would never be known enough to be forgotten.
There is no depth to which irony and paradox, with utmost dexterity, will not sink.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unpretentious Existence

How much more agreeable, how much less disagreeable, an unpretentious existence.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Rest of the Pie

If humans only perceive 0.0035 percent of this unfathomable mystery,
That some ivory tower sorts call the electromagnetic spectrum,
What the heck is going on in the other 0.9965 percent?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Mind's Hell, Mind's Heaven

When who becomes what,
When what becomes where,
When where becomes when,
When when becomes why,
When why becomes how,
When how becomes when,
Minds succumb to every hell.
Minds succumb to every heaven.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Be Mindful, Pilgrim

It only takes one inattentive, one unlucky, one fated moment,
To forever change, forever alter, forever downsize, any given dream.
So, pay attention, Pilgrim; be mindful, if You prefer a less painful existence.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught But a Concoction

You and your world and your cosmos, are nothing more than a concoction of sensory perception.

Breadcrumbs 2025

All You Really Know

You know a great deal about the world, the cosmos, the quantum illusion, your mind-body perceives,
But about the mystery – the unknowable, the enigmatic, the inexplicable, the inscrutable,
The impenetrable, the indescribable, the unfathomable, the ineffable –
You beyond all doubt, know absolutely nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unambiguous Mind

There is most certainly an intransigent degree of peace,
And contentment and certainty and hope and unassailability,
In the unambiguous, infallible mindset, of an earnest true believer.
The critical thinker must work far harder to achieve,
That sure-footed level of absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Silence of Peace

… peace … peace … peace …

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Truth of Nothing

Nothing new, nothing old, nothing all the same.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mystery's Apologist

Who-what-where-when-why-how am I,
But an apologist-defender-supporter-ally-protector-champion-advocator,
For the ineffable mystery of eternity.
For which it never asked.
But did allow.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Freedom of This Work

Because it is not being sold or bartered, or fashioned into any sort of cultish following,
This philosophical commentary is free to be however it plays out in this mind,
And will wander out into the dreamtime world of its own merit, or not.
The fate of the human paradigm is already written in the sands,
And it is not for anyone to change even one moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Ultimate Belief

The only sure thing to believe in, is that there is nothing to believe in.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Imagination's Projection

You have never existed.
Imagination imagined that You did,
But that was a projection, to which it is prone.
And You will not die, either.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Boundaries Known

What here or there has any reality,
What us or them has any reality,
What truth or lie has any reality,
What thick or thin has any reality,
What high or low has any reality,
What great or small has any reality,
What plus or minus has any reality,
What up or down has any reality,
What alive or dead has any reality,
What black or white has any reality,
What inside or outside has any reality,
In an indivisible matrix that knows no duality.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Buddha's Answer to the Pain of Existence

Human existence is a trail of every imaginable ecstasy and agony,
Every passion to which these mortal coils are susceptible.
Buddha's First Noble truth: Existence is painful.
The second: Unhappiness is caused by selfish craving.
Third: Deliverance from pain is found through non-attachment.
And fourth: The Eightfold Path … Practice wisdom, morality, meditation.

The Eightfold Path
Right views
Right intention
Right speech
Right action
Right livelihood
Right effort
Right mindfulness
Right concentration

The Five Hindrances
Sensuality
Ill-will
Lethargy
Worry
Indecision

Seven Factors of Enlightenment
Mindfulness
Investigation of existence
Persevering effort
Enkindle rapture
Maintain calm
Concentration on right values and things
Equanimity; good grace toward what life has in store

Ten Contemplations
Impermanence
Absence of a permanent self or soul
Profane nature of physical world
Danger or disadvantage
Abandonment
Detachment
Cessation
Distaste for external world
Impermanence of component things
Mindfulness of in-breathing and out-breathing

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Opium of the Masses

Distraction – diversion, recreation, amusement, activity, meaning, purpose – is the opium of the masses.
Whether it be religion or politics or money or news or sports or food or drugs or technology,
Or anything else the human paradigm has conceived to fill its insatiability,
All distractions allow imagination to rule the moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Vision in Which You Harbor

Imagination is the lock; awareness, the key.
You are as self-absorbed and terrestrial,
Or as Self-absorbed and undying,
As the vision in which You harbor.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Just Another Lie

Would that I, were as silent, as serene,
As these too many words suggest.
Indeed, I am just another lie,
Babbling about nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Are You, you? Or Are You, You?

This is your one and only moment.
Are You the space and time imaginary you?
Or are You the spaceless-timeless awareness You?

Breadcrumbs 2025

One Eye to Rule Them All

There is only one eye, and it is the ineffable mystery of awareness permeating all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mind's Eye

The paired lobes of the soft nervous tissue immediately behind the skull's forehead, are the mind's eye.
The part of the brain concerned with behavior, learning, personality, voluntary movement.
The coordinating epicenter of sensation and intellectual and nervous activity.
The quantum storm, electromagnetic grid, Shakespearian player,
Of the human paradigm's imaginary condition.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Imaginary Marathon

Even though space and time are really nothing more than an imaginary constructs
The human mind mindlessly, irrationally, absurdly, races it, from womb to grave.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Dreamtime in the Abyss

Space and time are an ever-kaleidoscoping illusion,
In the ineffably spaceless, timeless abyss of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The So It Goes of the Ever-Changing

Adaptation is about letting go of things that no longer exist,
And discerning what is really happening in the right-here-right-now.
All simply a matter of doing the good old 'so it goes' shrug.
Of dealing with it, of getting over it, of moving on.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Dragon of Disquieting Imagination

A streaming state of mind is much easier when You are totally immersed in some worldly activity.
It is when You are all alone, undistracted, that the dragon of disquieting imagination raises its head.
Self-controlled attention to the ever-present, timeless moment, can be a challenging thing to muster.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Solution Required

Be content to consider this inexplicable mystery, a mystery that needs no solution.
Nor any of the incalculable absurdities our kind has devised to worship and fear and dread it.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, prior-to-consciousness, spaceless-timeless awareness, of all eternity.
You are it, it is You, a wakefulness that pervades all creation, and the abyss in which it frolics.
What more realization, what more insight, what more understanding, is necessary?
The momentary challenge is to be as present, as here now, as possible.
As deeply silent as the mind allows in any given moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Only Resolution

Still working all that blather in your head out? All that mind-body conditioning.
All that crap that rolodexes round and round like a rat on a rat wheel,
Regurgitating over and over and over and over and …
Well, silence is the only resolution.
And that takes some very resolute attention.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Smoke of Sanity

Imaginary as the human paradigm is, all come up with their own unique way,
To keep their mindset, their attitude, their conviction, their headset,
In one dimension of balance, of centered-ness, or another.
Obviously, some are much better at it than others.
So-called sanity is about being somewhat functional,
In whatever absurdity is playing out in the given theater.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Metaphors! The Metaphors!

God did not kick us out of the Garden; it was a voluntary departure, a voluntary quit.
A cloaking of, a blindness to, a denial of, the instinctual nature, the instinctual patterning.
Brought on by imagination's fabrication of knowledge, its embracing of knowledge.
Any creation story, no matter how redeeming, is nothing more than a metaphor.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Beholder's Eye

What is this ephemeral trait called beauty, but an ever-distracting promise of something,
That does not, has never, will never, exist, but in the eye of one beholder or another.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Finger-Wagging of Ethics

The Ancient Greeks made a big thing of ethics way back when,
And we have been wagging our fingers at each other ever since.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nth Degree

Anything can be rationalized to one nth degree or another.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Ghosts of History

The ghosts of history swirl in every mind.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Comprehension of History

It is challenging to understand, to grasp, the nature of history,
Until You have at least a modicum of it in your frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Good Student

Pain is the teacher, and it is the rare student that does not require more than a few whippings.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Ethics: For Those Not in the Game

Ethics is the forum pastime of those who are not in the Game of Thrones.

Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must.

Thucydides (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
Athenian historian and general
History of the Peloponnesian War

Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

Seneca (4 BC – AD 65)
Stoic philosopher of Ancient Rome
Statesman, dramatist, satirist

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Fate the Same

Some conquer the world.
Some conquer themselves.
Some follow one or the other.
Some perch on couches or barstools.
And the rest do, whatever they do, as they can.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Insatiable Mind

The five senses are extensions of the mind, and it is insatiable.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Tiller of the Mystery

Natural selection is the tiller of the mystery, the ferryman of destiny, the harbinger of fate.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Silence of Eternity

To comprehend what You truly are, have always been, will ever be,
You must unwrap the mind into a totality, so vast, so empty, as to be unfathomably incomprehensible.
It is the You You are, before all befores, after all afters, and during all durings.
The unutterable silence of eternity is deafening.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Goals v. Process

Another timebound goal come and gone, and timeless process ever the same.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Dreamtime of Mind

You are not anything that You pretend to be,
You are not anything that You imagine your Self to be.
The human paradigm is nothing more than Shakespearian theater,
Being played in the imaginary dreamtime of your mind.
Something spun from nothing is still nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Idolatry v. Realization

Idolatry is much easier than realization.
Worshipping an idol, a symbol, an idea, is far simpler,
Than effortlessly being what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this bogglingly ineffable magical mystery theater.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Window Like No Other

My brief existence managed to land in a zone, in a time, in an abundance of entitlement,
The masses have never experienced in all human history, and obviously never will again.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

How utterly pointless it is to debate the way it is.
How utterly pointless to use words, to use vibrations given concept,
To argue over mystery that cannot be proven, a mystery that does not require sanction,
From the denizens of a paradigm rooted in absurdity, that is but an illusion,
Playing out in an ineffable mystery that is prior to consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Usurper's Trek

Self-importance is a long and winding Yellow Brick Road.
A twisting, turning, entangling, bottomless rabbit hole,
Down which imagination, the usurper, easily treks.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Soundless Silence

Silence.
Even thinking of it.
Even trying to attain it.
Even trying to be it,
Denies it.

As Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker:
No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.

Breadcrumbs 2025

You Are It, and It, You

Religions are merely riders of consciousness,
Filled with every delusion imagination can imagine.
And consciousness, but a cloud in the vastness of awareness.
And awareness, an ineffable mystery, which can never be fathomed.
Be tranquil in that mystery, and know You are it, and it, You.
What need for any other, when eternity is ascertained.

Breadcrumbs 2025

One Step at a Time

You cannot take the second step, until You have taken the first.
You cannot take the third step, until You have taken the second.
You cannot take the fourth step, until You have taken the third.
You cannot take the fifth step, until You have taken the fourth.
You cannot take the sixth step, until You have taken the fifth.
You cannot take the seventh step, until You have taken the sixth.
And You cannot take the last step, until You have taken all prior.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Eternity's Dictation

This opus has been created,
One thought at a time,
One breath at a time,
One drop at a time,
One ounce at a time,
One note at a time,
One fragment at a time,
One crumb at a time,
One dot at a time,
One degree at a time,
One iota at a time,
One fleck at a time,
One jot at a time,
One grain at a time,
One bit at a time,
One brick at a time,
One step at a time,
One splash at a time,
One dash at a time,
One speck at a time,
One dab at a time,
One scrap at a time,
One itty at a time,
One bitty at a time,
One particle at a time,
One point at a time,
One smidgeon at a time,
As the eternal moment dictated.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Blue Pill Path

Far less taxing to dutifully, naively, sit in pews, and pay a mandatory tithing,
And do whatever sacraments, whatever obligations, the self-ordained ecclesiastics decree;
To study so-called holy scriptures, and repeatedly discuss and debate unutterably pointless absurdities;
To bow and scrape to imaginary deities; to beg for blessings and mercy from imaginary idols;
Than it is to earnestly, profoundly, explore and inquire for your Self, by your Self,
Into an unfathomable, indelible mystery, that can never be known.
A mystery, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Everything the Same Mystery

All groupthink aside, see it or not, accept it or not,
Everything across the universe is the same mystery,
None greater, none lesser, in any way or shape or form.

Breadcrumbs 2025

How Small the Human Mind

What is enlightenment? Does such a thing even exist?
And is it really anything but a never-ending awakening,
To how immense, how unfathomable, a mystery it truly is,
And how infinitesimally small humankind inevitably makes it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Mystery's Nature

Nature is the unfathomable mystery's expression.
The world is nature, the cosmos is nature, the mind-body is nature.
The world is the mystery, the cosmos is the mystery, the mind-body is the mystery.
And scientific method is the most rational means to investigate this kaleidoscoping quantum mirage.
To consider yourself separate from the world, separate from the cosmos,
Is the ever-ironical-paradoxical, absurd fallacy of imagination.
All demarcation, is illusion-delusion of the first order.
And the awareness You are, witness to it all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Place Your Bets, Ladies and Gentlemen

Were they ever to be known, there would be many who would quarrel with these myriad thoughts.
Some would probably be inclined to kill or torture me for my blasphemy against their imaginary deity.
And to all, I can only say, as can they to me: prove me wrong; a task the mystery does not allow.
And so, we wallow in our illusory minds, ever alone, imagining every variety of delusion.
And if they are right, we will all be cast into whatever it is they so ardently believe.
And if I am right, we will all disappear back into the unborn-undying abyss.
So, will I awaken in some heaven or some hell, or return to oblivion?
Hopefully, the latter, as one life was one more than I would have ever sought.
Didn't ask to be here; ain't prayin' to be stayin' … is in my roster of standard ripostes.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Suicide Is Painless, It Brings on Many Changes

Would You endure all the pain and bother of your brief mortal existence,
If You were strapped to a table, and someone else was inflicting it?
Why wait for a declining body to make the inevitable decision?
Why put family and friends and acquaintances, or yourself,
Though having to deal with all your endgame suffering?
Give them the blessing of their own time and your treasures.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Promise of Tomorrow

How can You promise any tomorrow, when You are not yet there to answer for it?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Analog Mind's Wander Down the Dead-End Road

The human mind evolved in an analog garden world entirely based on a timeless relationship with nature.
Measured time – sundials, clocks, calendars – has altered the mind's relationship with the moment.
And the digitalization of the analog brain has ferried the entire world down a dead-end road.
The Planet of the Apes is ratcheting up at a crescendo pace for the unescapable Big Fall.
Every species goes extinct sooner or later, and there is no telling how close or far that moment is,
For the end of all the vanity and greed, all the endless horrors, we have fit into our relatively brief wander.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Mystery's Trickster

How is it so few question the deep-seated assumption,
That imagination is tangible, that it is an instrument of substance.
How is it so few have any doubt, that everything imagination has imagined;
Everything perceived by the mind; everything the senses see, hear, taste, smell, touch;
Is nothing more than an evolutionary quirk, nothing more than an illusion-delusion of consciousness.
The underlying – assumption, falsehood, fabrication, invention, fallacy, mendacity –
Is that imagination is more than the mystery's ephemeral trickster,
And the rare who discern it, stand very much alone.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Fate's Unfolding Moment

The challenge with destiny is not knowing what it is,
And having to play it out one moment at a time,
In whatever way natural selection ordains.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Where Doubt Ends

Doubt until there is nothing left to doubt.
Forget until there is nothing left to remember.
Timeless, ageless, changeless, immutable awareness,
Is all there truly is, all there truly is not.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Ahooga! Ahooga! Ahooga!

Ahooga! Ahooga!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Theories and conjectures being formed and launched without firm evidence!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Ahooga! Ahooga!

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Wall of Futility

How delusional of any seer to think,
Philosophical-mystical thoughts are ever potent enough,
To make any deep impact on imagination's wheel of creation and destruction.
History churns on and on, and any who believe they can more than slightly nudge it this way or that,
Are sooner or later crushed by the realization of the unutterable pointlessness of it all.
Narcissism and hedonism are at the helm of the humanoid paradigm,
And they will not be undone by any rational soliloquy.
Any attempt only proves the point.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Ultimate You

In the ultimate aloneness, You are.
In the ultimate singularity, You are.
In the ultimate entirety, You are.
In the ultimate indivisible, You are.
In the ultimate infinity, You are.
In the ultimate infinitesimal, You are.
In the ultimate ineffable, You are.
In the ultimate indelible, You are.
In the ultimate mystery, You are.
In the ultimate absolute, You are.
In the ultimate detachment, You are.
In the ultimate intangible, You are.
In the ultimate spaceless, You are.
In the ultimate timeless, You are.
In the ultimate awareness, You are.
In the ultimate serenity, You are.
In the ultimate silence, You are.
In the ultimate emptiness, You are.
In the ultimate fullness, You are.
In the ultimate pointless, You are.
In the ultimate unfathomable, You are.
In the ultimate unborn-undying, You are.
In the ultimate omnipresence, You are.
In the ultimate omniscience, You are.
In the ultimate omnipotence, You are.

Only your attachment to your mind-body, your world, your cosmos, limit your vision.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Everyone's a Critic

So many of our two-legged genetic predisposition, perhaps all, rapidly or gradually transform into critics
– Detractors, opponents, enemies, censors, criticizers, faultfinders, knockers, decriers, denigrators –
As if all our judgments mean anything in the grand scheme of all things ineffably indivisible.
As if all our judgments are anything more than insignificant monkey-mind squabbling.
To not cast the first stone is a feat, of which few are capable, much less willing.
To be truly all-accepting, would indeed require, an incredible realization.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Shut the Fuck Up

When it comes to defining this mystery,
Claim anything, maintain anything, argue anything,
And You will always be wrongo-bongo.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Just Another Day

Just another day for all the retired, generally tired folk.
Not much need for clocks or calendars at that juncture of the game.
You eats when You are hungry, sleeps when You are tired,
And putters about in the moment between.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Parochial v. Cosmopolitan

The parochial mind is one having a limited or narrow outlook or scope.
A cosmopolitan mind is familiar with, at ease, in many different countries and cultures.
Provincial, conventional, limited, restricted, narrow-minded, unsophisticated, short-sighted, close-minded,
Narrow-minded, inward-looking, naive, insular, myopic, blinkered, hidebound, jerkwater, petty.
Versus, broad-minded, unprejudiced, tolerant, knowing, aware, seasoned, liberal,
Expansive, sophisticated, experienced, worldwide, global, universal.
There is a spectrum, of course, for we are all ultimately,
The same narcissistic, hedonistic primate,
We were in the jungles of old.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Need We Ask Anyone to Tell Us These Things?

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?
The first and last irrational assumption, is that this imaginary You truly exists.
From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
All life forms wander same stage in different universes, in different perceptions.
No destiny endures forever; every strand of genetic coding only plays out so long.
There is nothing to want, nothing to dread; it is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.
To be the ineffable eternal moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.
This is your moment. Are You the imaginary You? Or are You the awareness You?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Frankenstein Mind

What relationship, what bond, can a digitalized mind have,
With the analog universe from which it materialized?
How will the natural world manage to hold out?
How will it survive so much obliviousness,
Of the implacable rubrics of the game?
How will it endure a mutant mind,
No analog garden can forever sustain.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Mysterious Abyss

What is this ineffable mystery, but an abyss,
Through which creation and destruction frolic.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Matter What

The point is not whether You are a flawless ethical being.
The point is that You are immaculate, no matter your moral character.
No matter your ethnicity, your tribe, your mind-body, your gender, your anything.
You are that which is timeless, spaceless, indivisible, unknowable, indescribable, unfathomable.
To believe otherwise, is to live the falsehood, the deception, of dualistic notion.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Algorithm of Genesis

The apparent reality is that the human paradigm will never get past its irrational nature.
Scientific Method has made intrepid efforts in every Ivory Tower domain it could,
But the genetic source code, percolating since creation, cannot be rewritten.
It is the Planet of the Apes, to whatever dystopian end the Fates have ordained.

Breadcrumbs 2025

And There You Are … Bam!

Gaze at the farthest star your mortal eyes can muster.
Close your mind, open your inner eye, and there You are.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Just Another Primate

My limitations are many and not far between.
Yes, I too, am just another earthly primate mind-body,
Trying to survive, to endure, yet another day.
Are all these writings anything more,
Than therapeutic yammer?

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Beyond-All-Pales Absurdity

That You take your imaginary self
– The mind, the body, the world, the universe –
So seriously, as to suffer so much ecstasy, so much agony,
Is but an exceedingly, beyond-all-pales absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Fogbound Miasma of Duality

Duality is the – miasma, mist, fog, haze, cloud, murk, pall, film – of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Process Always Trumps Goal

It is the timeless process that is important; the goal, a momentary pfft of it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Complexity v. Simplicity

So much complexity about something so simple.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Dreamweaver

Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Futility! The Futility!

Another timeless day of tap-tap-tapping out,
Paradoxical ironies and ironical paradoxes,
For a readership who will never read them.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Time to Cut All Ties

Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Be the Empty Sky

Let your mind, let your spirit, be as empty, as vacant, as void, as the sky.
Dispel all thoughts of your imaginary self; become the timeless awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Maha Mauna (Great Silence)

Clearly discerning the right-here-right-now eternal moment's mystery for what it is,
Is not a matter of belief, not something that can be rhetorically jousted.
It is plainly, it is simply, it is forthrightly, a Self-realization,
And the greatest of doubts is required to fathom it.
And one either has the doubt, or does not.
Either has the resolve, or does not.
Either has the grit, the gumption, or does not.
Either surrenders to eternity's silent calling, or does not.
And whoever imparts the awareness, can do no more than point it out,
And serenely meander on, very much alone, in the maha mauna of his own dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Cosmos and You

Are You experiencing the cosmos, or is the cosmos experiencing You?

Breadcrumbs 2025

When Doubt Grows Wings

Remember this work if your doubt ever grows wings.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Seeds of Existence

How amazing is it, that You with all your trials and tribulations, all your ecstasies and agonies,
Began your existential sojourn when the slimy ejaculate from your father's testicles,
Surrounded a lone egg from your mother's ovaries, and one random sperm,
In an epic king-of-the-mountain match, managed to worm its way,
And combine the genetic coding from both their lineages,
And there, in the womb's dark, blissful abyss,
You slowly baked for nine months,
Before being evacuated through a worm hole,
Into a dreamtime no one asks for, yet many find onerous to depart.
And here You are, in world full of sentient goo, all playing every imaginable inexorable fate.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Fruit of the Garden

How tranquil the minds of our ancestors must have been,
Before imagination usurped the timeless awareness,
And shaped a world corrupted by self-interest.
Before imagination plucked the fruit of the garden,
And gradually spun knowledge into the massive leviathan,
That we, with little caution, spur on, in the given modern moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Free and Clear Mystery

The mystery is free and clear.
You need not fear it.
You need not tithe it.
You need not name it.
You need not hype it.
You need not follow it.
You need not prove it.
You need not believe it.
You need not pray to it.
You need not sanction it.
You need not worship it.
You need not scrutinize it.
You need not suffer for it.
You need not join any cult.
You need not deny anything.
You need not struggle with it.
You need not accept anything.
You need not bear any dogma.
You need not recite any mantra.
You need not speculate about it.
You need not seek any sideshows.
You need not imagine any divinity.
You need not plead for forgiveness.
You need not dress any special way.
You need not behave any certain way.
You need not meander any certain path.
All You need do, is be its eternal moment.
You are it, and it is You.
Namaste.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of Contentment

The departing challenge for all, in this ineffable quantum dreamtime theater
– All the effort, all the suffering, it has taken to persevere the long and winding journey –
Is to be content, to be satisfied, with whatever You have done, with whatever You have not done.

contentment | kənˈtentmənt |
noun

a state of happiness and satisfaction.

contentedness, content, satisfaction, fulfillment; happiness, pleasure, cheerfulness, gratification, gladness; ease, comfort, restfulness, well-being, peace, equanimity, serenity, tranquility, placidity, placidness, repletion, complacency.

Are You?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Truth of Intelligence

The intelligent designer and the intelligent designee, are one in the same.

Breadcrumbs 2025

In the Once Upon a Time

Older than the stars, younger than the moment,
Unborn, undying, You are, You are,
In the once upon a time.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Nothing Ever the Same

What is there, what can there be,
But what one thinks it, believes it, imagines it.
And no vision, no mind, no world, no cosmos, ever the same.
Every sentient being, small to large; all of the same aloneness, for all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Imagination's Tool

From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
The mind can be a problem solver; the mind can be a problem maker.
How imagination uses You is just another tale quickly done.
A fiction, to which You are witness, as wit allows.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of the Buddha Mind

The Buddha mind is a liberated mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is an unconditional mind.
The Buddha mind is a still mind.
The Buddha mind is a seamless mind.
The Buddha mind is a free mind.
The Buddha mind is an attentive mind.
The Buddha mind is an acute mind.
The Buddha mind is an aware mind.
The Buddha mind is a composed mind.
The Buddha mind is an absolute mind.
The Buddha mind is a boundless mind.
The Buddha mind is an immeasurable mind.
The Buddha mind is a limitless mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinite mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinitesimal mind.
The Buddha mind is a unified mind.
The Buddha mind is an aimless mind.
The Buddha mind is a timeless mind.
The Buddha mind is a serene mind.
The Buddha mind is a sovereign mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is a no-mind mind.
The Buddha mind is an unoccupied mind.
The Buddha mind is a pointless mind.
The Buddha mind is a spaceless mind.
The Buddha mind is a peaceful mind.
The Buddha mind is a matchless mind.
The Buddha mind is a meaningless mind.
The Buddha mind is the cosmic mind.
The Buddha mind is a mind immersed in eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Absoluteness You Are

You all alone, before dreamtime began, after dreamtime ends, and all the dreamtime between.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Entitlement of Imagination

Human primates imagine themselves highborn and deserving,
But what nobility is there in narcissism and hedonism?
What nobility is there in arrogance and avarice?

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Idolatry of Imagination

All human religion is the idolatry of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Mammon Rules

The Ocean of Consumption
The Mountain of Consumption
The Forest of Consumption
The River of Consumption
The Valley of Consumption
The Desert of Consumption
The Oasis of Consumption
The Hill of Consumption
The Marsh of Consumption
The Canyon of Consumption
The Glacier of Consumption
The Bog of Consumption
The Tundra of Consumption
The Plateau of Consumption

Whatever the metaphor, Mammon rules,
Those who cannot restrain their narcissistic-hedonistic bent.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Challenge of Detachment

All have their own interpretation, their own construct, of everything.
Every mind, every sensory set – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden flesh – is entirely unique.
Hard not to get drawn into believing it all real, when You are playing it all real.
Hard to remain detached, when your world draws You so.

Breadcrumbs 2025

For Every Ever

A quantum mind-body synced with a quantum world,
A quantum cosmos, a quantum mystery, a quantum illusion.
Witnessed by You ever present, unborn, undying, eternally alone.
For every ever, sentience; for every ever, consciousness;
For every ever, imagination, manages to endure.
It is but a dream to play as best You can.
Hopefully, it is not a nightmare.
At least, not too often.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Best Friend, Worst Enemy

The mind-body can be its own best friend.
The mind-body can be its own worst enemy.
And imagination, the surreal trickster of either.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Rippling of Destiny

You can never know the impact your thoughts and deeds have on others.
As the ripples that have impacted You have shaped your world,
Whatever You say and do, radiates who knows where.
How large or small, is a matter of destiny.
Upon how large, how small,
The allotted role in the genetic lottery.
To believe there is choice, free will, is utter fallacy.

Breadcrumbs 2025

On Being Acclaimed or Ignored by the Future Past

Have absolutely no problem being ignored by the future past, I will neither witness nor endure.
Far easier to unobtrusively, anonymously, serenely evaporate back into the unknown,
Than it is to continue grappling with the absurdity, the insanity, the horror,
Imagination has so thoroughly wrought upon this pale blue dot.
My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

Breadcrumbs 2025

That Which Requires No Description

So many words,
So many works,
So many teachings,
To describe over and over,
That which requires no description.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of the Automaton

Without doubt,
Without skepticism,
Without critical thinking,
What is there but an automaton,
Mimicking, reciting, echoing, spewing.

Breadcrumbs 2025

To in Any Way Imagine Your Self Separate

To in any way imagine your mind-body, your Self, in any way separate
– from this moment, from this right-here-right-now, from this one and only eternity –
How irrational, how ludicrous, how absurd, how meaningless, how insane, how stupid, is that?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Likely in Here Somewhere

Odds are, chances are, it is likely, it is probable, you can expect, you can wager,
That my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.
Keyword searches of the pdf's are your best bet.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Nature of Death

What is death, what is demise, what is passing, what is ruin,
But dissolution, annihilation, expiration, extermination, extinction.
A world, a cosmos, a quantum mirage of space-time, undone,
Of everything the body's sensory-mind has imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What Can Illusion Offer?

What can illusion offer, but endless temporal ecstasies,
What can illusion offer, but endless temporal agonies,
Of every variety imagination is capable of concocting.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Every Moment but a Memory

How quickly everything becomes its memory,
In the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

You Are the Mystery of Eternity

You are the mystery of eternity.
Sit back, and serenely witness the illusion,
Playing out before the given senses of the mind-body,
In which You dwell for a relatively brief window of dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The End to All Naming

Anyone who – labels, brands, regards, describes, portrays – themselves anything,
Is well on the way to pretty much missing the entire raison d'être,
Of everything that these writings have pointed to.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Maelstrom of Vanity and Greed

What a huge burden, what a huge bother,
To be caught up in the vanity-greed maelstrom,
Of power and/or fortune and/or renown.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Embrace the Given Moment

Embrace the given moment.
It is as close to eternity,
As close to your Self,
As You can ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Real Work of Awakening

Much easier, to follow, to worship, some idolatrous trope,
Than it is to put in the real work, and awaken to your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Black and White v. Shades of Gray

Alas for the many who deeply yearn, deeply long, for a black and white dream,
That the ineffable mystery is permeated with the shades of gray of irony and paradox.
The subtleties, the nuances, the intricacies, the restraints, the fetters – of the ultimate reality,
Are not for the un-doubters, the sheeples, the true believers, sprinting down the road more traveled.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught but Ephemeral Imagination

Call it consciousness,
Call it memory,
Call it knowledge,
Call it reflection,
Call it belief,
Call it opinion,
Call it conception,
Call it thought,
Call it cogitation,
Call it sketch,
Call it estimation,
Call it outlook,
Call it view,
Call it perception,
Call it scheme,
Call it hypothesis,
Call it impression,
Call it model,
Call it plot,
Call it blueprint,
Call it idea,
Call it meditation,
Call it contemplation,
Call it idolatry,
Call it theory,
Call it cognizance,
Call it deliberation,
Call it plan,
Call it rumination,
Call it introspection,
Call it design,
Call it notion,
Call it reminiscence,
Call it musing,
Call it recollection,
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it anything You please,
It is all naught but ephemeral imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

And in All These Truths, so Are You

I am mystery.
I am totality.
I am That I Am.
I am Self.
I am God.
I am awareness.
I am timeless.
I am eternal.
I am spaceless.
I am moment.
I am infinite.
I am infinitesimal.
I am complete.
I am nothing.
I am everything.
I am ineffable.
I am indivisible.
I am indelible.
I am unfathomable.
I am creation.
I am preservation.
I am destruction.
I am unborn.
I am undying.
I am omnipresent.
I am omniscient.
I am omnipotent.
I am eternity.
I am mystery.

And in all these truths, so are You.

Breadcrumbs 2025

In Every Mind Wandered

In every mind, in which You have ever wandered,
In every mind, that has ever witnessed your presence,
You have performed very different, very impromptu parts,
As assigned by the frames of reference of the given beholders.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Highest State

You have your own dreamtime.
He has his own, and she, hers, and others, theirs.
None, ever even close to being alike, and judgment, what is the point?
Being true to your Self, and allowing others to do the same,
Is the highest state, in this ineffable mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Mitigating the Suffering

The sweet.
The sour.
The bitter.
The good.
The bad.
The ugly.
Taking things as they are,
Mitigates the suffering of existence.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Limits of Mind

Science has limits.
Mathematics has limits.
Language has limits.
History has limits.

All things imagined have limits.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Of Duality and Nonduality

Duality, is a deity, a God, out there, watching you.
And nonduality, the drop of God, the drop of mystery,
The drop of eternal awareness, You are, looking out.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Both the First and the Last

When imagination is set aside, and eternal awareness takes the helm,
Each and every moment, is, simultaneously, both the first and the last.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Illusion of Delusion

Your cosmos will do everything it can, to drag You back,
Into whatever illusion your dreamtime delusion inspires.

Breadcrumbs 2025

No Free Passes

Existence is suffering; no one get a free pass.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Re: The Big Questions

Of the big questions, You know so pathetically little,
That it is truly absurd to assume You know anything.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Unknowable Moment

Eternity is right here, right now, this very moment.

It cannot be seen.
It cannot be touched.
It cannot be tasted.
It cannot be smelled.
It cannot be heard.

It cannot be known by any creation, ever fashioned in its clear awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Surest Means

Meditation and contemplation are the surest means to discerning this great truth.
To wallow in the dogmas and idolatries, so many consider religion,
Is to entirely miss the mark, of the all, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Answering the Beast

Curiosity is an insatiable beast, to which a serene mind, is final answer.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Rock and You

What does a rock perceive,
What does it do,
And how in quantum,
Is it any different from You?

Breadcrumbs 2025

So Many! So Many!

So many words,
So many works,
So many teachings,
To describe over and over,
That which requires no description.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Perhaps the Greatest Challenge

Is forgetting everything perhaps the greatest challenge?
The imaginary mind-body has a great deal of difficulty,
Surrendering its imaginary self to the eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The False Gods of Duality

Duality is a deity, a God, out there somewhere, watching you.
And nonduality, the droplet of God, the droplet of mystery,
The droplet of eternal awareness, You are, peering out.
One is founded on the delusions of vanity and greed.
The other is without any foundation, whatsoever.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Not Good Odds

Estimates indicate that more than 99.9%,
Of all species that have ever lived on Earth,
Totaling billions of species, are now extinct.
Which means, of course, odds are not good,
For most everything You daily witness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

On the Nature of Time

Who can say, whether or not,
The entirety of all creation, has simultaneously happened,
This very instant.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Re: The Expanding Universe

Knowledge appears to make the universe expand further and further,
But how can You expand that, which never existed in the first place?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Quantum Programming

Intelligence is a quantum program, encoded by natural selection, witnessed by awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Imagined Answers

Imagination only has – answers, solutions, explanations – to questions that never needed asking.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Perhaps the Greatest Challenge

Is forgetting everything perhaps the greatest challenge?
The imaginary mind-body has a great deal of difficulty,
Surrendering its imaginary self to the eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Goldilocks Balancing Act

Caring too much.
Caring too little.
Caring just enough.
Too hot, too cold, just right.
A Goldilocks balancing act for all.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Way of Idolatry

Idolatry comes in every way.
Idolatry comes in every size.
Idolatry comes in every shape.
Idolatry comes in every conception.
That the wiles of imagination can devise.

Breadcrumbs 2025

An Abundance of Predators

Every variety of predator in this planet of the apes dreamtime.
You cannot be too careful, too cautious, too vigilant, too mindful.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The In-the-World-Not-of-It Conundrum

Hard to be in the world, in the cosmos, and not of it.
Imagination is just way too good at sucking the mind back into its dreamtime.
Even sitting alone in a cave would probably not deter it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

What More? What More?

You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to know?
What more do You need to see?
What more do You need to hear?
What more do You need to taste?
What more do You need to smell?
What more do You need to touch?
What more do You need to become?
You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to be?

Breadcrumbs 2025

Be

Be the moment.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness.
Be right here, be right now.
Be your true Self.
Be eternity.
Be complete.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught But a Collection of Memories

What do you feel any passion about,
What do you feel any ecstasy or agony about,
But a collection of memories, that are entirely imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Awakening the Eye in All Who Would See

My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Avoid the Martyr Thing

Try not to get beaten up and/or crucified.
Martyrdom is neither pretty, nor necessary.
Take time enough to become a garden statue.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Rest Assured It Can Happen

If it has happened anywhere across the world,
In any moment the eternal continuum brandishes,
Rest assured it can happen in your neck of the woods.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Naught but Projection

All thoughts about anyone, about anything,
In your touchy-feely, dreamtime cosmos of a world,
Are but projections of your narcissistic-hedonistic imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2025

A Riposte to the Absurdity

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.
It is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Of Enlightenment and Liberation

What could be more enlightened, what could be more liberated,
Than an openness to all possibilities, an acceptance of all possibilities.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Regarding Remorse

Of remorse for harmful acts, intentional or otherwise,
All one can really do is apologize, and never do it again.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Right Before Your Eyes

How can You not see, how can You not discern,
What has ever been right before your mind's eye.

Breadcrumbs 2025

As Hard as It Is

Hard as it is to discern,
Hard as it is to accept,
Hard as it is to believe,
Hard as it is to imagine,
All things are on the table.
Quantum knows no bounds.
Awareness, even fewer.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Un Théâtre Magique

Welcome to my little Magic Theatre.
A theme park, filled with irony and paradox.
Built for all who feel the call of their eternal nature.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Human Lineage

Your ancestors were monkeys.
And before that, they were shrews.
And before that, they were protozoa.
And before that, they were molecules.
And before that, they were radiation.
And before that, they were ether.
And before that, they were You.

As if, before and after, have any reality.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Cosmic Deception

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Truth Can Never Be a Lie

Just because someone conveyed a lie, and spread it far and wide, has never made it true.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Illeism

Illeism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Illeism

Illeism (/ˈɪli.ɪzəm/; from Latin ille: "he; that man") is the act of referring to oneself in the third person instead of first person. It is sometimes used in literature as a stylistic device. In real-life usage, illeism can reflect a number of different stylistic intentions or involuntary circumstances.

Accordingly, in certain Eastern religions, like Hinduism, illeism is sometimes seen as a sign of enlightenment, since through it, an individual detaches their eternal self (atman) from their bodily form; in particular, Jnana yoga encourages its practitioners to refer to themselves in the third person.

Known illeists of that sort include:

Anandamayi Ma (1896–1982)
Buddha sometimes referred to himself as either "The Buddha" or "The Tathagata."
Sathya Sai Baba (1926–2011)
Mata Amritanandamayi (born 1953)
Swami Ramanagiri (1921–1955)
Swami Ramdas (1884–1963), Indian saint, philosopher, philanthropist and pilgrim
Rama Tirtha (1873–1906), Indian teacher of Vedanta
Ma Yoga Laxmi, the secretary of Osho
Jesus Christ is found referring to himself as "Jesus" (as well as the "Son of Man"), as in John 17:1–3

Breadcrumbs 2025

Sundry Mix ‘n Match

That Which Is God

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept ‘God’ herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

The Blind Men and an Elephant

by John Godfrey Saxe

I.
It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.
The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! – but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.
The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! – what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.
The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.
The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.
The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.
The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.
And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

Moral
So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

Only Eighteen Thousand?

Below is the Google AI answer to the query: *A list of all the things human beings have worshipped throughout human history*

And from Wikipedia:

List of Religions and Spiritual Traditions
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_religions_and_spiritual_traditions?wprov=sfla1

Throughout human history, anthropologists estimate that at least 18,000 different deities, animals, or objects have been worshipped. These can be categorized into several distinct types of entities and physical items.

Entities and Spirits

Supreme Deities: Many civilizations centered worship on a single or chief creator god, such as Yahweh (Abrahamic), Allah (Islam), Brahman (Hinduism), Zeus (Greek), or Amaterasu (Shinto).

Nature Spirits and Animism: Early humans often attributed divine intelligence to the natural world. This included spirits of mountains, rivers, trees, and valleys. Specific examples include Nymphs (nature spirits) and Naiads (water spirits) in Greek culture.

Ancestors and Deified Humans: Ancestor worship is common in many cultures, where the spirits of the dead are appeased or venerated. Historical figures have also been deified, such as Roman Emperors or the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Zoomorphic Deities: Many cultures worshipped gods with animal forms or features, such as the ancient Egyptian gods Anubis (jackal-headed) and Horus (falcon-headed).

Natural Phenomena and Celestial Bodies

The Sun and Moon: Solar deities like Ra (Egypt) or Inti (Inca) and lunar deities like Artemis (Greece) or Mama Quilla (Inca) were central to many ancient pantheons.

Elemental Forces: Humans have worshipped the personification of thunder (Thor, Perun), fire (Hephaestus), and water (Poseidon).

Abstract Concepts: Worship was often directed toward personified concepts like Love (Aphrodite), War (Ares, Mars), Wisdom (Athena), and Peace (Eirene).

Physical Objects and Artifacts

Sacred Stones and Landscapes: Notable examples include the Black Stone of Mecca in the Kaaba and meteorites or upright stones (menhirs).

Relics and Human Remains: Devotees have worshipped physical remains of holy figures, such as fragments of the True Cross, the Shroud of Turin, and the bones or "relics" of saints.

Votive Figurines: Prehistoric artifacts like Venus figurines (depicting female figures) are believed to have been related to fertility or goddess worship.

Statues and Icons: Physical representations of the divine, such as the Parthenon's statue of Athena or Hindu murtis, serve as focal points for worship where the deity is believed to reside.

Sacred Texts: In some traditions, the physical scriptures themselves are objects of veneration, such as the Torah scrolls in Judaism or the Guru Granth Sahib in Sikhism.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Truth is a Pathless Land

by Jiddu Krishnamurti

The Order of the Star in the East was founded in 1911 to proclaim the coming of the World Teacher. Krishnamurti was made Head of the Order. On August 3, 1929, the opening day of the annual Star Camp at Ommen, Holland, Krishnamurti dissolved the Order before 3000 members. Below is the full text of the talk he gave on that occasion.

Krishnamurti Online: Truth is a Pathless Land
http://www.jkrishnamurti.org/about-krishnamurti/dissolution-speech.php

Jiddu Krishnamurti
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jiddu_Krishnamurti

We are going to discuss this morning the dissolution of the Order of the Star. Many people will be delighted, and others will be rather sad. It is a question neither for rejoicing nor for sadness, because it is inevitable, as I am going to explain. You may remember the story of how the devil and a friend of his were walking down the street, when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground, look at it, and put it away in his pocket. The friend said to the devil, “What did that man pick up?” “He picked up a piece of Truth,” said the devil. “That is a very bad business for you, then,” said his friend. “Oh, not at all,” the devil replied, “I am going to let him organize it."

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystallized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. This is what everyone throughout the world is attempting to do. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steeps, unafraid of the dangerous precipices.

So that is the first reason, from my point of view, why the Order of the Star should be dissolved. In spite of this, you will probably form other Orders, you will continue to belong to other organizations searching for Truth. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind, please understand this. I would make use of an organization which would take me to London, for example; this is quite a different kind of organization, merely mechanical, like the post or the telegraph. I would use a motor car or a steamship to travel, these are only physical mechanisms which have nothing whatever to do with spirituality. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality.

If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision. This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, and I mean this. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing: to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be! I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality. Nor is it the lure of money, nor the desire to live a comfortable life, which attracts me. If I wanted to lead a comfortable life I would not come to a Camp or live in a damp country! I am speaking frankly because I want this settled once and for all. I do not want these childish discussions year after year.

One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands and thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said: “What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you.” If there are only five people who will listen, who will live, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient. Of what use is it to have thousands who do not understand, who are fully embalmed in prejudice, who do not want the new, but would rather translate the new to suit their own sterile, stagnant selves? If I speak strongly, please do not misunderstand me, it is not through lack of compassion. If you go to a surgeon for an operation, is it not kindness on his part to operate even if he cause you pain? So, in like manner, if I speak straightly, it is not through lack of real affection–on the contrary.

As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom, to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

Because I am free, unconditioned, whole–not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal–I desire those, who seek to understand me to be free; not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears–from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone. You

are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority, which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by his extraordinary powers--a miracle–transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life is based on that authority.

You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

If I talk frankly, please remember that I do so, not out of harshness, not out of cruelty, not out of the enthusiasm of my purpose, but because I want you to understand what I am saying. That is the reason why you are here, and it would be a waste of time if I did not explain clearly, decisively, my point of view. For eighteen years you have been preparing for this event, for the Coming of the World Teacher. For eighteen years you have organized, you have looked for someone who would give a new delight to your hearts and minds, who would transform your whole life, who would give you a new understanding; for someone who would raise you to a new plane of life, who would give you a new encouragement, who would set you free–and now look what is happening! Consider, reason with yourselves, and discover in what way that belief has made you different–not with the superficial difference of the wearing of a badge, which is trivial, absurd. In what manner has such a belief swept away all the unessential things of life? That is the only way to judge: in what way are you freer, greater, more dangerous to every Society which is based on the false and the unessential? In what way have the members of this organization of the Star become different? As I said, you have been preparing for eighteen years for me. I do not care if you believe that I am the World–Teacher or not. That is of very little importance. Since you belong to the organization of the Order of the Star, you have given your sympathy, your energy, acknowledging that Krishnamurti is the World–Teacher– partially or wholly: wholly for those who are really seeking, only partially for those who are satisfied with their own half-truths.

You have been preparing for eighteen years, and look how many difficulties there are in the way of your understanding, how many complications, how many trivial things. Your prejudices, your fears, your authorities, your churches new and old–all these, I maintain, are a barrier to understanding. I cannot make myself clearer than this. I do not want you to agree with me, I do not want you to follow me, I want you to understand what I am saying. This understanding is necessary because your belief has not transformed you but only complicated you, and because you are not willing to face things as they are. You want to have your own gods–new gods instead of the old, new religions instead of the old, new forms instead of the old–all equally valueless, all barriers, all limitations, all crutches. Instead of old spiritual distinctions you have new spiritual distinctions, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few. So why have an organization?

Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world–members of the Order–have

been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom . And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free; nor can organized worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use a typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern.

"How many members are there in it?" That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. "How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false." I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. As I said, if there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status. How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell you if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that real understanding there will be true friendship. Because of that true friendship–which you do not seem to know–there will be real cooperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

So these are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone. I am not persuaded in such things. For two years I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided

to disband the Order, as I happen to be its Head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

This Is It

by Nathan Gill

This Is It. This is all there is – life appearing as an endless display of changing images, with no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself. There is simply life with no one living it.

For no reason at all life is at play with its own imagery, roving as attention, engaging in a mesmerizing game of hide and seek which arises as a sense of separation with an integral urge to wholeness. Life restlessly seeks, yearning for itself. The seeking is the restlessness. This play of worldly existence is imbued with life's haunted longing for itself, seeking but never finding within the imagery in which it seeks. What is sought all along is this in which the seeking is playing out.

In life's play as humanity, thought assumes an exaggerated importance as attention spins effortlessly into myriad longings and desires, epitomized by the idea of seeking fulfillment through enlightenment. Reading texts, asking questions, surfing the internet, going on retreat, gurus, teachers, non-teachers, practice, no practice – any or all of it is possible but none of it is necessary as in actuality nothing needs to be discovered, understood, let go of or transcended. Life already is, and recognition of itself in the form of enlightenment, liberation, nirvana, et cetera, is superfluous, merely another happening in the endless now of appearances in the play of life.

Nothing other than the configuration of life as it is now appearing is possible. All is happening exactly as it's 'meant' to. If separation and seeking are the case, then this is it. If recognition and resting are the case, then this is it. Whatever is now – however ordinary or extraordinary – is it.

Seen in clarity, life appears as a great play. You – Consciousness – play all the roles and it is part of the play that You usually play the roles without knowing Your real identity. But sometimes, as part of the show, there is recognition of Your true nature. When there is involvement as a character in the play without recognition of Your true nature the role is taken seriously and all the dramas of life seemingly appear from this. If a role is played where there is recognition of Your true nature, the play is seen for what it is. When Your true nature becomes obvious, the character doesn't disappear in a flash of light, nor put on ochre robes and have disciples, nor teach 'spiritual' truths – although any of these is possible, depending on the pattern of the character's role in the play. The character will likely appear as he or she did before recognition. The character is likely to continue to lead what is an ordinary life in the play. It is not even necessary for the character to tell anyone or communicate what is now obvious. The whole play has no purpose or point beyond present appearance. It is Your cosmic entertainment. You are Your play. It has no existence separate from You.

Ashtavakra: The Man Who Suffers

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

~ ~ ~

In the last two verses of the sixteenth chapter of the Ashtavakra Gita, Ashtavakra wrote of the dilemma. Below are nine translations, all blogged, with links posted on *The Stillness Before Time* website.

~ ~ ~

In *Bitten by the Black Snake, The Ancient Wisdom of Ashtavakra*, Manuel Schoch translates it:

If you desire liberation but you still say mine, if you feel you are the body,
you are not a wise man or a seeker; you are simply a man who suffers.

Unless you forget everything, you will never live in your heart.

~ ~ ~

In *A Duet of One, The Ashtavakra Gita Dialogue*, Ramesh S. Balsekar translates it:

He who seeks enlightenment as an individual seeker, and still is identified with the body,
is neither a jnani nor a yogi, and suffers misery.

Unless everything is totally forgotten, you cannot be established in the Self,
even if Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma be your preceptor.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita, A New English Version*, Bart Marshall translates it:

16.10
He who claims liberation as his own,
as an attainment of a person,
is neither enlightened nor a seeker.
He suffers his own misery.

16.11
Though Hara, Hari,
or the lotus-born Brahma himself instruct you,
until you know Nothing,
you will never know Self.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, John Richards translates it:

He who is proud about even liberation or his own body, and feels them his own,
is neither a seer nor a yogi. He is still just a sufferer. 16.10

If even Shiva, Vishnu, or the lotus-born Brahma were your instructor,
until you have forgotten everything you cannot be established within. 16.11

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Akhandanand Saraswati translates it:

10.
A person who has the pride of being a Mukta (liberated soul)
and also has mamataa (attachments) for his body,
is neither a Yogi nor a Gnani. He is eligible only for dukha.

11.
Even if Shivaji, Bhagwan Vishnu, or Brahma were to give you a sermon,
you cannot attain svaroopa-sthiti (the state of being established in your Self)
unless and until you forget everything.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Hari Prasad Shastri translates it:

10. He who has a feeling of "I-ness" even for release, and retains his body-consciousness,
is neither a wise man nor a spiritual aspirant.
His lot is suffering.

11. Even though Shiva, Vishnu, or Brahma instruct thee,
unless thou regardest the world as unreal, and dismisses all sense of egotism,
thou will not become established in thine own nature (the Self).

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Vedic Scriptures translates it:

One who wants liberation and is also attached to his body,
is neither knowledgeable nor yogi.
He just suffers. 10

Unless you forget everything else, you will not be established in self,
even though Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma themselves teach you. 11

~ ~ ~

In *Astavakra Samhita, An Interpretation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Ananda Wood translates it:

16.10

Whoever still has ego's pride
in liberation, or who feels
a sense of 'mine-ness' toward body,
cannot rightly be a sage
(who is established in plain truth)
nor yet a yogi (joining back
into unchanged reality).

Each person, claiming pride or 'mine-ness',
thus partakes in suffering
that makes true self seem compromised.

16.11

No matter what great 'Lord' or 'God'
may somehow be invoked to teach
you anything, you won't by this
stand independent in your self.

~ ~ ~

In *The Heart of Awareness, A Translation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Thomas Byrom translates it:

10.
If you desire liberation,
But you still say "mine,"
If you feel you are the body,
You are not a wise man or a seeker.

You are simply a man who suffers.

11.
Let Hari teach you,
Or Brahma, born of the lotus,
Or Shiva Himself!

Unless you forget everything,
You will never live in your heart.

The Fate of Authorship

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Solitary Witness

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Anarchist

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
Very grass-rooted, very under-the-radar.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East

Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

Jester Amok

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Uncle Sam Says

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title.
Several will very likely still be 'under construction' if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch.
So … anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

Of Meaning and Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

History, History & More History

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

Science, Science & More Science

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

The Mystery of the Mystery

The Real is Discovering

To Be, or Not to Be

Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format in the Times New Roman font, and is divided into ten main titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, The Return to Wonder, and Breadcrumbs 2015 through 2023. Other titles are sidebar original works or derivatives that came to the a-puttering mind in the hither-thither. There are many incomplete and need-editing works in the derivative list.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Conversations
Definitions
Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
Jester Amok
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
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Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
Science, Science & More Science
Titles, Titles & More Titles
Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
Of the Human Journey
The Mystery of the Mystery
The Real is Discovering
To Be, or Not to Be
Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Few Ditties on Process

Breadcrumbs 2023

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever You will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

I do not need anything from You.
I offer You these insights free of all claims.

I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet You, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever You will.

* * * *

Has this lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of this temporal mind-body?
Not that I have, in any way, any shape, any form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what You will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what You are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well in the so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre de l'absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,
History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Although I have enjoyed so many things in this span of dreamtime,
All I ever really 'wanted' to do was be a forklift driver.
The spatial flowing of it, drew the farm boy.
On a forklift, in the field stations I in youth worked,
I was a fighter pilot, flying solo all about the asphalt jungles,
On which my iron horse and I, rallied about, putting order to daily chaos.
Such was my satisfaction, that I once even used vacation time at Creative Alternatives,
To work the peak of a walnut season at Ron Martella's huller on Tully Road in hometown Hughson.
Ten-hour days in California Great Central Valley's late summer often very warm weather.
Every moment absolutely, priceless, in the very-very right-here-right-now of it.
The hardest part was in those rare moments when it slowed down.
And even then, there was always something to do.

Breadcrumbs 2024

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

* * * *

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

* * * *

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.

Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their 'under construction' segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little "lost" tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to You in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things You cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are You if You are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to You and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if You deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to You to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Pointing to the whole elephant, as entertaining as it has been, has been an interesting lesson in futility.
Time to close down the show, and move on to an observation of silence mode.
Fare thee well, adieu, adios, auf wiedersehen, sayonara.
Regards and best wishes to all.

That said …

Stay Tuned

Given how this mind works, likely a few more ditties in the here and there,
For as long as these temporal lungs are still drawing air,
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.

Thucydides

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
History of the Peloponnesian War

Yaj Ekim

Define forever.